

## HOW SWEET IT WAS

- Harriet Bolick

Growing up at Mt. Zion I fondly remember the youth groups. We had lots of friendships, fellowship, and togetherness that developed in our groups.

Hay rides, campfires, campfire songs led by Wayne Reed and his guitar; songs like "I wish I was a little Pepsi Cola" are good-time memories. People that I fondly remember were older youths at the time like Wayne Sipe, Kathy Hedrick and others that we looked up to.

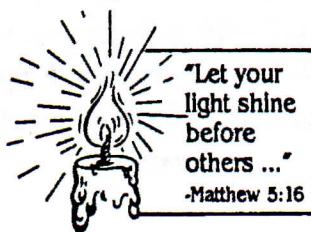
I remember the fun times of going away to Camp Linn Haven. I roomed with Gloria Sipe (Essie Sipe's daughter), Barbara Jenkins (Ruth Jenkins' daughter), and Nancy Bolch Rogers from St. Paul's in Hickory. Like all kids we played pranks from toothpaste in your shoes to sewn-up arms and legs on pajamas.

I fondly remember Craig Odom and Reggie Munday who were fun youth buddies of ours. Friends like Erlene Miller Bolick (Ruby Miller's daughter), Ronald Ramsey (owner of Ron's Superette), and Rosemary Sipe (Ruby Johnson's niece) were all youth group and just true friends.

Dennis Sipe was not only in my confirmation class but a good friend and classmate at school. Church friends were your school friends, too.

Youth Leaders are fondly remembered, too. Ruby and Charlie Johnson, Ann Patton and Bob, were great. Always remember that, if you are a youth leader, there are youths that will always remember you for being there for them and inspiring them to be with Christian friends and helping them develop strong ties with others in the church.

Youth! How sweet it was! Remember?



## "POP" ODOM

How do you begin to write an article about someone as special as "Pop" Odom? To me, he was "Mr." Odom. To my husband, he was "Papa John." He is remembered for his undying devotion to his job as "superintendent" and "guardian" of so many young men that passed through Sipe's Orchard Home.

My first memory of Mr. Odom was that he was the big, burly, white-haired, jolly man that ran Sipe's Orchard Home and kept all those boys under control. He always sat in the back of the church with some of the boys from the home. His boys were always at Sunday School and Church and participated in all the activities of the church. Back in the 50's and 60's when Mt. Zion had "Junior Mission Band," a lot of the boys participated and were a big part of the attendance we had. And, yes, as you can imagine, with that many boys from different backgrounds, there was always some mischief brewing. No matter what the problem, Mr. Odom to the rescue. It seemed he knew what was going on, many times before it had happened.

With all this man had to do, he'd oversee the home, acting as a jack-of-all-trades as he helped with the cooking, houseparent when needed, clothes washer, gardener, banker, handyman, disciplinarian, and tutor to around 40 boys, and he still had time to help others. My father passed away when I was 13, and Mr. Odom made it clear that if I ever needed someone to talk to, he or Sally would be available. He lived up to that. After I could drive, many a day I would drop in on him, and you never knew if you were interrupting him or not. He never let on if he was busy. He always made time for you and made you feel like he was so glad you took the time to stop and see him when, in reality, he was making my day.

Mr. Odom was also known as "Santa Claus" for years, as he made himself available (and Sally as Mrs. Claus) to visit family gatherings and to "surprise children with a visit from Santa." I've been a close friend of Mr. Odom's daughter, Sarah, for many years, and I had