

CLARA and EPH KANUPP

- Vicki Smith

From time to time something from the past, that I had not thought about in a long time, will surface. That's sort of how this article came about.

I was talking about kindergarten one day and thought back to my own kindergarten days at Mt. Zion. One of the exciting things about kindergarten, besides getting to drink chocolate milk from a carton, was the bus ride. Mt. Zion had a little bus that picked us up every day at our house. The driver was Eph Kanupp. He always had a smile, always greeted us, and I can't remember him ever getting aggravated by a bunch of noisy kids. Mr. Kanupp was a familiar sight for me at church when I was growing up. Since mother was the organist, we were usually at Sunday School a little early, and Eph was always standing at the corner of the church greeting folks as they came into the church or just talking with other men. He was also the church custodian, so anytime anything was going on at church, you could count on seeing Mr. Kanupp, too.

When I think back about Clara, there are several things that come to mind. First is her always-gentle manner; second, her homemade mints, and third, her making of clothing. Quite often when growing up, my mother had Clara to make mints for special occasions. Clara made the best mints in town - melt in your mouth. I happened to be at her house one day when she and Imogene were pulling the mints. I thought that was the neatest thing! I also liked the Kanupp's big, old house. It had such a homey feeling to it.

I still have something in my possession that Clara made, and I guess I'll always keep. When I was a senior in high school, I found myself in need of an evening dress and coat for the Carolina's Carousel Parade. My mother called Clara to see if she could possibly make something for me to wear. Clara said to get the material and come show her what we wanted. We did, and I still have the gown - white with red velvet and sparkling trim and full-length red velvet coat with beautiful satin lining and what I still think are the most beautiful buttons! If memory serves me correctly, she made my dress

and coat for \$10 each - a great bargain! So, Clara, I'm telling you now that part of you, through your craftsmanship, is hanging in my closet, and again, "Thank you" for your part in a wonderful memory of my past!



PRECIOUS MEMORIES OF MY GRANDPARENTS, GEORGE and ELIZABETH SIPE

- Patrice Moretz Flythe

Growing up next door to my grandparents, I had the advantage of seeing them daily. I have so many "precious memories" of them, and I now realize what an integral part they played in shaping the beliefs which I now hold dear.

Almost everything they did seemed to revolve around the Lord and church activities. Each Sunday morning they would take us to Sunday School. I remember scrambling to the car, hoping to secure a seat, so I would not have to sit beside of Willie Lail, their brother-in-law, whom Dad Sipe had picked up earlier! I usually lost. I also recall us grandkids imploring Dad Sipe to drive faster so Hugh Herman would not pass us on the way to church! He usually did.

When I read of the virtuous women in Proverbs 31, I think of Mom Sipe. Her hands were rarely idle, but she was never too busy to show her little granddaughter how she made her apple pies or how she played "Work for the Night is Coming" on the piano by heart. I remember on Saturday evenings listening to her review her Sunday School lessons, watching her gather flannelgraph materials, and checking her purse to make sure she had enough "Fruit Stripe" gum for the little ones.

I can still picture her sitting on the front row of the assembly room with all her little "lambs" by her side. I know those passing through her class were taught the greatest lesson they ever needed to know, "Jesus loves me this I know, for the Bible tells me so..."