

Perspective

Memories of lace and lockets



All morning he had been steeling himself for strength to go up to the attic. It smelled like it was going to snow. The squirrels playing around the feeder outside the window had tails as bushy as a fox...a sure sign of a harder winter ahead. And there was an aching in his shoulders that always preceded frozen rain. He had put it off long enough. It was time to find the leak and call someone to repair it. And that meant going up to the attic.

He didn't particularly relish the idea of manhandling the cord rope and folding stairs that lay hidden in the hall ceiling, nor of the careful climb upwards for a man of his years. But, it wasn't the physical toll he dreaded so much. It was the mental toll of seeing all of her things again. And he'd rather not remember. Not if he could help it.

But, eventually he ascended the wobbly ladder that he had carefully coaxed downward from the ceiling, grasping the sides as his frail form inched higher on each rung. Soon, a musky, damp darkness filled his senses. With a trembling hand, he reached for the string attached to the bare bulb overhead and then hauled himself up to a more stable footing with as much strength as he could muster. Without so much as casting an eye towards anything but the rafters above him, he began to search for the worrisome leak that had plague him all winter.

It didn't take long. And it wasn't as bad as he had thought. But, it would have to be fixed soon before further damage was done. Satisfied with his examination, he carefully retraced his way back towards the open hole that was his escape. And he nearly made it. Nearly. If it hadn't been for a silver of gold chain dangling from an open box that caught his eye and froze his footsteps, he would have gotten out the way he had intended...without so many memories.

But, he hesitantly reached out for the bit of gold, and with trembling fingers, carefully pulled it from the box. The crunch of the tissue paper protectively wrapped around it had a hollow, lonely echo as the chain slipped free of its grasp and lay deli-

cately coiled against the palm of his hand. With stunned senses, he brought it closer, and as his eyes rapidly filled with tears, memories of the beautiful gold locket flooded through him just as quickly. Like a well trained assassin, it had waited for him here all these years.

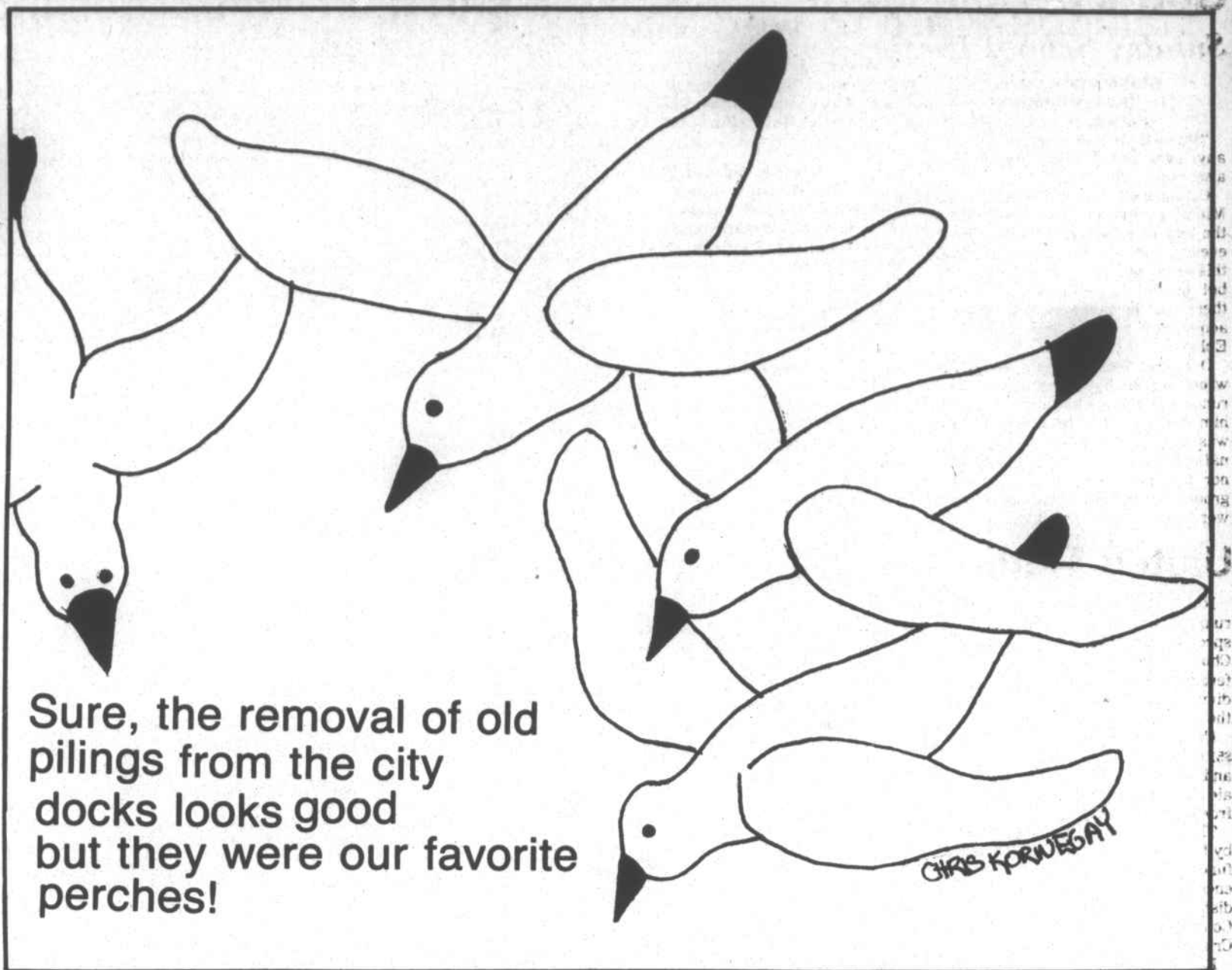
Other than her wedding ring, it was the only piece of jewelry he had ever given her. She said it was enough.

Though love had nudged him on the shoulder and touched him in the heart, it had not gone near his vocal cords. But, she had understood. "Just feel it in your heart, and I will always hear the words. The heart has a way of speaking for itself," she had told him gently. God, how he had loved that woman! And how he hated that he could not tell her so.

So midst a season of frills and dainty lace, he had taken her for his bride, fastening the gold, heart-shaped locket around her neck...a locket literally filled with his love by being inscribed with the three words he could not say but could hang from a chain the perfect length to rest against her breast. And she had loved it. And him. For many, many years after that.

There was love inside that locket. Too much love to lay hidden away up here like this anymore. So, he slipped it in his pocket and left the damp attic behind.

Tommorrow he would buy a watch for his wrist, and the beautiful locket that had proclaimed his love for her all those years would be proudly worn in lieu of his pocket watch and chain, after a few adjustments were made to it. From now on, he would take care to remember that the heart never forgets...especially when it remembers sweet memories of lace and lockets and a woman who understood.



Sure, the removal of old pilings from the city docks looks good but they were our favorite perches!

Learning to live for today

Sometimes it is much easier to ignore the truth than to accept it.

Years ago, William H. Willimon was serving as pastor of a little church in rural Georgia. One of his church members lost a close relative who attended another church. In support of the family, Willimon decided to join the family for the service.

The funeral was held in a small, hot, crowded independent Baptist country church. They wheeled the coffin in and the preacher began to preach. He shout-d, fumed, flailed his arms as sweat poured off his brow.

"It's too late for Joe," he screamed. "He might have wanted to do this or that in life, but it's too late for him now. He's dead. It's all over for him. He might have wanted to straighten his life out, but he can't now. It's over."

As the preacher continued to scream and shout, Rev. Willimon wondered how the message was affecting the family.

The preacher didn't let up. "But it ain't too late for you! People drop dead every day. So why wait? Now is the day for decision. Now is the time to make your life count for something. Give your life to Jesus."

When it was over, Willimon left the church thinking to himself that this must have been the worst funeral sermon he had ever heard. "Can you imagine a preacher doing that kind of thing to a grieving family?" he asked his wife on the way home. "I've never heard anything so manipulative, cheap and inappropriate. I would never preach a sermon like that."

His wife agreed. "Of course," she added, "the worst part of all is that it was the truth."

And so it was. How many times have we heard someone say, "If I had the time..." Or if I had this, or



that, or the money, or things were different. We find so many reasons to delay life when the time we have today is all there is.

My daddy used to have an expression that amused me. Often he'd sit and talk about the things he planned to do. He'd usually begin by saying "If I live to next Fall, I'll..." He died in early summer at the age of 54. He never made it to Fall and many of his plans were never realized.

While the message of the rural minister may have been harsh, it was full of truth and should not fall in deaf ears. It isn't too late. If there are things we have planned to improve on, if there are dreams never lived, words that need to be spoken, today is the time to begin. Tomorrow may certainly be too late.

Probably one of the saddest comments a man can make is "If I had it to do over again, I would..." We don't have it to do over again. All we have is today. Yesterday shouldn't matter because it can't be changed. We don't know what tomorrow will bring if it comes at all.

Henry Ward Beecher wrote, "No matter what looms ahead, if you can eat today, enjoy the sunlight today, mix good cheer with friends today, enjoy it and bless God for it. Do not look back on happiness...or dream of it in the future. You are only sure of today; do not let yourself be cheated out of it."



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Business considers locating in Harris shopping center

18 YEARS AGO Bakery Considering Locating In Harris Shopping Center: Hertford may have another business added in the Harris Shopping Center. It was reported this week that the Bakery in Elizabeth City, is also considering putting a Bakery in Hertford.

License Deadline February 15th: Mrs. Jean B. Harrison, manager of the License Bureau in Perquimans County reminded those persons who



haven't purchased their license, the

last day of renewal session is next week.

Second Child, First Son: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lee Matthews of Richmond, Va. announce the birth of their second child, first boy, Davie Lee, born February 3, 1969, at Richmond Memorial Hospital. Mrs. Matthews is the former Carol Cartwright.

Cub Scouts Boost Relations: National Boy Scout Week was February 7-13 and local Cub Scouts, Pack 155,

Den 1 celebrated "Operation VIP" recently on Tuesday, February 11th at the Municipal Building in Hertford with Mayor Emmett Landing. The program is designed to improve Boy Scout relations by asking support of County Leaders. Mayor Landing appeared with the Cub Scouts and with him were Lee Humphlett, Carlye Sawyer, Buck Winslow, Gary Winslow, Art Lane, Lonnie Bunch and Jay Matthews all of Den 1.

Letter to the editor

Perquimans rescue squad thanked for job well done

Editor The Perquimans Weekly, On behalf of my family, I would like to take this opportunity to commend the Perquimans County Res-

cue Squad on the excellent job that they did on the night of January 9, 1987, on Hwy 17. The accident involved the fatal injuries to my mother, Leone Twiddy.

I wish to commend the rescue on how prompt and attentive they were during this accident. Your excellent training and dedication is a valued service to the community.

We appreciate the time and concern you take to care about Perquimans County. Sincerely, David R. Twiddy

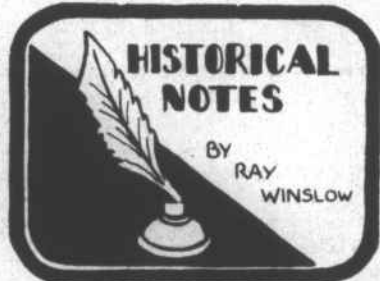
Nicholson serves as first Perquimans County treasurer

When Perquimans County's present system of government was established in 1868, Josiah Nicholson became the County Treasurer, taking office on August 3, 1868, and serving through December, 1890. Vote totals have been preserved for several elections showing Republican Josiah usually well ahead of his Democrat opponent.

Totals were: 1878, Nicholson 1025, David Cox 616, Nicholson 978, Thomas C. Blanchard 754, Charles E. Burke 1; 1882, Nicholson 961, Joseph White 649; 1884, Nicholson 989, Joseph G. Granbery 758; 1886, Nicholson 973, Josiah H. White 602; and 1888, Nicholson 971, William S. Blanchard 803.

Josiah would also be a Justice of the peace in 1884 and other years and would be appointed County Commissioner on March 2, 1896, to finish the term of a deceased Commissioner, said term expiring the following December.

Josiah's household in Belvidere Township was enumerated for the census on July 27, 1870. His occupation was given as retail grocer and County Treasurer, with \$2500 real



property and \$3000 personal property. With him were his wife and four children; servant Sarah Riddick; clerks Robert L. Billups and Robert J. White; dry goods merchant Elihu A. White; and farm worker Charles Burke.

The census enumerator would have found Josiah's wife Ellen Bassett Nicholson unwell. As a testimony subsequently published by North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends stated: "During the greater part of the last year of her life, she was confined to her bed, and agonizing suffering was frequently her portion;...She departed this life on the 10th of 12th month, (December) 1870, in her 38th year." She was buried in

the White family cemetery near Belvidere.

The year 1870, ending in bereavement, had begun with honor. On the very first day of January, Josiah had been chosen an overseer of Piney Woods Monthly Meeting, a position he would fill during several periods. This was only one of many services he would render to the Society of Friends. He was for fifty years an elder of Piney Woods Meeting. He

was also Clerk of that Monthly Meeting and of Eastern Quarterly Meeting and North Carolina Yearly Meeting. In 1892 he attended the Conference of Yearly Meetings, as did his three brothers.

Josiah continued his father's concern for Belvidere Academy and was also Secretary of the Educational Committee of Yearly Meeting. From 1890 until his death he was a Trustee of Guilford College.

NEWS COUPON

The news and editorial staff of the Perquimans Weekly would like you to tell us what kind of stories you like to see in the paper. If there is something or someone you feel is important — or some provocative issue you would like us to examine — please, let us know.

Just clip and fill out this coupon. Include as many details as possible (Names, addresses, telephone numbers, etc.)

It may not be possible for us to use some of the stories suggested but we are always looking for new ideas.

So, next time you think of something you feel would make a good story, send it to: News Coupon, Perquimans Weekly, P.O. Box 277, Hertford, N.C. 27944.

STORY IDEA:

COMMENTS:



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