

Why I Like My Family

I am the matriarch of a family numbering thirty-four. There are no words beautiful enough to describe my family. Widowed in my twenties with four little children to bring up alone, I grew up with them.

When they married and left home, I lived on in the big house where they all had grown up. That house became the mecca for all of them. East and west, north and south, they return as often as they can. Letters, telephone calls keep me in close touch with them between visits. Trips abroad, excursions all over our own country, vacations with them have kept me on the move. Through good times and bad we have been an united family. I go to them and they come to me.

Four needle-point canvases transcribed by an artist from a snapshot of my home are being done by four members of my family. Several members of my family are in Welfare work. Our young folks have served in the Peace Corps, Vista, military service (under protest). One is a minister, two are in USAID with assignments overseas. Many are volunteers in services to their communities.

When we have reunions, the young folks bring sleeping bags and sleep on the floor when the beds give out. Gifts from all over the world fill my house. I have only to admire something and it is mine.

It is no idle boast when I say, "I'm wanted in six states and one foreign country." Why do I like my family?

Because they are beautiful, each one of them, and we are bound together with love and consideration for each other.

--Winifred D. Moorehead