

## Julianne Bassett Hawkins Remembers:

I can't remember the number of summers I spent at Carol Villa, but there was one constant - I was always with Josie (O'Brien Rountree). We were two little blondes who were all over the house, the yards (front and back), down the long dirt road to the mailbox, the gardens and the quarters to visit the families there. We woke up to the crowing of the rooster and played until time to go to bed in the front room, always a little apprehensive that the tall headboard was going to fall on us. Some mornings we would go in to watch Grandmother comb and brush her long white hair and put it up with combs. She always seemed happy and serene and whistled a little breathy whistle while she worked.

Grandmother never scolded us but tried to make sure we did something productive each day such as hemming tea towels or picking strawberries. She taught a class of children from church who were called Sunbeams and we loved to sing the Sunbeam song with her. "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam to shine for Him each day. In every way try to please Him, at home, at school, at play. A sunbeam, a sunbeam, Jesus wants me for a sunbeam; a sunbeam, a sunbeam, I'll be a sunbeam for Him."

Josie and I played "house" for hours in the grove of trees next to the pasture. The large roots made rooms that we swept and used for tea parties. When the big cousins came, we played dress-up with all the clothes in the trunks upstairs. They also told us ghost stories . . . . Fling Down and Bloody Bones (I'm on the first step; I'm on the second step . . . . Gotcha!!!)

One funny thing that I think of often was said by one of Nancy's dates. Apparently, he had never seen a home as large as Carol Villa and when he came to pick her up he asked, "Is this a hotel?" There were always lots of people living there or visiting at the same time I was. I know there were at least 20 people around the table at lunch time every day when Papa asked the blessing that we all know so well.

Uncle Phillip was always entertaining and we loved to ride to town with him. He beat on the outside of the car door and called out to everyone he passed. I think he loved people more than anyone I've ever known. Another favorite entertainment was making ice cream on the side porch. I don't remember turning the crank, but I did love licking the beaters!

Everyone was there on Christmas day, with Grandmother presiding over the gift-giving, sitting in front of a 20 foot (it seemed to me) Christmas tree. I

sometimes wonder how the sideboard held so much food, and it was all wonderful. My favorite was the Charlotte Russe (Recipe follows).

*1 qt. heavy cream, whipped*

*4 Tbs. gelatin*

*8 egg yolks, beaten*

*¼ c. water*

*½ lb. confectioners' sugar*

*1 Tbs. vanilla or 2 Tbs. bourbon*

*Whip cream and refrigerate. Add sugar to egg yolks and beat well. Mix gelatin in cold water; dissolve over hot water. Stir slowly into eggs. Add vanilla. Fold into whipped cream. Spoon into dessert dishes and chill until set. Serves 8-10*

Every child should have such lovely memories as I have of summers and Christmas at Carol Villa. The Johnson Family is so blessed to have such a large family to love and be loved by. ☺