

My Mother was born March 25, 1913 in Bowdon, GA. She grew up there and went to the University of Georgia for a while. She taught school for a while and married my Daddy, Guy Crowell, Jr. He was in the Navy and got out in 1945. I was born December 18, 1945 and by then my Daddy had left Mother. She struggled and continued to work and had help with some of her family taking care of me. At age two she married my step Daddy. Due to my Polio brain I don't remember a lot of the past. I did remember I did not get along with him very well. We lived in Atlanta. Before I was 5 I had every childhood, disease there was as well as an abscessed gland at 6 weeks, my tonsils and adenoids removed at age 18 months, fractured my skull and lost the hearing in my left ear from falling out of a moving car at age 3 and hospitalized with a kidney infection at age 4. Then the big one, at age 5 I contracted Polio. I was in Grady and then I was taken to Emory to meet Warm Springs doctors till I was 17. I don't know about ya'll but when I even think about all Mother went through I am not sure why she kept me. Naturally, I was an only child. Mother was a very sweet, kind, almost perfect person that I have ever known. She continued to work and had someone stay with me. I went to E.L.

Connally and Arkwright Elementary Schools in Atlanta and went to Southwest High School in the eighth grade before we moved to East Point. Mother worked for Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and they opened an office there. I went to Headland High School where I graduated. My step Daddy left when I was 17. Another problem Mother had to deal with. After she retired from Metropolitan she decided to apply for the Baptist Conference Center in Ridgecrest, N.C. She really enjoyed that job and I moved up there for a year to work there as well. I came back to East Point and she stayed 10 years. She retired from there. When she returned home I had bought a house in Hiram and we lived there till it got too hard for me to travel to my job in East Point. We moved back there and I bought a condo. Mother lived in Douglasville for a while till I got settled in East Point. She was a very happy, Christian lady. She first broke a hip when we were in Hiram while I was working and I got the call to come home. She was in the hospital and they sent her home. She went back the next day because she was misdiagnosed and had a broken hip. She was given several blood transfusions and contracted Hepatitis C because they were not checking for that at the time. She later broke her other hip. We struggled as

long as we could till it got to where I could not take care of her so she had to go to a nursing home. I did not want to do that but it was necessary for her to get the care she needed. She passed away after dealing with Hep C for 10 years Feb. 26, 1997. Being an only child, it was very hard but I had friends that helped me with the plans for her funeral. I am next to the youngest of my cousins and most of them did not live close to me. She had a lot of things she had to deal with but she handled it like a trooper. She was the youngest child in her family so most of my aunts, uncles and 1st cousins are gone. I still enjoy looking at pictures of Mother and remembering the good things in our life. She was a wonderful Mother.

By Vicki Crowell