

The Inception of the *Hearn Herald*

When the idea for the *Hearn Herald* came to me in 1993, I was feeling sad that our family was scattering to the far corners of the country. Additionally, our times to get together were diminishing due to the birth of numerous nieces and nephews (a reason we wanted to see each other more often!). Daddy had died in 1991. I wanted a way to honor him and Mother and to share with the grandchildren the wealth of information about the Hearn and Conners.

A second reason was that I wanted to learn desktop publishing software. How better to do that than to inflict some newsletters on the family! I also wanted my siblings and nieces and nephews to participate in the newsletter so that we could share what was going on in our lives.

When the first edition came out in 1994 Mother was so pleased that she sent copies to many of her friends. She was to live only until the spring of 1995, but I feel sure that she would have remained a staunch supporter.

As the years passed I did indeed get a grasp of desktop publishing. Even better, I was able to pass along wonderful stories about our grandparents on both sides of the family, autobiographies of other relatives, and genealogical gems contributed by Lerma Hearn. Without the work of Lerma and Charles, who helped immensely with the photographs, the newsletter would have been rather drab. My thanks to all who contributed to the newsletter. I didn't know that it would last twenty years—forty issues. I'm amazed. Sending it out to the family was such fun.

I knew that the newsletter was achieving its purpose one Christmas when I was talking with some family members about Mama Hearn. For some reason I couldn't remember her name and asked those present if they could remember it. Niece Becky said, "It was Della, wasn't it?" Even though she'd never met Mama Hearn, she knew something about her. Fantastic!

Mary Alice Heard, November 2015

Note on searching this PDF document:

Most software for viewing a PDF document includes a search function. (For example, on a Macintosh the Preview program and the Safari browser have the ability to search.) This allows one to specify a search word or phrase which the program finds and highlights in the document. However, scanned files are not searchable without further processing. The early Hearn Herald volumes (through Vol. 12, No. 1) were created by scanning the print publication. These volumes have been processed by software which make them partially searchable. If you search for a name or phrase and the result appears garbled, this is because the optical character recognition of the scanned page is not perfect. However, the page displayed by the PDF program is always the original version.

Beginning with Volume 12, No. 2, the PDFs were created from original text files and thus are accurately searchable. The Index at the end, which was produced by Nancy Clark and Mary Alice, is also searchable.

Charles Hearn, April 2016

Hearn Herald

Volume 1, Number 1

February, 1994

Aubrey Hearn's New Year's Resolutions, 1925

Someone says New Year's Resolutions are bosh. But why? They at least make a fellow take an inventory of himself:

1. To strive in all things and at all times, to be a better, more useful, more unselfish Christian college student.
2. To set my ideals and ambitions higher and work harder to attain them.
3. To be more grateful to those who so love me.
4. To not only develop myself better spiritually, mentally, morally, physically, and socially but to help others do the same.
5. To utilize every spare moment doing something worthwhile.
6. To study harder in college so that I might make my college life more beneficial in later years.
7. To strive to always be a true Christian gentleman, and, with the realization, or better realization, that every gentleman has an influence, to make mine count for the good.

A Tribute

Suzie Hearn Lusk

There's a story in the New Testament that means a lot to me. It is found in Luke 2:25-35. It is the story of Simeon, the God-fearing man who asked the Lord to let him live until he had seen the Messiah.

Years ago when I knew that I couldn't have children (but I always held out some hope that a miracle would happen), I thought a lot about my age and especially my parents' ages. I knew that they were getting older every day and that if we didn't have a child soon, they might not live to see it.

I used to pray that God would let my parents live until I had a child. I remember so well how Daddy used to sing to the grandchildren and take them for walks in the yard to find rabbits. I wanted him to do this for my child, and I wanted my child to experience the love and care of a granddaddy.

Then the miracle happened, and we received that wonderful gift of a baby girl in February of 1991. I was the happiest I had ever been in my life. I stayed home with her all through February, and then one day mom suggested that I come on up to Nashville, since I was to be off all through March also. What a good idea, I thought! I packed up everything and headed off to Nashville.

God had certainly answered my prayers. He had allowed my parents to live to see that precious baby, and I was filled with gratitude for all God had done for me. Of course, I did not know then that Daddy would die the very next weekend. I mourned the loss of my Daddy, and I mourned for my child, who would not get to experience his walks and songs and just his whole personality.

But the story in Luke keeps coming back to me. God let Simeon live long enough to see the Messiah. He did not promise to let Simeon live to see what would happen to Jesus or the impact He would have for centuries to come.

In some small way, I think of my Daddy as a present-day Simeon. It's not the same story, I know, but it helps me to think of Daddy in this way. It didn't turn out as I had hoped, but I feel like God took care of Daddy even in death. God did answer my prayer; my parents did live to see my child. God has truly blessed us—the whole Hearn clan, and I think Him for taking care of us each day, and especially for letting my Daddy live to see Katie Beth. One of the last things he said to me was that she was a precious girl. *I love you, Daddy!*

Grandma Is Shrinking

Florence Conner Hearn

We called the house next door the Lambdin house. The Lambdins converted the double garage to other uses before he died. Part of it became a small apartment, the other a storage space. We bought the house shortly before Mrs. Lambdin died.

The storage garage is secured by a sliding door, which is very heavy. From the very first I was able to unlock the door and push it up, then over and back onto the overhead metal rails. The tenants have used it freely. The lawnmower is stored there.

Lately I have not needed to go into this storage. Then came Christmas, 1993!

I tried to recall where the artificial tree had been stored. Surely it was in the storage garage. I could look for myself.

After opening the lock, I began to push up on the heavy sliding door. It moved until the bottom of the door was about shoulder high. I was not tall enough anymore or strong enough to push it higher!

I stood back, and the door held in place. Just the chance I needed to duck under and start searching! No sooner thought than done. I hurried under and began searching for the tree.

Then I heard a BANG!! The heavy door had slammed closed.

Dave Migo was at work, and Nora could not hear me call. How could I get out before dark? It was up to me. I put my back against the middle of the door and began pushing back and up. The bottom of the door came higher and higher. When it was shoulder high I used both hands to push up as I ducked under and safely out. Then the door BANGED down again!

Later I told my handyman, Greg Anton, about my experience. He said, "Don't you remember? I put the tree in the attic!"

To Mother

Suzie Hearn Lusk

I know I've said this before, but it's worth repeating: Every day I pray that I can be as good a mommy to Katie Beth as you were to me. You had such patience and such care and concern for me. I lose my patience so fast, and I forget things you've taught me about responding to her when she's fussy or ornery.

I do appreciate you, Mom, and I love you for being the best Mom. What did you do to teach us independence, to make sure we could take care of ourselves when we got out on our own? You must have done something right, because I look at all my sisters and brother, and each one of them has done such a good job with their children.

Thank you for taking such good care of me and for teaching me to respect myself and all the people who nurtured and cared for me over the years.

I love you, Mom.

CONGRATULATIONS!

... to Dan Clark, who is serving an internship with BSW architectural firm in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

... to Traci Stovall, who has been accepted by the River Oaks Psychiatric Hospital as a music therapy intern (for July through November).

The idea for a family quilt came in December, 1989. I was visiting Grandmother and Granddaddy in Nashville and went to Immanuel church with them. In one of the classrooms was displayed a wall-hanging which had signatures of members scattered around on it. I noticed that the names were embroidered. I mentioned to Daddy at the time that I'd like to make a family quilt, and he thought that would be a good idea.

I had joined a quilting class at my church early in 1989 and had made several small projects that year. I remember thinking that Daddy could die at any time, so I'd better get busy on the quilt.

Here's the sequence I followed in making the quilt:

Jan., 1990—wrote letter requesting signatures; planned quilt on graph paper.

Feb., 1990—purchased, washed, and ironed fabric; began to cut out individual pieces (squares, triangles, rectangles); sewed first diamond-shaped block on sewing machine.

March, 1990—sent several completed blocks to Suzie and Mother, who agreed to embroider names on them.

April-May, 1990—cut out more pieces, sewed more blocks

June-Dec., 1990—completed embroidery; basted each block to include front, batting, and back; hand-quilted each block separately; sewed pieces together in diagonal strips.

Jan., 1991—sewed bias binding around quilt; mailed finished quilt to Mom and Dad.

The idea for the quilt design was adapted from an album quilt shown in Georgia Bonesteel's book, *New Ideas for Lap Quilting*. I enjoyed planning the design. At the time, there were only 13 grandchildren, and of the grandchildren only Bob Hearn was married. (Bonnie had made plans to marry in July, 1990, so her block includes Derek.) The 13 sections for grandchildren, plus two blocks for parents and six for children, equaled 21 named blocks. Then I added three cross-stitched sections with the words Hearn, Family, and Quilt on them, as well as eight blocks of blue fabric with a large rose quilted on each. This brought the total number of blocks to 32. Because the sections were to be arranged like diamonds, the edges of the quilt had to be filled in with triangles.

The color scheme for the signature blocks represented the three generations:

grandparents:	navy blue
children:	burgundy
grandchildren:	pink

Each diamond block was machine-pieced and then hand-quilted separately. Then each diagonal strip was sewn together, starting with the fronts (by machine), then the backs (by hand).

To me, the best part of making the quilt was the hand quilting. I was living alone, since Dan was attending Clemson and Andy, Duke. I often sat on the sofa, watched (or at least listened to) TV, and quilted. I found it to be very relaxing, because it forced me to slow down.

After Mom and Dad received the completed quilt in early 1991, Daddy commented that it was the most beautiful one he'd ever seen. I am happy that Daddy got to see the quilt, if only for a short time.

Mom gave the quilt back to me in 1993. I sewed a sleeving on the back and hung it on a specially made quilt rack in my house.

Swedish proverb (surely one that Daddy would have loved):

*He who buys what he doesn't need
steals from himself.*

What is the question

Beth Lippard

Being the wife of a professional entertainer is definitely not for everyone (especially if you're a man). After all, it's hard to keep up with someone who "throws up" for a living! But then again, most wives don't have the opportunity to travel with their husbands and visit such exotic places as Jamaica, Hilton Head Island, Charleston, and Pell City, Alabama. In all of our travels together (all eight months of them), there are several questions asked of me that keep popping up, and I thought I'd share them with you. Maybe they will give you a better idea of what Mark does—or maybe of what he doesn't. . .

"Yeah, but, what is his real job?" It is here that we must consider for ourselves the meaning of the term "real" job. If a "real" job, for instance, has hours of 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday, then the answer is an emphatic "NO, This is not a real job!" However, I believe in expanding the minds of those who ask this question, so I answer, "This IS his real job," after which most people reply how cool that is. Cool, maybe; insane, more likely. Now, don't get me wrong. I love what Mark does. It is fun and always changing, but it takes a very special person to keep up the pace, and that's exactly what Mark is—very special.

"Is he, like, in the circus or something?" I always get a kick out of this question, in particular. To most people, juggling and unicycling are equated with the circus. I suppose that this is understandable, since it is a proven fact that people draw on their own life experiences in order to relate to things. Most individuals have not seen an entertainer like Mark at a festival, a school, a church (especially not at a church!), a trade show, or a banquet—only at a circus. Therefore, he must be in a circus. We love to broaden people's life experiences and have had many chances to do just that!

"Does Mark drive you crazy at home?" Yes, he does, but not for the reason most people think. Many women ask me this because they assume he juggles everything in the house that he can get his hands on. Most of them mention dishes! There are a lot of things in our home that he could juggle if he wanted to (apples, oranges, baseballs, balled-up socks). But dishes? No, he has never tried juggling dishes, nor does he do much of any juggling in the house. Juggling is his profession. It's work for him. He absolutely loves it and practices (in a gym) when he can, but he feels no need to juggle in the house. Thank goodness!

I must mention here that the reason he does drive me crazy sometimes is because of his high energy level. Sometimes, I must admit, I have a hard time keeping up!

"Do you ever get scared watching him ride that tall unicycle?" Well, duh! Whose heart wouldn't skip a few beats if she had to watch her husband juggle and do tricks while riding a 10 1/2-foot-tall unicycle? With time, however, I have found that I am fairly used to it, as long as he doesn't fall. (Just ask my parents if he's ever fallen from it!) There is a monster in our basement, though, that I will always be afraid of. It is a 16-foot-tall, neon-orange unicycle. Yes, he does ride it on occasion if he is going to perform in a gymnasium with a high enough ceiling. You see, when he's on top of that "thing," his head is in the rafters. I will always and forever be frightened by this formidable creature!

There are many more questions and comments I could share with you, but I need to get back to work. Yes, I do work. Running a small business isn't easy. But Mark and I have been so blessed by God. Mark has been a full-time professional for almost eight years now. He feels so fortunate to be able to do something he enjoys and actually make a living at it. I am able to work in our office and travel with him, which means we spend quality time together that most married couples can only dream of. We know that God has other plans for us some day, but until that day comes, we will continue to play and get paid for it.

Sometime when you are visiting in Nashville, take the time to peruse the three journals that Aubrey Hearn kept during the years 1925, '26, and '27. As you may know, Daddy graduated from high school at 16 and from Howard College at 19. The journal years coincide with two and a half years while he was a student at Howard and a year and a half while he taught math at Etowah County High School in Attalla, Alabama. Mostly, these journals detail the superficial aspects of a very busy life—classes attended, jobs performed, trips home; there are few philosophical reflections. Still, they give us an insight into the life of an industrious, energetic young man. I want to share a few observations gleaned from the journals.

Work experience. Daddy worked his way through college. He boarded with his Uncle Oscar and Aunt Lizzie, who were living in Birmingham, having returned from missionary work in China. Despite a full load of classes, he frequently scrapped for money. At the beginning and ending of the semester he and some friends hauled trunks to and from the train station. They rented a truck and would haul as many trunks as it would hold, sometimes making several trips a day. This was hard manual labor. During the school year Daddy sold Christmas cards, and it seems he was always taking orders. During warm weather he also rented a booth at the East Lake fairgrounds, where he sold candy. When he was at home in Albertville, he spent time setting type at the local newspaper, a job he had held before going off to college. This was a tedious and monotonous process, apparently done completely by hand. One summer he worked at the newspaper daily, earning the grand salary of \$15 a week. Other odd jobs that I noticed were picking cotton for his family and distributing telephone books in Birmingham with Papa Hearn (his dad) and Kermit and Fred (two of his brothers). He also agreed to sell insurance for Massachusetts Mutual Life, though I can't tell whether or not he had any success. He also mentions (after he began teaching school) buying a pig as an investment.

Life at Howard College. During his college years Daddy participated in at least two debates, one at Union University and one at Mississippi College, both of which he lost. He ran for vice president of the student body (with his roommate, Allen Conner, as his campaign manager) and was defeated. Although he sometimes went to class unprepared, he enjoyed learning. As you can imagine, he was an avid reader.

Church Life. Despite a very busy schedule, Daddy attended church every Sunday, both morning and evening. He was very active in the BYPU (Baptist Young People's Union) at each church he attended, often helping to organize groups and teach training courses. In fact, during the summer of 1927 he traveled with other paid workers to teach BYPU work to juniors and intermediates at churches across the state of Alabama.

Home Life. Daddy loved to come back home to Albertville. Mama Hearn always fixed big meals and was willing to spoil her oldest son (by fixing him a special snack, for instance, if he had worked late at the newspaper office). The presence of his younger brothers and sisters meant that there was usually someone with whom to play caroms. Although these were tight times financially for Mama and Papa, the family was closely knit.

Social Life. There were occasional dates and parties; tennis, which he played frequently; games of "Rook" and "Flinch"; and occasional movies. He loved to attend football games. During no time in these journal years did Daddy own a car. Trips to college were arranged with friends who owned cars or were made by train or bus. Roads were poor, and there were occasional flat tires or other breakdowns. Though these were simpler days in some respects, getting around required much ingenuity.

For some months after Daddy graduated he saw quite a lot of a young woman he called M.J. (I think she was Mildred Johnston, whom he mentions much earlier.) Toward the end of the journals, there was much exchange of letters and gifts with Florence Conner, who, as you know, was the sister of his college roommate. After a visit to Shorter College to see Florence, his comment was: "I had such a delightful time at Shorter. *F. is a jewel.*"

First Real Job! Teaching did not come naturally to Aubrey. He stayed at Etowah County High for three years, teaching algebra, geometry, and English. He mentions occasional discipline problems and a dissatisfaction with his teaching abilities. Students were often poorly prepared, and he was disappointed when they failed their tests. During these days he coached a play production (but didn't say how the play was received), sponsored the Hi-Y club, and was the villain in a faculty stunt. It was during these years that he decided to take piano! Possibly he was boarding at a house that had a piano. Whatever the reason, for a while he practiced almost every day.

At the front of the first journal, Daddy mentions this purpose for keeping it: "One purpose of my diary is, if I succeed in keeping the resolutions on the opposite page, that posterity may not be unaware of the fact that I lived, or at least began, the year A.D. 1925." That's a noble goal, and I see it fulfilled today.

This 'n That Dan Clark

Out here in Tulsa there's miles and miles of nothing but miles and miles!

*If me and my folks
like you and your folks
(like you and your folks)
like me and my folks,
then me and my folks
like you and your folks
like you and your folks
like me and my folks.*

Two Puritans were doing their best trying to relax.

One: "It really is a nice day.

Another: "Aye, but we'll pay for it!"

And, to chase this all down, try saying this one fast:
Rubber baby buggy with rubber buggy bumpers!

Welcome home and congratulations, Joel and Beth!

Following are some home remedies found in *Willis' Family Encyclopedia and Business Guide*, published in July, 1897. If you should try them, let us know if they worked!

Asthma: Skunk cabbage root, taken in the form of syrup or dried and smoked through a pipe will give relief.

Scurvy: Eat freely of vegetables and fresh meat, and gargle the throat often with cayenne pepper and vinegar.

Sore throat: Take a draught of pepper sauce.

Psyche's Waffles
Lena Allen Conner

Cream 2 tbs. shortening (butter)
1 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt.
Add yolks of 2 eggs
2 teacups buttermilk
2 sifted (teacups) flour.
Scald 1 level teaspoon soda.
Beat in till very fluffy.
Beat in well-beaten whites of the 2 eggs.
Should be a fairly thick batter.

This recipe was included in a letter from Grandmother Conner to her daughter, Florence Hearn, dated November 19, 1933.

Psyche did the cooking and cleaning for the Conner family. She lived in the servant house, which was behind the home in which Mother grew up.

Can you solve the puzzle?

One ingredient of Psyche's waffle recipe has us stumped. Why was it necessary to scald the soda, and what form was the soda in that it had to be scalded? Not only have Allan and I looked in several old recipe books, we have written a culinary expert and the Arm & Hammer company to find a solution. So far we have no answers. If you can solve the puzzle, let us know. We will print the solution in the next issue. MAH

NEED AN ADDRESS? HERE'S AN UPDATED LIST

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Nancy Clark, 4305 Santa Fe Trail, Greensboro, NC 27406, 910-292-0188
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The *Hearn Herald*, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of February and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 3302 Pimlico Parkway, Lexington, KY 40517.

Editor: Mary Alice Heard
Printer's Devil: Allan Heard

This Old House...
Lerma Hearn

Did you know that Hearn House on Westwood Avenue originally had a different address? When the house was built for Mr. & Mrs. T. A. Petty in 1926, the lot was officially identified as 2109 Westwood. Woodlawn, the street "behind" the house, was named Belair, and 26th Street, including the unpaved continuation the family knows as "the pig's trail," was named Rose Avenue.

The records of the land on which the house stands go back to an 1838 deed with intriguingly explicit boundary lines for the 180-acre tract: "Beginning at a stake near the road leading from Nashville to Franklin by the late residence of Jesse Wharton, deceased, on said Wharton's North boundary line; running South 57-1/2° East 148-4/10 poles to an elm; thence East 14-2/10 poles to an Elm on Henry Seals' West boundary; thence North with said Seals' line 52-1/2 poles to a stake; thence East 128 poles to a sugar tree on John Adams' line; thence North with said Adams' line and the line of Williams 98 poles to a stake; thence West 268 poles to the center of the big road; thence South with the center of said road 73 poles to the beginning."

The Title Abstract traces the ownership of the land through the years — an 80 acre subdivision in 1865 ("Beginning at a stake in the center of Hillsboro Pike..."); two lots included in property forfeited to Susan M. Douglas in 1876 in lieu of repayment of a \$5,000 loan; etc.

The Title Abstract is stored carefully in an envelope along with the original contract for building the house (\$7,574), notes on added expenses (\$3,641.40), the blueprints, tax records, and the deed transferring ownership to one C. Aubrey Hearn in August, 1942, for the sum of \$6,750. The building contract provided for a two-car garage where the carport now stands; a servants' room (and plumbing for same) in the garage was among the extras. Other extras included the two cedar-lined closets upstairs (cost: \$88), the telephone shelf in the downstairs hall (\$5.00), an outdoor playhouse (\$77), and a fence/henhouse combination (\$60). The architect's fee was \$175. Just over half of the "extra" cost was the cost of the land itself: \$1900 for the combined lots on which the house and the duplex (built in 1961) now stand.

Before the Hearn moved in, the upstairs bath was a "lavatory"; floor space for the tub was reclaimed from the attic. The blueprints designate a large coal space in the basement; the front corner bedroom was the solarium; the den/library was originally a bedroom, and the middle room on that side of the house was to be a guest bedroom.

Over the years the house has undergone some renovations, but none have destroyed its character. It was an ideal site for raising six children, and it's a wonderful place to visit in 1994.

More advice from *Willis' Family Cyclopedia*...1897: THREE RULES FOR PRESERVING GOOD HEALTH. 1st. Keep the feet warm. 2d. The head cool. 3d. The bowels sufficiently open by your diet. (In 1994, still not bad advice which may also work for politics and other human relations.) LATE HOURS. All nature sleeps at night, and why should not man? Ten or eleven o'clock should never find a delicate person unprepared to go to bed. Moon and star-gazing are bad for delicate persons. BATHS. A man calling himself in health, to keep himself so, should certainly take a warm bath once a week throughout his life; certainly a fortnight should not pass without one. OTHER. A white fur on the tongue attends simple fever and inflammation. Yellowness, a derangement of the liver. A tongue vividly red, inflammation of stomach. A white velvety tongue, mental illness. (Conclusion: Keep your mouth shut. TAH)

Hearn Herald

Volume 1, Number 2

September, 1994

I remember when...

Mary Ruth Brew

J.B. and I came to live with the C. Aubrey Hearn family on Westwood. But before that... I had come for a visit with my sister Arlena. It seemed that Immanuel Baptist was having a Valentine banquet. I rode the train up from Blue Mountain by myself. It was in 1946, so the Hearn children were small. Besides the Hearn family, Arlena, Josephine, Mai, Dorothy, Juanita, and the Kelly family lived there. Sadie was there to help Florence. Later, Sadie made my maid of honor dress for Arlena's wedding on September 10, 1948.

While I was there for that visit I enjoyed the sing-along led by Aubrey. And the food by Florence. Also, I enjoyed my visit at the Sunday School Board.

While I worked at the Board my friendship with the Hearn family grew. Aubrey helped me select a puppy to send to Arlena and children living in Cincinnati.

On May 14, 1949, J.B. and I were married and moved into an upstairs bedroom of the Hearn house. Suzie was a beautiful, small baby, and I'm afraid we all petted her. However, Marcia was our buddy. Every time Florence's back was turned, up the steps she came. How we loved that.

I remember when J.B. and I took the family to Immanuel and then went on to Edgefield (across town). Then we'd pick them up after church for our trip home. Since I grew up without a car we loved being able to share our car with the Hearn.

I remember when Aubrey took Florence and Suzie to a Training Union study week in Alabama. J.B. and I took care of the house, the food, and five precious Hearn. I'm sure our diet was not super, but we had fun!

I remember when Florence went downstairs to put some washed clothes in the dryer, and Suzie tried to follow. The trouble was, the little tailer tot couldn't go down the steps. Well, Suzie survived it.

I remember when Mary Alice went to Blue Mountain College. Every time we went home to Blue Mountain, we tried to take one or more sisters with us. I believe all the BMC girls were envious of Mary Alice.

I remember the beautiful wedding dress the Hearn girls shared. What a super idea!

How J.B. and I have loved being "members" of the Hearn family. We hope to continue to be.

Overheard at the office—

"I didn't know what heaven was like until I got married, and then it was too late!"

A surprise "thank you"

Florence Hearn

From our breakfast window my husband and I noticed that something was wrong outside. The bird feeder was full, but few birds were visiting. Those that came quickly flew away.

Aubrey examined the feeder at close range. No wonder!! The seeds were damp and caked hard in the pan, as if they were spoiled. Birds could not reach the dry seed.

I cleaned the feeder and filled it with dry seed. Later I returned to the kitchen to check on the birds. They had found the fresh seed and were fluttering back and forth from shrubs to feeder.

Then to my surprise I saw this neatly typed note on the kitchen table

Dear Florence:

Many thanks for the fresh seeds. You are a real bird lover.

Your birds.

Topic ideas for our next issue

Allan Heard

When Mary Alice conceived the idea of a newsletter, she assumed that everybody concerned would immediately be filled with lots of nifty ideas for articles. That has not proved to be the case, so I thought I would suggest some topics that I would find interesting. Some are ideas that I myself might write about. Here they are: My first childhood crush. What I especially remember about the _____ grade. My hair. My funniest experience while driving a church bus (you fill in the blank). The time I fell off the roof. Aubrey cleaning out the gutters. Painting the garage with Aubrey. Frugal Aubrey and his shaving creme. The bullet hole in the ceiling. I remember a walk with Granddaddy. One scripture is special to me because... A characteristic I especially have appreciated about Aubrey and Florence (or somebody else). How WWII affected me. My favorite _____ (teacher, neighbor, friend, etc.) when I was growing up and how he/she affected my life (then or now). The Hearn sisters go fishing. A special Christmas (tree?). A visit with the Dillards in 1964. My worst habit (according to...).

I have sort of let my imagination go wild to make a point. Most of us know very little about each other and things that have gone on in our lives. I believe that we are interested in the little things that have spiced other peoples' lives. I am interested in what you think and what you are doing right now. If it's three lines or forty, please give your newsletter some input. Things that are important to you are important to me, and things that are funny to you are even funnier to me.

Old times remembered

Last summer Mother salvaged several sacks of letters from the basement. A wet floor and dampness had taken their toll, and some were illegible. Others, however, were in good shape. I have been reading some of the letters—correspondence between Mother and Daddy in the late 30s and early 40s. During these years the family lived at their first house, 2717 Westwood Avenue. Daddy was on the road much of the time as a consultant for Training Union work at the Sunday School Board. In the fall of 1938 he even attended Southern Seminary for a semester, coming home some weekends. As you can see from the excerpts which follow, life was very difficult for both of them. Mother had live-in housekeepers or a maid—most notably Annie Lee and Ruby—for part of the time. She also allowed Kermit, Daddy's brother, to room in the house when he came to town to manage his district for Compton's Encyclopedia. The presence of these helpers, particularly Annie Lee, allowed Mother to help at a kindergarten three mornings a week (she helped with music activities in return for Charles' tuition) and to continue her piano lessons. Still, she did not have a car or her own bank account. Daddy's travels, though more interesting than the life Mother lead, took him away from his family and his office. Both Mother and Daddy wished for a more stable family life. Mother and Daddy did not consider telephone calls an option. They tried to write each once or twice a day (since mail was delivered twice) when they were apart. We hope you find these excerpts interesting. The Editors

- Florence
Nashville
September 1, 1938
shortly after Nancy's birth
on August 21
- Five years ago I waked thinking of my wedding day. This morning I waked after my first night alone with three babies. How rich the last five years have been in experience, happiness, and love. You are all that any girl could wish for in a husband. You are an ideal father and husband, and my life is one sweet song because of you. They had failed to tell me at the hospital that they charged a dollar a day for the baby in the nursery. So my bill was three dollars more than I had expected. Also they charged 15¢ per day for electricity when I used the fan. I used it only four days since two of my room mates had colds and could not have a fan on. . . They did not charge me for the little bracelet, though—evidently. I hope you won't be worried about this. Even though it did cost a little more, I think it was best for me to stay. I feel so good and am able to help a little with the children.
- Aubrey
Louisville
Oct. 18, 1938
- My 8 lbs. of laundry (about 40 pieces) cost only \$1.17, which was only 43 cents more than the shirts alone would have cost. About once a month I may get my laundry done here and not bother you with it.
- Aubrey
Memphis
Oct. 28, 1938
- You may need some money before Monday. If so, you can cash the enclosed check next Saturday. Our Nov. 1 check is being spent as follows:
- | | |
|---------------|--------|
| Ins. | 51.94 |
| House payment | 37.47 |
| Bank | 22.00 |
| Water | 5.25 |
| Total | 116.66 |
- I am sending you \$23.00 and the money for bank and water. I don't know how we'll make out to the 15th but we must do so some way. I barely have enough left to get back to Louisville.
- Florence
Nashville
Dec. 7, 1938
- Tonight I was praying her prayer for Mary Alice [19 months old] when I put her to bed. Charles [3-1/2] kept making noises in the kitchen. I went in and told him to quit attracting Mary Alice's attention. He said, "I'm not tracting her 'tention, I'm 'tracting yours." Which was too true.
- Florence
Nashville
Dec. 21, 1938
- Charles crawled in with me at two o'clock this morning. Mary Alice waked wanting her bottle. Charles fussed about the light so loudly that Nancy waked up too. I had to give her orange juice and Mary Alice some milk. I made Charles get back in his bed, whereupon he screamed and cried for a long time. (I can't sleep well with him.) Mary Alice kept standing up every five minutes so I had to get up and tuck her in. In all it was after four o'clock before she went back to sleep (I heard that West End High School clock chime). Nancy waked at 6:45.

Old times remembered

Aubrey
on board a train going
somewhere, Sep. 1, 1939

This has been a happy day for me in spite of the rush. But I have been lonely all evening. I have been thinking over the events of six years ago. These six years have been sublimely happy for me. We have had our difficulties, but some of them were to be expected. Surveying the years I think we have many things to be thankful for.

Florence
Nashville
Sep. 2, 1939

Your letter today is one of the sweetest you have ever written. It makes up for all the disappointments of yesterday. You are so dear and precious to me. I am going to try harder than ever to make you happy and to be a better mother. If the next six years are only half as perfect as the last six have been it will be a grand life.

Aubrey
Tallahassee, Florida
Sep. 3, 1939

The present war seems so odd, so strange, so unreal, so unnecessary. I have had a gloomy feeling about it all day.

I am most thankful for you. I knew you would make a wonderful wife and mother, and you have and are. No man anywhere has a finer wife. I am proud of you and I love you with all my heart.

Aubrey
Campbellsville, Kentucky
Oct. 11, 1939

There's an article in the current issue of "Your Life" on "Your Child and the Funnies" that I want you to read. It supports my view about the danger of the comic strips in some very sane arguments.

Florence
Andalusia, Alabama
Dec. 12, 1939

Nancy is Mother's and Daddy's pet without a doubt. She is getting so cute and sweet I can hardly blame them. And yet Mary Alice and Charles are just as precious. I teased Mother tonight and told her she was crazy about each baby until he was old enough for the badness to pop out, and then she turned her affections to another one. She asked me if I thought badness could ever pop out of Nancy!

Florence
Andalusia, Alabama
Dec. 16, 1939

Go to Sears and see if they have a freight train which costs \$1.98. There is one advertised in their catalogue but I hope the Nashville store will carry it. There won't be time to order it unless you have them to wire the Atlanta store and have it mailed to Albertville. If you should do that be sure that it will get there in time. The number is 49V5923. It should have a station with it, 6 cars including the engine, and an inner track, to switch on. Be sure to see about this right away because Charles is counting on it. He picked this one out!

Florence
Nashville
March 14, 1940

Mary Alice and Nancy are taking their naps. Charles has already rested and is now standing near me like a leech. He simply can't think of a thing to play. I get so tired of "talk" sometimes I don't know what to do. That is one main part of being a Mother though. Charles has such an inquiring mind! That is a grand quality but My! what a burden to his Mother.

Florence
Nashville
April 21, 1940

Nearly all afternoon I have been working on the sink, which is stopped up. The trouble is far down in the pipe in the basement. I finally went outside and unscrewed a plug I saw Mr. Garvey take off. The black, caked stuff came pouring out. Finally I got a long, long wire out of the garage and rammed it into the three or four-inch pipe. More "stuff" came out. I haven't tried it yet to see if it is open. If I succeed I will send you a bill for \$5.00.

Florence
Nashville
April 26, 1940

The recital yesterday was a success I guess, as far as my piece was concerned. Everyone said it was beautiful! Mr. Wiggs, the theory teacher, told me it was fine. Miss Throne said I ought to be pleased because he never complimented anyone. She did say that when I played two years ago he told her it was the best thing they had had the whole year at Ward-Belmont. Now aren't you proud of your smart wife!

Florence
Andalusia, Alabama
June 10, 1940

This afternoon Charles and I went to see "Pinnocchio." Or rather, we started to see it. I paid the 35¢ for our tickets and we went in the door. Charles saw some horrid creature throwing things at the little fellow and making terrible noises and he was frightened stiff. He began to cry and wanted to go home. I made several efforts to get him to stay but he would not. I realized it was making him nervous, so we left. The lady gave us our money back. Charles said he never wants to go to the picture show again except to see "Gulliver's Travels." He said that wasn't a bit scary, so I had told him.

Mama Hearn

Lerma Hearn

Since Back-to-School is upon us, I thought a "scholastic" excerpt from Mama Hearn's memoirs might be appreciated. "Mama Hearn," for those Herald readers who don't recognize the name, was Della Jane Hubbard Hearn, mother of C. Aubrey Hearn. Her son Joe Ed wrote a biographical sketch of her in 1946, with several direct quotations. Here is a description of school life in Clay County, Alabama, just over a hundred years ago.

At the time Della was born, her father owned a blacksmith shop on the farm, but in 1889, when she was five, the family moved to Delta, Alabama, where he became postmaster. It was here that she first started to school. She said of this early schooling: "I started to school at the age of seven and had to walk over three miles every day, going to and from the schoolhouse. We carried our lunches in tin buckets. The lunch usually consisted of some biscuits, a piece of meat, a baked potato, and, above all, a jar of syrup. We spent eight hours a day on hard, old-fashioned benches with no desks and with a blueback speller as our only textbook. This lasted for only about five months out of each year because in those days the roads were bad during the winter months, and so many of the children were needed during the spring and fall to help their parents on the farm. It sounds rather harsh and monotonous, but I think the children got a lot of enjoyment out of it all because we had so few opportunities to meet and play with large groups of children in the country."

Here are a few other interesting notations from Joe Ed's biography of his mother.

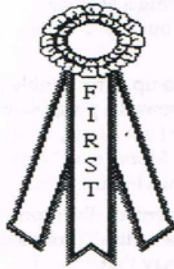
Our only textbook was a blueback speller.

In 1892, when Della was eight, . . . the family moved to Heflin, a town of several hundred people in Cleburne County, considered a fairly large community in those days. Her father ran a livery stable. . . where he kept mules for sale and hire and in the meantime continued with his blacksmith shop. The popular mode of travel being by buggy in these early years of the 'gay nineties,' and with wagons in wide use on the farm, her father's business began to prosper. Within a few years he had bought a hotel and added the management of it to his varied and sundry duties. . .

It was in 1902 that her father bought the hotel, a large wooden building consisting of ten bedrooms with washstands but no indoor bathrooms, a large porch with plenty of chairs, and a place nearby where horses could be hitched. It was located by the railroad where trains passed by every day

going to and from Atlanta.

Editors' note: On a recent vacation trip we drove through Albertville to visit Daddy's grave. While we were there, we talked with an old Hearn family friend, Dorset Davis, who told us that a building where Della's father, Ike Hubbard, operated a dry goods store in Albertville in the 1920s still stands. It is now called Hammers, and it is part of the renovated mall area in Albertville. Back in the '20s the Hubbard store was called the Trading Company, Mr. Davis told us. Because times were hard and money was scarce, many customers bought their supplies on credit. If they shopped at one store, he said, they felt obligated to continue shopping there. Next time you're in Albertville, go by Hammers and look around. The back and the inside walls of the store probably look much as they did years ago.



We had one entry for the finish-the-sentence competition, and we declare it the winner. Here it is:

If I had plenty of time and lots of money, I would. . .

write something for the newsletter.

Joel Heard

For submitting this thoughtful response we award Joel the honorary title, Procrastinator of the Year.

A message from Marcia

Marcia Stovall

Dear Family,

Just a note to let you know I will be back in a library next year. I went to the Job Fair and chose Roosevelt Middle School, which is about a mile and a half from my home. It will be a big job—basically the library has been closed for three years. I'm planning to go the first of August to Roosevelt, meet the principal, and see the library. Hopefully he'll allow the library to stay closed for two weeks while I try to get the books organized. Thank you for your prayers! I love you all.

Have you seen. . .

- Grandmother Conner's old scrapbook, the one with historical information and letters in it?
- Aubrey Hearn's law school cane? It is missing from the cane collection.

If you know the whereabouts of these items, please tell Grandmother. She would like to have them back.

The *Hearn Herald*, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 3302 Pimlico Parkway, Lexington, KY 40517.

Editor: Mary Alice Heard
Printer's Devil: Allan Heard

Our Russian crusade

Beth Lippard

As most of you probably know by now, Mark and I had the wonderful opportunity of traveling to Vladimir, Russia this June. Mark was hired by the Hank Williams Youth Crusade, a ministry that he has done a lot of work with over the past four years. With the help of family and friends, I was able to raise enough money so that I could go too. In all, there were 36 of us. There were people in our group from New York, Iowa, Indiana, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia. Most of us, I believe, were Wesleyans, but there were also some American Baptists, Southern Baptists, and Methodists. But what really mattered was that we all love the Lord and wanted to share our love with the Russian people. It would take up too much space to tell about everything that we experienced in Russia, but I will share some of the highlights.

Mark was able to perform in a school (kindergarten), an orphanage, and a boys' prison. He also did some street performing and was the first person on the program each night at the crusade. It was fantastic to see how the Russian people reacted to him. They were very appreciative of his talents and they even got most of his jokes! After he entertained at each place, he was able to speak to the audience about the importance of Christ in his life. I feel like people really listened because they knew there was something different about him. (That's an understatement!)

The Holy Spirit was very evident on our whole trip. The women got to minister one morning in a hospital. We witnessed the beginning of a miracle in a young woman's life. We asked her and her roommates if we could sing for them. She insisted that she didn't believe in our God and never would, but that if we wanted to sing, she wouldn't stop us. We began to sing "Amazing Grace" in English, and before we had finished the first verse tears were streaming down her face. She didn't understand English, but she knew we were singing about something she wanted. She accepted a Bible from us and let us pray with her. Her name is Irena, and we need to pray that the Holy Spirit will continue to work in her life.

Thousands of people were saved during the time that we were in Vladimir. The churches there have a huge task ahead of them. Follow-up is an important part of ministry, but the "new" Christians far outnumber the "old" Christians. Please pray with me that their efforts will be multiplied.

I'd love to tell you more, but it must wait until I see you in person. I hope that will be soon!

Tire treads: Check tread depth with a penny, inserting Lincoln head first. If the top of his head shows, the tires are candidates for replacement (from *What To Do with the Penny in Your Nose*, Pennypincher's Press).

Attitude

Charles Swindoll

The longer I live, the more I realize the impact of attitude on life. Attitude, to me, is more important than facts. It is more important than the past, than education, than money, than circumstances, than failures, than successes, than what other people think or say or do. It is more important than appearance, giftedness, or skill. It will make or break a company . . . a church . . . a home. The remarkable thing is we have a choice every day regarding the attitude we will embrace for that day. We cannot change our past . . . we cannot change the fact that people will act in a certain way. We cannot change the inevitable. The only thing we can do is play on the one string we have, and that is our attitude . . . I am convinced that life is 10% what happens to me and 90% how I react to it. And so it is with you. . . we are in charge of our Attitudes.

Submitted by Lerma Hearn

Remember Psyche's waffle recipe?

We want to report that we have had no clear solution to our riddle. However, after consulting with a few experts (Arm & Hammer had no idea) and some good cooks, we want to venture this guess:

Possibly years ago the baking soda was processed and packaged poorly, and as a result it was subject to hard lumping. We think the soda had to be scalded with a small amount of water to get the lumps out.

The Editors

NEED AN ADDRESS? HERE'S AN UPDATED LIST

*Jack and Becky Burns, 4242 E. 58th Place, Tulsa, OK, 74135, 918-488-8568
Nancy Clark, 4305 Santa Fe Trail, Greensboro, NC 27406, 910-292-0188

*Andy Clark, 133 Cascadilla Park Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850, 607-256-1430
Dan Clark, 6805 South Lewis, #12, Tulsa, OK 74136, 918-495-0649

Brian Dillard, 321 East Ann St., #3, Ann Arbor, MI 48104, H-313-668-1319,
W-769-2635

James and Millie Dillard, 313 Poplar Lane, Mauldin, SC 29662,
803-288-0457

Allan and Mary Alice Heard, 3302 Pimlico Pkwy, Lexington, KY 40517,
606-272-7878

*Joel and Beth Heard, 1408 11th St. S, Apt. M, Birmingham, AL 35205,
205-328-0343

*Karen Heard, 1231 Man-O-War Place, #34, Lexington, KY 40504,
606-233-4000

Tim and Julie Heard, 2100 Biljana Ave., Apt. 5, Louisville, KY 40206,
502-896-8159

Florence Hearn, 2115 Westwood Ave., Nashville, TN 37212, 615-292-0697

*Charles and Lerma Hearn, 9608 Mesa Oak Dr., Bakersfield, CA 93311,
805-664-7991

Bob and Liz Hearn, 6401 NW Lincoln Avenue, Vancouver, WA 98663,
206-750-7761

*Mark and Beth Lippard, 1033 South College Ave., Newton, NC 28658,
704-464-4545

Fred, Suzie, and Katie Beth Lusk, 445 Merrydale Dr., Fayetteville, GA
30214, 404-461-0654

Derek and Bonnie McCord, 1350 Nonie Way, Marietta, GA 30062,
404-565-6800

*Gerald, Marcia, Traci, Keith Stovall, 5109 Wade Drive, Metairie, LA
70003, 504-885-0584

Amy Stovall, Box 1047, William Carey College, Hattiesburg, MS 39401

* Address changed or corrected from previous list

Notes from Oklahoma

Dan Clark

This is just a quick note to testify about how faithful God is. Pages could describe it, I'm sure, but I will be as brief as I can about these two items.

In late May and early June I had a severe problem with finances (in that I failed miserably to organize them!). Everything else took priority over them. Just before that, when I was not yet aware of my financial condition, I had received several letters—one from Beth and Mark concerning their trip, and about three others that regarded a need for money, one of them fairly critical. My heart was snared. I had to give something. So I did. About two weeks later (right before I counted up my expenses for May and found out I had a problem), I received three refunds within the span of one day, two tax-related and one work-related, that assured me that I was right to give when I did, and that I was rescued from going under financially. Lack of stewardship is hard to admit to family or to anyone, but I must boast in the Lord Who is able and willing to provide and step in when we fail. He majors in stepping in! And that made me want to organize myself even more, knowing this: if God is that faithful when I don't organize, think of how He will show Himself when I work with Him and exercise good stewardship!

The second thing that I've just been told about at lunchtime today (July 27) is that the design team to which I've been assigned, Cupola Architects, has been selected as the "firm" to design a building for the John 3:16 Mission, a ministry for at-risk families in the north Tulsa area! There were three teams to compete for this project. There were times during the competition that I said, "I just want to win!" and it was hard to surrender to the Lord in that case. I will update you on the progress of this project as it goes to construction in 1995. Mixed thoughts—personal career boosts, newspaper articles(!), and overflowing pride in my team—have filled my head about this project. Please, as you find time, pray with me that I will approach this wonderful opportunity in a spirit of humility and that others around me will see in crystal clear fashion the person of Jesus Christ.

2 Corinthians 10:17 says, "Let he who boasts boast in the Lord." What can I do but marvel at what He's doing here in Oklahoma?!

Hair

Allan Heard

Hair was always important to me. When I was small, my parents allowed my hair to grow quite long and very curly, though it was not the style, because I was "so pretty." (I once took a picture of me, taken at that stage of life, to an office party for a game. Everybody brought a picture. The idea was to guess who the baby in the picture was. Almost everybody there guessed my picture to be that of the prettiest woman on our staff!) This long-hair episode ended because my brother kept getting into fights with buddies who referred to me as his sister. But even after a haircut, and throughout my younger years, my wavy hair got lots of compliments.

One Sunday morning in the late sixties, I arrived at church early. As I entered the downstairs doorway, I walked headlong into a large, unguarded light bulb that hung from the low ceiling. It broke in a seemingly harmless fashion, and I started down the hallway to get a broom. I was almost immediately distracted from this mission by a horrible odor, which I thought was coming from an adjacent restroom. Then for some reason I ran my hand through my hair. To my surprise, the hot filament of the light bulb had set my hair on fire. I was smelling charred hair!

So help me, Charles and Gerald, that's what happened to my hair. What happened to yours?

Fictionary dictionary

Mary Alice Heard

Recently in *Word Recreations* (Dover Publications, 1979) by A. Ross Eckler (any kin, Julie?) I came across a description of the dictionary game. Since the description details how points are scored and gives some interesting variations, I thought I would pass it on to you. Next time we play together, let's try one of the variations!

Description: In this game, one player selects a dictionary word whose meaning is unknown to the others and writes its definition down on a slip of paper. The other players write down invented definitions on slips of paper, and the first player collects the slips and reads them off in random order (including his own). Each player votes on the definition that he believes to be the correct one. Each player (other than the first player) earns a point if he picks the correct definition, plus an additional point each time one of the others selects his false definition. The game is played until each player in turn has had a chance to select a dictionary word.

Variations:

1. The first player selects a sentence from a book (preferably a novel rather than a dictionary) of eight words or less and announces the name of the book and the initial letters of the words (in order). Each of the other players writes a sentence with words using the same initial letters in the same order, and the voting and scoring proceed as before.
2. Instead of announcing the set of initial letters of the words in the sentence, the first player announces the lengths of the words in the sentence (in order).

Congratulations to:

- Andy Clark, who successfully defended his master's thesis for a degree in electrical engineering at Cornell University in Rochester, New York. He will graduate at the end of the fall semester but continues working toward his doctorate in plasma physics.
- Beth Heard, who has a new job as editorial assistant at the Womans Missionary Union headquarters in Birmingham, Alabama.
- Jack and Becky Burns and Derek and Bonnie McCord, soon to be parents.
- Tim Heard, who was awarded a Master of Divinity degree by Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in May.

Aubrey's frugality

Allan Heard

Everything I ever observed about Aubrey Hearn told me that he was very frugal. My earliest conversations with Mary Alice characterized him as going all over town to take advantage of grocery bargains. He was not a person I would have ever expected to be wasteful.

He forever sealed this impression early one morning in the mid-sixties when he showed up at our house in Weaver, Alabama. He had spent the night at a motel and was headed somewhere to sell some church bonds. He said, "Allan, I had a problem with my shaving creme this morning. I couldn't get it to stop. Would you see if you can fix it?" With that he dragged his suitcase from the car and opened it. His shaving kit and part of the suitcase were filled with foam and more was still spilling from the can. He just could not bring himself to throw the shaving cream away!

As you smile about that, be mindful that because of his approach he was able to amass substantial wealth from very little.

A Flowery Tribute

Following is an excerpt from a letter written to Mother by her uncle, Robert Allen. The letterhead reads: Department of Physics and Electrical Engineering, John B. Stetson University, DeLand, Florida. This letter is dated November 24, 1933

My dear Florence,

You will excuse my having to relay this letter to you through sister Lena, in-as-much as I do not have your new address. . .

When we received your letter which outlined in such a flattering fashion the various qualities and attainments of your newly acquired husband we naturally attributed all this enthusiasm to your novel role as "a recent bride." But now that we have actually had the privilege of first hand acquaintance with this exalted personage we have been forced to acknowledge, with chagrin, that in the future we, too, shall have to adopt your catalogue of descriptive adjectives in referring to him. His personal charm and brilliance bids fair to enhance your estimate of him as time goes on. We most heartily take pride in welcoming him into the family.

White Chili

Julie Heard, fine-tuned by Allan

2 T oil (optional)	2 cans chicken broth (ok to sub. 1 can water)	1 med. onion
2(+) 5-oz cans chicken or equiv., chopped	1 can (4 oz) green chilies (in Mex. food section)	2 t garlic powder
2 t salt (1 is enough)	2 t cumin	(1 probably enough)
2 t oregano (1 is plenty if fine-ground)	2 t coriander	
1/2? t cayenne pepper (written while asbestos was available; 1/8 t is ample)		
If desired, replace cayenne with 1/4 t or more curry (to taste)		
2 (or more) 15-oz cans great northern beans, not drained		
(Use 4 or 5 cans to make thick chili.)		

Comment—Little difference between 1 t and 2 t with any of seasonings. You can tell difference with cayenne above 1/8 t. Season to taste. Add water, beans freely to increase volume. Spice prices vary greatly, based on brand, not esp. quality.

Let's get together!

We are planning a family reunion for next summer! It will be over a long weekend in July or early August, depending on your preferences. Lake Guntersville State Park in northeast Alabama has been suggested as a good site. This is where some of us attended a Hearn family reunion several summers ago.

Following are the 1994 rates for accommodations at the park. Choose those that you prefer.

Rooms at the Lodge (two double beds):

Single:	\$57 (bluffside)
	\$53 (parking lot)
Double:	\$59 (bluffside)
	\$57 (parking lot)
Suites (single/double):	\$97 or \$92
Chalets (1-6 persons):	\$97 or \$97
Cottages (1-4 persons):	\$97 or \$97

The chalets and cottages have kitchens. Perhaps some of us can share, and we can take turns with meals.

Please return the attached form expressing your interest in attending and the week-end you'd prefer. After we have decided on a weekend, I will notify you. Then each family make your own reservations. (Unfortunately there are no special rates for groups.) Just think! By next summer we will have two new family members. That should be enough incentive for all of us to attend!



Hearn reunion possibilities

We need your answer to this survey to determine the feasibility of holding a family reunion next summer. Please respond to the following statements.

- We are interested in attending the Hearn family reunion in 1995 and will do so if we can work things out.
- Including the Friday before the chosen weekend is also a possibility for us.
- Sorry! We won't be able to attend.

The following weekends are possibilities. Put 1 and 2 in the boxes corresponding to those which are best for your family, as best you can determine. Put an x in the boxes which represent weekends which you know you cannot attend.

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> July 1-2 | <input type="checkbox"/> July 8-9 | <input type="checkbox"/> July 15-16 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> July 22-23 | <input type="checkbox"/> July 30-31 | <input type="checkbox"/> August 5-6 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> August 12-13 | Family name _____ | |

Please return this form to the editors by November 15. When some of us get together in Nashville at Christmas we will try to select the best weekend, and we'll let you know. Thanks!

Hearn Herald

Volume 2, Number 1

February, 1995

Down memory lane

Arlena Smith Hasel

I had just finished reading our copy of the *Hearn Herald* when the phone rang in our home in Clermont, Florida. It was my sister, Mary Ruth Brew, and I told her I had just read her "I remember when..." contribution. She pleaded with me to share my own memories with the family. They began in May, 1945 (yikes—nearly 50 years ago!) after I graduated from Blue Mountain College and went to Nashville to work at the Baptist Sunday School Board. The Claypools had recommended the Hearn home as my first "home away from home." I lived with you until I entered the WMU Training School in Louisville, Kentucky in the fall of 1946. In 1947 John Hasel, a seminary student, and I were married. I did not live in Nashville again, but our friendship with the Hearn family was ongoing through correspondence, phone calls when we were visiting in Nashville, and occasional visits.

These are some of my memories of living with the Hearn—listed in random order, not in importance. I remember:

... Mary Alice, age 8, saying the table grace at breakfast (the children often took turns). She prayed (I exaggerate a bit) for every leaf, every blade of grass, every relative, every play-mate until Mai Holt, Dorothy Campbell, Josephine Pile, and I were sure we'd miss the last city bus that would get us to work on time.

... Florence's leftover toasted biscuits, which Josie always declared were far better than the original biscuits. They made breakfast special.

... learning to ride Charles' bike. It must have been a 20- or 24-inch wheel, and as I tried and tried again, the pedals hit the back of my legs so much they were blue and black. Charles, Mary Alice, and Nancy chased after me up and down Westwood, cheering when I stayed upright for several turns of the wheel. Bless my support team, I finally learned—after a fashion!

... Florence's sausage biscuits, which she served on special occasions when she was entertaining. She used biscuit dough rolled thin, coated with pork sausage, rolled up like a jelly roll and sliced into thin circles. When baked they were yummy!

... That funny laugh Aubrey had.

... Florence serving cantaloupe halves filled with sherbet to one group she entertained on the front lawn.

... Aubrey bringing in some kind of fresh fruit given to him, expecting the very busy Florence to gladly bake a pie. She was not overjoyed with the idea, nor would I be!

... Florence making the first Nestles chocolate chip cookie I had ever tasted. When she opened the package, she gave me a few chips to eat.

... Nancy saying when she married someone rich, she was going to buy some pretty shoes.

... Florence offering to give me free piano lessons in exchange for pinning up her just-washed hair. I almost learned "Silent Night," and I almost fixed her hair okay—but not quite. (Honest, Florence, I really tried.)

... Mildred, younger, very quiet and very pretty.

... Aubrey coming home from the Board and helping out by sweeping, sweeping, sweeping (with a broom). Then he'd sit in the rocker, holding the smallest children, while the older ones climbed all over him as he rocked and led the children in singing while Florence prepared supper.

... Aubrey consoling me when, on my first day at work, I left for the day and later remembered I did not turn off the electric fan in my office. He assured me that a custodian would find the fan and turn it off.

... Aubrey's many letters of complaints to companies whose advertisements on billboards and in city buses were a bit unsavory to a Christian's way of thinking. He certainly got an A for effort.

... Marcia coming to seminary with Aubrey in '47 because he was determined to give each of the children a free airplane ride before the cut-off age for paying. We babysat her

while Aubrey lectured on campus. One male student made the comment, "Boy, when I get married I'm gonna' have a dozen kids like her."

... Aubrey taking a telephone message for me that said: "Jeremiah's grandmother died." This was shocking news, since I thought the prophet Jeremiah died eons ago. Then it occurred to me, "Oh! He means *Jerry Myers*—not *Jeremiah*."

... Washing the dinner dishes for the meal so I could eventually pay my dad \$200 on college expenses he spent on me. One night Aubrey's visiting younger brother helped me by drying the dishes and then invited me to walk to the drugstore and back with him. Wow!

... Aubrey's thousand and one ways to save a buck (with Florence's help). They taught me a few things!

Maybe I could write a book about other things I remember, but mostly I remember a caring, giving, compassionate Christian father and mother and their five (Suzanne was born after I left) very talented, versatile, beautiful children. They took me into their home and hearts, and I love them all!

Arlena Hasel is married to John Hasel, who for 35 years was pastor of the Oakley Baptist Church in Cincinnati. Now living in Clermont, Florida, they are the parents of four and grandparents of thirteen. Thanks, Arlena, for contributing to our newsletter!

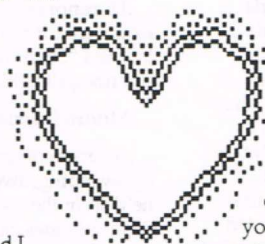
I remember Aubrey's thousand and one ways to save a buck (with Florence's help). They taught me a few things!

Sweethearts forever

Not long ago someone in Nashville unearthed a little scrapbook called "Mile-Stones" that Florence kept during her courtship with Aubrey. The first notation is January 5, 1925—the date Florence received a thank you note from Aubrey for some candy that she had made for her brother Allen (Aubrey's college roommate) and him. There was mostly a long-distance courtship, but the scrapbook details occasional week-end visits to Rome, Georgia, where Florence was attending Shorter College. Following is an excerpt from Florence's scrapbook.

August 22, 1927—Aubrey, Mildred, Allen, and I went up to Carls' house to have lunch with them. We played "Rook" and "42" and listened to the Orthophonic. Aubrey had asked me to let him see my ring, so he just kept it and wore it. Aubrey asked the blessing at lunch. After lunch...we four went to Point "A." Aubrey and I fished. He said he didn't see why the fish didn't bite and he knew they would if they only knew what was at the other end of my line.

Before we went he took us to the Drug Store and bought a box of candy for me. When we came back we played tennis until Mildred hurt her ankle. After supper we four went to a "42" party at Pats' house.



When we came home Aubrey suggested that we sit on the front porch. It was late so Allen and Mildred soon went in. Aubrey and I didn't talk much. He asked me for a picture of myself and gave me back my ring and said he enjoyed wearing it. I didn't tell him to keep it because I didn't know if he wanted it. When we got up to come in he said, "Florence, will you let me call you my Sweetheart?" I wasn't sure because I was so surprised but I told him it suited me. (I wonder now why I ever hesitated a moment.)

They left after breakfast the next morning. Aubrey told me good-bye first and I don't know whether it was he or I who squeezed the other's hand first. At any rate it was a warm handclasp. (Ours are always warm now—and thrilling.)

The following recollections are taken from *Memories of Childhood*, a collection compiled by their children for Florence and Aubrey on the occasion of their 35th wedding anniversary, September 1, 1968.

I remember

Mildred Dillard

...the night Marcia and I were sleeping in the big double bed in the front bedroom downstairs and Daddy warned us, "Don't say another word or I'll spank!" We tiptoed to the door and said as softly as we could, "Word!" In a half second Daddy was across the living room almost before we could hide underneath the covers, and he kept his promise.

...the chickens we used to keep; and watching Daddy and Charles kill a turkey for Thanksgiving. We were in the tree house and were terrified but couldn't help but watch.

...how much fun we had singing together as a family or whenever we had company. Those old folks songs are wonderful!

...how I cried and cried after I failed a math exam in the 8th grade. Mom didn't fuss at all but just told me to do the best I could. How relieved I was, and how I appreciated Mom!

...so well the trip I made to South America. In Bogota Daddy ordered crepes suzettes at the suggestion of George Caldwell, who told Dad that it was ice cream. When the waiter brought out some kind of wine and several other things we finally realized that Mr. Caldwell had played a little joke on us. What a laugh we had after that—especially Mr. Caldwell.

I remember

Suzie Lusk

...when Daddy fell out of the tree while sitting on the limb he was sawing.

...how much fun we had playing badminton in the back yard.

...when Charles did his magic tricks for us—especially that table with one square missing.

...the fun times we had at Camp Content, the cabin where we stayed at Ridgecrest.

...the "stories" Daddy told that he had heard "the other day."

...the time Mother spanked me for jumping on the hood of the car.

...the time Daddy fought the wasps on the Skinner roof.

...the family reunions at Guntersville Lake.

...going blackberry picking with Daddy, and getting chigger bites all over me.

...horseback riding at Glorieta. Once Daddy let me ride on his horse because I was afraid, and he ripped his pants on a sharp rock.

..."The Thousand Legged Worm" and "Grandfather's Clock" and all the other songs Dad used to sing to us when we were small.

...the many times we entertained for company, and Mom played the piano.

In 1983 our church in Greenville, Augusta Road Baptist, began a partnership mission with Wallingford Baptist Church in Wallingford, England. Through this partnership Jim and I got to know Graham and Rachel Rayner. The Rayners live in a 200-year-old house in Wallingford, a small town 50 miles south of London. They have six grown children, five boys and one girl. We have enjoyed getting to know Graham and Rachel and have stayed in their home on three different occasions. They have treated us royally, arranging trips all over England and Scotland.

When Graham retired, they began coming to the United States every year. They have visited all our states except Alaska and Hawaii!

Millie Dillard ☺

A chance encounter

Graham Rayner

One Sunday in 1977, during our family holiday at Torcross in Devon, the preacher at the village chapel told the children a simple story: A soldier did all the training to become a paratrooper, but when the time came to jump he refused. He likened the soldier to someone who found out all about Jesus but had never taken the step of faith. The story was a spark. I was 46 and realised I had missed something. I resolved to attend church thereafter each Sunday.

For the next six years I sat in pews watching others being saved. Church seemed to be another club which I fitted into an active life. But things were happening. . . In those years I changed in many ways. For example, in 1986 I was led to stop taking alcoholic drink, not because it had a hold but I felt the Lord required this of me. Surprisingly then, but not to me now, it was the subject of two meetings we attended during the next two weeks. More amazingly, we found ourselves in Nashville, Tennessee lunching in the home of C. Aubrey Hearn, a well-known Southern Baptist and author of several books, including *Alcohol and Christian Influence*. Coincidence? I think not. The Lord just made it easy.

I continue to be afraid of my own pride and I always try to be conscious of what the Scripture says: "Salvation is not a reward for the good we have done, so none of us can take any credit for it" (Ephesians 2:8).

I am grateful to all those who the Lord used to bring me into his fold. Some I know prayed and some provided sparks for others to fan into flames.

Congratulations!

- ☐ To Dan Clark, who is now associated with HTB Architects, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
- ☐ To Traci Stovall on her graduation from William Carey College. Traci is now singing with a Christian singing group, *Assurance*. They will soon do some concerts in Minnesota and are hoping to make a demo tape very soon.
- ☐ To Allan Heard, who will soon begin work as Senior Municipal Engineer in Lexington, Kentucky.



An artistic event

Following is an excerpt from a newspaper article which reviewed the senior piano recital of Florence Conner.

The piano recital by Miss Florence Conner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T.C. Conner of Andalusia, Ala., was an artistic event of Friday evening, May 9, taking place in the auditorium of Shorter College, of which institution she is a senior. Miss Conner is a talented student in the department of music and this was her second appearance in recital during the pre-commencement season. Her organ recital took place in the early spring.

Miss Conner's mother, who before her marriage was Miss Lena Allen, member of class '98, of Shorter, was present at her daughter's recital, this being her first visit to Shorter since she left after her graduation.

Miss Conner played the taxing program that follows with finish and understanding. Her technical work was good and she showed the ability to interpret the old masters. In the two numbers which stand out on the program as the most taxing, the Scherze [Chopin] and the Tarantella [Liszt], Miss Conner did her best work.

Miss Conner made a pleasing stage appearance wearing a becoming frock of cecil blue lace. The stage was adorned with a number of baskets of flowers, gifts of admiring friends. Members of her class attended in cap and gown and occupied seats near the stage.

A virgin shall contrive

Allan Heard

Soon after we moved to Lexington in 1976, I accepted a job on the church transportation committee. Quicker than a frog can slurp a fly and with no more fanfare, I suddenly also became a sometimes bus driver. I was responsible for the bus that picked up twenty to forty mentally handicapped people at a facility called Excepticon. The bus was of the 50-passenger school bus variety, thoughtfully equipped with neither power steering nor automatic transmission. I must concede that it did have brakes sometimes.

My very first trip was a true initiation. As my passengers were loading, a little woman with Down's syndrome blindsided me with a great big juicy kiss on the cheek. As I fought free from her hammerlock, she said, "I like men!" I made a mental note of that, but I was to find soon enough that she was not through with me yet.

When my passengers loaded back onto the bus after church, it became obvious that she had a thing for bus drivers. She made another one of her crafty grabs for me, which I managed to ward off. Then she looked me squarely in the face and said, "I'm having your son!" I made a few more mental notes.

When I told our somewhat sheltered pastor about this, I thought he was going to faint.



Old times remembered

In this issue we continue our odyssey through Florence and Aubrey's early correspondence. The excerpts taken below come from letters written during 1940 through 1945. These were eventful years during their lives. They sold their little house and moved to a larger house up the street. Two more daughters, Mildred and Marcia, joined the family. Aubrey began working with the Editorial Department at the Sunday School Board, somewhat diminishing his traveling, and he also came out in 1943 with his first book, *Alcohol the Destroyer*. In connection with his alcohol studies Aubrey was able to attend a month-long series of seminars at the Yale School of Alcohol Studies (during the month of July, 1943, right before Marcia's birth). During this period the family began attending Immanuel Baptist Church, where Aubrey became Training Union director. Aubrey's spare time was spent arranging programs for Training Union, selling Community Concert tickets, and writing articles to make extra money. Sadie McLemore became a steady helper and welcome friend as Florence's work load increased. In order to make ends meet Mother and Daddy took in more boarders, so much so that during some of these years the family was living in two bedrooms. She also had occasional care of the vegetable garden and the chickens. Two worries that plagued the family during these days: Charles' recurrent ear infections and subsequent mastoid surgery (in Memphis in May, 1943) and the possibility that Aubrey would be drafted. It was in hopes of avoiding the latter that he sought a commission in the Navy. We reproduce these excerpts in hopes that you will acquire a new appreciation for what your parents/grandparents went through. A secondary benefit should be a renewed appreciation for what you have.

Aubrey
Grand Canyon, Arizona
March 17, 1940

I am perched up on a ledge of rock on the rim of the canyon. There is a drop of about 500 feet straight below me. I asked an Indian boy to make a picture of me standing here, and if it is good you can get some idea of the inspiring scene below.

It is positively awe inspiring. Imagine a giant hole in the ground, 13 miles across. There is snow on the sides of the mountain. The canyon itself is so immense and so majestic that one can scarcely begin to describe it.

I should be in Sunday School at this hour. But this is about as good a substitute as I know.

Aubrey
En route Hobbs, New Mexico
June 3, 1940

I know you will be busy packing up. But please take time out to put dirt and flowers in the boxes. Be careful with dirt so as not to get the boxes (exterior) dirty. I suggest calias and petunias. Unless set out right away we won't have many flowers this summer.

Aubrey
Little Rock, Arkansas
July 2, 1940

I'm afraid you have not been getting enough rest. Why not form the habit of taking a nap with the children every day?

I wish we could do more writing this month to add to our income. If you'll write several Story Hour songs I will send some editorials to the *Tennessean*, and be bold enough to submit them without request. I am pushing steadily against being out of debt by our anniversary.

Florence
Nashville
July 4, 1940

Aubrey, tonight I told Charles [aged 4] I would read him one Bible story. He saw Blackie Bear and decided he wanted one story in that book and one in Book of Life. I told him no and he got so mad. He said, "I want to do what I want to do!" I said, "Charles, that is what is always the matter between you and Mother. You want to have your way and I want to have mine." I told him it was just the devil who made him so stubborn. He was crying and sobbing but said this, "Well, Mother, when I am baptized I will leave the devil down in the water. But I'm not going to be baptized until I get big." I said, "Well, are you going to act this way until you get grown?" He said, "I don't mean until I get big as Daddy but when I am six or seven!" [Note: I didn't mention the fact that maybe it is the devil who makes *me* so stubborn too!]

Florence
Nashville
April 7, 1941

We went to Training Union last night but it was awfully hard for me to make it. . . I began dressing them at four o'clock—just one hour after I had finished washing dishes. We left home around five. (Nancy [aged 3] had to walk all the way.) It took us an hour to get there. I nearly had heart failure several times when Charles nearly ran in front of cars. When we got home it was nine o'clock before they were all in bed and asleep. From four until nine I was pushing, hurrying, fussing at the children. It just isn't worth it. That is the only afternoon I have to relax. Just when I settle down to rest I have to jump up to get them ready for Story Hour.

Old times remembered

- Aubrey Gatlinburg, Tennessee
July 19, 1941
Please look in my drawer of the secretary, lower right hand corner and get the package. It contains a few presents from the family to you. I'm sorry I can't be there to see that the proper ceremonies are observed, candles are on the cake, etc. I'm sorry I couldn't get you the gifts I wanted you to have. These are some small tokens of our love. In my haste in getting away I neglected to fix the card but I'll do that later. Ask the children to kiss you for me. Many happy returns of the day.
- Florence Nashville
July 21, 1941
Charles was real cute this morning. He and Mary Alice were on the terrace after breakfast. One said that today was my birthday. They had remembered from Friday when I told them. Charles came in and said, "Mother, since it's your birthday, can I tell you now?" I said, "Tell me what?" He said you had showed him some presents for me and he wanted me to have them. He said, "Now where are they?" I told him you might mail them to me or might write me where you put them. They sat on the front steps an hour waiting for the postman and your letter. When it came I let Charles find the presents. They were quite thrilled over the things and I was too! You are sweet to get me such nice things. I love you for your thoughtfulness. I like every single thing you bought for me.
- Florence Nashville
October 6, 1941
I am getting more and more thrilled over this little one, aren't you? I didn't think that possible but each day brings new meanings and deeper thrills as I think of our new-little-baby-to-be.
- Florence Nashville
March 22, 1942
After naps this afternoon we put on our wraps and all went for a walk. Mildred [three months] slept most of the way in her sulky. Charles pushed her some of the time. When we nearly got home he said, "Mother, I wish to goodness somebody would look at our baby and say how cute she is." He kept saying over and over that he wanted somebody to look at our baby. Nobody was walking though (all riding), so nobody looked. He also said, "Mother, isn't it nice because we have a baby to look at any time we want to and some people don't."
- Aubrey Bolivar, Missouri
February 2, 1943
Bob Leavell, who is pastor at Clinton, introduced me today to Mr. Bush who operates one of the country's largest hatcheries there. I told him about wanting to buy 100 chicks and he said he would send me a hundred complimentary! So I must fix some place for them when I get back.
- Aubrey Bolivar, Missouri
February 3, 1943
The morning paper brought news of the discontinuance of the 3-A classification beginning soon. That means that I will have to get a job at Vultec, or in some essential war industry, or be drafted. There is no need to worry about it, and I am not, but I may have to look around soon for another job.
- Aubrey Memphis, Tennessee
May 16, 1943
Charles is looking and feeling better. He got along fine while I was gone. . . Dr. Shea said Charles would have to stay here ten days after the operation, which means he can't be released until Friday morning. . . Charles spent a lot of time in the wheel chair both morning and afternoon. I rolled him around a lot, and he rolled himself some. . . Charles will get along fine, I feel sure. He seems like his old self once more.
- Aubrey New Haven, Connecticut
July 7, 1943
The schedule [at the Yale School of Alcohol Studies] looks interesting. I have met several of the men, of whom there will be about 80. . . I asked Mrs. Orr to phone you when the vegetables in our garden are ready to harvest. Peas should be ready by Saturday. Lima beans and corn soon.
- Florence Nashville
July 10, 1943
I registered a room today with the USO. They said things were slow today but they think they can rent it for several weeks for us. I asked \$6 per week with 50 cents extra each night the soldier spent here with his wife. . . If I don't get a call from them soon I will have to put an ad in the paper.
- Aubrey New Haven, Conn.,
July 9, 1943
The chickens should be ready to eat soon. But get Mr. Wright to help you pick out the roosters. Be sure not to eat any of the pullets.
- Florence Nashville
July 24, 1943
I wish you could see this adorable baby [Mildred] of ours. Her cold is now well and she is so cute and so sweet. She is very full of mischief and is teasing someone all of the time. She talks quite a bit too, saying short sentences of two or three words. I am getting a lot of loving from her too. . . You must hurry home to get your share.

Old times remembered

- Aubrey
New Haven, Connecticut
July 27, 1943
This morning we had a discussion of vital statistics by the chief statistician of the Bureau of the Census. I got to thinking about the new birth certificate which must be filled out soon, and wondering what the name should be. I think we should agree upon a name, or rather two names, in advance so there will be no delay.
If a daughter, my suggestions are: Linda Louise, or Florence Louise, or Rebecca Louise, or Elizabeth Louise, or Louise Vivian.
If a son, what about the following: Jerry Allen, or James Allen, or Robert Allen, or Ray Allen, or Clyde Allen, or Allen Edgar. This phase of statistics is vital to me now, more so than the phase discussed today.
- Florence
Nashville, August 5, 1943
It won't hurt the baby not to have a name for a few days. I am just not in the mood to decide on names. You were named Delmas for six weeks after you got into the world!
- Florence
Nashville
September 16, 1943
I have set aside from 11:00 to 12:00 a.m. to practice. I hope I can keep that up because I need some outside interest, and it looks as if I won't be going anywhere for a long time such as church, club, etc. If I can keep my music up and go out with my husband occasionally to a show or to walk I will be quite happy.
- Aubrey
Enroute Abilene
January 15, 1944
I had an interesting day yesterday. I found friends in the Naval Procurement Office. The man at the information desk was . . . a Belmont Heights boy who was once in my Sunday School class. . . William was looking for me and helped make the path smooth. The officers with whom I talked were all friendly and said they would do all they could for me. I had interviews with three lieutenants, all of whom said they would recommend me for a commission. On the aptitude test, which had 100 questions to be answered in an hour, I did better than average. It was only on the very thorough physical exam that I fell down. My eyesight without glasses, my weight, and chest expansion are all below normal. This has been true all my life and I feared that these might disqualify me. But the doctor agreed to recommend a waiver on these. That means that I will not be eligible for active sea duty but can qualify for work in a naval base, as, for example, a communications specialist. This morning I talked to an ensign who says there is a great need for such specialists; so I am encouraged that I may be accepted.
- Florence
Nashville
February 14, 1944
It has been so cold for several days that the hopper has to be completely filled with coal every night. It is almost empty when I go down to fill it. I don't have time to do it until after every child is asleep.
- Aubrey, Greenville, South Carolina
March 16, 1944
Judging from news items about the need for men in the Navy, I have a good chance to get a commission.
- Aubrey (with Charles)
St. Louis, Missouri, April 4, 1944
This morning he [Charles] asked about my birthday, and for a dime to buy something for me. He went down to the lobby and came back with two Hershey bars!
- Aubrey, Ridgcrest, July 21, 1944
P.S. Please don't go away without leaving Mildred in the house.
- Florence, Nashville, July 23, 1944
Mildred has not tried to run away again. We are watching her closely.
- Florence
Nashville
July 25, 1944
I took Charles to Dr. Maness in the afternoon. The doctor said he would find out if he could get the medicine for Charles. He doubts if it will cure Charles permanently, however. He said it would probably help while we were giving it. It might do some good but he wouldn't promise. I told him I hated to miss anything that would help but we could not afford to go into a lot of expense if the treatments were not helping. They give the penicillin every six days in a muscle. It would be better to do it at the hospital, he said. Charles would probably have to spend the day there each time they give the medicine.
We must pray and pray that we can get the medicine and that it will cure him. It would mean so much to him if his ears would stop draining because that is such a nervous strain, I know from experience. I believe he could hear much better if his ears were dry.
- Florence
Nashville
August 13, 1944
It is 9:20. I am in the basement washing clothes. All of the children are in bed except Miss Marcia! She is here with me in a wash tub but she doesn't like it much. I must see if I can't get her to sleep. She has bothered me a lot lately by not sleeping. I'll be glad when she is well.

Fettucini with broccoli sauce

Andy Clark

Sauce: Saute´ garlic (chopped) and green onions in olive oil. After well fried, add chopped, sliced mushrooms and broccoli bunches. Cook until done, adding oil balsamic vinegar, basil, salt and pepper, and red pepper to taste while cooking. Mix in enough goat cheese to add pizzazz.

Fettucini: Heat water until boiling; add fettucini. Cook until "al dente," that is, done but firm. Drain and serve immediately with the sauce. Serve with Parmesan or Romano cheese.

Salad: Green-leaf lettuce, cucumber, tomatoes, radichio (red Italian cabbage), Angola (a nutty-tasting Italian green), if available.

Dressing: Balsamic vinegar and olive oil, salt and pepper

When asked to include amounts, Andy commented: *True Italian cooks do not put amounts in their recipes!*

Sixth grade

Allan Heard

When I was a third grader, I changed schools due to the fact that, literally, my family moved to the other side of the tracks. This created lots of trauma for me. First, I did not have a clue as to how to write cursive, and all the kids in my class knew cursive well (a good many were not slouches in cursing either).

My lack of penmanship drew much unkindness from a string of substitute teachers filling in for dear, kind Miss Clark, who died of cancer during the year, increasing my anxiety. My real deep fears, though, came from school-yard gossip of things to come— Miss Estelle Helter in the sixth grade and the beltline initiation to welcome us into seventh grade. Both fell short of my worst fears, but in some respects the stories about Miss Estelle were pretty accurate. She was hell on wheels when it came to behavior. One day my fears about Miss Estelle came to a climax, confirming that I had had reason to dread sixth grade.

I must digress, though, to introduce you to Artis Lee Vooden. I caught up with him in his second year of the fifth grade. Sadly, his father terminated his illustrious educational career after only one year in the sixth grade. You didn't need any more education than that to load cut up slabs at the mill and peddle them by horse and wagon as firewood. His home life was tough. In the sixth grade, Artis Lee was about 14 or 16. He was big enough that he could probably whip any four of us

single-handed, and he devoted a good bit of attention to whipping us one by one. Artis Lee truly had a self-image problem, which led to all sorts of attention-getting misbehavior. In Miss Estelle's class, this often drew harsh punishment—slaps and worse.

Miss Estelle was a good teacher in most respects, but she was more than zealous about misbehavior. To complicate this, she had divergent strabismus and wore heavy glasses to pull her eyes back in line. They did not work well, with a result that you never could be sure where she was looking. One day something funny happened in my general area of the room, and I, along with others, including Artis Lee, was laughing. Suddenly, she jumped up from her desk and came stomping straight for me. I could see the blood in her eyes as she started her swing, so I covered my head with my arms hoping to avoid the KO and get by with a simple knock-down. To my utter amazement, she knocked Artis Lee flat of his back in the floor. He became an instant hero. He never shed a tear—but he didn't come to school very regularly after that either. I never saw Artis Lee after the sixth grade, but I have wondered about what else life dealt him.

**Some names are fictitious.*

Welcome

- ❖ To *Mikaela Rebekah McCord*, who was born November 4, 1994.
- ❖ To *Abigail Katherine Burns*, who was born November 19, 1994.

Papa Hearn

Mary Alice Heard

Charles Lycurgus Hearn, Aubrey's father, was born in 1881 in Blount County, Alabama. He was the fifth of eight children of Samuel and Mary Ann Hipp Hearn.

Despite short school terms (three months in winter, two in summer) Papa attended high school and taught four terms in the county schools, beginning at age 17. He entered the agricultural college in Albertville, Alabama in September, 1901, and began working as bookkeeper for a local merchant. Appointment as a rural mail carrier enabled Papa to purchase his first horse and buggy. His rural route covered 24 miles each day. Papa married Della Jane Hubbard of Albertville in 1906. They were the parents of six boys and two girls, all of whom attended college.

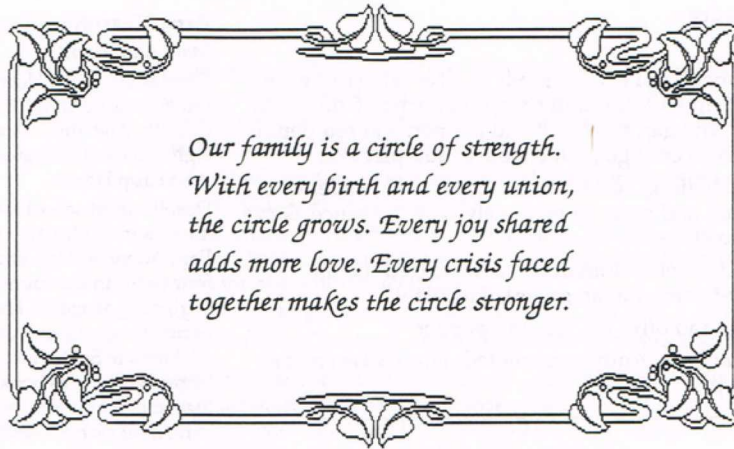
Although Papa's hopes of attending medical school were thwarted, he became a successful merchant in Albertville, where he was vice president and buyer for the Albertville Trading Company.

Papa served as a city alderman, was a deacon in the Baptist church, and for many years participated in the Marshall County Singing Convention. He took great delight in his children and grandchildren, and they in him. He died at the age of 80 in March, 1962.

Papa Hearn wrote the following advice to his grandchildren:

Be obedient, tell the truth, keep good company, do not cheat, play the game fair, attend Sunday School and Church regularly, help with your hands and money in all good causes. Children in the home should love one another, be nice to older people, abstain from using ugly words, should read good books, make good grades in school, love Mama and Papa and help them. Care for the sick or distressed, live a Christian life, be a good citizen, upstanding, head high, in your community where you live and elsewhere and abstain from hard drinks. Cultivate good habits.

It was tax time, and Allan was hard at work filling out forms. Suddenly, in consternation, he realized that his pencil had disappeared. He stood up and turned the easy chair upside down. No pencil. After a few minutes of fruitless searching, he retrieved another one from the study. An hour later he discovered the pencil. It was behind his ear!



Who am I?

I was made before man,
To answer God's most holy plan.
A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me my name.

For reasons only God did see,
He put a living soul in me
He from me the soul withdrew
And more of it I never knew.

By my life I give men fright
By my death I give men light.
Thousands of miles I travel in fear
But seldom on land do I appear.

To heaven I will never go,
Nor to hell below.

Who am I?

Look for an answer in our next issue.

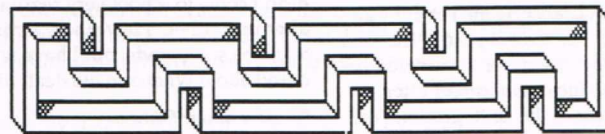


The *Hearn Herald*, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 3302 Pimlico Parkway, Lexington, KY 40517.

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A tribute to Florence Hearn

Arlena Smith Hasel

She was clothed with strength and dignity; she could laugh at the days that came. She spoke with wisdom, and faithful instruction was on her tongue. She watched over the affairs of her household and did not eat the bread of idleness. Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also praised her.

Florence Hearn represented what is noble in womanhood, motherhood, wife, and friend. May her influence remain with all who knew and loved her.

In Memoriam

Florence Conner Hearn

July 21, 1908 - April 25, 1995

Many daughters have done virtuously,
but thou excellest them all.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain:
but a woman that feareth the Lord,
she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands;
and let her own works
praise her in the gates.

May, 1995

Dear Grandmom,

I came across your name last night in my prayer journal. I had turned to that page several times since you went home to be with the Lord but up until now have flipped quickly past it.

I don't know what made me linger there this time. Maybe it was the many memories that came flooding back from the various corners of my mind. Memories of you and Granddad hurrying us inside, away from the cold night air of those Nashville winters. Memories of large family gatherings, with you and Granddad lovingly giving each grandchild the attention needed to make him or her feel special. Then there is the memory of you shooing us all out of your kitchen—sending us away to watch football on television or play a game with our cousins.

Or, maybe I lingered by your name last night because I knew it was time to let you go. I could not continue to avoid your entry in my prayer journal. Nor could I allow myself to just erase your name.

Then it occurred to me: my prayers for you had been answered. No, not exactly the way I wanted. I miss you and will always miss you. But, you have been given the ultimate healing. I had been praying for your health for years, and God answered my prayers in his own way.

I suddenly knew that I should not erase your name. Instead, I wrote beside it the date that my prayers were answered. For now you are well in body and spirit, and someday I will see you again!

Love always,

Beck

Kind words from friends

My dear, special friend and mentor, Florence. . . Was so special to me. . . Florence taught me many things about preschoolers; she also taught me how to be a grandmother. May God bless you all as you carry on the faith and ministry of your dad and mother.

Dorothy Heard, former kindergarten coworker

I wanted you to know how much Mrs. Hearn meant to me. Mary Alice spoke of her as a role model. I think of her as a role model for all as well as for mothers. Above all, she taught me that being helpful to

others does count, and I will remember the life she led always.

Jack Goodrich, next door neighbor and tenant

I think of your mother and grandmother as one of my dearest friends. I will miss her. I love her. She leaves a wonderful legacy of children and grandchildren. Her influence will continue to be felt in her church, her community, and in God's kingdom.

Nora Padgett, next door neighbor, tenant, good friend

Reasons why I love you

Marcia Stovall

An acrostic written for her mother

F or your unselfishness
L aughter-filled moments
O unces and ounces of care you've given me
R adiant smile and sweet spirit
E xample you've set for your children
N ever-ending encouragement
C oncern for others you've always shown
E very gift you've so freely given.

C hristlike spirit you've exemplified
O penness to others and new ideas
N udges you've given me when I was afraid
N umerous times you've cooked, cleaned, and sewed
E arly childhood memories
R easons why I love you are too many to list!



Granddaddy's legacy

Joel Heard

It's 1:30 a.m., and I should be asleep. Unfortunately, this tends to be the time when my brain does some of its best work (which is not saying much). What it's working on tonight is a conversation Beth and I had this afternoon. We went for a walk and ended up talking, among other things, about goal setting. Now I'm not much of a goal-setter. In fact, I tend to spend most of my time in the anti-goal-setting camp. But Beth mentioned something she recently read that I found really helpful. Basically, she read an article that asked, What do you want to be remembered for when you're 75? (Or something along those lines.) It's a fairly simple question, but it led me into some thoughts that go a little deeper.

The first thing that came to mind as Beth was talking is the legacy of Granddaddy Hearn. What is interesting is that I don't think I realized until today how much I admired him. I guess in all fairness I should let Grandmother share the honor with him, since the cause of my admiration is more of a joint-venture, but being a guy I guess I relate more to Granddaddy. And there is much to admire about him. I could wax poetic here, but it's 1:45 now so I'll get to the point. Granddaddy did a lot of noteworthy things in his life—got an excellent education, wrote books, traveled—but it seems to me that the most significant contribution he made to this world is that he raised a godly family. If I am like him in no other way, may God let me raise up a family like Granddaddy did.

Sometimes I think that we Hearn's take for granted how blessed we are. I

know I do. As I get out into the world more and more, I am continuously shocked by the pain in so many people's lives that comes from the one place they should find healing—their families. In contrast, I look at my family and know that with them is the safest place in the world for me. Of all the aunts, uncles, and cousins there is not a bad apple in the bunch.

Not long ago, while I was working for a moving company here in Birmingham, I helped move a couple that had graduated from Howard College. Knowing that Marcia and Mildred also graduated from Howard, I mentioned their names. Oh yes, we knew Marsha and Mildred. Everyone knew them. They were outstanding women on campus. They seemed rather in awe that I was a relative. Well, maybe not. But the point is, Marcia and Mildred aren't the only outstanding ones. The same could be said of all the Hearn's. What's the deal? Is greatness in our blood? Is it a genetic thing?

The deal is that Aubrey and Florence Hearn loved their kids. They taught them love for God and each other. They spent time together as a family. They modeled for them what it means to be parents. The six kids, in turn, have followed their example and raised godly families of their own. And now great-grandkids are starting to pop up all over the place. (No, this is not any kind of announcement). The jury is still out on what kind of a job we'll do, but I think Granddaddy's legacy is going to continue. Beth and I, at least, are going to try to do our part. I imagine we could fill the *Hearn Herald* up with list upon list of Hearn accomplishments. But all of our accomplishments pale in comparison to the great work of Aubrey and Florence Hearn—the Hearn family.

I'm only 28 and already God has let me live out most of my dreams. All but one. The dreams I have lived are insignificant compared to the one that remains. I want to raise a family like Grandmother and Granddaddy, like Mom and Dad. I want to do it the way they did it. God, I know it is only by Your grace that we have such a family. Thank You. Please, God, let me and Beth continue this legacy.

I think I'll try to go to sleep now.

Prayer for parents

Oh, Jehovah, make me a better parent. Teach me to understand my children, to listen patiently to what they have to say and to answer all of their questions kindly. Keep me from interrupting them, talking back to them and contradicting them. Make me as courteous to them as I would have them be to me. Give me the courage to confess my sins against my children and to ask of them forgiveness when I know that I have done them wrong.

May I not vainly hurt the feelings of my children. Forbid that I should laugh at their mistakes or resort to shame and ridicule as punishment. Let me not tempt my child to lie and to steal. So guide me hour by hour that I may demonstrate by all I say and do that honesty produces happiness.

Reduce, I pray, the meanness in me. May I cease to nag; and when I am out of sorts, help me, O Lord, to hold my tongue.

Blind me to the little errors of my children and help me to see the good things that they do. Give me a ready word for honest praise. Help me to grow up with my children, to treat them as those of their own age, but let me not expect of them the judgments and conventions of adults. Allow me not to rob them of the opportunity to wait upon themselves, to think, to choose and to make decisions.

Forbid that I should ever punish them for my selfish satisfaction. May I grant them all their wishes that are reasonable and have the courage always to withhold a privilege which I know will do them harm.

Fit me to be loved and imitated by my children. With all thy gifts, O Great Jehovah, give me calm and poise and self-control. Amen

Mother copied above prayer by hand and included it in a letter to Daddy on February 17, 1940. The accompanying note reads: "Isn't this Prayer for Parents wonderful! Let's read it often until we can pray it from our hearts."

Life in Qatar

Charles and Lerma Hearn

This is a brief update on our recent move to the country of Qatar (pronounced Ka'-tr). Occidental Petroleum was awarded a contract to operate and share production from several oil reservoirs, and Charles was offered a position as Senior Reservoir Engineer to conduct computer modeling studies. Present plans are to stay in Qatar for two years, then retire from Occidental and move to Nashville.

If you look at a map of the mid-East, you will see Qatar jutting into the Persian Gulf east of Saudi Arabia. Qatar is very small, with a population about 500,000. Most live in the capital city Doha. More than two-thirds of the population are foreigners, mostly from nearby countries such as India and Pakistan. These expatriates work in service jobs (laborers, salespeople, doctors, etc.). Native Qataris generally hold government jobs or upper-level business positions. The weekend in the mid-east is Thursday and Friday, with Saturday and Sunday being normal workdays.

Doha is a progressive city, a mixture of modern and old. There is relatively little crime, which is a refreshing change from our previous foreign assignment, Bogota, Colombia. About the only problem is the traffic; Doha streets are laid out in a series of roundabouts (traffic circles) with little traffic control. This, along with a general tendency to ignore traffic laws, results in a high accident rate. But we are both driving with no problems so far. We are presently living in a hotel, but will soon move into a house. Because of the desert climate, daily temperatures in the summer are usually well over 100 degrees, with high humidity since Doha is on the coast.

Qatar is a moderately conservative Islamic country. Qatari men wear white robes, white or red headdresses, and sandals. The women are usually completely covered in black, including their head—an interesting effect when they are out walking for exercise in their fancy white sneakers. Fortunately, there are no restrictions on what foreigners can wear, except that they prefer that women dress conservatively. There are no Christian churches, and there are restrictions on the number of people that can meet for Christian services (although this apparently isn't enforced).

Lerma's planning to take Arabic lessons, but it's not really necessary. Because of the British influence and variety of nationalities in Qatar, English is the second language. Most signs are in both Arabic and English. Many people speak at least some English. (Some very little—we saw a fancy hand-lettered sign in a jewelry store window: "We are putting names on stuff." We think they mean *engraving*.)

We've found that you can buy almost anything you need (food or otherwise), although you might have to look for it. There are department stores (smaller than in the U.S.), but many items are only found in small shops in the old souks (shopping areas). All stores are closed from noon until about 4 p.m. Prices seem to be about the same as in the U.S. There doesn't seem to be much in the way of native Qatari food. Most restaurants are Indian, Chinese, etc. Fast food (Pizza Hut, Kentucky Fried Chicken, etc.) is very popular.

Oxy sends our mail to us by courier, and we get it several days after it arrives in Bakersfield. Our mailing address is listed elsewhere in the newsletter. We look forward to hearing from you.

Dearest Family,

The question of the year seems to be, "How do you like being a mom?" Of course, that is definitely a worthwhile question and one I've been commissioned to answer (by my dear mom herself) for the *Hearn Herald*.



Mikaela Rebekah McCord has definitely changed our world. . . for the better! Motherhood has been quite an adjustment (especially at first), but Mikaela is such a joy! One of the things I prayed for daily during my pregnancy was that our baby would have a pleasant, happy, joyful disposition. Wouldn't you know—the first comment we get from everyone who meets Mikaela is, "She is such a happy baby!" God is so good!

I am enjoying being a mom and homemaker so much! Since Derek and I were married for over four years before we had Mikaela (our five-year anniversary was July 28th—wow!), we were quite used to doing our own thing and being spontaneous. That stopped very abruptly when Mikaela entered the picture. Now we've adjusted to our new roles, and we've just resumed our spontaneity by taking Mikaela with us whenever we go out.

Mikaela's latest pleasures include saying "Da-da" and sitting up in her playpen playing with her toys. She babbles and squeals a lot and grins with glee as if she's gonna bust! When she first meets new folks, she gives them the once-over (sometimes the twiceover) and usually decides she would enjoy charming their socks off, which she does.

Being a mom is definitely a full-time job, but one that has so many rewards. My heart just flutters when Mikaela looks at me with bright eyes that say, "I love you so much!" I am so looking forward to the rich experiences ahead as a parent. We are trusting God for His divine wisdom and guidance in raising children who seek after God's heart. What a privilege!

I'll end with this: Having Mikaela has shown me many things, of which I'll share two biggies: 1) It's amazing how much joy a child can bring into your life, even when you're a happy twosome, and 2) I am in greater awe and appreciation of my mother and precious grandmom (six children—wow!) for all they've done! Hats off to all the mothers in our family.

Derek, Mikaela, and I would love to hear from any of you!

Love,

Bonnie

P.S. The enclosed picture of Mikaela is several months old (she was 10 months old on September 4th). We'll hopefully be sending a more recent one soon.

Old times remembered

Letters written during the years 1945 through 1949 show that Florence and Aubrey were extremely busy, though Aubrey did not travel quite so much as in previous years. On his road trips Aubrey conducted training classes in churches, trying to build up the Training Unions and helping to secure workers. He continued his paid position at Immanuel as the church's Training Union director, a job which involved making sure that workers were present for each class and programs planned. He also wrote a book on the evils of tobacco, sold tickets for Community Concerts, wrote free-lance articles, and drummed up interest for the two trips abroad that he conducted during these years. An avid reader, Aubrey read several books a week.

Florence bore the brunt of caring for the family and the house. She had no clothes dryer and no transportation except the city bus service. When Aubrey was gone during the winter months she had to stoke the furnace and feed the chickens. To help make ends meet the family took in a succession of boarders: Arlena Smith, Miss Mae Holt, Mrs. Beanland, Josie Pile, Ann Huguley, Doris Monroe and Fran and Bebee, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly and Skippy, Jim Furman and Sally, Mary Ruth and J.B. Brew, and others. Florence cooked two meals a day for them, often cooking for as many as 16 people, and if they fell ill she became their caretaker as well. Added to these daily chores were treating the children's frequent colds, keeping them clothed, and supporting their school activities. In 1949 her last child, Suzie, was born. Scrapping for money became a way of life for Florence too. As the boarders gradually found apartments elsewhere, she began writing songs and lesson materials for Training Union publications.

Though reading Mother and Daddy's letters has been a joy, we present them with some sadness. I always gave Mother a chance to preview the excerpts so that she could decide if some selections were too personal for public reading. I hope she would have approved of these choices. *The Editor*

- Aubrey
Spartanburg, S.C.,
February 7, 1945
- Next month I believe we can reach the goal of \$1000 (counting maturity value of bonds) which I hope will be the foundation for our educational fund. My next goal will be \$1000 in war bonds and \$500 in savings, which we should reach before the end of this year. But next month I want to start also an automobile fund. All of these savings accounts will run concurrently.
- What you are doing has made possible about all the savings we have. But I don't think it is fair to you or the children for you to continue carrying such a burden. So I want you to begin taking over the rooms one by one beginning in the summer.
- Be sure to look after all the chickens and give them water and food. I hope the hen will hatch all her eggs, as I want the children to have the chickens for pets.
- Aubrey
Ft. Worth, Texas
June 30, 1945
- Will you please phone Mrs. Walters at the church and give her a message? . . . Tell her Mrs. Wayne Barber will sing, "If I Could But Tell All the Glory" in the assembly for July 8, and Paul Hatcher will preside. Please do this without fail.
- Aubrey
Cincinnati, Ohio, August 6, 1945
- The turkey generally gets out of his pen every night. Just corner him, catch him, and put him back in. He won't hurt you.
- Florence
Nashville
August 10, 1945
- I'll bet you and your . . . classmates aren't discussing the alcohol problem tonight. I've been listening all day to the radio on Japan's peace offer. I imagine you have been talking about that some too.
- It may be that by Sunday peace will have been reached. That will be a momentous occasion for you to be in the pulpit of any church. I do hope the news will come tomorrow.
- Aubrey
Washington, D.C.
August 15, 1945
- Pandemonium broke loose in Washington last night. I have never seen such unrestrained celebrating. For three hours I was right in the thick of it—looking on. Service men were kissing all the girls in sight, whether they wanted to be kissed or not (not many protested). Everything that would make noise was used by the celebrants. Yelling, whooping, drinking, and minor acts of vandalism characterized the crowd. I didn't get in until 2 a.m.
- Florence
Nashville
January 7, 1946
- The furnace is still out. The water was down to two inches about suppertime. It has continued to rain all afternoon so it goes down slowly. I called Mr. Myatt to see if he thought I might try the stoker. He said I could and could cut it off if it began to smell. But I was afraid to do that. He said it was likely that water was thrown into the motor when he heard that buzzing sound. He will come out first thing in the morning and get it back by one o'clock. We can manage until then, I think.
- We had a series of blown fuses tonight. We blew about four, I think. I finally decided that basement light was the cause, or maybe overload from the electric heaters. I believe it won't happen again tonight, and I hope not because the last fuse is in.

Old times remembered

Florence
Nashville
January 8, 1946

The second hardest day I've ever spent has just passed so I'm really ready for bed. I've been tired many nights but never quite as confused all day as I was yesterday and today. . . It rained again all Monday night so it stayed around three inches deep at the foot of the steps. Tonight it is less than one inch deep so I phoned Mr. Myatt he could come in the morning. He didn't come this morning because of the continued rain. He won't take the motor out if he has to stand in water. . . A fire in the living room, the stove in the kitchen with the electric heaters for the bedrooms have been enough. Sadie will come tomorrow and help me get things straightened out. I am starting the New Year off pretty badly by not going to my music lesson. I phoned Miss Throne and told her I simply couldn't make it. I need to be here to get the clothes situation straightened out. With no Bendix Sadie will have to wash some things by hand.

Florence
Nashville
June 24, 1946

It is hard to tell whether I enjoyed yesterday or not. I set out to do a lot of things and I did them all but with much hardship to me. Since it was Skippy's birthday I wanted to have a nice supper for them. Then everybody was away except Mae, Dot, and the Kellys. I hated that, so suggested that Mrs. Kelly invite her sister and Miss Mary (the friend who keeps Skippy sometimes and always eats dinner with them on his birthday). They both came.

We left home at 3:00 for the church, so I had to cook the supper, clean up the house, dress the children and myself before that time. I also washed about three times in the Bendix. Marcia stayed at my side all day saying and crying, "Let's go to the park." I wished I had not told her about it. . . I had a good supper ready for those who ate here last night. Mrs. Kelly put it on the table and then washed the dishes for me. She seemed to enjoy the evening very much. . .

When we got ready to leave for the picnic it began to pour down rain. We got three umbrellas and went on to the bus stop. I had to carry Marcia. My arm is sore this morning. We had to wait fifteen minutes on the bus. By that time it had stopped raining. It did not rain any more all afternoon. It had not rained at the church or east of there at all. We had to carry the three umbrellas all afternoon. We also took a cake as our contribution to the picnic.

They did not get the bus as planned because the company could not spare one at that time. There were not enough people anyway to fill a whole bus. But when we got there at four o'clock all the cars were full and there was not room for us. I wished and wished we had stayed on the bus and gone on to the park. I felt very bad about it. Mrs. All came back for us, but I was sorry she had to do it. We had to wait at the church an hour, and the children got very tired of it and restless. Three other children came up (Stooke children and another child from Belle Meade), so it was a good thing someone was there.

The older children had a good time but Mildred, Marcia, and I didn't enjoy it very much at first. The place they had reserved was by the lodge with a high bluff on one side and a busy road on the other. Marcia and Mildred would dash out between parked cars and cross that road. It kept me busy watching them. I just said hello to a few people but didn't get to talk to anybody.

The babies got hungry before they served supper. Mary Lib gave them some popcorn, which helped. The supper was wonderful, but I couldn't eat peacefully. We had to stand in line and I was near the end but Charles was first! (He would be.) . . . I am not going again until Marcia is five or six unless you are here. . . Nancy and I took the babies by the lake where we fed ducks and then went to the playground. They enjoyed that the most of all. We didn't stay long there but walked on up to the bus stop. We rode the Shelby bus to town, transferred, and got home by nine o'clock. . . We ate some of Skippy's cake and ice cream and went to bed dead tired.

Florence
Nashville
July 1, 1946

I don't know why it is that I miss you so very much while you are on this trip. I might be accused of being mushy and sentimental if I don't stop writing. But I do wish I had you here this very minute to tell you how much I love you. Yesterday I tried to teach Marcia Lou to answer questions like, "What is your name?" "Where do you live?" "What is your Daddy's name?" Every time I would come to that last question she would answer "Sweet Daddy" without fail!! We all adore you and will be happy, happy, happy when we are together for the summer.

Old times remembered

- Aubrey
Ridgecrest, North Carolina
July 12, 1946
I went to our cottage yesterday and found that it had been cleaned thoroughly by the Ruhama group. It is called Kamp Kontent and is one of the most conveniently located cottages on the grounds. . .The cottage has 4 double beds and 1 single. The stove is a 4-burner kerosene. Hot water heater is kerosene. We have to buy ice for the refrigerator and the kerosene but electricity and water are furnished. The cottage has some laundry equipment, including an electric iron.
- Florence
Nashville, September 10, 1946
Mrs. Lambdin just came over to ask if I would like to work on teaching suggestions for *Bible Heroes*. You certainly are a schemer.
- Aubrey
New Orleans,
Louisiana, November 27, 1946
Mildred and I have been quite busy since we arrived here. We went to the Q & P Station and checked our bags, then had breakfast at Morrisons. We went to the docks and saw a banana boat unload. Then we rode twice across the river on the ferry boat.
- Aubrey
Joplin, Missouri
March 1, 1947
I am writing Andrew Tanner to check up on qualification papers for the election [for city council race] in case Dr. Holcomb gives me permission to run. My first step, however, will be to draft a platform, which should be easy.
- Florence
Nashville
July 11, 1947
Charles was desperate for some money today so he could go [to the movies] in the morning. He had a quarter for his ticket but no bus fare. I wouldn't give him any. So he scouted around and found a lawn to mow. He mowed the front yard of Miss Anna Compton for 50 cents. Larry did the back yard for 50 cents. Charles worked hard on it, clipped around the walk and raked up the cut grass. He also mowed some on ours but it didn't really need it very much.
- Florence
Nashville
July 12, 1947
As I told you, Betsy spent the night here last night. I got them all dressed this morning and went to town before nine o'clock. When we got there [to the movie theater] we learned there were no tickets for sale. All the seats had been sold out. So we had to come back home. The little children were so disappointed that I took them to the Happiness Club [another theater] this afternoon. As Marcia said, they kept "fowing" chairs and racing horses. The serial is the chair-throwing kind. I well remember when I used to be so thrilled over them. The picture was a Gene Autry. It was western, and Marcia loved the horses. But there was no drinking or smoking in it at all—just dynamiting, pistol shooting, and chasing on horseback after the villain. The good men won, of course.
- Aubrey
Charleston, South Carolina
October 19, 1947
Thelma wants you to write a quarter's copy for one department of the *Story Hour Leader*. The pay is \$125 for the quarter. I'm hoping to write an article this week. I must do more free-lance writing.
- Florence
Nashville
November 3, 1947
In the morning I am planning to practice organ from 8:30-10:30. Did I tell you that I had a pretty good lesson Friday with only two hours of practice? Mr. Hinkle was well pleased with my pedal studies. I believe I am going to learn to be at ease at the organ. . . It is wonderful to have more of the house. I am enjoying it so much. My aim now is to get it clean as soon as possible so that I can concentrate on something constructive or rather creative.
- Florence
Nashville
September 14, 1948
Tonight my shoulders are tired because I typed for nearly four hours today. I handed in the first program—finished, I hope. I went to your office and used Betty's typewriter. Around three thirty I went to see Dr. Kirtley. He examined my legs at great length and thought a lot about it. He finally said he would tie the veins in four places. He said injections or rubber stockings would do me no good now. He also said that if it were not done now, by the time the baby came they would be so bad he would have to strip out all these outer veins. Anyway, he is going to do it Thursday morning in his office. I can come on home and walk as usual. I may have to wear some pressure pads for awhile or something to help me. I did not mention the hospital or insurance to him. I believe you can get something toward his fee for surgery even in an office. . . If I went to the hospital the extra on a room, operating room, and what I would pay Sadie for staying here would take away anything we might save on insurance.
- Florence
Nashville
September 12, 1949
I've been thinking that if I were teaching music I would make at least \$2.00 an hour. And are they thinking about paying 50 cents an hour for proofreading? Not that I am thinking about teaching music, but I was just thinking. I gave Mildred a lesson this afternoon and practiced 45 minutes with Charles. Tomorrow I plan to get Nancy started. Suzie was an angel today. She is sweeter all the time. I am sure she misses you but she doesn't say so. But I do and I say so, too! I love you very much.

Memories of Aubrey and Florence Hearn

Traci Stovall

Since this edition of the *Hearn Herald* is being dedicated to Grandmom, who is now with our sweet Granddaddy and our Lord, I figured there was no better time to put an end to my procrastination and finally write something. (I must say I've had the best intentions of writing each time.)

I thought that I would share some of my memories of both grandmom and granddad. I hope these memories bring a smile to your face.

Grandmother was truly a special woman. She was always thinking of her family. On many occasions she sent our family books and articles that she thought we would enjoy. These were often given for no particular occasion—just because she was thinking of us. (I remember one in particular: when we were teenagers, she sent us an article about teenagers and speeding. She was always looking out for us. Despite her sweet intentions, I don't think the article kept me from being a rambunctious teen driver!)

My favorite hobby is to cross stitch. Who do you think my teacher was? None other than Florence Hearn. She taught me when I was about nine while I was visiting in Nashville. From that time on, whenever I visited I'd bring my latest project and share it with her. Sometimes when I was visiting I wasn't working on anything. So, Grandmom and I would take a trip to the needlecraft store to buy a project for me. I am so grateful that she spent that time with me and taught me to cross stitch!

Another memory I have of Grandmom is her coming to New Orleans and spending a week with Amy, Keith, and me while Mom and Dad were visiting missionary friends in Peru. The thing that sticks out so much about this time is that Grandmom bought boxes and boxes of Jello pudding pops for us (something I presume that Mom wouldn't buy a lot of!). Grandmom spoiled us rotten! Although I was glad to have Mom and Dad back, I'm sure I hated to see Grandmom go (not to mention all the treats).

Music was always special to the Hearn family and to the Stovall family as well. I began taking piano when I was five years old. Since Grandmom had a degree in piano performance, she often helped me with my pieces and listened to me play when I visited her. I remember her sitting on the piano bench with me in my home and going over "The Spinning Song" with me—over and over again. (At the time I was studying with a teacher who was not so great. I think Grandmom taught me more in that one session than I learned in all the lessons with my teacher!)

In addition to all those memories of Grandmom, I have lots of fond memories of Granddaddy. My fondest are from when I was a small child. Granddad took such interest in each grandchild and spent special time with us. I remember him taking me on nature walks, showing me rabbits and flowers. He also used to hold us in his lap and sing to us ("My Bonnie" is the one that sticks out in my mind most).

The last memory of Granddad that I'd like to share makes me laugh even now. He was always trying to sell me a church bond. I think even when I didn't know what a bond was, he was trying to sell me one! (Speaking of laughter, I just remembered Granddaddy's laugh. I have not thought of that in years. That memory makes me smile!)

I am so grateful for my sweet grandparents and that they were a part of my life for so long. Although I only got to see them once or twice a year, they played an important role in my life. I was so lucky to have such loving, Godly grandparents. I'm grateful to them for raising my fine mother and for shaping her into the woman she is. The values they passed on will go on for generations, I'm sure.

I am misty-eyed as I write this. Although I'm sad that they are no longer with us, I am so glad that they are in a better place with Jesus and that they are with each other once again. I'm grateful for the gift of salvation that one day we'll all be together again at the biggest family reunion of them all!

Memorial gifts to Immanuel in memory of Florence Hearn

Jill and Dwight Wagner, Sue Senter, Florence Smith, Bea and Young Williams, Deacons of Metairie Baptist Church, Fidelis Class of Immanuel, Evelyn and Glynn Clark, Martha Highfill, Wilda Moenig, Lillie and Bill Rhame, Margaret Jones, Juanita and Louis Wilkinson, Thelma and Marshall Helm, Myra and John Ishee, Joyce and Kenneth Brannon

Gideon Memorial Bibles in Mother's memory have been provided by Dr. and Mrs. David A. Conner, Carolyn and Phil Arnott

Books have been presented to the library at Immanuel Baptist Church, Lexington, in Mother's memory by Carlynn and Fred Brandon (two children's books), Gary Shaw Sunday School class

Gifts to the Child Development Center playground fund at National Heights Baptist Church, Fayetteville, Georgia Employees of the Baptist Sunday School Board, Dr. and Mrs. William F. Scarbrough
Donation to the remembrance fund of St. Aloysius Orphanage
Carol and John Leinenbach (friends of Allan and Mary Alice)

☆ ☆ ☆

VBS vibes

Dan Clark

We had an EHX-SEL-LUNT time at Vacation Bible School this year! (That one's for you, Andy.) Just ask Becky—she worked with first graders. I worked with third graders and had much help from teachers who had been teaching for years (some by preference, some by parenting).

I don't know how in the world I became the third grade director, but actually I do—no one else was available! I found out I don't have to wear a swastika; I just let teachers teach. We jumped rope, wrote the books of the Bible on popsicle sticks, memorized verses, sang, made scrapbooks. One day a mischievous red-headed boy brought in a tarantula found in his father's lunch box! I fell in love with these children. The first day, I told them just to call me Mr. Baggy Pants, and I never heard the end of THAT one!

It was all worth it, especially when a quiet, chubby, smiling boy named Johnny Rojo (Hispanic) allowed Christ into his life on Thursday. The following weekend, his whole family started trusting Christ. Wow! It's amazing what can be done through children. More happened than I can write, and these children's spiritual journeys are being written right now.



Sports editor gets look at pro football coverage

Keith Stovall

Let's say that one of your friend's dad called you up one day and asked you if you wanted to go to a Saints game. That would be pretty cool, huh? And let's say that your friend's dad said you could sit in the press box with professional journalists and eat a whole bunch of free food and talk football with people who write about it for a living. And let's say that all you had to do for this was to walk into the Kansas City Chiefs locker room and interview Marcus Allen. You'd probably say that was pretty neat, huh? Well, I thought so too.

The day before the Saints' season opener with the Kansas City Chiefs I was in my room getting started on a story for the first issue of the newspaper. Then out of the blue Ed McHale, who works for the Associated Press called me. To say I was dumbfounded when he invited me to the game is an understatement, and when he told me he might put me to work getting quotes from professional athletes, who was I to turn him down?

When we got to the Dome, I was amazed. I didn't have to trip over half a dozen people in my row, or walk half a mile to go to the bathroom. I didn't have to wait in a super long line in order to get overpriced nachos. Instead, I was given a blue tag that allowed me access to almost anywhere.

So there I was in the middle of the Saints game in the press box, with

other journalists. Attending a game as a fan is one thing, but attending as a journalist is a different experience. When the Saints score, I usually jump up and scream along with the other fans. But I had to contain myself; people were working. They didn't even get excited when Jim Everett connected for a first down. They would just look at their laptop computers and type.

With two minutes left in the game, I grabbed my tape recorder and headed for the Chiefs' locker room. There have been few times in my life that I remember being as nervous as I was then. I was getting to interview Marcus Allen. As I waited for the Chiefs to finish demolishing the Saints, I became more anxious. Finally, my big moment arrived. Marcus Allen approached, walked by, and tossed a "I'm not answering any questions until I grab a shower," over his shoulder. Another wait. . .

Once I entered the locker room I must have looked as nervous as I felt. Players strolled around casually in towels. Reporters checked their notes and watches, mindful of the fact that they had a deadline to meet. All of my questions had disappeared. So I waited until the other reporters showed up and put my trusty tape recorder to use. Allen made it obvious that answering questions thrown from ten different directions was not his idea of a good time. I got my quotes and made my way back to the Press Box. The reporter writing the story told me I had done a good job. I let my breath out for the first time in 30 minutes.

Riddle Solution

What was made by God, given a name by Adam, at one time contained a living soul, frightens men, travels thousands of miles, and gives men light upon its death? A whale. (Yes, we know, the Bible doesn't say that a whale swallowed Jonah, but we assume so in this riddle.)

A lasting memorial

I have heard only recently of the death of your mother, Florence Conner Hearn. She and I communicated several times over the past few years about her love for Shorter College as well as the deep love for her family which she exhibited. . . Your parents made a most generous decision by establishing a trust with the Tennessee Baptist Convention which will result in Shorter College receiving approximately \$2,000 annually for scholarships for our students. We are most grateful to them for this decision they made. Their legacy will live on in the form of an opportunity for students to invest in study and improving themselves through education.

I wanted you to know of my deep gratitude to your parents, and also to express to you our grief and our best wishes to . . . your family.

Dr. Larry McSwain
President, Shorter College

Note: The Aubrey and Florence Hearn Memorial Endowment will benefit equally Immanuel Baptist Church, Belmont University, Samford University, and Shorter College. The first annual distribution will be made in April, 1996.

An Aubrey story

Gerald Stovall

Jimmy Crow, a recent retiree of the Sunday School Board and long-time friend of Aubrey, tells this story, which is well known around the Sunday School Board but apparently not around the Hearn family.

Years ago, the executives of the BSSB were very accessible. The employees could walk into their offices just about any time. Needless to say, that is not the case any more. Aubrey and Florence had just had a new baby, probably Marcia or Suzie. Aubrey walked into Dr. Sullivan's office and told him of the new arrival. Dr. Sullivan was very pleased and expressed his congratulations. Aubrey suggested to Dr. Sullivan that, since his family was growing, perhaps he could be given a raise. Dr. Sullivan's reply was, "Aubrey, you are paid for what you do at the Board, not for what you do at home."

Great Aunt Sara

Suzie Lusk

Nancy and I had a lovely visit with our great aunt, Sara Allen, on Memorial Day. This was one of those "Believe It or Not" situations—she is really our mom's aunt! It seems that Sara married Ernest Wright Allen, youngest child of John William and Florence Rebecca Archer Allen. His older sister was our grandmother, Lena Allen Conner. Sara Allen is 89 years old and attended our mom's wedding in 1933. Since Ernest was the youngest son, he was only a few years older than mom, having been born in 1901. Unfortunately, he died very young (at 36) of leukemia.

Aunt Sara is just a doll. She is a deacon at the Wieuca Road Baptist Church and is very active there. She drives herself everywhere and lives a rich, full life up in north Atlanta. Nancy and I thoroughly enjoyed visiting with her, and we even videotaped our visit. We put it on the same video that has the Christmas interview with mom. Be sure to sit down and watch it, because you will be pleased to see how active and vital Aunt Sara is.

Aunt Sara is working on a history of the Allens and would appreciate any information you might give her. (Lerma, could you help her out?) It was interesting to learn a little about mom's side of the family since we didn't have that opportunity while we were growing up. What was a wonderful surprise to me was that mom's grandmother was named Florence, and now Katie Beth (whose full name is Florence Katherine Elizabeth Lusk) has two namesakes, her grandmother and her great-great grandmother.

Aunt Sara's address: 4717 Roswell Road, NE, Apt. 5-7, Atlanta, GA 30342.

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 3302 Pimlico Parkway, Lexington, KY 40517.

Editor: Mary Alice Heard
Printer's Devil: Allan Heard

Congratulations

To *Jack Burns*, who is one of twelve finalists for Oklahoma Teacher of the Year. We are delighted to see Jack's dedication to teaching and to his students recognized by his peers. His nomination is even more noteworthy because he teaches in a Christian academy rather than a public school.

To *Suzie Lusk*, who was honored this past spring by the Georgia Math-Science Roundtable for distinguished mathematics teaching. Suzie is chair of the Math Department at Sandy Creek High School in Tyrone, Georgia.

To *Karen Heard*, who received her B.S. in nursing in May from the University of Kentucky and has passed her board exams for certification as a registered nurse. Karen is working as a critical care nurse in an intensive care unit at Central Baptist Hospital in Lexington.

To *Allan Heard*, who is now Senior Municipal Engineer for the city of Lexington, Kentucky.

To *Traci Stovall*, new music therapist for the Madison County Hospital in Canton, Mississippi. Traci will be working with geriatric patients.

Need an address? Here's an updated list.

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James and Millie Dillard, 313 Poplar Lane, Mauldin, SC 29662, 803-288-0457

Allan and Mary Alice Heard, 3302 Pimlico Pkwy, Lexington, KY 40517, 606-272-7878

Joel and Beth Heard, 1408 11th St. S, Apt. M, Birmingham, AL 35205, 205-328-0343

*Karen Heard, 3401 Gatewood Ct #9, Lexington, KY 40517, 606-272-4560

*Dan and Julie Heard, 2100 Biljana Dr., Apt. 5, Louisville, KY 40206, 502-896-8159

*Charles and Lerma Hearn, c/o Occidental Qatar, P.O. Box 11174,

Bakersfield, CA 93389, Emergency number: 805-321-6000

Bob and Liz Hearn, 6401 NW Lincoln Avenue, Vancouver, WA 98663, 206-750-7761

Mark and Beth Lippard, 1033 South College Ave., Newton, NC 28658, 704-464-4545

*Fred, Suzie, and Katie Beth Lusk, 445 Merrydale Dr., Fayetteville, GA 30215, 770-461-0654

*Derek, Bonnie, and Mikaela McCord, 1510 Cedar Bluff Trail, Marietta, GA 30062, 770-422-3028

Gerald and Marcia Stovall, 5109 Wade Drive, Metairie, LA 70003, 504-885-0584

*Amy and Keith Stovall, Box 1047, William Carey College, Hattiesburg, MS 39401

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Please send your email address when you get one.

Cajun

Allan Heard

Dogs are worth whatever they cost. Well, that's always been true of my dogs. It was especially true of Cajun, our first Golden Retriever. Actually, Cajun didn't cost anything since he was given to me, but that's not exactly what I mean by cost. I'm really talking about personal investment—time and attention investment. As is true with children, the attention reflects in the talents and character of the dog. True, dogs come to us with some talents and character of their own, most likely passed on from their mother and their father, if he happened to be around for their early days. Darn if that don't sound a lot like people.

It was obvious from the very start that Cajun was sports-minded with a strong preference for water sports. We later found that fishing was likely his favorite, but that was probably a cultivated taste. The first signs he demonstrated came the first time we got around a lake. This was when he was still a baby. We had always experienced dogs that hated water and were taken by surprise when he walked into the water lapping and just kept on going. He was more otter than dog. We had to beg from the very beginning to keep him out of the water or to get him out if he managed to get in. As he got older, he became worse. He would run to the water as soon as we reached the lake, wade out about shoulder deep, stick his entire head under water, and take a good look around. If he saw something interesting under there—a fish or maybe a turtle, I suspected—he would swim off to investigate. Until he satisfied the curiosity, you could just forget launching the boat to fish. Oh, sure, I could have left him behind and let him catch up, but did you ever have a wet wool rug climb into the boat with you and commence to "spin-dry" itself? Besides, I needed him to point fish for me.

He did very definitely point fish. Much of the time he would sit patiently and wait until I caught something. Then he would come to life. He had to personally examine each catch.

If things got too slow, I could count on him to take the initiative. He would hang his head over the side of the boat and sniff. If he smelled something, he would get excited about it. Sometimes, he would have to look around under the water when things were really bad. One thing was sure. When he showed me where to fish, I had better fish there. Otherwise, he would give me a look of disgust and roll his eyes back in his head until his pupils were almost out of sight. The worst ridicule he ever gave me was one day when fishing luck was absolutely terrible. He gave me one of those disgusted looks and jumped out of the boat. He swam to the shore, not terribly far, and spent the next thirty or so minutes chasing up pheasants. Then he came



back to the shore and waited for me to come get him. He could have come back to the boat, but he wanted to be certain that I felt his disgust.

As our first summer in Nebraska came to an end, I realized that I needed to get to work or Cajun would not be ready for the pheasant season. I went out in the country and drove around until I found a freshly road-killed pheasant. I took it back to town and used it for a couple of days for retrieving lessons. I refrigerated it between uses. Then, silly me, I buried it in the yard because I knew it would ripen very quickly in the garbage. I buried it near where we chained Cajun, but I carefully measured with his chain to be sure it was out of his reach. About two weeks later Mary

Alice called me at work to say that Cajun was sitting out on his chain, moaning. Upon investigating, she found that he had dug up the pheasant and could not bear the smell. I had made a slight miscalculation, forgetting that dogs have necks and front legs. I had a very difficult time disposing of the carcass.

Cajun turned out to be quite gun-shy. I was able to coax him out of it slowly by encouraging him to chase rabbits when we happened to flush one hunting. Ordinary bunnies didn't have a prayer. A good chase was maybe fifty feet. One day the rabbit that hopped up was a jack rabbit. Cajun did not outdistance him in fifty feet, but at 100 yards Cajun was holding ground and beginning to close. Half a mile away I could see a bright new barbed wire fence on the section line. I knew that when the rabbit went under the wire he would win the race and that my dog would literally skin himself alive. To my surprise, Cajun didn't miss a beat when he went under the fence. I looked later, and he didn't leave a hair on the fence. He disappeared down a hill, but minutes later he came back into view. He had the rabbit by the neck, holding his own head as high as he could. The rabbit's legs still drag. Cajun would not relinquish his prize, so I let him carry his rabbit until he tired of the novelty.

After we moved to Alabama this combative training paid off in a negative way. We lived in a semirural area where I could leave him loose part of the time. A couple of cats who encountered him in the yard on separate occasions made the mistake of running—that is, attempting to run. Unfortunately, they didn't make it.

He lived until he was around thirteen. He died most likely from a vicious kick, which caused a urinary blockage. He was not strong enough to recover from the anesthesia following surgery. We replaced him quickly, but we never filled that emptiness. He touched lots of people positively with his happy disposition, but he remolded our family's lives—especially mine.

Hearn Herald

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Sadie

Millie Dillard

It's difficult for me to remember any time in my life before Sadie McLemore. She was helping Mom and Dad when I was very small. She was always full of life, and very busy in those early days cooking, ironing, cleaning, and spoiling and loving all of the Hearns! When I was old enough to understand, I learned that Sadie had been to college, a very unusual and amazing thing for black people in the 40s. She lacked one or two courses to graduate but even then could only get a job as a maid. It used to make me so angry. She was so intelligent that she could have done many things, given the chance.

For a time Sadie and James, her husband, were custodians at Immanuel Baptist Church. During those years we were able to see her more often because she was responsible for Wednesday night suppers. How we loved her cooking, especially her squash casserole.* After Bonnie and Derek were married, Bonnie would call me ever so often to get Sadie's recipe. Derek had never liked squash until he tried "Sadie's way."

Sadie loved to sing, and sometimes we would join her in the kitchen singing and praising the Lord. She taught me how to dance the Charleston, which I can do to this day.

Although Sadie and James never had children of their own, they raised several nieces and nephews. I remember playing with Joe when we were growing up. Even though Sadie's discipline was very firm, we knew she loved us. We always rejoiced when Mom told us that she was coming over to help for a while.

When Mom and Dad traveled abroad for several weeks, Sadie would take care of us. Several times she went with us to Ridgcrest and cared for us while Mom and Dad were busy teaching classes.

As the Hearn children grew, married, and had children, our children looked forward to seeing Sadie when we were in Nashville. She loved them as she had loved us. They remember her with fondness.

When Sadie was in her late 40s and early 50s she attended Lane College in Jackson, Tennessee, to complete her college degree. We were so proud of her!

From 1970 to 1978 she worked with children at Donner-Belmont Child Care Center in Nashville. When she retired, Mom did a cross-stitch picture for her with the faces and names of her students. When Sadie passed away, the picture was returned to Mother at her request. It stayed in the kitchen until last year when Mother passed away. I had asked Mother several years ago if I could have the picture when she died. It is now hanging in my den, where I see it every day. It brings back wonderful memories of a very special person who was dearly loved by all the Hearns.

*For Sadie's squash casserole recipe, see page 10.

Life in a library

Marcia Stovall

"Sh! No talking!" When I remember my middle school years at Cavert Junior High, that's what I remember most about the school library. Well, times have certainly changed! The library is certainly not an oasis of tranquility at Roosevelt Middle School.

In the seventh grade I never imagined that one day I would be the librarian at a middle school. However, after working as a classroom teacher for many years, I was ready for a change. Now my job is full of a variety of challenging experiences.

My first year at Roosevelt was especially stressful. Since the school had been without a librarian for three years, there was a backlog of new books to catalog, magazines to file, and books to straighten and put in the correct place. Also, I had been out of the library for three years and needed to do some "freshing up" on my library skills. And since my principal wanted me to computerize the library and bought a new computer for this task, I had to learn how to use one!

This school year has been so much better than last. I began last May entering information about our books into the computer. Presently I am entering the 630s section. I've entered about 6000 books out of approximately 22,000! So you see, I have a monumental task ahead of me. Luckily there are three adult volunteers plus student helpers who work each week to help enter books.

I am using the computer to circulate books this year. No longer do I have to write overdue notices, calculate fines, and type book cards. The computer has made my job easier.

There are several advantages I see of working in the library versus working in the classroom. As many of you know, I'm not an electronics expert! However, as a librarian I have been forced to work with machines every day.

Another plus of my job is that I really enjoy working with middle school students. They are vivacious but frequently forgetful; they're curious and a lot of fun. They can be very loud at times. That's when I remind them.

"Sh, be quieter."

Finally, the best thing about my job is that the students coming to the library leave with their classroom teacher. I don't have tests to grade, parents to call (except for overdues), or report cards to fill out. What a blessing! My job at Roosevelt offers me daily challenges and a lot of fun!



Two children's books have been donated to the media library of Immanuel Baptist Church in Mother's memory by Mr. and Mrs. Bob Martin. They are *Children's Book of Virtues* by William Bennett and *The Crippled Lamb* by Max Lucado.

Fond recollections

Josephine Pile Broadus

I want to share a few recollections of your two parents. While I have known them (Florence, at least) for half a century, my real knowledge stems from the two years I lived with all of you—1945 to 1947, as best I can count.

The household fluctuated somewhat, but the "head count" was seven Hearn and nine boarders. I really can't imagine where everyone slept.

Each evening Aubrey (always called "Mr. Hearn" by the boarders) stood at the foot of the stairs in his pajamas and called out, "Is everybody in?" before he locked the door for the night.

Florence (always "Mrs. Hearn") was fantastic in all she did. You mentioned her care for the boarders as well as the children. She brought food to my room once when I had a hard case of flu. When my father's health broke very abruptly in Dallas, she was helpful in my getting home quickly. When a young man came from out of town to visit me, she had him as a dinner guest.

None of the recollections has mentioned the children as I saw them. You (five, then) were in three groups: Charles; Mary Alice and Nancy; and Mildred and Marcia (referred to as "the babies"). Marcia was still being carried around by Aubrey, and she sat in his lap for breakfast, never quite awake.

Charles was special to his mother—her firstborn and only son and suffering with mastoid problems. I can recall how she struggled with his ailment. He could cry with pain at night, and Florence would be up with him, trying to get relief. And she took him to Memphis by train for some special treatment, maybe surgery.

Florence (with Sadie's help) managed the house; she cared for the children and cooked; she studied piano; she was faithful at church; and on and on. All the while she suffered with varicose veins.

Now, while the Hearn worked so hard, they were not drudges. They had a circle of delightful friends, then young couples, like the Washburns and Fallises. Probably you recall who the others were. This group made up a book club that they enjoyed thoroughly. Once the children were stashed at the Hearn's, with Ann Washburn sort of in charge. They had refreshments at the breakfast room table, and Ann made them pray sentence prayers around the table before they could eat!

Remember Florence's grand recital at the Sunday School Board chapel? Each girl had a lovely party dress, and all of you handed out programs at the door. At the conclusion one or more little girls presented flowers to her.

And I can't fail to mention the singing in the living room, Aubrey leading, one or more little girls on his lap! Most of the songs were Australian folk songs. I never did get the hang of them—you had to be a Hearn to really sing them well.

Those were, as you can see, days and experiences and people still vivid, though so far back in time. Two of my fellow boarders have been and are some of the closest friends I have in the world—Ann Huguley Burnette and Melba Marshall Matthews. Occasionally I run into Jane Batts, and we speak of the Hearn when we meet.

I am so glad you have the *Hearn Herald* to keep you in touch; and I am sure you will continue family reunions. Blessings on all of you.

Messages from friends

I have not found time to write to extend my sympathies to each of you Hearn children, and I do regret this. But I am so glad that I took time to write Florence herself on April 7, and I am hoping that Suzie read it to her and that she was able to understand—for I wanted Florence to know how much I appreciated her and treasured memories of my times with her in the Hearn home, in the writing assignments, at Ridgecrest, and just in personal relationship. Florence was a help to me in many ways, and my life was enriched by my association with her.

I remember the first time I saw you and Nancy, Mary Alice. My first morning in Nashville I was awakened by you two little girls in pigtails leaning over my bed because you wanted to see your new boarder before you left for school that day.

Ann Huguley Burnette, Charlotte, NC

Please know I was very fond of Florence and admired her so much. She was indeed all that your newsletter portrays. I felt that my year with both your parents when I attended the UT School of Social Work was a wonderful time, and they certainly helped make it so. I loved talking to your mother about all her children. She was so proud of all of you. She loved your Dad so much that I am sure she is happy to be with him, and together they can look down on you.

Betty Campbell, Section, Alabama

Flonnie (as she was to me) was a mother to pattern after—with six little ones she thoroughly enjoyed. She enjoyed her life before her happy marriage to Aubrey and made great contributions to all with whom she came in contact. She had many talents and used them to make the world a better place. I am so glad I had the opportunity of being her roommate for four wonderful years at Shorter. Our small circle of seven close friends was a bonus to my college days.

Grace Cox, Cumming, Georgia

Your mother and father were not only our good neighbors but fellow workers at the Sunday School Board and Belmont Heights Baptist Church. They were our friends whom we miss very much. You and your siblings were small when I (Marguerite) and the Skinner family were neighbors on Westwood Avenue. Ray knew your father before he was married and worked with him in Training Union. Your father bought our home on Westwood after my father died and Mother needed to move to an apartment. So, our memories of them and your family are precious.

Marguerite and Ray Babb, Nashville

Your parents had befriended us when we moved to Nashville back in 1939 in such a gracious way by inviting us to stay with them until we could get our apartment. That was a very special kindness, and there were other times that we think back to also. Your parents were very special people, and we will always be thankful for them.

The Norman O'Neals, Clinton, Mississippi

We treasured our friendship with Aubrey and Florence. What a team they made out of you all! You walked a straight line, but somehow they convinced you it was fun—and worth sticking with it through life. We admire you each and every one, and it will be great having Charles and his wife in Nashville and Immanuel again. All of you will always be welcome in your regular pew—or any one you might prefer.

William and Louise Fallis, Nashville

A recycled card

On Valentine's Day in 1988 Aubrey gave Florence a card that ended with the sentiment, "But since you're my sweetie, life couldn't be sweeter!" That April on Aubrey's birthday Florence returned the card to him with this message: The card—the words—the cartoons may be recycled, but the love never is. It is always strong and deep—always the same!! The very best part is that you have been and are the only Super Dad our children could have had. When I look around at other Fathers I see that they are not in the class with you! They just don't hold a candle to you. In fact, you outshine them all!

F.

P.S. If you will return this card to me, I'll give it to you on your 82nd birthday!!

Bint binti

Lerma Hearn

She was swathed in black, a stout little woman with a shy smile on her face and a year-old baby on her lap.

My Arabic was just barely there at the beginning of our USA trip. Now, nearly eight weeks later, on the last leg of my return to Qatar, the little I had learned was mostly forgotten. Still...

I remembered the photo I was carrying for just such an occasion, a three-generation family group taken on our recent visit to Becky, Jack, and Abby. I pulled it out, reached across the empty airplane seat between us, and tapped the Qatari lady on the arm. Pointing to Becky, I said distinctly, "Binti." I moved my finger to 13-month old Abby. "Bint binti," I said proudly. "Daughter of my daughter." Taking the photo from me, the lady studied the picture, looked closely at me, then kissed the photo with a flourish and handed it back to me. Eyes twinkling, we two mothers settled into a satisfied and companionable silence which lasted the rest of the way from Bahrain to Doha.

* * * * *

Mawwaige ("The Princess Bride")

Dan Clark

Dan: "I have half a mind to get married."

Andy: "That's all you need, brother. That's all you need!"

That conversation didn't take place, but it could have. Marriage? Yes, marriage! I'm taking the plunge. But I expect it to be an upward plunge. And, I expect to use all of my mind.

I consider Kristen Kaye Ragsdale to be a gift from God, and I am searching my heart so I can be more of the man I'm meant to be for her. There are many things I'm excited about—one of them is that the wonderful Hearn family can meet and get to know Kristen. I've always enjoyed meeting the spouses of the cousins. They add a whole new dimension to each family. I know Kristen adds a whole new dimension to me!

Our wedding date is indefinite, possibly in December. I would be blown over if several of you should decide to come. At the least, please pray for us.

There will be more details when I know them! I hope you're doing as well!

So, what is a music therapist?

Traci Stovall

I wish I had a dollar for every time I was asked that question. Although my profession has been around since the 1950s, few people know of it, although most use it every day. I thought I would take this opportunity to let you know what it is that I do.

I'm now working at Madison County Medical Center and Nursing Home as, you guessed it, a music therapist. I work with geriatric patients in the inpatient and outpatient Geropsych (Geriatric-Psychiatric) units, the nursing home that the hospital owns, and the swingbed unit in the hospital. (This unit does not have patients in swingbeds; it is for patients who are making the transition from being in the hospital to going home.) MCMC is in Canton, Mississippi, which is about 20 miles north of Jackson. (I'll tell ya'll later about all the excitement that has been going on in Canton.)

So, what I do is look at the patients' needs and figure out a way to use music to help them. Some have diagnoses of depression, Alzheimer's, dementia, and other longterm illnesses. Some of the things we do are reminisce with music, use movement with music, and do lyric analysis, in which we listen to a song and then discuss the lyrics. It is amazing how these activities help people to open up.

The power of music is so incredible! One of the patients that I work with has Alzheimer's disease. He can't remember his wife of 45 years, can't remember his kids, can't remember what he did yesterday, but he remembers every word to "Dixie." Patients like this obviously aren't going to get better, but it brings me so much joy to know that music therapy is adding to their quality of life.

My favorite groups are the ones I work with at the nursing home. Never in a million years did I think I'd enjoy a nursing home environment, but these people are so precious. They wait for me to arrive every day and are so faithful in attending my group activities. One of my folks told me that she sings our songs in her sleep! Some of these people have a wonderful outlook on life and great faith in God. They teach me a lot.

Sometimes I feel guilty getting paid, because I enjoy the work so much. (The guilt passes real fast when my bills come in, though.) I'm really blessed to have this job, since music therapy jobs are hard to find. This one was gift wrapped from God! I interviewed for a psychiatric assistant job (having figured a psych tech position was closer to my field than the job I had answering phones). When the hospital administrator learned that my degree was in music therapy, he created a music therapy position for me! He is very supportive of what I do, and that helps a lot.

Now let me tell ya'll about Canton. The newest John Grisham movie, "A Time to Kill," was filmed here in the latter part of last year. This small rural town was hopping for months! Wayne, my boyfriend, and I went to the square one day to watch the filming and ended up meeting Sandra Bullock—one of the biggest female actresses around these days! We got our pictures taken with her. That was very exciting. We also saw John Grisham, Keifer Sutherland, and other actors. The movie will be out some time later this year, and the entire movie was filmed in Canton. So if you see the movie, you'll see the town in which I work!

I hope to see you all soon. May each of you have a blessed year filled with the blessings of God.

Old times remembered

The letters of Florence and Aubrey during the years of 1950 through 1954 reflect their preoccupation with work, family, and making ends meet. Although Aubrey's work at the Baptist Sunday School Board did not require him to travel so much as in previous years, he still was on the road often. During his trips he helped to conduct Training Union enlargement campaigns at churches throughout the Convention. He was expected during these campaigns to help start new unions, enlist workers, and drum up enthusiasm for the churches' programs. An avid reader, Aubrey often wrote home to tell what books he was reading. He also took along articles and books to edit in his spare time as well as resource material for the many articles he himself wrote (for extra cash). During these years Aubrey spent many a Sunday speaking on behalf of the United Tennessee League against Beverage Alcohol and lining up speaking engagements for other UTL workers. Aubrey's outside activities included ushering at the Community Concerts and selling tickets at Vanderbilt football games. These activities earned him concert and football tickets, which he shared with the family. Additionally, he continued the occasional tours to Europe and South America, for which he enlisted fellow travelers.

By the year 1950 boarders no longer lived in the Hearn household, freeing Florence from some of the responsibilities of past years. However, she now helped with the family income by writing lesson materials for preschool teachers in the Sunday School. Florence's mother, Lena Allen Conner, lived with the family for part of these years. The purchase of a family car gave Florence more mobility and the opportunity to become the family chauffeur. Now the children were growing into the teenage years, and meeting the demands of their outside activities was a constant challenge. Charles left the household for part of one year to serve as a page in the United States House of Representatives. He would graduate from high school in 1954 and begin attending Vanderbilt, still living at home.

- Florence
Nashville
Undated
- It has been raining nearly all day. Last time you went away it rained a great deal too. It is very hard to get this bunch to church when it is raining real hard, as it was just before 5 o'clock when we left tonight. . . . I was planning to take Mary Alice's record player for the Primaries to use. . . . We went on on the bus. You should have seen us bundled to the gills, carrying the record player (in case), the baby, the grass bag full of Bibles and library books. Our raincoats really got soaked because it was raining hard. But we did not have to wait very long for the bus. Kate brought us home.
- Mother has stayed in bed all day today. She felt dizzy all day. I do hope she will feel better in the morning.
- Florence
Nashville
February 12, 1950
- Mr. Abston came out Friday afternoon but the water was still coming in so much he could not install the pump permanently. I let it run all Friday night. Saturday I turned it off to give it a rest. The water leveled off a few inches from the top of the sink hole. I firmly believe the pump was pumping the same water out over and over. It would run back down into the hole and get pumped out again. Mr. Abston could not connect it to the pipe because it wouldn't take it off fast enough. Anyway, that pipe has a hole in it just outside of the house, and he will have to put a new pipe in (about four or five feet, I think).
- I called Mr. Myatt not to come. Mr. Abston said the motor of the stoker would have burned out already if it was going to. I oiled it good several times and kept feeling of it to see if it was getting hot.
- Florence
Nashville
February 13, 1950
- I hope you will get this on Valentines Day. I will have to give you my valentine when you get home. It will be a great big hug and a great big kiss. Also some cookies . . . Maybe . . . If the children don't eat them all up. I love you more than you know and more than I can tell in mere words. I am happy beyond anything I ever thought possible . . . Even if I am too too busy right at this point.
- Aubrey
Clarendon, Arkansas
March 14, 1950
- I haven't had anybody sign up for my trip in about a month. It's getting time for somebody else to send in a reservation. There are several I'm expecting to hear from soon.
- The people here are so hospitable that it is hard to get much work done. Nevertheless, I'm getting a few programs edited.
- Florence
Nashville
March 27, 1950
- When you send Charles' check this week you should include \$28.00 for his room rent and also money for April for his church. I told him to put it all in at once on Sunday so he would not lose or spend it. I think that is the best plan . . . I cautioned him not to cash his check again, and I think he is satisfied if he can just pay his rent himself. He just wants to handle his money like the other boys do.
- Florence
Nashville
March 29, 1950
- Mrs. Trimble called me this morning to say that Mildred has the German measles. When she got home I could barely see any breaking out. I don't know how they discovered it.
- I am ready to begin copying on my stories now. After that I will have to write a sort of outline for the five Sundays and that will be all of this unit. I am going to try to do the next one in a hurry. But before I start it I want to do some house cleaning and help you with the painting. Also I want to write an article for Thelma, a story, a song, and an article for Miss Trent. All that before May 1.

Old times remembered

- Florence
Nashville
September 19, 1950
Mr. Lea called me yesterday. He can get Thelma one or two days for our study course but can't get anybody else for any longer. I will have to help out the other nights. We will have to take all our children because I can't leave them here.
Yesterday I had Lula Mae to come cook supper for the children. I think she left soon after supper. The children were noisy. Mother had to fuss at Marcia, and I think it upset her. She (Mother) did not go to sleep on time. I can't trust Nancy and M.A. to keep them quiet so I suppose I will have to stay at home at night unless I can get them to bed first.
- Aubrey
Atlanta
October 24, 1950
I was delighted to learn that you have sold the stoker for \$40. I hope the man will not forget to come for it and will pay in cash. Be sure to hold on to the money, as I don't have a cent in the bank.
- Aubrey
New Orleans
January 13, 1951
Well, here I am still in New Orleans. I went to catch my train last night and the Sunset Limited, on which I have ridden many times, refused to accept my clergy ticket. It's a new rule, effective recently, about which neither the ticket office in Nashville nor I had been informed. To step the ticket up to first class would cost about \$45. To fly would cost about the same. So I am going on the slower train this morning. This upsets my plans, as I wanted to be in Tucson Sunday, but still puts me there Monday morning in time for my meeting. This is a new experience for me. But I made the best of it, spent the night at the hotel, and am now ready to go to the station.
- Aubrey
En route Arizona
January 14, 1951
I have invited the following by letter or phone, to be with us January 22 at 7:30 p.m.: Miss Wade, Miss Maureen Williams and friend, Mrs. Norman Dryden and friend, Mr. And Mrs. Jack Herring, Dr. And Mrs. McGlothlen, Kate Washburn, Mr. And Mrs. Sid Hooper, Miss Osta Underwood, Mr. And Mrs. H.E. Smith. That makes 15, but some of them will probably not be able to come. . . I don't think we should have over 20 because our living room won't accommodate more.
This trip is longer than the one I had planned, but I am getting in a lot of reading and some writing. I am preparing the first draft of an article for *Journal of Living*. I hope to have it ready for you to look over when I get back.
- Aubrey
Little Rock
January 31, 1951
A young doctor at the Veterans Hospital here has invited me to attend a clinic for alcoholics at the hospital in the morning, and I plan to go. He has worked out some new theories about alcoholics, and they are interesting.
- Aubrey
Greenville, South Carolina
May 7, 1951
We had a full day yesterday. I taught a Sunday School class, spoke at both services, spoke briefly six or eight times, ate dinner at another church having dinner-on-the-ground upon opening its new building, and attended the central meeting at 3 o'clock. Our other two workers have not arrived yet, so I had to carry the full load yesterday.
- Florence
Nashville
May 7, 51
Suzanne certainly misses you. For a whole day after you left she would pound her little fist down and declare, "I want my Daddy!" Now she just questions, "Where Daddy?" I miss you too, dearest, and will be glad when you come home again. I must do many things while you are away, though. Tonight Mildred's class will give their puppet show for the parents. Tomorrow afternoon I have the devotional at Cavert for the last time this year.
- Florence
Nashville
May 8, 1951
I need a secretary and *more* time to work on Ridgecrest plans and my writing. I'll go crazy soon if I keep thinking about all I need to do to our house, children's clothes, in addition to this extra work. One day I am going to quit one or the other of these jobs.
I talked to the PTA today in a short devotional on "Living One Day at a Time." I needed the thoughts myself, but I feel pressed down and pushed when I think how the days are flying.
- Aubrey
Savannah, Georgia
October 24, 1951
Will you please phone Ed West and tell him that I will be there to sell [Vanderbilt football] tickets Saturday? . . . Call him and tell him that I will be back Saturday morning and will be there to sell tickets by 12 o'clock.
- Florence
Nashville
February 17, 1952
Ann asked me to write an extra unit by April 1 for November '52. I accepted and want to begin on it as soon as my music club meeting is over. I want to finish all three units before June but will have to work hard to do it. . . . It was wonderful to have you at home even for a few hours. I love you dearly and miss you when you are away.
- Florence
Nashville
February 18, 1952
The Hearn Union was almost 100% again last night. Although you were not there, a visitor took your place.
I have read this book you asked me to review—programs for S.S., etc. I don't approve of the "pieces" for Beginners and Primaries but the stuff for older children and adults is all right. I want to talk to Ann about it before I put *my* O.K. on the book. Will try to do that this week.

Old times remembered

- Florence
Nashville
March 10, 1952
A busy, busy day! Since I decided to accept the Vacation Bible School responsibility I had to attend a clinic today. I stayed from 9:30-12:30 but it lasted until 2:30. Pouring rain all day. So had to get all the children after school. Now, tonight I have to go to First church to lead a conference for Beginner leaders. Will take the three small children—or perhaps just Marcia and Suzanne.
- Aubrey
Baptist Hospital, New Orleans
March 10, 1952
[In the hospital for routine tests] I was awakened at 5:30 this morning by an orderly who brought me your letter and started me on a long series of tests. . . . They are giving me a careful going over. I'm supposed to stay here until 1 a.m. Wednesday but am hoping to get away earlier. Last night was my first night as a patient in a hospital since I was six years old. The routine has been tame so far.
- Aubrey
Washington, D.C.
March 24, 1952
I spent all morning on Capitol Hill. I visited Fishbait Miller and Percy Priest, listened to the Supreme Court give opinions, and sat for two hours on a House Ways and Means Committee hearing. At the latter I heard a liquor dealer testify that he made 20 million dollars in 2-1/2 years on which he paid no income tax. Furthermore, he was indignant when the government presented him with a tax bill.
- Aubrey
Napa, California
April 26, 1952
The last two days I have traveled so fast and seen so many people that it all seems like a dream . . . I heard Joe [Joe Ed Hearn, Aubrey's brother] teach a class in ancient civilizations. He did a good job . . . Then we drove to Redlands to see Mrs. Fred Hill, who is thinking of going to South America with us (though she is 79). She owns numerous orange groves. The whole area was saturated with the aroma of orange blossoms. We got back to Long Beach at 7:00 in time for my first engagement. I spoke in 15 churches in L.A. in six days. Yesterday I spoke to the small Southern Baptist College in El Monte.
- Aubrey
Miami
May 15, 1952
We had a busy day yesterday. I took in a good bit of the Convention, stayed in our booth three hours, and ran a number of errands. Our Cuba trip is about sold out. We may have two places left. We must complete our plans today.
- Florence
Nashville
May 15, 1952
We got through yesterday somehow. At 6:15 I was still sewing badges on Nancy's badge sash. Mildred became a Maiden in GA's. Nancy got her curved bar at the Girl Scout Court of Awards. That is the highest honor an Intermediate Girl Scout can get. There were ten in her troop to receive it. Mildred received her Second Class badge.
- Aubrey
Buenos Aires
May 26, 1952
Tonight they had a memorial service for Eva Peron (who died a month ago today). We stood in front of the giant platform on 9th of July Avenue. There must have been 1/2 million people there. At 8:35, the hour of her death, they all lighted torches and had a parade. It was indeed an awe-inspiring spectacle. We were swept away with the crowd, and people thrust torches into our hands too.
- Florence
Nashville
November 19, 1952
I am in your office and have just come from the Blood Bank, where I gave (or sold) a pint of blood. They said my type O negative is rare and they need it very much. . . I decided to go and give the blood now because I am going to run out of money before the 25th. It seems that the children needed everything at school this week, and with everything I haven't had enough. I had to pay Sadie some because she was desperate. I still owe her about \$8 or \$10 but I told her she wasn't supposed to ask me to pay her!
With Suzie sick over the week-end, Mrs. Lambdin's tea Monday, Charles in a skit Tuesday, my talk at my music club Wednesday, I haven't had time to breathe. Then Mother got up this morning thinking today was Thanksgiving. It got me all worried for fear South Carolina might be counting today Thanksgiving and Thomas [Florence's brother, expected for a short visit] might be coming. I must find out some way. I had to spend some time helping Charles get a costume together for the skit. It is over now. Tonight is the Intermediate banquet. Don't know what I'll do about the three small girls.
- Aubrey
Eureka, California
November 21, 1952
Yesterday I rode a truck log train to a logging camp in a redwood forest. I watched the loggers load the truck with two pieces of a huge tree nearly seven feet in diameter. The two pieces weighed 44,000 lbs. Then I rode the "train" to the mill and saw the pieces unloaded. The driver of the truck is the Training Union director. He makes about \$1000 a month driving this truck. But he can have his job. Our school closes tonight. On Sunday I am to speak four times in four of the churches near here.
- Florence
Nashville
November 25, 1952
Charles is doing a magic trick in a talent audition at West today. He was Sherlock Holmes in a skit last week. He is to be in a television skit on Dec. 16th about silent night. The speech teacher at West told him he has a wonderful voice for radio. She thinks he does good work. His algebra teacher cornered me last week and said Charles was a wonderful, sweet, fine boy. He is—even if he is an adolescent.

Old times remembered

Nancy is doing fine work. Mrs. Johnson said yesterday she wished she could have Nancy every day—said Nancy is a teacher's dream. I feel so blue sometimes because I can't do everything I should and don't do them the way they should be done. I know I'm a poor manager in many ways. But when I hear nice things like that about our children I realize that my mistakes aren't fatal. Must be God who takes a hand where I fail!!

Florence
Nashville
January 26, 1953 [writing from Aubrey's office] I hope to get lots of writing done this week but can't find a time or place yet. The children are wanting me to come home now—they just get lonesome, I guess, with only six people in the house!

Aubrey
Washington, DC
February 16, 1953 I got two more engagements for UTL [United Tennessee League] at Bristol, making 23 in all for the best single day's work I've done. This week I have a busy schedule. I'm spending most of today on Capitol Hill attending a House hearing, visiting Congressmen, etc. I may also attend the Supreme Court. Aubrey, Washington, DC, February 17, 1953 I had a good time on Capitol Hill yesterday. I saw a lot of friends. Also I met Adlai Stevenson, Averill Harriman, and other bigwigs. O.K. Armstrong tried to get me a pass to Ike's press conference this morning, but it didn't work. It was the first such conference and they could grant no passes.

Florence
Nashville
March 12, 1953 If I live through Friday night I'll be amazed. Marcia has invited 8 or 10 girls to her slumber party. There may be more by tomorrow night. I'm just going to let them have what they call a good time—if I can endure it!

Florence
Nashville
February 16, 1954 Suzanne is about well. I had to take her to Training Union Sunday night and it didn't seem to hurt her. Today she is playing with her doll buggy—and guess who is her baby! June Bug [pet kitten?] I really am glad there is no banquet on this week. I do have my music club Wednesday, Executive Committee Wednesday night, and my music lesson Thursday. But at least no writer's conference.

Aubrey
North Charleston, SC
March 1, 1954 I learned soon after arrival here that I have developed another case of asthma. It came suddenly and has given me fits for two days. I found one pyrobenzamine tablet last night and finally went to sleep. . . .

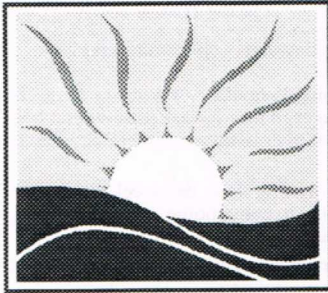
This week I am having a little time for writing and am trying to put the finishing touches on my booklet, *Alcohol Quiz Book*, a 32-page book taking up the leading questions asked about alcohol. I want to get it off the press by summer. . . . I believe it will have a good sale.

Florence
Nashville
March 14, 1954 The basketball game [in the state tournament] last night was one to end all games. Our West boys were simply worn out. Ralph Greenbaum had been taking his college entrance exams (to Yale) from 8:30 to 5:30 on yesterday. The radio announcer kept saying, "Little West is worn out—tired, tired, tired." Lafollette got ahead early and stayed ahead until the last three minutes of the game. French got hurt in the second quarter with a gash or swollen eye. Greenbaum had to have stitches in that gash of Friday night. Tall Eddie Gaines did well but fouled out in the second quarter. It looked like West would lose. The lead varied from six to eleven points in favor of Lafollette all the way through. Coach said later that he had hope during the second quarter because the boys had an edge on getting loose balls and seemed to be growing in determination. But the radio announcer kept saying, "They can't hit. They are so tired." At the end of the third quarter Dr. Yarbrough [retiring high school principal, who could not attend the games because of a heart condition] came into the gym. (He heard they were losing and came over to console them.) The student body went wild. The boys perked up and began to cut the lead down in the last quarter. Lafollette quit hitting so well. In the last few minutes French hit one, making the score 40-39. They fouled him three times in the closing minutes, and he got one basket each time, making the score 42-40 in favor of West.

Every time Lafollette got the ball our hearts would sink, but they made mistakes, failed to hit, and when our boys fouled them (which they did right at the end) they could not make their free throws. Then French got the ball on the rebound and dribbled out the last nineteen seconds. It was just too nerveracking. So West won after all. The gym nearly fell apart—there must have been 1000 West students, or at least more than that, yelling. The sports section of this morning's paper is full of it. We'll save it for you to read.

They changed their yell "All the way for Doc" to "We did it for Doc." They gave him the basketball they had won with.

Mary Alice, Charles, Nancy, and Mildred all went. They phoned after the game to tell me they were going to get something to eat. They were floating on a cloud.



Reflections on a happy home

Suzie Lusk

As I was listening to the tape Nancy sent me of Mom and Sadie talking years ago, I heard a part where Daddy came in and he and Mom chatted about something he had just bought. It was too expensive, and Mom said she usually had to buy this (whatever it was) out of her own money, so it was Dad's turn. It was a typical conversation between them: Dad always pinching pennies and Mom always buying things out of her own meager salary.

Daddy was laughing on the tape, and so were Mom and Sadie about the money situation—they were always laughing, it seems to me. We were lucky to have such a jovial place in which to grow up. What I remember best about Daddy was his optimism. He always had a pleasant outlook on any situation, and he could make a joke about almost anything. Fred can remember the first time he visited our house, and how Dad yelled so much for the football teams. He really got into those games. He even took me to a couple of Vanderbilt football games when he used to take up tickets so he could see the game free. Doesn't that sound typical?

I know that a happy household is the best environment for children and for adults who are building their futures together. I hope and pray that I can take these good characteristics of my mom and dad and begin to laugh more about life and the situations we find ourselves in. I thank God that my parents were the kind of people who looked on the bright side of things and didn't let the daily chores get them down.

Gather 'round the table

Ellen Goodman

The very people who worry about living in a centrifuge often sound nostalgic for a familial model of society. A mom-and-pop-store America.

Indeed, the image of family itself in the great, endless family values debate is almost invariably a homogeneous one. The ideal families are single units, held together by some natural umbilical bond, an effortless affinity. They are families that exhibit the easy togetherness of birds of a feather.

Well, maybe some families are like that. Maybe there are families where all the members truly agree—not pretend to agree, but actually agree—on everything from politics to pumpkin pie. Families that think and act as one. . .

But the families that I have known are no more homogeneous than the individuality of their members. Whatever similarities of blood or background, there are as many differences within families as between them. They are in fact our earliest models of diversity. . .

When families work, they acknowledge individuality, make room for difference, weave family stories out of eccentricities. When families work, the members make a commitment to stay at the table.

So it seems to me, the best hope, the best training ground, for a country as diverse as ours is not in the homogeneous poster family of our nostalgia. It's in real families where we first learn to live together with our differences. Where we teach each other and hear each other.

Lexington *Herald-Leader*, November 22, 1995

Fond memories

Myrtle M. St. Clair

We first knew Aubrey when he came to the First Baptist Church in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, where we were members. We were pleased to have him visit in our home.

I have so many pleasant memories of the summer we were in Nashville when Tom got his M.A. From George Peabody. We stayed in your home on Westwood and took care of Mildred, Marcia, and Suzanne while Florence went abroad with Aubrey. The girls were sweet and very well behaved. Before Florence and Aubrey left, he gave me several envelopes stamped and addressed to them at their various stops. He penciled on each envelope a date for me to mail them—so that they would have news of home, especially of the little girls.

When they returned, they took Billy and me with them to Ridgecrest for two weeks or so. On getting to their cottage Florence was busy in one room, I in another, and the children were in a porch-like area. All at once Marcia called, "Mother, Mother, come quickly! Here's a BUG!" Florence called back, "It's just one of God's little creatures! Let it have fun!" So like her to use this as a lesson about God's creation.

We wish for you and all the family the blessings of God in the days and years ahead.

My 23rd Psalm

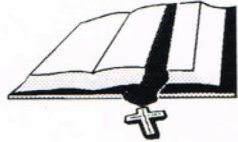
Keith Stovall

The Lord is my father.
He must be very patient.
He is full of mercy and grace.
I mess up over and over again.
He still loves me.
He stands back
and whispers to me.
When I stop my life
long enough to listen,
He calls.
He is not pushy but waits
until I choose to follow Him.
He longs for my love toward Him
and awaits the day
when we can sit down and talk.
He longs for me to worship Him
because He loves me.
He looks at me and smiles
when I pray or when
I tell someone how much
He means to me.
He smiles.



Bad dinners go hand in hand with depravity.
While a well-fed man is already half-saved.

Old Kentucky cookbook



I was glad when they said unto me
Lerma Hearn

Remember the song so many of us learned as children—"I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord'" (Psalm 122:1)? I always thought of it as a "let's go to church" verse, but I got a different viewpoint last summer when a new friend rather hesitantly invited me to a women's Bible study/prayer group that meets weekly here in Doha. When I first met with these women, I found myself intensely glad for two different reasons: First, that such a group existed here in this strongly Muslim country; and second, that my new friend—another Oxy wife—turned out to be someone who shares my interest.

I've been attending ever since. We meet unobtrusively in private homes and pass the leadership around among different people. One of the best things about this group of women is that though we are all Christians, we come from so many different ethnic and religious backgrounds: Attendance varies from week to week depending on who's out of the country at the moment, but the "regulars" include a few Americans, some from England, three from India, one each from three different African countries, and a German lady married to a Qatari. There's also a former engineering professor from Bulgaria, a Mexican and a Peruvian, both married to Qataris; another lady who'd lived in each of three continents before she moved here.

These people are special to me. I'll plan to write more in the next issue of the *Herald* about this group, and about some church groups which also manage to have weekly services (not, of course, in regular church buildings).

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: *The Hearn Herald* Editors, 3302 Pimlico Parkway, Lexington, KY 40517.

Editor: Mary Alice Heard
Printer's Devil: Allan Heard

Good show!

Congratulations to *Tim Heard*, new Human Resource Manager with Humana, Inc. in Louisville.

Best wishes to *Dan Clark* and *Kristen Ragsdale*, who recently announced their engagement. Kristen, who attended Oklahoma University, is a substitute teacher in Tulsa.

Congratulations to *Andy Clark*, who successfully completed oral exams in partial fulfillment of his Ph.D. requirements Cornell University. Andy is continuing his research in physics. Onward and upward, Andy!

Traci Stovall, having passed her certification test, is now a certified music therapist. Traci recently learned that an article she wrote, "Sharing Your Faith at Work," will be printed in the March-April '96 edition of *Today's Christian Women* magazine. Congratulations on both counts, Traci.



Need an address? Here's an updated list.

- Jack, Becky, and Abby Burns, 4242 E. 58th Place, Tulsa, OK 74135, 918-488-8568
- Andy Clark, 133 Cascadilla Park Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850, 607-256-1430
- Dan Clark, 10807 E. 33rd St. #14, Tulsa, OK 74146, 918-663-0380
- Nancy Clark, 4305 Santa Fe Trail, Greensboro, NC 27406, 910-292-0188
- Brian Dillard, 102 E. Kingsley, #3 Ann Arbor, MI 48104, 313-665-4529
- *James and Millie Dillard, 313 Poplar Lane, Mauldin, SC 29662, 864-288-0457
- Allan and Mary Alice Heard, 3302 Pimlico Pkwy, Lexington, KY 40517, 606-272-7878
- Joel and Beth Heard, 1408 11th St. S, Apt. M, Birmingham, AL 35205, 205-328-0343
- Karen Heard, 3401 Gatewood Ct #9, Lexington, KY 40517, 606-272-4560
- Tim and Julie Heard, 2100 Biljana Dr., Apt.5, Louisville, KY 40206, 502-896-8159
- Charles and Lerma Hearn, c/o Occidental Qatar, P.O. Box 11174, Bakersfield, CA 93389, Emergency number: 805-321-6000
- *Bob and Liz Hearn, 1428 E. 20th St., Eugene, OR 97403, 541-686-3490
- Weekends: 1011 NW Glisan St. #303, Portland, OR 97209
- *Mark and Beth Lippard, 2695 Lakeshore Rd., S., Denver, NC 28037, 704-483-6001
- Fred, Suzie, and Katie Beth Lusk, 445 Merrydale Dr., Fayetteville, GA 30215, 770-461-0654
- Derek, Bonnie, and Mikaela McCord, 1510 Cedar Bluff Trail, Marietta, GA 30062, 770-422-3028
- Gerald and Marcia Stovall, 5109 Wade Drive, Metairie, LA 70003, 504-885-0584
- Amy and Keith Stovall, Box 1047, William Carey College, Hattiesburg, MS 39401
- Traci Stovall, 110 Pine Knoll Drive #10, Ridgeland, MS 39157, 601-991-9617

*Address changed or corrected from previous list



email addresses

- *Nancy nclark@atmail.gc.att.com
- Andy aclark@protono.ee.cornell.edu
- Jim and Millie jdill6163@aol.com
- Joel and Beth JoelH74448@aol.com
- Allan and MA THeard7878@aol.com
- *Tim and Julie THeard8159@aol.com
- *Karen nurskeh@aol.com
- Charles and Lerma charlie_hearn@oxy.com
- Bob bob_hearn@qm.claris.com
- Liz lizh@newberry.uoregon.edu
- Jack and Becky bje31808@vaxl.utulsa.edu
- *Gerald and Marcia GTSSA@jazz.ucc.uno.edu

Please send your email address when you get one.

God bless us everyone!

Arlena Smith Hasel

Find 35 names in the Hearn family listed below. They may go up, down, forward, backward, horizontally. Mark off as you find them.

B	E	C	K	Y	D	N	A	L	L	A	N	M	G
O	I	C	E	R	B	R	I	A	N	C	A	I	E
N	Z	A	R	B	A	B	R	J	O	H	N	L	R
N	U	R	E	E	R	M	A	U	S	A	C	L	A
I	S	L	D	A	J	O	E	L	E	R	Y	I	L
E	N	O	O	N	O	T	L	I	M	L	M	E	D
C	F	L	O	R	E	N	C	E	A	E	M	R	R
I	R	E	N	E	R	A	K	O	J	S	I	N	A
L	E	I	A	R	L	U	A	N	A	E	J	I	E
A	D	T	N	E	A	B	M	T	C	O	R	E	H
Y	E	A	A	B	M	R	R	R	K	E	I	T	H
R	Z	K	D	A	Y	E	E	A	M	E	B	U	T
A	I	C	R	A	M	Y	L	C	O	I	N	O	E
M	L	A	D	R	A	P	P	I	L	H	T	E	B

Abby
Allan
Amy
Andy
Aubrey
Becky
Beth Heard

Beth Lippard
Bob
Bonnie
Brian
Charles
Dan
Derek

Florence
Fred
Gerald
Jack
James
Joel
Julie

Karen
Katie
Keith
Lerma
Liz
Marcia
Mark

Mary Alice
Mikaela
Millie
Nancy
Suzie
Tim
Traci

Thanks, Arlena, for your creative contribution!

Sadie's squash casserole

Wash and prepare 2 lbs. yellow squash. Cut into slices; boil until tender. Drain and mash with potato masher.

Add	1tsp. salt	1 cup grated cheese
	1/4 cup sugar (or less)	1 med. onion, grated
	1/2 stick oleo (1/4 cup)	3 whole eggs
	1/2 cup cracker crumbs	

Beat with spoon; put into casserole. Bake for about 20 min. at 375 deg. (or until firm). Serve hot.

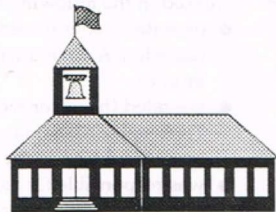
Bonnie, this one's for you.

My first day at kindergarten

Katie Beth Lusk

This is what I did. When I got there, Mom helped me in. Then we went down the hall and turned the corner, and then my mom walked me to my new room. I started playing. I was feeling excited. At center times I played in housekeeping.

Mrs. Henry is the greatest teacher in the whole wide world. She's short with red hair and wears pants a lot. Landon, RC, Brittany, Amanda, Adrien are some of the children in my class. Mrs. Henry read a book to us. Another teacher's name is Miss McAlister. In the after school program I went outside and played.



Katie's first day at school—a little bit exciting, a little bit sad

Suzie Lusk

Katie Beth recently started kindergarten, as many of you know. She's at Robert Burch Elementary, which is right next door to my high school. Just for your information, Robert Burch is a children's book author who lives in Fayetteville. I love his books! I wanted Katie to tell you all about her first day. She woke up that morning telling me that she was "a little bit scared and a little bit excited."

On the way out of school that first day, Katie Beth said, "I LOVE kindergarten. I'm going to go home and pick out what I want to wear tomorrow!" I was glad that she had had a good, positive experience with school on her first day. I was really excited myself, but I have to admit that I started crying on the way out, just thinking about all the bad things that can happen at school—you know, like children being ugly to you or teachers sometimes being unhappy with things you do. It's a scary thing throwing your child to the wolves like that!

Dear Hearn Family,

It was so good to see all of you at Immanuel recently. Your special music was very inspiring. As I saw you girls, I recalled what a joy it was for me as I remembered the wonderful youth program at Immanuel in the early 50s, and most of you were so involved in it.

I was always very fond of your parents. They were among my finest supporters during that time. I really felt a part of your family.

Recently I was looking at a picture of our youth group taken during Youth Week in 1952 on the front steps of the old church building. There were more than 50 in the group. That was the first year that we used the church key, and it has been used each year since. Dr. Mac placed it in a conspicuous place in the church library, where it hangs today.

Elva and I moved back to Nashville in September, 1993, and rejoined Immanuel that month. The first Sunday that I visited, I saw your mother sitting in the hallway opposite the church library. I sat down beside her and asked, "Mrs. Hearn, where are your children now?" She waved her arm and said, "All over." I was to learn later how true that was, and I guess it still is.

On occasion Florence would come early to church and sit for a while on a front row pew. I sat and talked with her, and one particular occasion was the Sunday before her stroke. Of course, I did not have the opportunity to talk with her again. I still miss her.

I was interested to know that when Charles retires and returns to Nashville, he will live in the home place. This can still be a homecoming place for you to meet now and then. We look forward to having him back at Immanuel again.

On September 30 I will be 83 years old. It is hard for me to believe, but time keeps moving along. Many of my close friends and coworkers at Immanuel passed on to glory during the 38 plus years while we were away. I miss them very much. On December 25 Elva and I will observe our 60th wedding anniversary.

Mary Alice, you were the first one to call me "Uncle Cecil," and I appreciated it so much. So I will close this by asking God's blessings on each of you and your families.

Yours in His service,

Uncle Cecil

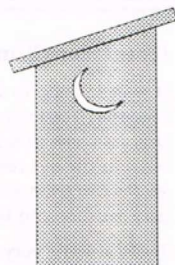
9016 Sawyer Brown Road, Nashville, TN 37221

Cecil Lea was educational director at Immanuel Church, Nashville, when we Hearn children were growing up. Under his direction, the church provided many learning and ministry experiences for our family. We called him Uncle Cecil, a sign that we felt he was one of us. He is back at Immanuel now, and he sends this greeting to us.

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Karen and the Birkenstock sandal



Karen told the following story in an email to one of her best buddies, Laura Stuart, who forwarded it to us at Karen's request. We can't resist sharing it with you. Enjoy!

Hi again Little La,

Here's another story for you. Since you are about as big a klutz as I, you will really be able to connect with this one. Out in the villages here and along the highways they just have holes in the ground for toilets. I think I've probably described them for you at some time in the past. If you can picture gross, these things are grosser. Anywho, I have not yet perfected squatting over these holes. For fear that I might accidentally miss the hole and hit my undies, I've been slipping one foot out my underwear. Just as you are probably laughing at me now, my roommate laughed at me when I explained this to her.

Anyway, I digress. At our first rest stop I decided I should probably go use the latrine because I figured I wouldn't get another chance for a while. Well, my shoes of choice here in K-stan have been my Birkenstock sandals. They're very comfortable but tend to slip off my feet at inconvenient times. Such was the case this day. As I was slipping my undies off in my usual way, the elastic on my underwear caught on my sandal. Events seemed to happen in slow motion as I watched my sandal faaalll ddoowwwnnn iiiintooo tttheeee hhhoooooollleeeee. Never in my life have I ever been so horrified and grossed out at the same time.

My first thought was that my shoe was gone forever. Then I quickly decided, "No, I must save my shoe." My nurse friends and I jumped into action. One person ran and got a flashlight. And there just happened to be a long stick from a broom leaning against the outside of the latrine. It was curved perfectly at the end to be able to put down into the hole. I know God put that stick there for me.

Once we shone the flashlight into the hole, we were quickly able to differentiate my shoe from the rest of what was there. Reaching down into the hole with my stick, I felt sort of like I was playing some sick, twisted version of the game "Operation." It just so happened that the shoe had landed right side up and had survived the fall relatively unscathed, so to speak.

With my friends standing around the hole rooting me on, I was able to slowly but surely lift that shoe out of the hole. Except for one little spot on the bottom of the shoe, it had not gotten a thing on it. We were able to wash it, and now it's about as good as new. Of course, after an experience like that, in my heart that shoe will never be the same!

Karen



Granddaddy Conner

Thomas G. Conner, Florence's dad, was born in Tuskegee, Alabama on September 5, 1877, the fourth of nine children. He was educated at Alabama Polytechnic Institute (now Auburn University), receiving his B.S. in 1897 and a master's in electrical and mechanical engineering (E&ME degree) in 1898. During the Spanish American war, which took place about the time he was to graduate, he worked as a civilian electrician at Fort Morgan (Mobile, Alabama).

In June, 1902, T.G. married Lena Allen of Sparta, Georgia. They were the parents of six children who lived to maturity: Thomas, Allen, Florence, Eady, Lewis, and Walter.

During his business career Mr. Conner worked in the following businesses:

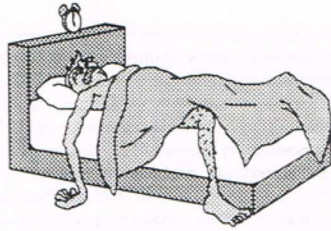
- operated a cotton seed mill in Gadsden, Alabama with his brother,
- operated the water works at Tuskegee, Alabama, and built and operated the ice plant there,
- was responsible for surveying and selling a 30,000-acre tract of land in Covington County, Alabama, owned by the Tri-County Land Company, of which he was an officer,
- built and operated the Andalusia (Alabama) peanut shelling plant until it was sold, and
- was manager of the city gas plant at Andalusia, Alabama.

T.G. Conner was a devout man, a Bible student and Sunday School teacher for almost fifty years, and a deacon in the church most of his adult life. Though a man of few words, he had an acute sense of humor and a dry wit. He worked hard, taking little time to play. He was said to have found pleasure in his work.

Perhaps most telling, Mr. Conner was said to have had keen insight into the real value of things. He regarded as valueless much that had the trappings of worth.

On April 7, 1942, T.G. Conner died while attempting to prevent an explosion at the city gas plant.*

*See *A Tragic Accident*, page 10.



Author's note: The following contains real characters in a real setting and is real funny, since it really happened. Any similarity, therefore, to a real story is purely noncoincidental.

July 27, 1996, 12:30 a.m.

It was dark. The old house was quiet. Kristen (real name used, for maximum embarrassment) felt her way along the wall gingerly, trying not to touch anything that would creak. "Just one more door. . ." Suddenly her hand felt air instead of wall, and she realized she must be at the door she wanted. Her eyes gradually became accustomed to the darkness, as she had just come from a small, lighted room. She could just make out a shape lying on the bed inside the dark room. She wanted to surprise the man she loved and wondered if he was awake. "Funny, my husband sure does seem taller than usual. . ."

July 27, 1996, 12:31 a.m. Brian's story

"Zzzzzsnort-kh-huh. . . Someone's tapping my shoulder. . . zzzn. . . yes, yes, I'll get to work on the new '97 models. . . zzz. . . huh? Oh, that's not him. There's someone next to me, but I hear Andy's voice far away. He didn't tell me he was a ventriloquist. . . zzz. . . zzz"

July 27, 1996, 12:31 a.m. Andy's story

(Stirring in bed) "Boy, I really gotta go to the bathroom. . . Maybe I can purge my body of all these equations, too. . ." (He climbs out of bed.)

A figure passes Andy and climbs into the bed. "Hey, that was shaped like Dan's new wife! (Aloud) "Looks like you got yourself into the wrong room!"

July 27, 1996 Dan's story

12:30 a.m. (stirs in bed) "Now how long does it take for someone to go to the bathroom?!"

12:31 a.m. (hears voices across the hall)

12:31:30 a.m. (gets up and sees Kristen in the wrong bedroom)

12:32-1:30 a.m. (laughs really hard with his new bride, but only when she's back in bed with the right man!)

Boy, I love family reunions!

Dan Clark

It's in the genes

Mary Alice Heard

"I just can't get this book to go in the shelf," Millie complained. She was helping unpack book boxes in our new home and put them on our newly built bookshelves. "If you'd just take all these papers out, the book would fit." Sure enough, newspaper clippings and Extension Service gardening articles protruded from my book on houseplants. "Leave them there," I said. "We'll just have to find another place for the book." Later I began thinking of how I came to have the articles inside the book, and it suddenly hit me: that's Daddy's filing system. If he saw a magazine article about the Dead Sea scrolls and he happened to have a book on the subject, he clipped the article and put it in the book, thus locating in one place all he wanted to know about that subject. The system makes perfect sense to me, which is why my parenting book is stuffed full of clippings. Obviously I inherited Daddy's filing system, the same way that Tim and Joel inherited his color-blindness (through me). I started wondering what other genetic flaws I have inherited. Several come to mind.

Rubber bands on door knobs. This one came from Mother, and I'd be lost without it. In fact, after we moved to our new house I was bereft without rubber bands for a few days until I had replenished the supply. (Julie once looked puzzled when I told her to look on the door for a rubber band. Obviously she didn't inherit the trait from her mom, poor thing.)

Up the steps, down the steps. This is Mother's too. Why make a trip up or down the steps unnecessarily? Just stack beside the steps whatever you want to take up or down, and eventually someone will take it to its final resting place.

Rousing cheers at ball games. Daddy loved to watch football games, and he didn't hold back when his team performed well. I inherited from him those enthusiastic cheers with a distinctive Hearn flavor. Why else would Karen invite her friends over to watch me watch a basketball game? Daddy was fun to watch. A friend once told me, "Your dad is the only man I know who could shout 'Hallelujah' at a ball game and sound sincere."

Crossword puzzle compulsion. Mother became a crossword puzzle fan in her later years, and it appears that Daddy went through a period of addiction also, as evident in their correspondence. The puzzle gene must be a recessive gene that shows itself during the adult years. My compulsion hit during the six months I was out of work, and I've had a hard time controlling it since. Several others of us are addicted, to varying degrees.

Lights out. This one came from Daddy. He just knew the light bill would be lowered if we'd turn the light off in the room we were leaving, even if we were just making a quick trip to the bathroom. Now, years later, some of us cannot leave a room without automatically turning off the light.

Mother and Daddy didn't realize, I'm sure, that they had passed along these character flaws to us. For better or worse, these are family traits that I've gotten used to and will continue to display. I'm wondering, though, what the future holds in store for the next generation. What traits have our children inherited from Allan and me? It's a scary thought!

Old times remembered

The years 1955 through 1959 appear to have been even busier than past years for Florence and Aubrey. Aubrey's travel was still sporadic, but when he left home he was often gone for several weeks at a time. He continued to spend spare moments on these trips writing articles and books for extra income and drumming up speaking engagements for the United Tennessee League against Beverage Alcohol. Whereas in past years he traveled almost exclusively by train, occasionally now he writes that he will be flying home. Although Florence considered becoming a public school teacher, she accepted a position at Immanuel as director of the church's new kindergarten. Now she not only juggled the children's busy schedules, the housework, and writing assignments, she became involved in professional activities—among others, actively participating in CECUS, the Nashville Council for the Education of Children under Six. The house was not quite so noisy now. The three youngest girls were Florence's major responsibility. Though living at home, Charles was attending Vanderbilt University. Mary Alice went off to Blue Mountain College in 1955, followed by Nancy to Peabody in 1956. Nancy attended Peabody for two years, then left for Hardin-Simmons University her junior year. Despite the scholarship money that the children were able to earn, scraping up enough money for college tuition was a constant burden to Aubrey. This did not deter him from beginning to achieve one of his goals—to take each of his children abroad. He took Charles and Mary Alice along on a tour of Europe in 1955, and in 1959 Nancy accompanied him to Europe and the Holy Land.

- Florence
Nashville
January 25, 1955
- It took me from 2:00-4:00 this afternoon to get from the church home. I had to back up and try various roads because I could not get up steep hills—or any hills much. I finally went all the way to Natchez Trace and crawled out to Fairfax—over to Hillsboro and on home. Part of the two hours was spent at a filling station where I asked for chains (they had none) and spent the rest of the time trying to phone Nancy. I was to take her to town, but wanted her to find a way home.
- Since I knew I would have to go to the church tomorrow I called Mr. Walker and arranged to get some chains from him. Charles and I got out there very slowly and they put the chains on. It certainly gave me a secure feeling to have them. People were slipping, sliding etc. all afternoon.
- Aubrey
Maryville, Tennessee
February 20, 1955
- Try to get your writing done this week so we can get to work on removing the rest of the wallpaper.
- I hope to read several books this week and also write some articles.
- Aubrey
Washington, DC
February 24, 1955
- All four of us attended the President's press conference yesterday. It was on television, and one friend of mine here saw me in the group. We got there early and had seats very near where the president stood.
- Florence
Nashville
February 25, 1955
- Sunday night I talked with Mrs. Stewart who is librarian at our church. When she found out that I am interested in teaching school, she became very interested. She teaches at Howard and is librarian there. Her husband may teach—I'm not sure about that. At any rate they were both talking about it. Mrs. Stewart said it would be much better if I could be certified. I would have to take only 18 hours and could get that off in 3 months. She said the city schools did not employ anyone without a certificate (the kind I had planned to get is merely a waiver). She also said the city system paid about \$200 more than the county.
- Aubrey, Miami, Florida
May 20, 1955
- As of now we have about 40 people on our Cuban tour, and may have a few more. As I have a pass, I will go over with the party and spend about 36 hours there.
- Aubrey,
Jackson, Tennessee
September 17, 1955
- There was one thing I forgot to tell you about. You remember I talked to Bill Reynolds of the Music Dept. of the Board about Nancy taking voice lessons from him. This week he stopped me in the hall one day and asked if Nancy could come to the Board some afternoon next week to sing for him. Ask her to phone him some afternoon after school. I hope she can go down and take some of her music. Mrs. Faircloth of the Music Dept. will play for her.
- Aubrey, Asheville, North Carolina
October 4, 1955
- I'm to appear on television here (first appearance) Thursday afternoon for eight minutes. I'll talk on the liquor problem.
- Florence
Nashville
October 6, 1955
- Nancy will be in the Symphony on a trial basis. The first rehearsal is Nov. 11 and she can't get the music yet because it isn't ready. Wilda thinks it will be very hard on her and I think so too. She will have 6 rehearsals a month plus a concert.
- Aubrey
McKinney, Texas
November 7, 1955
- I must soon begin writing a book on alcohol for young people.

Old times remembered

Aubrey
McKinney, Texas
November 9, 1955

I've gone hog wild over crossword puzzles. With the Dallas papers you can enter as many as you like. I've already sent in five. Am expecting to win at least \$400.

I wish you could have a week like this. You could get your writing done. I'm planning to do another article today.

Florence
Nashville
November 20, 1955

As usual all of us are very busy. Not too busy to miss you though. I hope to spend Thursday and Friday cleaning up for our company—and you. This house really needs a thorough work out. Sometimes I wish I could start over with a fresh, clean, new house! It would be interesting to learn just how long it would take to get this dirty. Not long with me in charge I'm sure.

Aubrey
en route to
Greenville, South Carolina
January 22, 1956

I noticed that Castner's is having dollar day tomorrow. Please go down if possible and get a few sheets and pillow cases, also two dozen rolls of the toilet paper advertised at 12 for \$1.00. Try not to spend over \$20 for the lot.

I hope you won't be so rushed this week and can get your writing finished.

Aubrey
Covington, Kentucky
February 6, 1956

I talked by phone with my publisher, the Standard Publishing Foundation, yesterday. My new book has sold over 4100 copies since it was published last May. At this rate it will sell better than the other one. I should start earning a royalty on this book sometime this year.

Florence
Nashville
February 6, 1956

Getting those writing assignments off of hand has helped my spirits a whole lot. This week I want to concentrate on mending and sewing. I haven't worked on clothes in ages. The girls have known it, too.

I am in your office to write this letter because Nancy is taking her 'cello lesson. I did not want her to have to struggle home on the bus with her big instrument. She has a rehearsal tonight at Peabody so needs every minute at home to study.

Aubrey
Union City, Tennessee
April 15, 1956

The banquet on May 17 will be during the child life conference. I hope our family can provide the music. I wrote Mary Alice this morning and asked if she could be there for the banquet. Of course, it may not be possible. My thought was that you and Charles and Nancy could provide the dinner music & the girls sing several numbers. Nancy might also sing.

Aubrey
Atlanta, Georgia
August 31, 1956

I'm sorry I won't be there tomorrow for our 23rd anniversary. We'll celebrate some evening next week. It surely doesn't seem like it has been 23 years. Seems more like ten or twelve. These have been happy years. We have had to work hard but I haven't minded that. Maybe after a few years we can ease up a bit. I love you with all my heart and hope that we'll have 50 more years together.

Aubrey
Sevierville, Tennessee
September 11, 1956

Thus far I have written two articles and have ideas for two more. I hope to write a half dozen articles on this trip. It may take me several months to place them all. I may not get much for some of them but the checks come in when they are needed.

Florence
Nashville
September 12, 1956

I've been working hard on some things Mary Alice needed. She bought material for two petticoats which I have made by sewing night and day. I have sewed miles and miles of ruffles it seems.

Last Monday (Sept. 10) I had my last Associational Meeting as Beginner leader. I may not have as much to do this fall. I have no writing now (unless I start on that book for Miss Groover). I want to work on kindergarten more and get this house more livable. I have about decided not to take a course at Peabody until the winter and spring quarters because there is nothing offered this quarter I want (that I can discover). I may try to get the reading lists for the courses I want and be reading on them.

Aubrey
Kingsport, Tennessee
September 14, 1956

Today I worked hard at getting dates [for the United Tennessee League] but didn't have much luck. In Knoxville, however, I had good luck. Altogether, I got about 32 dates in a little over two days' work.

Old times remembered

Florence
Nashville
September 15, 1956

Since Mildred and Nancy had spend-the-night company last night, they did a lot of cleaning. At least they reorganized the disorder. Some things will still need to be sorted out. For example, I cleaned out the Jackson Press and moved it into your room so that you would have more places to put your "junk." Most of the things in the Press were mine so those things are in boxes under Suzie's bed and will have to be organized later.

I think you will like the added space in your room. I hope letters, books, magazines, and papers will stop getting on top of your clothes. I have the three top drawers of your chest so neat now. Shirts only in the top drawer, underwear in the next with sox, handkerchiefs, and some other things in the third. Each item is separated from the next by partitions. I fitted boxes in to put things in. I could not tackle the bottom drawer—it gave me the willies to even peep in!

Aubrey
Washington, DC
September 20, 1956

I am interested in getting a job as cultural affairs officer in some foreign embassy. I've had several interviews here this week and think I can get the job if we decide it is the right thing to do. I'll tell you all about it when I return. We would probably be located in the Middle East or the Orient. We would take the three younger children and leave the three older ones. Please say nothing about this.

Florence
Nashville
October 6, 1956

Beginning Monday I will have conferences with the mothers of my Kindergarten children. This will take a good bit of my afternoon time. I will be glad when it is over but am looking forward to that contact. I love working with the parents and actually enjoy the children. If I could ever get our house completely straight and orderly and then have some help one or two days a week I believe I would not get so discouraged and tired. Each day I realize more than the day before that I am fighting a losing battle as far as ever catching up and living an orderly life is concerned.

Florence
Nashville
November 4, 1956

Please write me about your hospital experiences and the reports of the doctors. I'm sure everything will be fine. You should enjoy the rest in bed. It would be wonderful, I think, to lie up in bed for three days and not be sick—in spite of the bad-tasting things, needles in arms and other things they do to you.

Aubrey
New Orleans, Louisiana
November 7, 1956

They have finished with the tests and I am ready to be discharged. I took practically everything, several more than I took the other time. Although the results of all of the tests are not known yet, I believe I will be given a clean bill of health. My hospital bill came to \$143 in three days. I'm hoping that my hospitalization will take care of this.

Aubrey
Miami, Florida
February 3, 1957

On Sunday morning I am to preach for the U.T.L. at the First Baptist Church of Cowan, Tennessee. I am going to try to get the Dixieland to stop there.

Please limit your grocery and gas expenditures to a total of \$5 a day. I know you can do it if you will plan carefully. I'm going to be hard pressed for several months.

Florence
Nashville
February 25, 1957

I must write a note tonight although it is already after twelve. I finished the first month's assignment for Home Life which is due March 1st. Two others are due March 15th and April 1st. These must be done this week if possible. I would like to turn them all in March 1st so as to get paid in March. That would be \$60.00. In addition to teaching the study courses, I will have to do a unit for the Beginner *Leader* before April 1st. Besides, I must plan and carry out two or three excursions for the kindergarten children in March.

Aubrey
Cincinnati, Ohio
April 15, 1957

If you have time to check these puzzles, please do so and send them in. I'm stumped on 7 across and 8 down. Ask Clarence Hankins about 7. You may not have time to fool with them.

Aubrey
en route to Fort Worth, Texas
April 27, 1957

I'll be glad when this trip is over. I preach three times tomorrow, teach three classes at the seminary, and teach my book in four days. When I get home I hope to get my breath again. You have been running even more than I.

Florence
Nashville
October 7, 1957

I found an ant village frame Saturday and today we put in some ants. I can't wait to get to school in the morning to see if they have begun to tunnel in the dirt. It will be very interesting to watch because we will be able to see them at work underground. Get some rest, dear, with all your editing.

Old times remembered

- Aubrey
St. Louis, Missouri
September 1, 1957
The events of the day twenty-four years ago stand out in my mind, but it seems only a few years ago. I'm sure I love you much more than I did then. I'm sorry to have to be away today. I hope the roses arrived on time. Next week we can have a date and celebrate.
- Aubrey
St. Louis, Missouri
September 2, 1957
Please get the girls to wash walls & ceilings in kitchen and breakfast room. That will make it possible for me to paint these two rooms some Saturday this fall. If I am to paint the house this fall & spring I must get busy.
- Florence
Nashville
September 3, 1957
It was a real surprise when the roses came Sunday morning. There was a note with them saying "by nine o'clock—must" and they were right on time—about five minutes before nine. They are beautiful and made me feel very important. This summer has been so wonderful being together more than usual. I may get real grumpy now that school has started because we will probably drift back into old ways of never doing anything together. The trouble is that I get myself so tired—and you do too—and then when you ask me late in the afternoon I just don't feel like doing anything. Let's decide to plan in advance if we are to go anywhere and I will just try to be rested.
- Florence
Nashville
October 5, 1957
The girls [Mildred and Marcia?] were fine on T.V. They sang "Side By Side" because they could not remember all of the words of the other one. Several of their friends called up to say they saw them and that they were good.
- Aubrey
Dublin, Georgia
October 23, 1958
I have a busy schedule here. I am speaking in chapel in three schools; conducting two clinics in the First Baptist Church; preaching one sermon and teaching one S.S. Class in the same church.
- Aubrey
Albuquerque, New Mexico
February 6, 1959
Nancy borrowed a car and went to the airport to meet me and got lost. I got a limousine and bus and went to the campus and couldn't find her. But she showed up later in Dr. Mathis' office. She is fine, is in the second semester now. She thinks she did well on her grades. I had lunch with Nancy in the cafeteria. Then I taught two religious education classes. Dr. and Mrs. Mathis, Nancy and her roommate rushed me to the airport.

I saw Nancy's room and it is nice. She is well situated there [at Hardin-Simmons Univ., Abilene Texas].
- Aubrey
New Orleans, Louisiana
April 28, 1959
The main flights of my Holy Land tour have now been confirmed. I wish I could hear from some of my prospects who can't make up their minds. I'm enjoying some fish and creole gumbo here but haven't been to the Old French Market yet.
- Florence
Nashville
May 9, 1959
Tell your class [for teachers of children] that they will have to read and study (you do the same) and then invite some of the children's workers up for a workshop. On the other hand you might let them think you are an expert! After all, you have had six children of your own—and have done a good job with them, I must say!
- Aubrey, Minneapolis, Minnesota
May 12, 1959
I'm eating in the homes of the church members and am getting plenty to eat (too much!). Tell Suzanne my watermelon is growing.
- Aubrey
Athens, Greece
July 28, 1959
Nancy and Gale [DePriest] are fine and are very much excited over all the great experiences. I've planned a little service on Mars Hill tomorrow. That is where Paul preached his famous sermon as recorded in Acts 17. Tom [Hearn] is going to read this after Nancy leads us in singing "Faith of Our Fathers". Then J. C. Mitchell will lead us in prayer. Mars Hill is near the Parthenon.
- Florence
Nashville
April 28, 1959
Just one more morning and the conference will be over. I have so much to do I am glad to get at it! I wish I had about two weeks of not teaching in order to work on clothes, writing, house cleaning, and gobs of other things.
- Florence
Nashville
October 27, 1959
I am trying to get many things done this week so that November will not be so hectic. If I can finish my article on toys and get the CECUS newsletter out then I can finish the material for Dr. Barry. I know it is awful that I can't get things written more quickly, but it seems that things keep pressing in on me. I'm not discouraged—just harassed!

Old times remembered

Florence
Nashville
November 1, 1959

I have thought about you all day and can imagine how very tired you are. You must get some sleep along the way. Please don't get sick. I love you so much. I know the time will fly by because I have lots to do and you will keep busy.

Aubrey
Fairbanks Alaska
November 4, 1959

My class has every church in this area represented. We have about 45 enrolled, including fifteen Negroes and one Eskimo. The Negro church is in the Southern Baptist Convention and these members of my class are among the most interested and intelligent members. We're having a good time.

Yesterday I flew in a private plane to an Indian village north of the Arctic Circle. You would have laughed at my outfit—a heavy fur-lined parka and big boots. There were four of us in the Piper tri-pacer plane—Mr. Watson, secretary of the Baptist Convention; Roy Moore, Training Union secretary; Missionary John Jeffcoat, owner and pilot of the plane, and I. We flew over rugged snow covered mountains and frozen wastes and landed at Fort Yukon, where a Baptist church is under construction. It was two below just before we arrived. We walked around the village (700 pop.), talked with an old prospector for gold, saw the church, and visited with the missionary, Oliver Marson and his family.

Aubrey
Anchorage Alaska
November 8, 1959

Roy Moore (the state secretary) and I were planning to fly down yesterday. But one of the preachers and his wife decided to drive down and invited us to go. When we got up yesterday it was snowing and there were 3 inches of it on the ground. I was skeptical about the trip but they didn't hesitate. We came on but the snow got worse. Visibility became bad and we ran off the road into a snow bank. The car wasn't damaged and a snow plow pulled us out. We went on and a few miles from there we couldn't see the road. The snow was a foot thick. We ran out of gas. A big truck ran off the road right by us and nearly turned over. We were there four hours with no heat. It was very cold. It was lunch time and there was no food. But I got out the salted peanuts, fruit, and candy bars I had brought and we ate them. I thought we were going to have to spend the night in the car. But finally some cars came, the snow plow cleared the road, and we got gas and went on. Twice more we got stuck, these times on mountain sides when icy roads wouldn't let us climb. Once we pushed the car and made it, the other time we paid a wrecker \$5.00 to pull us up the mountain. Finally at midnight we arrived, after 17 hours of driving in the snow. We were lucky to make it.

It was 24° here this morning. Roy took me in his car to four of the churches where I spoke briefly. We'll go to four more tonight.

Florence
Nashville
November 10, 1959

I don't know yet where I will stay in Chattanooga next week. I almost hate to go off at this time. There is so much to do here. Suzie seems to miss me so much and I don't know what she will do for a whole week. Tonight she kissed me good night. Then she kept coming back and I was teasing her. I told her that I had already kissed her one time. She said, "Well, remember that you have to be Mother and Father both to me right now." So hurry home and take care of your part of the responsibility!

Florence
Chattanooga, Tennessee
November 17, 1959

Now I know why you like to travel so much and especially to teach in schools! Fortunately I have a room alone and it is wonderful. This is not a very high class hotel, but is near the church and will do. It is the Park Hotel. I notice that my room is \$5.00 per day, but it is old. The bed is the old cotton type pad mattress, the carpet is old, but I don't care. I'm enjoying this so much.

I have scads to do and hope I won't be lazy. I want to finish my writing, write letters to all the children, knit, read and review the book on Storytelling, and Mrs. Sparks and I want to observe in the Brainard Kindergarten.

The following poem was written for Patti McCarter (5'10"), organist, and Ruth Pollard (4'3"), former organist, who is now deceased. It was written for Staff Appreciation Day at Augusta Road Baptist Church, September 13, 1981.

Candy Treats

Jim Dillard

While one is tall and the other is short
 That's certainly not all I'm here to report
 Their music has blessed us through all
 these years;
 But they're here for service—not just
 our cheers.
 Such lovely ladies, and that comes in handy,
 They're also sweet; much more so than
 candy.
 We're glad they're here, and that's the
 truth—
 Our Peppermint Patti and Baby Ruth!

Good show!

Congratulations to

- Amy Stovall, who graduated in August from William Carey College in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and is now a student at New Orleans Baptist Seminary
- Dan and Kristen Clark, who were married in Tulsa, Oklahoma on June 22
- James Dillard, new Minister for Senior Adult Care at Augusta Road Baptist Church, Greenville, South Carolina
- Brian Dillard and Sharon McDonald, who recently announced their engagement
- Karen Heard, newly appointed health care worker for Cooperative Services International (FMB). She will serve overseas for two years.

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Please send your email address when you get one.



A tragic accident

The following is an excerpt from a letter written by Lena Allen Conner, Florence's mother, describing the accident at the city gas plant in which her husband, Thomas Gannaway Conner, was killed. The letter, addressed to Lena's brothers and sisters, is in the form of a carbon copy.

Andalusia, Alabama
April 19, 1942

I want to apologize for this way of writing, but I think I could not bear to write it over and over again, yet I am sure you want to hear more of the details of the awful tragedy. I may write many irrelevant lines, but please forgive me, for I am hardly coherent yet—maybe never will be again.

On Friday April 3, Tom found the screens of the machinery in a clogged condition. He worked on it until quite late that night. It all is SUPPOSED to be automatic, but he always found it needed a lot of nursing along, and very delicate adjustment. He worked off and on Saturday and Sunday "getting it adjusted" and on Sunday night after I had retired, and when he was ready to retire, he gave a look at his gauge, which he always watched closely, and he decided he would have to run down to the plant again before he went to bed. He roused me enough to tell me where he was going and why, then I dropped back to sleep.

At 12:30 I was aroused again by the fire alarm, and before I could get my light on, the telephone was ringing and just these words came over the wire, "The City Gas Plant is on fire!" The minute I discovered that Tom had not been to bed I was much alarmed, but I could get no satisfaction from the phone. There is no phone at the plant. I dressed and waited, hoping to hear any minute from Tom to reassure me about the fire, but when several minutes had passed and no message, I tried to get information from Central but they had nothing to report and promised to report anything to me that they heard.

Another wait until I could stand it no longer, so I called the hospital and they told me that Tom was there badly burned. I told them I would come at once, but as I had no way to get there except call a taxi, one of the doctors had the Chief of Police to come for me. Tom was still in the operating room when I got there. As soon as he was brought out and I could talk with the doctors, they told me at once how fear-

fully he was burned, and held out absolutely no hopes. After he came out from under the ether he was able to say a few words to me, but his suffering was so much, with his eyes swollen till he could not open them, and his face and lips more than double the normal size, it was too hard for him to speak. His left arm, hand, shoulder, all of his back to below his knees, his chest, neck, right forearm and a place above his left knee in front [were burned]. His hands were terrible. He said to me that the reason his hands were so bad was because he "had to keep on working AFTER he was burned."

We have figured out that when he put up the ladder and went up with the wrench to the top of the tank to cut off the gas at its source, was the time his hands were so bruised. His nails were pulled out and they were bleeding. There was no one with him at first, and only when the negro was awakened by the explosion and went to him was there any one to help him. The account in the Star is incorrect in that it mentions his "negro helper." There are negroes all around the plant, and the one who reached him first lives just outside the wire fence.

It was at least 3/4 hour before he got to the hospital and he walked in and up the stairs alone, but with his clothes literally stripped from him. His hat had protected his hair, and that part of his head was the only part of him I was able to touch.

I am so glad that he did recognize me for a few minutes. I helped the nurse give glucose. [Handwritten note in the margin: He was given 3 transfusions of blood plasma.] He was in such pain he was unable to keep still. Soon after, the doctor gave him morphine, then a second dose before he was quiet, then he went into a coma from which he never rallied. He lived for 27-1/2 hours, but he was the same as dead for 20 or 21 hours. . . The burial was in our local cemetery, the funeral service being held in the church at 11:00 Wednesday a.m.

That awful Monday is still so fresh in my mind, but I am praying that I may forget that and remember only his supreme sacrifice and glorious triumph. He died that others might live, without a doubt. My sacrifice is petty beside his and I do stand humbly and reverently in the presence of his passing.

Sister

A message from friends

Dear Hearn Family,

We were saddened to receive your letter and know of your mother's death. What a wonderful person! She has touched so many lives, and her presence in our lives was especially enriching; and such a blessing!

We lived in Nashville in the mid '60s, when Roy worked as a children's music editor at BSSB. We were members of Immanuel and were blessed by the lives of Aubrey and Florence. Our youngest daughter, who is now 35, was in Florence's kindergarten class, and your mother's influence in those early years was profound. Pat taught one of the kindergarten classes at Immanuel under Florence's direction, and that experience was also a joy and a blessing.

When we were traveling through Nashville three summers ago, we stopped for a couple of days and spent a marvelous afternoon at 2115 Westwood. Your mother was so proud of her family! She showed us the photograph album of her needlework which the family had prepared and given to her. She also gave us some of her marinated vegetables and the recipe—which we still use and enjoy.

I am sorry that we never had the opportunity to get to know all of you. We did get to know Suzie, who was still at home during our Nashville days. However, we have had many glimpses into your extended family through the "January Letters" that have come through the years (all of which we have kept).

As I write this I am looking at Florence's 1995 letter, and love of family is evident in every word that she wrote. How blessed you were to have had such wonderful parents!

Thank you again for your letter. Reflecting on your mother's life and love continues to bless us.

Roy and Pat Scoggins

1 Padgett Circle, Summerville, SC 29483

A simple lesson of nature

Beth D. Lippard

It was windy and cold outside on that November afternoon, but I was on a mission. The hummingbird plant that had beautifully wound its way up our lamp post that spring was now dead, its abundant red flowers long since wilted and scattered on the ground. I knew, however, that the promise of new life lay in the seed pods that I now located still clinging to the plant's skeleton.

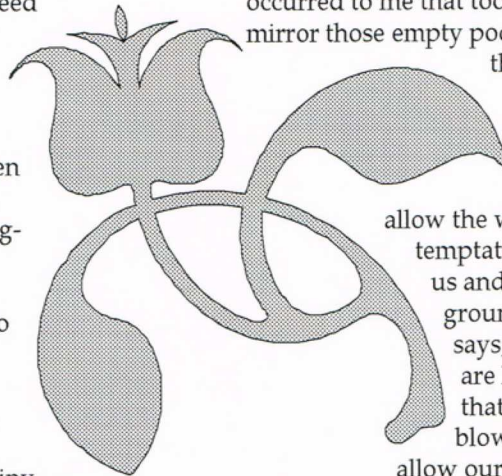
That spring had been my first attempt at growing a hummingbird plant and I wasn't quite sure I would know how to recognize a seed pod. I spotted one easily, though, and plucked it off for a closer look. It was tiny and brown, but I knew that what I was after was actually inside the pod. Curious, I broke it apart, and instantly four small seeds tumbled out.

As I began to repeat this procedure with other pods, I discovered that each one contained four small seeds, just like the first. I was having trouble, though, separating the seeds from the broken shell of the pods. I tried to use my fingernail to flick the shells to the ground, but every once in a while I'd miss and send a good seed careening toward the grass, out of sight.

Suddenly, a sharp breeze blew across my outstretched palm, and I watched in amazement as the lightweight pod shells blew to the ground, leaving the

heavier seeds still resting in my palm. I quickly placed the seeds in a baggie with the others I had already collected, then tore apart another pod. Holding it up in my palm, once again I let the wind carry away the shells. I realized with excitement that I had discovered an easy way to collect my seeds!

As I continued this process and came down to the last few seed pods, it occurred to me that too often, our lives mirror those empty pod shells. Unlike



the seeds, which stood their ground and resisted the wind, we

allow the world and all its temptations to uproot us and knock us to the ground. Psalm 1:4 says, "The wicked are like the chaff that the wind blows away." If we

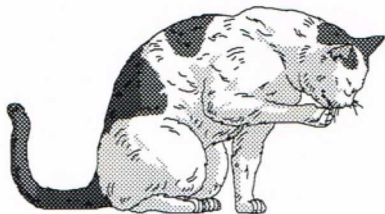
allow ourselves to be distracted from where God is leading us, we will likely find ourselves on the ground, among the chaff.

The Lord really spoke to me on that brisk November afternoon. As I reflect back on my experience that day, I desire to be more like the seeds I collected from my hummingbird plant. I want to stand firm, even when the world around me is flying out of control. As Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "Therefore, my dear brothers, stand firm. Let nothing move you. Always give yourselves fully to the work of the Lord, because you know that your labor in the Lord is not in vain."

Thank you, Lord, for simple lessons.

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Our daughter, the cat

Dan Clark

We now have a cat named Beavis. Already I can sense your ears turning red. Honestly, we didn't name that cat! And, we don't even watch the show.

The cat was owned by Pat and Phyllis Ragsdale, Kristen's parents. She was called "The Mean Cat," since she was always chasing the other cat, Pilar, around. Then, when controversies arose over that numbskull TV show, "Beavis and The-Other-Guy," Pat pointed his finger at the 10-pound black and white beast and said, "That's the name of the cat—Beavis!" I have to admit that's a pretty good name for a cat! Kristen says that Pat names all of the animals, like Adam: Jake, Lucy, and Sandy the canaries, and Beavis and Pilar the felines.

The cat is our daughter. I as the Daddy have had to set "Beavis boundaries," such as, "No jumping up on the table!" Cats don't listen very well to verbal commands, but they seem to heed the water gun. Plus, it gives me a feeling of power.

When we sit down, Beavis comes over and hugs and licks our hands. She's also a hand play-biter. Her favorite toy is the plastic seal that is torn off a milk jug cap. She hooks it around her paw and flings it into the air. She likes what's inside a milk jug, too.

Kristen dances with the cat and sings to her. Sometimes she asks me to say hello to the cat over the phone when I'm at work. I only do it when nobody else is around. Talk about time on your hands—for all three of us!

When Beavis jumps up on something, she makes a warbling noise, like that of a bird. I don't know if she's ever swallowed any.

These are just a few of the cat's antics (and Kristen's, too). Just now as I was writing, the cat jumped into the loveseat and walked around on this article, purring. She knows I'm writing about her. It's fun to have a small, four-legged animal in the shape of a cat named Beavis.

Sunday Red Dot

Allan Heard

I suppose it's legitimate to have friends for special purposes. If that's true, then Byrne was my cigar smoking friend. Actually, he was more than that. We lived about a block apart, went to school, Scouts, and church together. We started out in football together as peewees, and that is probably when we got to be closer pals.

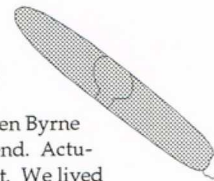
At any rate, we were buddies from around age 10 until about the eighth grade when he got very interested in girls, and I was too shy for that.

Byrne's grandfather lived next door to him and had a barn out back. One Sunday at Sunday School we decided it would be pretty cool to get some cigars and smoke them in the barn. We had to give a good deal of thought to just how to get cigars. We finally decided to go to the Corner Drug Store, since neither of our families traded there. That decreased the chance of whistle blowers, though the owner was also the current mayor. For some reason, we settled on Red Dot cigars. I have never seen one of them since, though they could be the cigar of kings, for all I know.

This routine of a Sunday afternoon cigar went pretty well for a while, but Byrne got braver. He started snitching cigarettes from his smoker father, and would sometimes light one up when I was visiting at his house. Since there was a smoker in the house, chance of detection was minor.

One Sunday, though, the inevitable happened. His father walked in unexpectedly. I didn't see how Byrne managed to dispose of the cigarette. His father was in a talkative mood and continued to talk to us for several minutes. Then I noticed the smell of smoke and started looking for the source. Suddenly, Byrne started jumping around slapping at the pocket of his Sunday coat, which turned out to be the source of the smoke. He had put the cigarette in his pocket and thought it was out. He was wrong. His Sunday coat was very much on fire.

I don't remember what his punishment was, but it must have been substantial. The episode spelled the end to our Red Dot cigars on Sunday afternoon.



"The spirit is willing, but . . ."

Marcia Stovall

Many times, after reading my Bible or talking with family and friends, I have strong convictions about habits that need changing or things needing to be done differently. However, it seems that old habits are hard to break!

When I was about six years old, mother told me to take a nap one warm, sunny Sunday afternoon. I certainly didn't feel sleepy. I was "napping" in the front bedroom downstairs and the window was open. I could hear birds chirping and children playing outside. Suddenly my friend from across the street came to the window and asked me if I wanted to play outside. I *knew* mom said I needed a nap, but the temptation seemed so great! I climbed out the window, and David and I went to the stream behind the Loves' house and waded in. We were having such fun until I looked up and saw Millie marching my way. I knew from the way she was walking that she was on a mission! Millie instructed me to go home immediately. I remember asking Millie how angry mother was. Millie confirmed the fact that mom was pretty mad.

When I got home, mother reminded me of my disobedience. Being the fair-minded mother that she was, she offered me a choice for my punishment: a spanking or being grounded for a week. Since I had suffered through several of mom's spankings, I chose to be grounded.

I would like to say I learned my lesson about disobedience when I was six. However, I guess I am a slow learner. Even today, there are directions I know my life needs to take, and yet I resist. I guess, as Paul said, "the spirit wills but the flesh is weak." Thank goodness God in His mercy gives me second chances every day!



Congratulations to Joel Heard, who received his Master of Divinity degree in December from Beeson Divinity School, Birmingham, Alabama.



Aubrey's books

Reading was one of Aubrey's great loves, and he kept lists of the books that he read each year. In 1935, the first year during which he recorded the books read, his total was 43 books. They cover a broad range of subject matter, from philosophy (*What Men Live By*) to history (*The Secession of the Southern States*). When he traveled, Aubrey usually took several books to read en route and in the evenings when he wasn't teaching.

During his busiest years, Aubrey read 30 to 40 books a year. Toward the end of his life, when he was not so involved with travel and his work, he read over 50. When he died March 11, 1991 at the age of 83, he had already read 16 books that year.

Following are the names of the books Aubrey read in 1991, along with their authors.

Saddam Hussein, Judith Miller and Laurie Myline
Papa Was a Preacher, Alyene Porter
Triumphant Personality, Robert Clyde Yarbrough
How to Win Friends and Influence People, Dale Carnegie
Abraham Lincoln, John T. Richards
The Art of Living, Andre Maurois
The Majesty of Calmness, William George Jordan
What Is Worth While, A.R.B. Lindsay
The Silver Lining, Albert D. Beldan
Golpalpur, Alan R. Beals
Under the Greenwood Tree, Thomas Hardy
Self Discovery, Orison Sweet Marden
Funny Things about Sports, Fred Russell
The Gift of Inner Peace, James Allen
Words to Live By, William Nichols
50 Famous Letters of History, Curtis Gentry

Duck Eggs

Allan Heard

A friend once told me of a conversation between his grandparents when he was a boy. The grandfather was a rather domineering sort, very firmly entrenched in his lifetime habits which, quite expectedly, included some strong likes and dislikes about food. They were just finishing breakfast, and my friend's grandmother

quite innocently observed, "If those hens don't start laying more, were gonna have to start eating duck eggs."

The grandfather banged his fist on the table and exploded at her, "I would never eat a #@*&* duck egg!" He had best kept his mouth shut. Her face turned red, and steam boiled out of her eye sockets and ears. She fired her deadly, well-aimed volley right squarely

between his eyes. "You just ate two of them." Look who really had the power in that family.

Never say you won't eat a duck egg. Dwell on that. We all may have to eat a duck egg somewhere along the way to remain effective or to become effective. We may already be eating a few now and then. Be very careful about closing doors before you get to them.

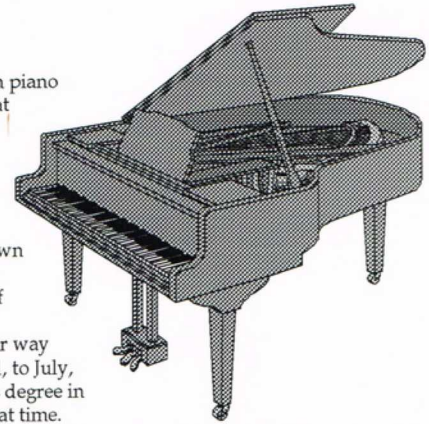
FLONNIE

Florence Conner graduated from Shorter College in June, 1930, with a major in piano and a minor in pipe organ. She had hopes of continuing her music education at Oberlin Conservatory of Music. However, these were the days of the Depression. Her parents could not afford to send Florence to Oberlin, and a local bank would not lend her the money. For a year she lived at home and taught piano in the city schools. Then she taught school in Albertville, Alabama, and boarded at the Hearn home.

During these years following graduation Florence (or Flonnie, as she was known at Shorter) kept up with six of her close college friends. In order to encourage them to write more frequently, she suggested a round robin. When a packet of letters written by the friends arrived, the recipient was urged to take out her previous letter, write another letter within a week, and send the letters on their way to the next friend on the list. The round robin made its rounds from June, 1931, to July, 1933. Florence married in September, 1933 and started classes for her Master's degree in English at Vanderbilt University. The round robin ceased to function about that time.

Florence treasured her association with her six friends—so much so that she asked them to mail their letters to her. She lovingly typed carbon copies for each of them and compiled them into a little booklet, which she called *Nonsense and Sense*. These letters reveal the interests and activities of the writers, their fondness for their Alma Mater, and their struggles to make a living. In Florence's case, they show a developing relationship with Aubrey Hearn, whom she had met while she was a student at Shorter. During the days of the round robin letters, Aubrey was attending law school at Vanderbilt University, earning his master's in English from Vandy, and working at the Baptist Sunday School Board.

We lovingly print excerpts from these letters in memory of Flonnie and her dear friends—Ida Shepherd McRae, Alice Shepherd Kimbrough, Genie Dodd Green, Birdie Bondurant Clower, Lucie Richards Perkerson, and Grace Jackson Cox (Florence's college roommate for four years).



Andalusia, Ala., June 27, 1931

Lewis, Thelma Moates and I spent last week at Mentone. Everything was wonderful. I took a book for Junior BYPU leaders with Mrs. Jerry Lambdin as teacher. . . . Aubrey directed the recreation, and believe me he put things over in fine style. I was and am very proud of him. There was a tennis tournament, a horseshoe tournament, and games such as dominoes, checkers, croquet, and miniature golf all of the time. . . . I seem to have written mostly about the recreation, but I would never stop if I tried to tell you about those inspirational addresses. And as for being with Aubrey! You will be glad if I never even begin on that. I will say that he gave me a beautiful sweetheart pin of his fraternity. It has twelve pearls in it. He also gave me a Vanderbilt pillowtop. . . . I believe I am having my compensation by getting the place in Albertville. I am well pleased over the prospects for my class, and over living in the Hearn home. They are so nice to me. I am to room with Mary Nell, Aubrey's youngest sister. She is about fifteen

and is adorable and likes me, I think. We have a room upstairs. Besides the advantage of being near Shorter and most of you, there is the very decided advantage of being nearer Nashville. Of course, Aubrey will have to come home often to see his folks, and I might get in on that. Then Mildred and her husband have a new car and have said they might go to Nashville some week-end. They want me to go when they go. . . .

Albertville, Ala., Aug. 18, 1931

I think I'm going to have a right good class this year if I will continue to work hard on it. It certainly is a job to go around to the different homes and argue the parent into letting their children take music. . . .

Aubrey will be home next Friday night and will stay the week-end. The following week he will teach in a training school in Gadsden. I shall probably see him some during that week.

Albertville, Ala., Sept. 22, 1931

After I had been here two weeks Allen wrote that he was going to Menlo for

the week-end and would come by for me. As luck would have it, Aubrey was coming home that week-end, so I didn't go. . . . He was to teach in Gadsden the next week and they asked me to teach also, so I went down every afternoon on the bus and came back every morning—except on Wednesday I spent the day there. Aub. stayed with his married sister, Mildred, and I was with her mother-in-law, just three or four houses away, so we had a grand time. The next week he was in Mobile and last Saturday night he surprised us by coming home en route to Nashville. Unexpected visits are very thrilling—especially this one. . . . Albertville is a lovely little town up on top of Sand Mt. We are just about 30 miles from Gadsden and about five miles from Attalla, which is this side of Gadsden. . . . Albertville is in the middle of the plateau and it doesn't seem as if we are on a mountain. . . . All the houses away from the town are beautiful. The little country homes are made of brick, and everyone prides himself on having lovely lawns. Our school campus is beautiful with its

FLONNIE . . .

huge oaks. It is much like a college campus. My studio is in the junior high building, which is a nice brick building. This high school belongs to the state and is the 7th district agricultural school. It is entirely separate from the city school. We have a high, junior high building, an agricultural building.

Albertville, Ala., Oct. 22, 1931

Aubrey and his roommate, George Kunkle, came down the week-end before the Ala.-Tenn. game in George's car. I certainly am glad he is with him, because they can come often now. George lives in S. Dakota and he wants Aub. to go home with him for a two weeks visit after school this year. . .

Genie, you just make me realize how wonderful married life must be. I have always resolved that when I am married I am going to keep on growing (not fatter, I hope) in spite of all arguments to the contrary. If Aubrey locates in Gadsden as he is planning to do, I will be near enough to Shorter and Birmingham to continue my musical education and I mean to do it. Then too, what could be more wonderful than working in your own home to make it as attractive as possible? I think you are absolutely right.

Albertville, Ala., Jan 29, 1932

[After a trip] Aubrey drove the Lambdin's car back to Nashville with five other of his BYPU folks, including Mrs. H. Kelly White, his pastor's wife. When they got to Chattanooga they spent the entire afternoon sightseeing. About five miles from Chatt. They came to a fork in the road. One led to Ala. And the other to Nashville. Aubrey asked which he should take and as no one said anything he turned to the left. They were here two hours and had supper.

Albertville, Ala., March 21, 1932

I am going to be at home the most of the summer. I will spend one week-end in Mobile with Aubrey and H.S.

and Mary Lou Sauls. Then our association is going to have an encampment from July 31-Aug. 5 on Lake Jackson, which is between the Ala.-Fla. Line. I am going to teach a Jr. BYPU study course. Aubrey is coming down home for a week-end and after he takes the Ala. bar exam.

He took the Tenn. Bar exam last month and was one of the 47 out of nearly 200 who passed. I am proud of him. . .

The Vanderbilt Glee Club sings over the Nashville station (not WLAC) every Tuesday night at 7:45 and you know Aubrey sings with them. . .

Andalusia, Ala., July 21, 1932

Aubrey and I had a wonderful time with the Sauls in Mobile. We didn't do much running around except for riding to see the city and to go swimming in Mobile Bay. . . .

If Aubrey locates in Gadsden as he is planning to do, I will be near enough to Shorter and Birmingham to continue my musical education, and I mean to do it.

I am not telling any secrets because nothing is definite yet, but I hope none of you are planning to be out of the USA between June and September next year for I might need every one of you. Of course I won't need you the whole time—only a short while in fact. But I am contemplating something serious and I want all of you present. I will have some other news for you too in a week or two. Now, aren't you excited?

And still some different news! I may teach here this winter. It may just be a private studio and it may be in the schools. The school situation in Alabama is so uncertain no one knows what to plan. It seems improbable that the school in Albertville will open and I couldn't afford to go if it didn't. I would love to teach here I think because I already have a splendid class and I wouldn't have to pay board.

Andalusia, Ala., August 10, 1933

You girls mustn't get too enthused about next summer because it isn't definite yet. I must save quite a pretty penny—and just now my prospects are uncertain—and I haven't talked to the family yet. So you see there could be a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip! But we are almost certain. . . .

Oh, goodness! It doesn't seem possible that it will happen even in a year—we have waited so long already, so I won't be surprised if it has to be put off longer.

The other surprise hasn't happened yet, but I will tell you a little about it. Aubrey may not practice law after all but is considering some work with the S.S.B. Which will mean that we may live in Nashville.

Andalusia, Ala., September 25, 1932

Well, girls, Aubrey has decided to give up law—surrender his ambition he calls it—to do religious work. He will get his masters at Vanderbilt this year as Mr. Lambdin advised him to. Time alone will tell if he chose wisely. He will always have law to fall back on if he is not happy in the other work.

Andalusia, Ala., May 5, 1933

Aubrey will get his M.A. the fourteenth of June if he can pass all of those exams with a grade of B and finish his thesis. . . . He truly is working himself almost to death and he writes very seldom. He knows though that he will have a week's vacation as soon as school is out so he is holding on.

It has been definitely decided that we will live in Nashville and that Aubrey will continue his work with the S.S.B. After we are married and after I finish going to school next year and if we have a car and if we don't decide to have a family too soon I might get to go with him some. I am very happy over the outcome of things in spite of the fact that his work will keep him away from home a great deal of the time. I don't believe there will be any danger of our getting tired of each other. There will be compensations in some way I know.

FLONNIE . . .

We haven't been able to make any plans for the wedding yet as we don't know what the outcome would be about the job of Aubrey's. We will plan while he is here in June and I will let all of you know what we decide. We may change the date [from Sep. 9] to Sept. 2. . . Mother doesn't approve of a church wedding in these strenuous times and it can't be a big affair as all of you have already been told. I just want all of you here and have the wedding simple yet beautiful as possible. If we can't make a go of it it will break my heart, but don't be surprised if I write that we will just have to elope.

Andalusia, Ala., June 8, 1933

Did I tell all of you about sending my quilt to the Sears Roebuck Quilting Contest? It has been in Atlanta since May 16th and will be returned June 15 unless it should be selected to be exhibited in Chicago. Several here have said it is the prettiest quilt in Andalusia, but there are no experts here so that doesn't mean anything, but it would be grand if I could win a

nice sum on it. I would be proud of five or ten dollars.

Andalusia, Ala., July 7, 1933

Aubrey asked me when he was here when we were going to the World's Fair. We are planning a quiet honeymoon without much travel so won't go then. If we could go it would have to be before Sept. 25 as that is when Vanderbilt begins. It seems unlikely to me that I could see nearly all of you, get married, have a wonderful honeymoon, and go to Chicago all in the same month. It is just too much for me to grasp and I can't believe it can all happen to me.

Today my traveling bag came. While we were in New Orleans Aubrey took me to Leonard Krowor and Son and let me select the bag I wanted. It is brown leather and is fitted in amber. The mirror, brush, comb etc. (Fourteen pieces) are in a little overnight bag that fits into the larger bag like a tray. It is a lovely outfit. It is my birthday and wedding present.

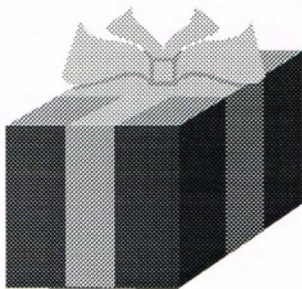
He also bought my wedding ring while we were there, but I didn't see it because I wanted to wait.

The editors wish to thank Jim Dillard for reading Florence's letters and selecting the excerpts.

My Best Christmas Gift Ever

Mary Alice Heard

Dolls, a bicycle, clothes, trinkets from abroad, a record player, gadgets—all of these Christmas presents I received as a child. None compare with the present my father gave me one



Christmas when I was a teenager. That was the year that he spent hours preparing a scrapbook for each of his six children. The slogan, "Not His'n but Hearn" was embossed on the cover. Each scrapbook was personalized with the recipient's name, and each one was unique.

Daddy went through hundreds of photographs and selected shots to go into each child's book. He located the negatives and had duplicates made. Where there were newspaper articles related to a particular child, they went into his scrapbook. Since this was before the days of photocopiers (way back in olden times, as our children would say!), making extra copies was



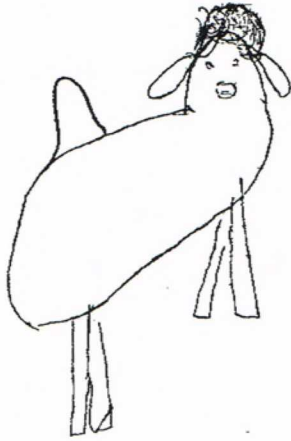
Welcome to Rachel Hannah McCord, new daughter of Bonnie and Derek McCord, who arrived November 4, 1996. Rachel has the same birthday as her big sister, Mikaela.

tedious. If one of us had written a poem or story that Daddy had saved, he made carbon copies to go in all six scrapbooks as well as one he compiled for himself. This labor of love took place at the office after work hours.

That Christmas morning we six children opened our scrapbooks together. The oohs and ahs that followed must have been a delight to both Mother and Daddy. We sat for hours looking through our books and showing each other what was in our own scrapbooks. We couldn't stop talking about the wonderful Christmas present, and the scrapbooks have been cherished possessions ever since.

When I later reflected on what made the scrapbooks such a wonderful gift, I realized that it was because Daddy gave us one of his most precious possessions—his time. Daddy was a very busy man, involved in several time-consuming duties outside the office, his church responsibilities, and his chores at home. The scrapbooks were a gift of himself—the best gift of all.

The celebration of Christmas revolves around God's gift of himself to us. And if we want to give a very special gift to someone, all we need to do is figure out how to give that person a gift of time—for example, a listening ear, a handcrafted present, a surprise meal, or a fun evening together. For the best gift is not an expensive toy, gadget, or item of clothing. It is ourselves.



*How to make me into a monster**

*Joel Hearn***

If I wanted to be a monster I would need the ears of a dog. And I would need the body of a hippo. I can't live without a head so I will have the head of a bear. The hump of a camel. And the legs and arms of a deer. And the hair of my mother.

**Subtitle : The joys of parenting!*

***3rd grade, Paxon School, Missoula, Montana*

The Hearn Herald©, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Back to Kazakstan

Joel Heard

Well, it's official. At about 11:00 on February 11 the trustees of the FMB voted to approve Beth and me as Southern Baptist representatives to Kazakstan. Unlike our previous time there and Karen's current appointment, this is not a two-year term but a career appointment. We will be officially commissioned on April 8 in Little Rock, Arkansas. If any of you think you might be able to attend the ceremony, please let us know.

While we will be appointed in April, we won't actually go on salary until mid-July. We will attend two months of orientation in Richmond, Virginia, beginning in mid-August. From there we will probably go directly to Kazakstan, so we should be hitting the ground in late October or early November.

Once there we will almost immediately begin language study. Beth and I were able to acquire a moderate level of Russian when we lived there before, but our principal focus upon our return will be the Kazak language, so we will almost be starting from scratch. We'll most likely end up studying language in a city called Shimkent, in southern Kazakstan, so we probably won't be living in the same city as Karen (Almaty). However, I think we'll be able to see her fairly frequently. Language study should take anywhere from one to two years.

Once we're finished with that we'll begin our jobs. My primary responsibilities will be working with a training institute to help national leaders start churches. In addition, I may be doing some teaching at a fledgling seminary in the area. Beth will be doing some writing and possibly training nationals to do desktop publishing.

In the meantime, we will concentrate on divesting ourselves of most of our earthly goods. Moving overseas is a bigger task than you might imagine. (By the way, should any of you be interested in acquiring any inexpensive household furnishings and can get them from where we are to where you are, just let us know).

So that's our news. We are both excited and somewhat terrified by what the future holds. Our greatest source of encouragement is God's obvious hand leading us back to the Kazak people. By far the greatest difficulty of this move is leaving our families behind. I know that typically it is much more difficult to be left than to do the leaving, and for this reason I want to ask that you would especially remember in prayer our parents and siblings over the next few months.

We'll put all of you on our mailing list and keep you updated. Thanks for your prayers and support.

My Dictionary

Mary Alice Heard

When I grow up
I'll rock the land.
Applause will ring
on every hand.
Oh, I'll be such
a dignitary
when I rewrite
the dictionary.

When I rewrite
the dictionary,
't won't be a high-
class commentary
with repeti-
tions which explain
the "act of sustaining"
for *sustain*.

And I'll discard
the style now used
(the one which gets
me so confused!)
in which the mean-
ing of a word
is told with ones
I've never heard.

And best of all
will be the list
of all those words
I've sought and missed
because they aren't
spelled just quite right
(like *soriusis* and *aputite*).

The words will be there
just the way
that folks misspell them
every day.
And on the list
beside each word
will be the spelling
that's preferred.

My book will be
acclaimed so well
by scores of people
who can't spell,
their praise will make
it legendary—
my spelling book
and dictionary.

My friends may well
be shocked a bit.
But then, I think
they'll have a fit
to think that they're
contemporary
with One Who Fixed
the Dictionary.

Pig's delight

Allan Heard

Railroads and trains were an important part of my childhood, and they still trigger good memories. New Albany existed primarily because two important railroads crossed one another there—right square in the middle of town. Much of our industry—the lumber mills, the cotton gins, and the federal cotton compress—were symbiotic to the railroads and we to all of them.

Further, from the time I was about nine, I lived less than two hundred feet from one of the railroads. The vibrations of huge trains rattled the light fixtures and dishes half a dozen times a day. When one of the two night trains was late or did not run, we would wake up and wonder, "What was that?" When I went to town, I often walked along a rail, balancing like a tightrope walker. I always crossed the railroad bridge in that fashion, though a walkway was available.

I became very impressed with the destruction a locomotive dealt a car when it ran into one and then rolled it along until it was just a ball of steel. It seemed that wrecks happened often on one of the dozen or so poorly marked grade crossings in or near town. We always knew the people who were maimed or died, sometimes very well.

What really impressed me most was the train wrecks—three, I think, in my short tenure there. The railroad company, even then, had pretty elaborate means of communicating to their trains, chiefly by semaphore signals which told an alert engineer that somebody was coming or was just ahead. Apparently, there was not so great communication between the Frisco and the GM&O.

My favorite wreck happened one afternoon near dusk when I was about 12. For some reason, a freight train on the GM&O stopped across the intersection or at best was creeping through it. This was not unusual except that

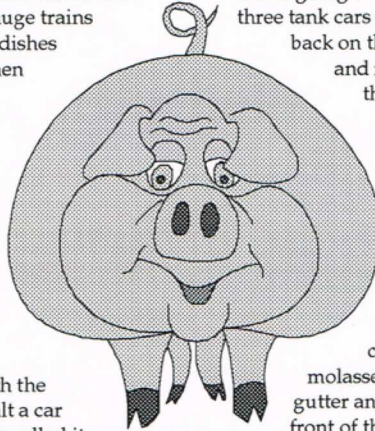
old 106 was due on the Frisco. Now, 106 always stopped, but its engines were often well past the intersection when it got stopped because the long downhill grade into town made stopping difficult. Today the train was long and that was what was going to happen.

The story goes that the engineer, good old Charlie Pugh, in spite of his locking the brakes, saw that he was going to hit the train, so he jumped from his locomotive. Then he saw that

it was going to hit what appeared to be three tank cars of gasoline. He jumped back on the train on his first bounce and ran for his life up the tunnel

through the three big diesel locomotives. The lead locomotive stopped just beyond the GM&O tracks. The three tank cars all lay on their sides—but there was no immediate explosion.

Dark brown liquid began to spill from one of the cars. Molasses! Black-strap molasses. It slowly filled a street gutter and flowed down the street in front of the Coca-Cola plant.



Everybody in town turned out to see the wreck, and before long opportunistic farmers began to show up and catch molasses in barrels. Hundreds of gallons, though, just ran down the gutter toward the Tallahatchie River. The streets were a mess. Then, after more than an hour of barrel filling, a railroad workman hit the plug in the top of the tank with a heavy steel bar, and the handout to the local pig farmers ended.

Nobody could believe that such a simple process could have ended the waste and mess hours sooner. I have thought about that lots of times through my life. "Is this a real big problem, or does the plug just need to be tightened?" It is awfully easy to jump to faulty conclusions when we fail to question what's really going on. A faulty conclusion is often just like the molasses spill—a pig's delight.

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I'd like to buy a vowel, please!

Becky Burns

Jack, Abby and I are thrilled with the newest member of our family. Emily is such a sweet baby. I can't wait until you get to meet her. She is all smiles and giggles, especially when she's around her big sister. We're pretty proud of both our girls. They are both very sweet, although Abby's solidly established in the "terrible two's." The only complaint I have about Emily is her sleeping habits. She doesn't believe sleep is necessary.

Sometimes Jack and I really miss the freedom of our prekid days, but we wouldn't go back. There is NO greater joy than having your two-year old say, "Mommy, I love you. You're my FAVORITE girl!" or having your five-month old smile ear to ear everytime she sees you. There's no denying it, I'm a real mom now. We even bought a minivan!

When I was in the recovery room after Emily was born, Jack asked me when I wanted to have another baby. After slugging him for his lousy timing, I started to think about it more seriously. We have two beautiful girls. We should at least try for a boy. (Of course, many of you know that Emily Anne was supposed to be Jacob Ryan—at least that's what our doctor told us!) Before we got married Jack said he wanted to have six kids (and I married him anyway). I think he's since changed his mind, but he and I both still want more than two.

My silly husband says we have to have at least three more kids to keep the trend going. What trend, you ask? *The naming trend.* We have an Abby. We have an Emily. Can any of you see where I'm going? Jack wants to have three more kids so that we can name them to correspond with the rest of the vowels! (He's the same person who insisted that Abby have a C middle name so that her monogrammed towels would read ABC. We have yet to monogram any towels for her, though.)

Having vowel children is an interesting idea. The problem is, what to name them? We have a boy's name

already picked out for I (Ian). But we're kind of stumped for a girl's name. "Ingrid" and "Isobel" are nice, but just don't really seem to fit. If our next child is a girl, we could just skip I and go straight to O (Olivia, which doesn't really seem to fit either, but we like it). Then, of course, we'd have an alphachronological displacement gap in which our O child would always feel out of place, being older than I, but coming after him in introductions (because you simply can't say, "I'd like you to meet my children, A, E, O, I, and U").

Having children for three of the vowels would (in Jack's mind) obligate us to have two more children. We wouldn't want the missing vowels to feel left out! I might just possibly be able to have five children without going completely insane. But please, nobody tell Jack about Y.

(NOTE: If you know of any interesting I, O, or U names, drop us an e-mail!)

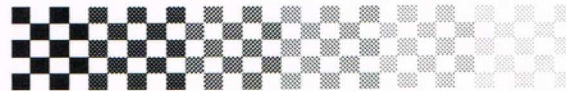


Pass it on

How well we do is determined not just by our gifts and grit, but also by social background, networks, family connections and—powerfully—by how well our parents did. Life is not merely a footrace, but a relay race.

It matters a lot how much headway the previous runner has made when he hands you the baton.

William Raspberry
Washington Post



Reflections upon the occasion of dividing the Hearn family property, July, 1997

Mary Alice Heard

With heavy hearts we come to claim our own
From precious pieces of the family treasure
To cart away what once was theirs alone,
Dismember memories beyond all measure—
The slant-top desk, piano, vases, dishes,
The corner cupboards, glassware, curio stand,
The antique beds and dressers, earthly riches,
The many books and lamps, the paintings grand.

When from this house these valued goods we sever,
Wil't strip our parents' features from the place
So that an empty shell remains forever
To testify to lives of charm and grace?
Ah no! Their essence lies outside this frame—
A legacy they gave us with their name.



HIStory - Florence Conner's recollections of a courtship



During the early days of Florence's courtship with Aubrey she kept a little scrapbook which she entitled "HIStory." In this book she noted the highlights of the early part of their relationship, which began in 1925 and culminated in their marriage in September, 1933. Although they had few opportunities to be together, there was a frequent exchange of letters and an occasional gift box of candy (from Aubrey) or cookies (from Florence). Following are a few passages from the book.

Jan. 5, 1925 - Aubrey wrote to thank me for some candy I made for them [Aubrey and his roommate, Allen Conner, Florence's brother]. He began "My dear Miss Conner."

Jan. 4, 1926 - He thanked me for a book mark I made for him. It was a dark blue ribbon with a Chrismon "H" embroidered on it for "Howard" [Howard College, now Samford University].

May 20, 1926 - I went to commencement exercises at Howard. Aubrey met the train before Allen came. I introduced myself to him. Allen, Aubrey and I went out to Mrs. Hearn's [Aubrey's Aunt Lizzie's] on the street car. Aubrey said he wasn't at all disappointed in Allen's sister.

May 21, 1926 - We all went to the Commencement Concert. Joy and Richard played. I sat by Aubrey and he and I walked home together. It was very dark and the street was rough so he told me to take his arm.

May 24, 1926 - Aubrey and Allen received their diplomas and the A.B. Degree. Mother, Dad, and I came home the next morning.

Aug. 22, 1927 [during a visit in Andalusia by Aubrey and his sister Mildred] - After lunch we went through our pastor's home then we four [Aubrey, Florence, Mildred, and Allen] went to Point "A." Aubrey and I fished. He said he didn't see why the fish didn't bite and he knew they would if they only knew what was at the other end of my line. Before we went he took us to the Drug Store and bought a box of candy for me. . . When we came home Aubrey suggested that we sit on the front porch. It was late so Allen and Mildred soon went in.

Aubrey and I didn't talk much. He asked me for a picture of myself and gave me back my ring and said he enjoyed wearing it. I didn't tell him to keep it because I didn't know if he wanted it. When we got up to come in he said, "Florence, will you let me call you my Sweetheart?" I wasn't sure because I was so surprised, but I told him it suited me. (I wonder now why I hesitated a moment.) They left after breakfast the next morning. Aubrey told me goodby first and I don't know whether it was he or I who squeezed the other's hand first—at any rate it was a warm handclasp. (Ours are always warm now—and thrilling.)

August 26, 1927 - Wonder of wonders—he began his letter "Dear Sweetheart." I had half expected it but I didn't know it would look as it did. He said he had no adjectives to tell what a delightful time he had in Andalusia. He was leaving for Attalla the next day to begin his year of teaching.

September 8, 1927 - He appreciated my insisting that he not work so hard and said he had resolved to rest enough. (It was useless for me to ask him to rest—he doesn't know what rest is.) He said I didn't need to practice four hours a day. . . He thanked me for the cookies I made for him. He said he still believed he had the best sweetheart in the world.

January 6, 1928 - I as Lady Rebecca received a letter from my Sir Aubrey. He promised me he would win the game of chess [played by mail] from Allen and that the laurel wreath would be his. He promised not to cast eyes on Sir Allen's queen.

April 5, 1928 - Aubrey said he enjoyed his holidays very much.

He and Allen finished the chess game and Aubrey won. He said he pledged his word of honor that he didn't flirt with his Allen's Queen. (I have not given him the laurel wreath.) He said he was coming Saturday to see me.

Easter Day - He came to the Presbyterian church and Lina Belle sat with him. [Florence was in the choir.] We went to dinner at the Forrest and came back to the college after dinner on account of our Easter Service. Lina Belle left us in Polymnian Hall—alone. It was the first time we had ever really been alone for long and he thrilled me because he held my hand in his for a long time. . . He gave me a beautiful little book on "Character and Conduct" and we read to each other.

May 16, 1928 - Aubrey and Mr. Sauls came and Aubrey brought me some pink carnations. Lucy had a date with H.S. and they played the Orthophonics. Aubrey gave me his picture and it is grand. . . I almost hated Miss Well for saying it was ten o'clock so sweetly. After H.S. and Lucy went out and we were the only ones left I made Aubrey go over near the mirror so I could see how tall I was compared with him. The top of my head comes nearly to Aubrey's eyes. He is the sweetest boy in the world and I adore him. I made him come back to Polymnian hall with me for the records just because I wanted to walk by him again.

He is the sweetest boy in the world and I adore him.

Self-expression through hobbies

C. Aubrey Hearn

Jerma Hearn located the article on hobbies which is excerpted below. It was published in The Best of Church Recreation Magazine II, Convention Press, 1984.

I can testify that a hobby can be not only a safety valve but also a delightful means of relaxation and education. . . These hobbies, faithfully pursued, can add years to a person's life and provide wholesome entertainment.

Another indoor hobby is reading. Anyone who likes to read eventually narrows his interests down to a few subjects. He tries to read extensively in the fields of his interests. This hobby provides many new and exhilarating experiences as books widen horizons and challenge the imagination. Book lovers never have a dull moment. When there is spare time, there is always a book on the waiting list.

Another hobby is writing. This is a form of art, such as music or sculpture. To write is to create, and to create is to produce. The product may not be notable, but there is always the possibility that it may prove helpful to some reader. While the form of the writing is intriguing to the writer, he hopes that people will read what he has written and benefit thereby.

Collecting hobbies offer many fascinating hours. I collect books on subjects of interest. Through searching second-hand stores on two continents, I have found rare volumes on biographies of favorite people and other subjects. Such a hobby is closely akin to writing, for a writer must have tools to do his best work.

To find a rare book for which one has been looking for many years is indeed an exciting experience. For ten years I looked across the nation for a biography of a missionary and finally found it in an old book shop in the same block as my office. Many a book collector has rejoiced in the discovery of some rare, old volume.

For several years I have collected antique china. Most of the pieces were picked up in antique shops in Europe, where they are not as expensive as they are in this country. Some of the choicest pieces were made years ago

Jericho week

Becky Burns

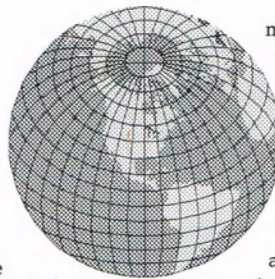
Most of you have probably heard by now that Jack and I have been seriously considering moving to Nashville for Jack to work on his Ph.D at Vandy. Well, now we're not so certain if we're going to move. We recently attended Jericho Week (that is, missions week) at Glorieta. We found out that Jack's folks (who are pastors up in Utah) were going to be there, and we decided to meet them so that they could see their grandchildren and so that we could go to some great conferences. We had a wonderful time!

The short of the matter is that Jack and I surrendered to foreign missions. Again! When I was about 15 years old I went to Falls Creek (that's a BIG Baptist youth camp here in OK, for all you non-Oklahomans) and felt called by God to some sort of special service. Then when I was about 19 I was at Falls Creek again and felt a stronger, more specific calling to foreign missions. Even though I've never acted on this calling officially (other than mission trips and summer

when craftsmen had time to perfect their art. When Keats said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," I think he must have been speaking of pieces of china. While my collection is not an expensive one, I consider some of the items masterpieces of beauty and craftsmanship.

For years I have collected stamps. This is one of the most educational of the collecting hobbies and one of the most rewarding.

I have also collected antique lamps. Although it is difficult to find such lamps, I have in my collection a few choice ones from Europe, the Holy Land, Brazil, Alaska, and other places. These are not all of my hobbies, but they are the main ones. Anyone who has not become lost in some hobby has missed much of the fun of living.



missions in college), it has always been my intent to pursue it—or at least to pursue more direction from the Lord. In fact, that was one of my prerequisites for a husband. If Jack hadn't had a heart for missions and received a calling similar to my own, I wouldn't have married him.

Unfortunately, we've both allowed all the little details of daily living to crowd into our lives and our hearts and crowd out some of the joy we have in being Christians. And we'd allowed our hearts to become hardened towards missions. It was inevitable that God would remind us of our calling while we were at Glorieta. We expected it. Our calling from Him has not changed simply because we've ignored it. The Lord has blessed us by giving us redemption in Christ. It is our responsibility to "bless" others by sharing our faith, and it is also our desire to do so.

While we were at Glorieta we walked the aisle—together, this time—and again committed ourselves to do whatever and go wherever the Lord leads us. We in no way "feel" prepared, but we desire to be obedient. We have had preliminary contact with the International Mission Board (formerly the Foreign Mission Board). We will be speaking with consultants for our area who will counsel us on what to do next. It may be that we will end up coming to Nashville. The only thing we know is that we don't know anything. Even if we were to go right away, it would still be a lengthy process. I'm certain Joel and Beth can attest to that.

We would really appreciate all your prayers. Our decision was not made lightly. We are excited, but we are also scared. Please pray for our gracious Lord to continue to extend His grace to us in wisdom and guidance, and to make smooth the path which He wants us to follow.



Introducing the newest Heard

Tim Heard

Ever since the death of Rufus years ago, I have longed for the day when I would be able to own another dog. My hopes were high that the purchase of our house last October would eventually lead to the wonderful sound of the patter of small paws (NOT feet!) across the floor. That chance came two months ago when Julie spotted an adorable looking puppy on the news that was up for adoption. Bailey, as we named her after days of debate, is a mutt. Picture a golden retriever's body, with a german shepherd's face. She looks sort of like a retriever who dipped her face in an inkwell.

While owning Bailey has been a joy, it has not been without its trials. Bailey's first response to being placed in our back yard was to run and hide in a bed of hostas. Later, after she became more self-confident, she decided to eat them and every other flower in the yard. In addition, we have been amazed at how quickly one can spend money on immunizations, toys and food.

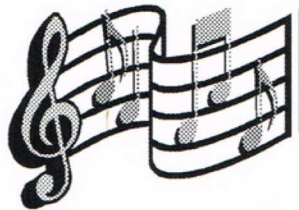
It has occurred to me that owning a dog is great training for being a parent. While I'm in no particular hurry to experience the latter, I'm hoping that lessons learned with Bailey will diminish the shock to my senses when and if such an event should take place. If Bailey is any indication, we'll be pretty good parents. Watch out, though; our kids are likely to run around a lot, teethe on people's fingers, and jump on you to display their affection. (Not unlike me at that age.) I hope that all of you can experience the joys of dog ownership.



Florence's Shorter notebook

Lerna Hearn

Sorting through her books and papers, I found a small black notebook which Mother evidently prepared by hand while a student at Shorter College. On the flyleaf is written, "Florence Conner, Shorter 30." "The Shorter Girls' Creed" fills the first page. The next 158 pages are filled with poetry and occasional prose quotations; all but a few are carefully identified as to author. At the end of the book is a 12-



Name that tune

Nancy Clark

Andy: Hey, Mom! Do you know what this melody comes from? (Humm.....)

Nancy: Boy, that sure sounds like Mendelssohn. But I'm not sure. I'll try to check on it and let you know.

Nancy (to musician friend): Say, do you recall what this melody is from? (Hummm.....) I think it may be from a Mendelssohn symphony or string quartet.

Friend: No, I don't know. You might try asking Jane; she knows so much music.

Nancy: Okay. (Forgets to ask Jane...Thinks about melody from time to time, but doesn't do anything about finding its source. Several months pass.)

Andy (on Nancy's voice mail at work, 2/27/97): Guess what, Mom! I suddenly learned something...and it's funny. I'll send you an e-mail and tell you about it.

Nancy checks e-mail. No e-mail from Andy Friday, Saturday, or Sunday.

Andy (calls Nancy at work, 3/3/97): Hi, Mom!

page alphabetical index of first lines and the page on which each entry is found. You may want to browse through this notebook next time you're in Nashville.

The Shorter Girls' Creed

I believe in girls, in the women of the great tomorrow, and that whatsoever the girl soweth the woman shall reap.

I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the dignity of learning, and the joy of serving others.

I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of printed books, in lessons taught not so

Nancy: Hi, Andy! Say, I never got my e-mail!

Andy (laughs): I know, Mom! I got so busy and at 3:00 a.m. I suddenly realized I never sent you the e-mail! As I took a shower, I listened to the radio and, wonder of wonders, I heard the vaguely familiar melody on the radio! Who do you guess is the composer? You get three guesses.

Nancy: Mendelssohn!

Andy: Second guess?

Nancy: Schubert?

Andy: Third guess?

Nancy: Schumann?

Andy: That's it! It's the "Spring Symphony" by Schumann! Do you remember, we used to listen to a record of that symphony a lot when Dan and I were small? I seem to be trying to recapture the music I heard as a child.

P.S. from Nancy: I also remember music from my childhood. Two musical remembrances that are especially vivid (besides all the folk songs in the little grey book):

Bird songs on 78 rpm (red) records "Juba Dance" by Nathaniel Dett (played by Mother on the piano)

much by precept as by example, in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head, in everything that makes life large and lovely.

I believe in beauty in the home, in the classroom, in the workroom, and in the influence of God's great out-of-doors.

I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all distant hopes that lure us on.

I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its obligations, and in the divine joy of living, here and hereafter.

Mail from Marcia

September, 1997

Dear Family,

This school year has started with the threat of an impending strike in Jefferson parish. The teacher's union is threatening to strike beginning this Wednesday when the current contract expires. I am not planning to go on strike. In 1979, my first year in Jefferson, there was a nasty strike which lasted five weeks. I had to cross a picket line every day. Please pray with me that the strike won't happen or, if it does happen, that it won't last very long.

Traci begins a new job tomorrow at Crossgate Manor Nursing Home in Brandon, Mississippi. This is the largest nursing home in Mississippi, with 230 residents. Traci applied for the job and was excited to get it. Her salary is a little better; mainly, the benefits are a great improvement. She will have dental and health insurance, plus they will pay for her to get a master's degree in a health-related field. She will be a music/activity therapist and will do music therapy as well as other activities. She plans to form a choir with the patients. There are five other activity therapists at Crossgate, so she will be working with other professionals. Traci plans to continue living in Canton because she is renting a two-bedroom house very inexpensively. She will have to drive about forty minutes to Brandon but doesn't mind the drive.

Gerald is working very hard at the B.S.U. and also at church as interim music director. The music search committee has two good leads for a minister of music; perhaps our church will call someone soon.

We enjoyed so much having Keith home for the summer. He worked as a counselor at a children's camp in City Park for seven weeks. He also led the praise music at The Mix, a single's service at our church every Thursday night. The Mix grew from a handful to forty-eight people in attendance at the last summer session. Keith went back to school on August 14. He is working on campus at a coffee house which opened this year. Besides serving coffee, he sings there on occasion with his band, Josiah's Reign.

Amy is now in the swing of things at the seminary. She began her second year in the Masters of Art and Christian Education (MACE) program this year. In May she moved into some apartments owned by the seminary. She loves her apartment and is working as a recruiter for the seminary to earn money to pay her rent. Please note her new mailing address in the *Hearn Herald* address list. Amy took Keith's place as music leader for The Mix. She is enjoying that very much.

Playing with Mikaela

Millie Dillard

It's wonderful to hear a little voice say, "Ganmama, will you play with me on the floor?" Recently I had that opportunity several times. I had given Mikaela three or four grocery receipts she had seen in my purse. She proceeded to wad them individually and put them in the pink pocketbook her parents had given her for Christmas. (Even though it's partially torn, it's her favorite plaything. She takes it everywhere she goes.)

After "walking to the store," Mikaela took each receipt out of her purse and asked me to help her flatten it. "Mikaela, what are those?" I asked, pointing to the receipts.

"These are my listes" (pronounced *lis-tes*, reminiscent of my students' *des-kes* when I taught third grade).

"Are you going to the store?"

"I am," she replied. She then handed me a receipt and said, "Two dollars."

She proceeded to go back and forth making trips to the store while I was sitting on the floor reading a book and sometimes commenting on what she was buying.

After many "trips to the store" and a reminder from Bonnie that it was time to take a nap, Mikaela wadded up each receipt and then put them back into her purse, ready for her next trip.

I can hardly wait to play with Mikaela the next time we visit!

I loved being with my sisters and brother and Lerma in Nashville this summer. It was a fun time! (I wish I could have seen Joel, Beth, and the McCords.) We need to plan a get-together next summer when all of us can come.

I love each one of you and hope this will be a wonderful year for you all.

Marcia



Life's True Wheel

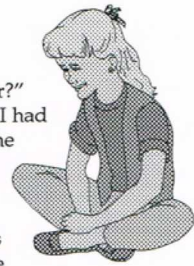
Mark Lippard

Don't count the mileage you ride
by the hours you've practiced.

But by the friends you have made
and the kindness shown.

For life is not balanced
by the years you ride,

But by the smiles you get
and the joys you give.

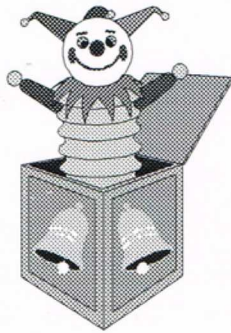


Portrait of a mother

Marcia Stovall

When I read Proverbs 31:28, "Her children will rise up and call her blessed," I think of my wonderful mother, Florence Conner Hearn. All six of her children remember her for her warmth and compassion. My mother was the author of children's books and a kindergarten director. She loved children, especially her own, and she encouraged each one of us to pursue our individuality and interests. My mother was soft-spoken, kind, and giving. I remember on one occasion her staying up all night to make each of her five daughters a new Easter dress. She didn't talk a lot about her faith; she lived it. I remember my mother, Florence Conner Hearn, and thank God for all she taught me!

This memory of Florence was written for a collection of vignettes, "Memories of Mother," prepared for the Times-Picayune's Mother's Day edition.

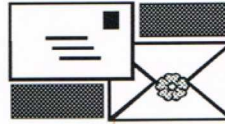


Welcome to Emily Anne Burns, new daughter of Becky and Jack, who was born on March 10. She is as beautiful as her big sister Abby, as you can see if you look her up on the Burns family web page. Look for updated pictures at that address: <http://www.earthlink.net/~jackburns/>.

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

Editor:
Printer's Devil:

Mary Alice Heard
Allan Heard



Need an address? Here's an updated list.

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Nancy Clark, 4305 Santa Fe Trail, Greensboro, NC 27406, 910-292-0188
- *Brian Dillard, 1417 E. 4th St., Royal Oak, MI 48067, 810-398-5749
James and Millie Dillard, 313 Poplar Lane, Mauldin, SC 29662, 864-288-0457
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- *Joel and Beth Heard, c/o Senim-Almaty, KZ, Global Post, 666 Fifth Ave., Suite 426, New York, NY 10103 (letters only)
Karen Heard, c/o Senim - Almaty, KZ, Global Post, 666 Fifth Ave., Suite 426, New York, NY 10103 (letters only)
Tim and Julie Heard, 6608 El Rancho Road, Louisville, KY 40291, 502-239-6632
- *Charles and Lerma Hearn, 2115 Westwood Ave., Nashville, TN 37212, 615-292-0697
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Gerald and Marcia Stovall, 5109 Wade Drive, Metairie, LA 70003, 504-885-0584
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Bonnie and Derek	derekmccord@hboc.com

Please send your email address when you get one.

Fifty signers of the Declaration of Independence

Our good friend Arlena Hasel created this puzzle for us. To find the names of the 50 men who signed the Declaration of Independence on August 2, 1776 (six others signed later), look diagonally, top to bottom, bottom to top, right to left and left to right. The names of the signers are listed below.

R O B T M O R R I S N N O S L E N P
 R H A N C O C K N O T E L D D I M A
 O O A N O S I R R A H K R A L C O I
 D P D J E F F E R S O N R U S H R N
 N K A R U T L E D G E A W A A A T E
 E I M S T O C K T O N M I L O S O H
 Y N S P A S A L S N I R L A L E N U
 B S E A Y M R Y I R L E S N E G O N
 T O W C L I R N R S K H O O N W O T
 S N E A O T O C R I N S N T O I P I
 M S H N R H L H O W A M O X T N S N
 A N Y I N C L Y M E R W T A S N R G
 I I R N H D D Y O L F A L R M E E T
 L K E U Y X T T E L T R A B A T H O
 L P L H O O P E R O S S W D D T T N
 I O L I V I N G S T O N T R A H I A
 W H E Y W A R D L E E L P P I H W P

- | | | | | |
|------------|----------|----------------|----------|-------------|
| Adams (J.) | Franklin | Hopkinson | Morton | Sherman |
| Adams (S.) | Gwinnett | Huntington | Nelson | Smith |
| Bartlett | Hall | Jefferson | Paca | Stockton |
| Braxton | Hancock | Lee | Paine | Stone |
| Carroll | Harrison | Lewis | Penn | Taylor |
| Chase | Hart | Livingston | Read | Walton |
| Clark | Hewes | Lynch | Rodney | Whipple |
| Clymer | Heyward | Middleton | Ross | Williams |
| Ellery | Hooper | Morris | Rush | Wilson |
| Floyd | Hopkins | Morris (Robt.) | Rutledge | Witherspoon |

Hearn Herald

Volume 5, Number 1

February, 1998

The trials of an editor—interesting correspondence from Aubrey's files

Submitted by Charles Hearn

First Baptist Church
Teague, Texas
January 24, 1943

Dear Mr. Hearn:

Your article in the Training Union quarterly for Jan. 24, and the Discussion Number Five, gives a quotation from Herbert Spencer in which he stated, "To be a good animal is the first requisite to success in life, and to be a nation of good animals is the first condition of national prosperity."

I am calling your attention to this matter because it was called to mine after having been aired in the young people's department by a real christian lady; but also one who has been told by J. Frank Norris that all Convention Baptists believe that we sprang from a monkey. She just knows you are a modernist and trying to poke it down our young people's throats that we are of monkey descent.

I shall appreciate it if you will give me a word of explanation as to the reason for the quotation. And your position in the matter of your belief in the bible plan of origin.

This lady has great influence over, not only the young people, but our entire membership. And I am trying to defeat her effort to destroy the influence of our Con-vention Baptists. She was born here almost, has lived here since a young woman, and has much weight; it would be impossible to get her out of leadership in the church.

Of course, if you are not a baptist, and I happen not [to] know, you have a perfect right to write as you please as far as either the lady or I am concerned. However, our baptist magazines should not allow any thing to come through them that might reflect upon us. And we have in the southland plenty of tainted people that will take exception to that statement because of the lies of Dr. Norris.

I assure you that I write this in the best interests of His cause. And I remain

Sincerely yours,
John O. Scott, Pastor

Nashville, Tennessee
January 29, 1943

Dear Brother Scott,

Your letter of January 24 is appreciated. You may tell the young lady who questioned my quotation from Herbert Spencer that it refers to the health of the American people. The

conclusion she reached was utterly unwarranted. I believe in the Bible plan of origin. The Board employs about 250 persons, all of whom are active church workers, and none of whom believes in evolution.

I trust that the above paragraph answers your queries. I should be glad to correspond with the young lady if there are further questions.

Sincerely,
C. Aubrey Hearn

Teague, Texas
Feb. 22, 1943

Dear Brother Hearn,

Bro. Scott gave me your letter of Jan. 25. I think your lesson in our B.Y.P.U. Quarterly was one of the best we have had and much needed at this time.

I am glad you and the other 250 workers do not believe in evolution. Then why quote Mr. Spencer who does believe in evolution???? Certainly, I know you were referring to the health of the American people, but our bodies should be something much more than "good animals." Many young people are taking his advice and making "good animals" of their bodies. That is just what Hitler teaches his young people. Baptists won't go to Hell teaching evolution, but they get so close to the edge quoting Spencer, Kagawa and some other "bright lights" they are likely to fall in.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Clair Clark

Nashville, Tennessee
Feb. 26, 1943

Dear Mrs. Clark:

I am grateful for your gracious remarks concerning my lesson in the Baptist Young People's Union Quarterly for January.

As for my quoting Herbert Spencer, there is room for a difference of opinion. Just because I quote Mr. Spencer in one sentence does not mean I agree with everything he had to say. I have observed that most writers quote people with whom they do not agree, and most people who are not writers do the same thing. If I wish to quote a man, I do not take the time to read the history of his life and all his works and see that I agree with everything he says. If I did, I would probably not quote very many people. Therefore, I cannot see any point to your criticism of my program.

Sincerely yours,
C. Aubrey Hearn



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Back to school	4
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One man's treasure	5
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Devilburgers*

6 hamburger buns or 12 slices of bread
1 lb. ground beef
1/4 c. minced onion
1/4 c. chili sauce
2 t. horseradish
2 t. Worcestershire sauce
2 t. prepared mustard 1 t. salt
1/4 t. pepper
1/4 t. monosodium glutamate

Toast the bun halves or bread.
Combine remaining ingredients and spread thinly on each slice to the very edge. Broil about 3 inches from heat for 5 minutes or until done. May top each open sandwich with a slice of cheese and heat until cheese begins to melt. Serves 8.

*Becky asked us to print this recipe. Devilburgers was one of the Hearn children's favorites when we were growing up. They were Mother's specialty, of course. However, once when the women of Immanuel were preparing a cookbook, Daddy submitted this recipe, and it was printed under his name. We children were amused that Daddy submitted a recipe, since he never cooked. After the ladies' cookbook was printed, a woman who wanted to use the Devilburgers recipe asked Daddy a question about it. Redfaced, he had to refer the woman to Mother and admit that the recipe was hers.

Bulletin bloopers

Beth Lippard submitted these funnies, which were printed in the magazine YMR Today.

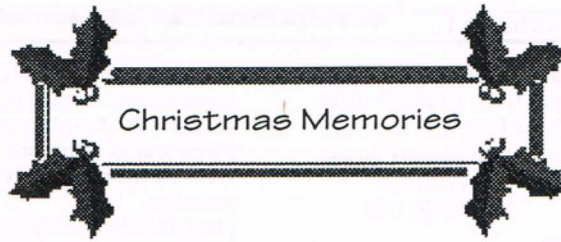
Smile at someone who is hard to love. Say "hell" to someone who doesn't care much about you.

Don't let worry kill you off—let the Church help.

For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.

The Rev. Adams spoke briefly, much to the delight of his audience.

Potluck supper Sunday at 5:00 p.m.—prayer and medication to follow.



Mikaela looks at Christmas lights

Bonnie McCord

We enjoy the Christmas season with the girls and seeing all the pretty decorations. Mikaela knows it's Jesus' birthday, and she talks about all the pretty lights for Jesus. A few weeks before Christmas we drove by some lights and asked Mikaela if she saw the pretty lights. Her response was, "I see them! It's very captivating!"

We thought that was a truly amazing response for a three-year-old! Later, as I was recalling the incident to her Grandmamma McCord on the phone, I asked Mikaela what she had said about the lights. Forgetting her original statement, she responded, "I said 'It's very aggravating!' (said, of course, with a big grin)."

It's true. Children never cease to surprise us with the things they say!

A letter to Santa

Katie Beth Lusk

The following letter to Santa was included with other letters from Burch Elementary School and published in Today in Peachtree City, Nov. 27, 1997.

Dear Santa Claus,

Can I please have a few presents? Can I have a ride with you??? I want a few puppy tows and a American grat doll. And 6# Bene baby. And sum doll haue stuff. I LIKE YOU! YOU HAVE THE BEST GOB IN THE WORLD!!

Love,
Katie Beth Lusk



Puzzle book on the market

Arlena Hasel, who has submitted several word puzzles for publication in the *Hearn Herald*, recently came out with a collection of these puzzles. It is called *300 Hidden Word Puzzles*, and it sells for \$3.00. Having purchased several copies to give to shut-ins from my Sunday School class, I recommend it highly.

To order a book, send \$5/book (includes postage, handling) to Arlena Hasel, 861 N. Waterview Dr., Clermont, FL 34711.

Arlena Smith Hasel and her sister Mary Ruth Smith Brew boarded at the Hearn house years ago when we Hearn children were very young. Both worked at the Baptist Sunday School Board. Their younger sister Jessie also worked at the Board and was Daddy's secretary for several years. All three graduated from Blue Mountain College.



Keep your strawberries fresh!

Mary Alice Heard

While Karen was abroad I was the only person in the household who put fresh strawberries on my cereal each day when they were in season. Since I usually go to the grocery store only once a week, I had to learn how to keep the fruit fresh all week. After months of experimentation, I developed the following method, which I now share. I will sit back and wait for the world to beat a path to my door-step!

Purchase fresh, ripe strawberries, not oversoft. As soon as possible place them in a colander and wash thoroughly. Prepare a bed on which to dry the berries: place two clean kitchen towels on the counter, one atop the other, and top with a paper towel. Remove stems and soft spots from the strawberries; halve or quarter berries. Place each strawberry section on the draining towels. When all berries are clean and sectioned, complete the drying process by covering berries with paper towel. Pat softly.

The key to this technique is the way the berries are stored. Place strawberries in a plastic or glass bowl and seal tightly with plastic wrap. (I use a rubber band to hold in place.) Moisture from the berries will collect on the underside of the plastic wrap. Each time you take berries from the bowl, reverse the plastic wrap so that the down side is on top. You will keep the berries relatively dry, and they'll taste fresh for days.

Enjoy your fresh strawberries this summer!



Mother's sewing

Mary Alice Heard

Not long ago I was mending a pair of slacks at my sewing machine. That's not a job I do gladly or well, but the chore needed doing, and there I was. As I was trying to get a seam straight, I thought of Mother and the hours she spent at her sewing machine. Mending was a never-ending job at our house, and when there was time she made clothes for us as well. The Eakin School May Day costumes that were required for some of us each spring constituted another of those jobs that she undertook, albeit unwillingly. (When May Day was discontinued, surely she rejoiced.)

How could one person be so handy with her fingers? Hands that could

rewire a lamp and play a difficult piano piece could also knit, do delicate needlework, and rework a hand-me-down dress. Once Mother was visiting me after I had married. She noticed that one of my blouses was torn under the arms. "Mary Alice, these sleeves need gussets," she told me, and she proceeded to add them. I hadn't a clue what a gusset was, but as I watched her deftly add the gussets, I realized how very talented she was.

Is there a gene for such skills? If so, I didn't inherit it. That doesn't prevent me from doing a little mending and trying to emulate Mother's considerable needlework talents. In counted cross stitch I have found a handcraft that requires little real skill. I think of her when I do that too. Thanks, Mother!



In my ideal life

Andy Clark (1988)

I'd retreat to a mountain peak, glacial or plain: the gneiss rocky crags give full views of my world. I would sing with the field swallows, commune with coyotes and scrounge with the stoats. I'd swim with the mud puppies downstream and up. I would sip sweet dew seeping from pure alpine springs, Tickle pet field mice with thumbs and grass leaves. To remember community, a few times a year, I'd emerge from the hollows, greet hiking folks ("Look at that shaggy old coot!") I'd use silent darkness for simple reflection and gaze up at stars and the moon, for a spell. If I could do these things, I'd do very well!

Latest language blunder

Joel Heard

Learning the nuances of pronunciation in Kazak has its challenges. Often we end up saying something we never intended. For instance, several weeks ago we learned that a new vocabulary word, "kutuktayu," which means to tickle, closely resembles a word we'd already learned, "kootuktayu," to congratulate. We realized that there had been some instances when we meant to say "congratulations" and had actually said "I tickle you."

We just finished class, and I thought I should share with you our latest language goof while the tears are still in our eyes from laughing so much.

Part of what we do each day is to memorize new phrases by rote. We were working on saying, "I want to invite you to come as a guest" (loose translation). One of the words—the word for *guest*—is similar to another word we learned several weeks ago while working to memorize a verse. Beth was trying to say our new phrase from memory. But she messed up and said (in perfect grammar, I might add), "I want to invite you to hell Friday night at 6:00."

You should have seen the shock on Zhanar's [the teacher's] face. We laughed so hard.

Homebound teacher?

Suzie Lusk

Since I started working as a teacher to the homebound in September I discovered that some states do not even offer this service. In Georgia every county has at least one homebound teacher, and some have three or four. Our county has always had one teacher until this year. Last year the teacher was serving so many students, she had to contract out most of the high school students. Then she retired, and the county hired Susan Crawford, a special education elementary teacher. Susan, a wonderful Christian, serves mostly the special ed students who are homebound, and I get the high school and most of the middle school students. As you may know, I changed to this job because my high school had to give up one math teacher.

Our referral form says that you have to be under a doctor's care to be taught at home, and the doctor must certify that you will be out of school for more than ten days. We do not take students with emotional problems or pregnant students unless the doctor puts them to bed. Some of our students are almost well when we get their referral, and by the time we get to their house they are about ready to go back to school. Students fill out the referral form because they are counted present while they are homebound.

This is certainly a different job, and I have learned a lot about English, history, biology, chemistry, and physical science. One of the job's advantages (or possibly drawbacks) is that I'm getting acquainted with a lot of different subjects. I generally just relay the assignments from the teachers to the students and see that they complete them. So far this year I have had several students with mononucleosis, two or three who have had surgery, and one who has cancer.

I wish all of you could meet my full-time student, Brad. He is HIV positive, and he stays at home all the time. He is a high school junior now and is very bright. Brad has trouble spelling due to severe learning problems in elementary school, and



Dear family,

I have had quite a few changes in my life in the past month or so and figured I would let all of you know what is going on.

On January 14 I packed up all of my belongings (stored 3/4 of them), left my job and two bedroom house that I was renting, and took off for Ft. Worth, Texas. I am now a graduate student at Southwestern Baptist Seminary. It's still hard for me to believe that I am here!

I am studying marriage and family counseling. (I get a lot of laughs when I tell people that and they find out that I am not married!) When I finish, I will have two masters degrees, a Master of Arts in Marriage and Family Counseling and a Master of Arts in Christian Education. I have always been interested in counseling and have always wanted to go to a seminary, so I guess I am at the right place. (Dad would say so; he kinda likes Texas!) It's also neat to be at the school where mom and dad met. I am in the same dorm that

mom was in! It will probably take me four years to graduate, but I am in no real hurry (I guess that's a good thing).

I have a really neat job. I am working for a company called Music Therapy Services of Texas. The company is fairly new and has a partnership with Brook Mays music stores. I work in the music store as assistant lesson coordinator and also go to various schools, using music therapy with children with disabilities. I think I am going to like the job because there is so much variety. It is quite a change, however, since I have been working with geriatrics for the past 2-1/2 years. However, I think I am really going to enjoy the children. I just have to get used to the Barney song instead of songs of the 30's and 40's!

I hope that all of you are doing well! I am finally in the real world and have access to e-mail, so I would love to hear from you all. Please note the new addresses on the list. Take care and much love.

Traci



he also has problems expressing his thoughts on paper. We try to cover the subjects he's enrolled in. I give him credit for everything, even though sometimes he doesn't really do all the work he would have done at school. For example, when we studied foods he mostly read the book, whereas in class he would have cooked a lot with other students. He's in Foods 2 now, and I expect him to prepare a dish once a week, record the ingredients, and write about the experience. Unlike my other homebound students, I teach Brad his subjects and grade all his work.

The neatest thing about Brad is that he collects trains. He loves trains, and he could talk to you about them for hours at a time. Brad got Windows 95 for Christmas, and he's found hundreds of train web sites. Being able to get on the Internet has really gotten him excited. Brad has been well the last few years and is optimistic about the future. Please keep him in your prayers.

I'll keep you posted about any new developments or unusual experiences. In the meantime, I'm not homebound—just traveling around Fayette County visiting students.

One man's treasure . . .

Allan Heard

I was eight years old and roughly halfway through the second grade when we moved to the other side of the tracks, which was more commonly called the other side of town. There was a certain prejudice in both directions, or so it seemed. The wealthier people were scattered around, so I guess the basis for prejudice was something else—possibly the schools.

I didn't officially make the school change until the next school year. Each day I walked through about a mile of a partly scary neighborhood, back to Cleveland Street Elementary. (I was and am pretty sure two of the houses were haunted.) At that age, not many of your buddies could follow you home after school—all the way over there across the tracks. Sometimes Dan, whose parents both worked, would go home with me, but that was rare.

Thus it was that I cultivated a new and readily available friend, W.T., or "Dub," as his cousin Charlie Horse called him. W.T. was a truly sweet little guy and fun to play with. He was black, as were all the people along the steep dirt road which ran down the hill behind the house we shared with an elderly lady and several of her grown daughters. Some "pore white trash" lived on down the road, across the creek and right under the Frisco tracks, which perched on the hillside. The two little boys there were fun too, but the mother was so vile and violently loud that I pretty much dodged the territory. I understood that Jim Barleycorn stayed with her most of the time. (His name may have been John, not Jim. I never really saw him and certainly never met him.)

I had a wagon, and W.T. and I spent a lot of time making tracks with it, especially when the ground was soft and easy to cut with the wagon wheels. Sometimes we could get Charlie Horse, who was several years older than we, to push us. We always had to reciprocate. The road was so rutted that it was hard to get a good run down the hill, which didn't keep us from trying that too. The ruts and deep rills probably were our salvation. The hill was so steep and rugged that I can only remember one vehicle ever

venturing down it, and I don't think it has ever come back. Sometimes a brave older kid would venture down the hill on a bike, but he would have to push it back.

W.T. and I spent a lot of time throwing rocks in the creek, wading, and fishing for the two-inch sunfish that somehow survived, though the creek was little more than an open sewer. It served as a seepage drain for a large number of shotgun tenant houses scattered over the hillside and for a large cemetery where vault burials have not always been required.

The Frisco railroad was the focus of a lot of our energy. There was a never-ending supply of rocks to throw. Now and then we put something on the



track to be flattened or crushed, but we were pretty cautious. We somehow knew we might derail a train, so we avoided very big objects.

W.T. was more worldly wise than I. Thus, it was not surprising that he knew where a real treasure trove lay. About a half-mile up the tracks, it was the city dump. Each day new treasure was spilled out, but they burned pretty often. You had to get there at the right time, or the trip would be wasted. W.T.'s eyes sparkled with imagination when we talked of sneaking up there.

I am proud to say that on my very first trip, I found my first and only gas mask. Put this into perspective by recognizing that World War II was still going hot and heavy. Every child over three was armed for combat and specially trained for hand-to-hand fighting. I may very well have been the only eight-year-old in the entire town of 3000 who actually had his own gas mask. Granted, it probably was World War I vintage. Still, I was practically a celebrity at eight. I

remember that I got equally valuable goods on other trips to the dump, though I can't come up with specifics. I think I had some difficulty convincing my mother that I needed to make regular visits to the garbage dump, but I no longer remember just how her court order read. I do believe the citation may have been framed with small limbs from an apple tree. There was an abundant supply of such natural resources in the back yard.

I had little sensitivity to how tough life was for my friend or the whole black community, for that matter. I remember that I never saw him with any kind of food except a piece of fried cornbread. I understood that things were better for me, though we were not rich, but my comprehension was not very deep. We two had a pretty democratic relationship. He was fun for me and I for him.

This all came to a very quick and sad ending. Late one afternoon, the voices of two women yelling at one another drew everybody on the hillside to a confrontation between W.T.'s mother, Gatherine, and her sister, Coreena. They were tenants of adjacent landowners, living just across a fence from one another. They were standing on opposite sides of a long-trampled barbed-wire fence yelling things I had never heard. Both were armed with butcher knives, and they were profanely, but seriously, daring one another to step across the line. Shortly, the Sheriff arrived and quieted the squabble. I had not understood the source of the disagreement, but apparently it was the attentions of a man. I wouldn't have understood it, had I known. Several nights later, Coreena settled the squabble by shooting Gatherine dead.

I never saw W.T. again. He was just sort of spirited away. I never saw Charlie Horse again, for that matter. His mother did the shooting. There was no chance even for goodbyes. I had, perhaps, my first lesson in how senseless people can be—how selfish. I had my introduction to the finality of death and the broadly spread pains of murder.

I never went back to the garbage dump again. The real treasures were gone.

What we do

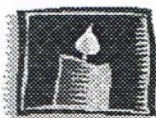
<i>Name</i>	<i>Job Title</i>	<i>Job Description</i>
Becky Burns	Accounts receivable / database developer, Tanner Consulting (civil engineering firm)	Becky continues in this job for one month. After March 1, her title is Full-Time Domestic Goddess.
Jack Burns	Systems engineer / account representative, School Vision, Inc.	Representative of Apple Computer for schools in western Oklahoma and the Texas panhandle
Andy Clark	Ph.D. candidate, Cornell University Electrical Engineering Department	Doing research in the field of plasma physics
Dan Clark	Intern architect, Dewberry Design Group, Tulsa, OK	Helps to design buildings; presently is working on designs for high schools, hospitals
Kristen Clark	Substitute teacher, Tulsa, OK public schools	
Nancy Clark	Senior technical associate, General Dynamics Advanced Technology Systems, Inc.	Places orders for ongoing projects and keeps track of incoming material; writes instructions for modifying Navy equipment
Brian Dillard	Engineering manager for Vehicles Control Software group, Lucas-Verity (formerly Kelsey-Hayes)	Manages a group responsible for antilock brake and traction control software for vehicle braking systems
Jim Dillard	Senior adult minister, Augusta Road Baptist Church, Greenville, SC	Coordinates church's ministry to senior adults
Millie Dillard	Family literacy teacher, Golden Strip Human Resources	Provides literacy, GED training to adults; teaches children to read through Reading Recovery program
Sharon Dillard	Cardiovascular technician, Beaumont Hospital, Royal Oak, Michigan	Serves as a nurse in the Catheter Lab, where interventional cardiology procedures (angioplasty, stints, balloon pumps) are performed; teaches use of balloon pumps through Carnegie Institute
Allan Heard	Senior municipal engineer, Lexington-Fayette Urban County Government	Manages utility relocation and contracting, reviews plans for buildability for Lexington capital developments
Beth Heard	Information officer, Senim	Journalist, writer
Joel Heard	Education coordinator, Senim	Will be coordinating educational work—providing English teachers for local universities, coordinating exchange programs, conducting English clubs
Julie Heard	Teacher, Wheeler Elementary, Louisville, KY	Teaches a combined kindergarten-first grade class
Karen Heard	R.N., Central Baptist Hospital, Lexington, KY	Critical care nurse, Emergency Department
Mary Alice Heard	Unemployed; seeking work as a writer or copy editor	
Tim Heard	Human resources officer, Humana Inc.	
Bob Hearn	Chief technical officer, Gobe Software	Gobe Software is a company in Portland founded by Bob and some friends. His current project is helping the friends write a program to run the Be operating system, an alternative to Windows for Macs and PCs. He also does research for the next generation of the software.

Continued on page 7

**A Kazak
amenity**

Joel Heard

Life in Kazakstan presents many unusual challenges. The greatest of these, at present, is how to live without lights, gas, or heat. Over the past several months we've learned the immeasurable value of a candle. From our experiences we would like to share with you . . .



**THE TOP TEN THINGS TO DO WITH
A CANDLE**

10. Give yourself a haircut and perm.
9. Wax your furniture.
8. Wax your legs.
7. Heat a can of peas (it works!).
6. Heat your apartment (it doesn't work).
5. Conduct scientific experiments regarding the flammability of various articles of clothing.
4. Burn the fuzz off of a dead chicken.
3. Create a romantic ambiance to go with your corn flakes.
2. Play "Jingle Bells" with your smoke detector.
1. Thaw out your frozen underwear.

What we do - cont'd

<i>Name</i>	<i>Job Title</i>	<i>Job Description</i>
Charles Hearn	Senior engineer consultant (retired), Occidental Petroleum	Petroleum reservoir engineer specializing in reservoir simulation
Lerma Hearn	Chemistry instructor (retired)	College-level chemistry teacher; conducted chemistry labs
Liz Hearn	Ph.D. candidate in geophysics, U. Of Oregon; expects to graduate in June	Currently numerically models deformation associated with California earthquakes, with the goal of learning more about the structure of the earth's crust in California. Another goal is to quantify how much an earthquake affects the likelihood of subsequent earthquakes on other nearby faults
Beth Lippard	Sure Fire Entertainment, Denver, NC	Does the marketing, bookkeeping, and advertising for the company
Mark Lippard	Sure Fire Entertainment, Denver, NC	Entertains with juggling and unicycle routines
Fred Lusk	Teacher, Stockbridge Middle School, Henry County, GA	Teaches Georgia history
Katie Beth Lusk	First grader, Robert Burch Elementary Fayette County, GA	
Suzie Lusk	Hospital/homebound teacher, Fayette County, GA public schools	Visits homes of students who are ill, have had surgery, or have incurable diseases
Bonnie McCord	Homemaker	Mother to Mikaela and Rachel
Derek McCord	Health technology sales representative, HBOC	Sells software and hardware to run hospitals
Amy Stovall	Taking a break from degree work at New Orleans Seminary	Secretary to Seminary theology professor; cleans houses in her spare time
Gerald Stovall	BSU Director, U. Of New Orleans, New Orleans, LA	Work involves supervising two interns and the multifaceted student ministry at UNO: weekly luncheon and worship/praise service, on-campus Bible studies, outreach
Keith Stovall	William Carey College, Hattiesburg, MS	College junior majoring in psychology; expects to graduate in spring, 1999
Marcia Stovall	Librarian, Roosevelt Middle School, Kenner, LA	Helps students find library books, enters new acquisitions in computer files, keeps computer files up to date
Traci Stovall	Seminary student, Southwestern Seminary, Ft. Worth, TX; assistant lesson coordinator, Music Therapy Services, Ft. Worth, Texas	



Good show!

Congratulations to Derek McCord, who was named to the Achievement Club by his employer for reaching the highest level of sales possible. Among HBOC employees nationally, he ranks 20th out of 350 sales personnel. Good show, Derek!

Brian and Sharon Dillard were married on Dec. 6, 1997, in Birmingham, Michigan. Welcome, Sharon, to the Hearn clan.



We express condolences to Lerma Hearn in the death of her father, Dr. Vernon Engberg, in Houston, Texas, and to Fred Lusk in the passing of his first cousin and close friend, Dennis Campbell.

We extend our sympathy to the family of A.V. Washburn, who died recently in Nashville. He was a member of Immanuel, an employee at the Baptist Sunday School Board, and a fine Christian gentleman. A.V. and his wife, Kate, were long-time friends of Aubrey and Florence. We appreciate not only A.V.'s 50-year friendship with our parents but also his contributions to the work of our denomination.

We find it handy to file our copies of the *Hearn Herald* in a three-ring binder. If you also store yours that way, you might like for us to send the newsletter with holes already punched. Give us some feedback.

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

Editor: Mary Alice Heard
Printer's Devil: Allan Heard

Need an address? Here's an updated list.

Jack, Becky, and Abby Burns, 4242 E. 58th Place,
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Claudia—enthusiasm personified
Millie Dillard

I want to tell you about one of my adult students, Claudia Pyles. When school started in August, 1997, I was assigned a new location in Simpsonville, SC. The school had five kindergarten classes for four-year-olds, and I was to serve as many of the parents of these children as I could. Even though I recruited four or five adult students for my GED class, several of them gradually dropped out because of various problems.

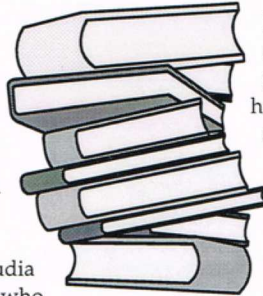
In January, 1998, I ordered an outdoor sign from the Pepsi Cola Bottling Company that said, "Get your GED here." My phone number was listed, and I began to get many calls from people who were interested in getting their GED. One of the first ones to call was Claudia Pyles, a lovely black woman who lives a short distance from the Golden Strip Resource Center, where I work. Claudia is 54 years old. She dropped out of school in the tenth grade because of many family problems. She and her husband, Curtis, have three children, all grown. Two of them, Angela and Curtis, Jr., live at home and work full-time. Claudia is a wonderful Christian, and often we had discussions about God's love and how good He is.

Claudia began my class on February 5. She would come in the morning and stay four or five hours every day! She was so excited about learning new things that she would take material home to study every night. Gradually she worked her way through books on fractions, geometry, and algebra. Then she worked through social studies, science, and writing. From time to time, I would have her write essays to prepare her for the GED. Since she was so excited about learning, she wouldn't hesitate to tell people about the class and how much she was learning. She made me more

excited about teaching because she came to school each day with such enthusiasm. I told her that I wished I could bottle up her enthusiasm and give it out to those who came for a few days and never returned!

By June 5, the last day of class, Claudia had spent 263 hours in my class, more than any student I've had in the past four years! After she took the GED in May, I thought that she would quit coming, but she has continued to come back. She began learning to type using a computer typing program I have in my room.

Now that school is out, Claudia still comes to school if I need to go by there for any reason. I'm hoping that when she gets her scores, she will go on to further her education. I've told her that it would be great if she got a job with the school district and could work with me. We have become good friends. I told her that if she doesn't come next year, I might get Claudaitis! She has certainly been an inspiration to me.



She was so excited about learning new things that she would take material home to study every night. Gradually she worked her way through books on fractions, geometry, and algebra. Then she worked through social studies, science, and writing.

Thanks

... to all of you for your contributions to our family reunion. To all the artists who participated in our talent show—you were fantastic! We had a wonderful time. And thank you, grandchildren, for cooperating so wonderfully by preparing the lunchtime meals. You are a great group, and your parents are proud of every one of you.

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Memories from C. Aubrey Hearn
Marcia Stovall

It seems my creative genes have taken a siesta this summer. Therefore, I asked the editor-in-chief, Deli, if I could recap some of our dad's memories expressed in his article, "It's Fun to have Six Children." If you have read this article, published in *Hearthstone* magazine in 1958, you can skip my summations!

Dad mentioned a time in 1946 when he had all five (at the time) children in church without mother to supervise. It seems Marcia, aged three, and Millie, aged five, had slipped away from the nursery to sit in big church. Suddenly, Dad was distracted when Marcia took out a toy pistol and began aiming at fellow worshipers. Dad quickly retrieved the gun. Only moments later, Dad heard the thud of a hundred pennies falling under the pews. Millie had a small purse filled with pennies, and she decided then was the time to count them! As luck would have it, the pennies fell to the floor. Before Dad knew what was happening, Millie and Marcia were down on the floor, crawling under the pews to retrieve the pennies! Dad said that he learned something that day, but not from the sermon!

Then there was the time we had dinner guests, and Millie said to Mom, "Mother, you didn't clean this corn. There are hairs on it!" Dad had suffered from an asthma attack, and

one day he heard one of his children saying, "My dad has been suffering from amnesia."

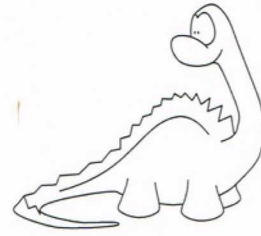
Many years ago we had a maid named Ruby who lived with us. One day as Dad kissed his children goodbye, Nancy told him, "Wait, you forgot to kiss Ruby!"

Dad enjoyed learning new words and phrases his six children coined. After eating a banana, one of us said, "My hands are all nannery!" Another word one of us used, which he liked, was "amazable."

One Halloween Dad took Suzie "spooking." At the breakfast table the next morning, Suzie prayed, "Lord, help all the ghosts and hobgoblins to become Christians!"

Shortly after Suzie was born, Millie was asked to return thanks at the breakfast table. She prayed, "Dear God, when we have another baby, let it be a girl." Both Mom and Dad were surprised and asked Millie, "You already have a new baby sister. Do you want God to give you *another* sister?" Millie explained, "Well, it's like this. We asked God for a little brother, and He sent a sister. So maybe if we ask for a sister, we'll get a little brother!"

Dad concluded his article by saying it was fun to be the father of six children. I would like to add that it surely was fun being one of those six children, growing up under the guidance of our wonderful Dad and Mom!



A dinosaur dream

Kristen Clark

A glow-in-the-dark dinosaur.
Never would I hear it roar,
For it was merely a toy
That came from a cereal box.

Suppose the creature were giant.
A stegosaurus it would seize
If the creature were real,
That dandy dinosaur of the past.

The shining plastic imitation
Now stands on a teenager's shelf
Representing the mighty tyranno-
saurus,
Lonely, for it needs a counterpart.

Rice Krispies treats I did make
Until the lava of cereal
No longer overlaid a pink saurus,
The perfect match to the green one.

Now together the tyrannosaurs reign,
Happily casting light on the night-
stand
For those who will never grow up.



Good show!

Congratulations to Liz Hearn, who has been awarded a Ph.D. in geological sciences by the University of Oregon.

Hats off to Julie Heard, proud recipient of a M. Ed. in elementary education from the University of Louisville.

Congratulations to Tim Heard, new human resources manager at Ceridian EAS, a company that produces time and attendance computer software.

Chow party mix

Julie Heard

2 cups Rice Chex
2 cups Cheerios
3 cups Corn Chex
12 oz. M&Ms
2 cups pretzels
2 cups peanuts
1 pound white chocolate
Mix first six ingredients. Melt chocolate. Pour over mix gradually. Stir thoroughly to coat mixture. Spread evenly over wax paper and let stand for 30 minutes.

"Goodbye," said the fox.
"And now here is my secret,
a very simple secret: It is only
with the heart that one can
see rightly; what is essential is
invisible to the eye."

From *The Little Prince*, by
Antoine de Saint Exupery

Blackjack Sunday

Allan Heard

My brother Bill is about four years older than I, so it was sort of natural that he discovered ducks first. When Bill was about 16 he spent a summer working for Zach Whisenant, a local building contractor, and during that summer he became friends with Robert Davis. Robert was a tall, lanky black man in his early fifties. He loved to hunt and he loved to fish, and he was willing to make any sacrifice to do either one. His zeal was catching.

It was just a matter of time and he introduced Bill to the old cutoff slews of the Little Tallahatchie between New Albany and the Martintown bridge, seven or eight miles downstream. Walking, it was more like a hundred. In the winter, stray mallards would rest in the slews. There were also plenty of catfish, but we did not spend much time fishing for them. Bluntly, New Albany dumped raw sewage into the river, so the diet of the catfish was suspect. Though I didn't have a shotgun yet, I was allowed to go along on duck hunting treks to serve the function of a hunting dog, flushing the ducks in the direction of the shooter. I got very good at crawling on my hands and knees with the water mocassins. (Did you know you can fly if you really have to?) I served a couple of years in this apprentice role before I got a shotgun. By then, I could point quail like a bird dog. More often than not, Robert was not along on our quick after school hunts. He share-cropped a large chunk of land for the county's biggest landowners. On top of that, he had a construction job when there was work. We would stop by and consult with him on our way home.

When I was about 15, my friend Guy and I spent a good deal of time figuring how to get a duck. We would make the circuit of local farm ponds when one of us was allowed to drive the family car. Eventually, his grandmother started letting him use her 1950 Plymouth nearly every Sunday afternoon.

The car caused a considerable spiritual problem. One of the things we were required to do was to observe the Sabbath with a good deal of reverence. For example, I seem to remember that when I was a little younger, I was allowed to play war on Sunday but I had to postpone shooting any of the enemy until a weekday. Thus, the availability of the car

caused a temptation to go hunting, but we knew without asking that it was taboo. Punishments were not brutal, but they were effective. Groundings! That pretty well held us at bay, but not entirely.

One Sunday at Sunday School we talked about the ducks we had often seen when we fished on the Rainey estate, up near Blue Mountain. There nearly always seemed to be about twenty or so blackjacks on the big lake. We thought we just might be able to sneak up on one of those flocks and shoot some of them before they could fly. (Actually, it's almost impossible to kill a duck on the water. It's almost as if they have some kind of magic.)

We decided we would go that afternoon and try our luck—if one of us could manage to sneak a shotgun. There was not a chance for

Guy—too many other kids to tattle, but I did it rather easily. When he beeped for me, I put the gun out the window of my room and picked it up on the way to the car.

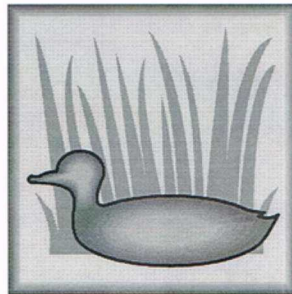
We made it to the lake in record time and found that we were in luck. There was a bunch of blackjacks out in the middle of the lake.

We had previously observed that blackjacks don't flush off

the water very easily. If they have space, they will simply swim away from any perceived threat. We planned to take advantage of that. Our shooter would sneak to a particular place on one side of the lake, and the flusher would sneak to the other side and intentionally let himself be seen. We assumed they would swim to the shooter.

Guy allowed that he had never shot my gun and sure would like to. It was a neat, 20-gauge Mossberg bolt-action, so I understood his feelings. Thus, I volunteered to do the flushing. The task was not trivial; it required going halfway around a 100-acre lake and all the way around a lesser one.

The first challenge was to cross the main levee without being seen. This proved impossible. The top was too open and the back side was too grown up in brush. I had no choice but cross the swamp behind the dam. I was willing to make the sacrifice. I told Guy how the safety worked, and, as an afterthought, suggested that he try to catch two ducks close together and pick them off with his first shot. Then I was on my way.



Continued on page 6

Abiding hope*

Fred Lusk

Luke 21:25-36

Terrible events have happened. Terror exists all around us every day. The future undoubtedly holds tragedies beyond our comprehension. Jesus says, "I told you so." Yet, because of the past and present faithfulness of God, the Christian finds confidence that the Kingdom of God has already broken into this sinful world and that the power of love has been released to enable us to cope when we are pressed on every hand. When people "faint with fear and foreboding of what's coming on the world," Christians know that the Kingdom of God has already had its D-Day and will one day have its V-Day. The Spirit of Christ has already established the controlling center of our personality in holiness before God in the face of whatever uncertainty there may be in the future.

Two stories describe the attitudes of St. Francis and Martin Luther concerning the end times. While cultivating a row of vegetables in the monastery garden, St. Francis was asked what he would think if he knew that Christ would return any minute. St. Francis replied, "I would think that I would like to finish weeding this row." When Luther was asked what he would do if he knew that Christ would return that very day, he is said to have remarked, "I would plant this little tree."

So whether the terror described in our verses is near or far away, the Christian can know that redemption in Christ has already been accomplished on the cross. The Christian can live a life of holiness before God full of prayer, obedience, and mission. The life of holiness is not, then, a fearful anticipation of an unknown future filled with terror. It is a life of peaceful and certain expectations (waiting) that the steadfast love of the Lord will never pass away.

*Fred wrote this devotional thought for his church's Christmas Advent booklet.

Horeb church*

Lena Allen Conner

I was born in the country December 29, 1880, and lived for ten years in a country environment. My parents went to a country church three miles from Mayfield, Georgia, and I went along with them. Mother put a quilt pallet on the floor between the benches that I might have a place to sit or sleep.

With Horeb church are associated some of my happiest memories. How overjoyed we children were when the season came for us to begin practice on our songs for Children's Day at the annual camp meeting. Methodists and Baptists shared the cottages around the camp ground. The whole county was privileged to take some part at one time or another.

Country people find Sunday School and church a chance for friendly relationships as well as a place for worship. Saturday was Conference Day, and that was not a day for trifling, either. Quite often an offending brother heard his doom pronounced.

The fire

Dan Clark

What if a coal should fall from the fire?
Loathing to watch it,
I turn away,
Thinking of chances
I have not taken
Seems to dim red-hot
well into gray.

What if the world were
laid down at my feet?
Nothing to hinder
burning desires.

To cinders I fall,
in ashes I smolder,
Torn by the flashing
of different fires.

A morning mosaic
kindles a hope
With coals all its own
from the heart of the sun.

What if today
a fire could ignite me,
Just like that sunrise
Where bright colors run?

My parents believed in going to every association or ministers and deacons meeting within reach, and sometimes that meant across the county, perhaps 30 or 40 miles—no mean distance for horse and buggy days. One of my earliest was an association at Bethlehem church. The crowds were immense, and I got lost. I had on a new dress, a darned net made by my Aunt Georgia Duggan. Cousin Corley Duggan found me crying, took me on his shoulder high above everybody's head (I remember that especially), and walked around until we found my mother.

When preparations were going forward for another big meeting at Horeb church, my mother sent me out to the store for something she needed. Some Negroes were there with a bad dog. He ran for me at once and bit me in the side, dragging me to the ground. Several women who had already arrived rushed me into the house and put hot poultices of dough or bread or something on the wound, and I lived to tell the tale.

*Lena Conner, Florence's mother, wrote a brief autobiography from which this passage is taken.

My favorites

Beavis (aka "Pawpads")

I-I-I like chikin.
And I-I-I-I like tuna.
And I-I-I-I-I like Daddy.
And I-I-I-I-I like
Mommy.



Brain food

Dan Clark

Last weekend I must have been really bored. I did a crossword, and I still can't figure it out!

_ N _ E _ D	Clue: Men
I _ _	Clue: Like (stuff)
AR _ _	Clue: Bohemian
D _ N _	Clue: Force unit

I will be looking in the next *Hearn Herald* for some possible answers. Not as good as e-mail, but it will do.



Samuel (1 month), on left, meets Hannah (two months) at the home of Marie Heard, their great-grandmother.

Welcome to Hannah Marie Heard, who made her appearance in Louisville, Kentucky on June 2, weighing in at six pounds.

Welcome also to Samuel Conner Heard, who was born July 6 in Nacogdoches, Texas. Samuel weighed 9 pounds, 4 ounces.



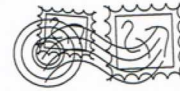
We express our condolences to Lerma and Charles Hearn in the death of Lerma's mother, Lerma Loula Baten Engberg. Mrs. Engberg taught elementary school and junior high math for over 35 years. The family is having a blue vitex, or chaste tree (*vitex agnus castus*), planted in Lerma and Charles' new yard in memory of Mrs. Engberg.

We are saddened to learn of the passing of Mildred Hearn Walker, Aubrey's sister. Mildred and her husband Bud were very close to Aubrey and Florence. She was the last surviving Hearn sibling.

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Blackjack Sunday - continued

The swamp turned out not to be as bad as I had expected. It was worse. Each step, I would mire up to my knees. That was the longest 500 feet I ever slogged. Next, I had to get around the smaller lake. Actually, I probably could have walked right across its levee, but I could not chance spooking the ducks prematurely. So I waded another bog in the upper end of the little lake.

By now, I was nearly half a mile and thirty minutes away from Guy. I had crawled much of the distance due to the sparse cover. Then I came to an open sage field that stood between me and the target area of the lake. I had no choice but crawl the final 150 yards. I was already tasting duck. I crawled to a place where the ducks were right between me and Guy.

When I was about a hundred feet from the water, I carefully raised up and stood in plain view of the ducks. They took the bait to perfection—they swam right to Guy. In fact, after they got in shooting range, they kept swimming right toward him. I was screaming under my breath, "Shoot. Shoot. Shoot." I realized that a close shot would not allow the shot pattern time to spread and he might miss. Then suddenly he relieved my anxiety. He shot. He picked the two ducks nearest him and shot to kill the two at once. He shot right between them and didn't ruffle a feather. The whole flock flew right over me. The hunt was over.

When we got back to town, it was too late for me to make it to church. The darkness would have allowed me to sneak the gun easily into the house; but since everybody was at church, I really didn't need to sneak it in. I was pretty sure that I had gotten away with this one.

Shortly, my mother came in from church. She stuck her head in my door and with a smile asked, "Did you get any ducks?" Without waiting for an answer, she turned and walked out.



What is your motto?

Aubrey Hearn

Back in the 30s, 40s, and 50s Aubrey wrote a series of articles for the "Religion in Life" column of the Nashville Tennessean. He agreed to write the column whenever he was asked, because the newspaper paid him the grand sum of \$5 for each one. The following essay, which appeared in the June 19, 1939, Tennessean, contains life slogans that Aubrey had collected from various sources.

The history of biography is replete with examples of guiding principles and rules of conduct which have inspired its characters. Their testimonies are to the effect that a motto or life slogan can be of inestimable worth.

- Russell H. Conwell was greatly helped in accomplishing the quantity of work that he did by the observance of a rule adopted early in life, "Do it now."
- Charles W. Elliot's recipe for living happily was Edward Everett Hale's motto: "Look up and not down; look out and not in; look forward and not back; and lend a hand."
- One of Theodore Roosevelt's life rules was, "It is better to be faithful than famous."
- Alexander M. Mackay, famous missionary, took as his life principle, "An idle life can never be a Christian one."
- Thomas A. Edison was also an apostle of work, as is shown by his motto, "Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits."
- Savonarola's motto was Psalm 143:8: "Cause me to hear thy loving kindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust; cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee."
- Addison writes of a bishop eminent for his piety and good works whose motto was, "Serve God, and be cheerful."
- Mary Slessor, the young woman who went alone into the wilds of Africa to take the gospel to the most savage tribe in that land, had as her life's motto, "I'll tell the Master."
- Elizabeth Houston, mother of Sam Houston, gave her son a ring when he left to confront the world, on the inner

surface of which was engraved a short creed that she said must ever shine in his conduct. It was, "Honour."

□ Bill Borden, millionaire missionary, had two mottos, Psalm 119:9 and 11. What is your motto?

The blessedness of childlikeness*

Suzie Lusk

Matthew 18:1-5

"I assure you that unless you change and become like children, you will never enter the Kingdom of heaven."

How would you like to be that little child whom Jesus called to stand before Him? Just think of it—to be touched by Jesus and used as an example at the same glorious moment. William Barclay says that little boy might have been Ignatius of Antioch, who was a servant of the church and a martyr for Christ. Perhaps the influence of that moment made a great impression on that small child.

It is so lovely to have a small child around the house. Daily she confronts me with the truths of life. She reminds me that forgiveness should be made immediate, and she has that wonderful ability to put things behind her and forget ugly or unkind words.

She depends on me to be right there when she needs me, whether it is a ride home from Brownies or a hug when a school friend has been especially hurtful. She trusts me when I tell her what to do. She has no desire to be anything other than what she is—no arrogance, no pride.

These same qualities are the exact ones that God expects—no, demands—from us. How difficult to become like children! It is a hard task, but Christians must strive to develop these qualities that we once had as children.

Dear Lord, help us to yearn for humility, dependance, and trust as we begin each day. Give us opportunities to use and develop these attributes in our daily lives. Amen

**Suzie contributed this devotional thought to her church's Advent booklet last Christmas.*



Aubrey and Florence purchased the house at 2115 Westwood in 1942. With the exception of a few years when they made their home on Robin Hill Road, they lived there until their deaths in March, 1991, and April, 1995. Reluctantly, family members decided to sell the house, there being no family member who could live there. The house sold in October, 1998.

Goodbye, dear house

Becky Burns

Goodbye, dear house . . . we'll all miss you.

I suppose you're really just so much wood, brick, and mortar and that such things shouldn't be missed. But we'll miss you just the same.

We'll miss driving down your back alley and parking in your carport.

We'll miss running up your back steps into the door that always seemed to be open.

We'll miss the mob that always met us at that door . . . hugging and backpatting and kissing in that tiniest of spaces.

We'll miss the ice cream that was always in your freezer.

We'll miss those dark, steep basement stairs and the damp yet wonderful smell that met us as we carefully climbed down.

We'll miss hunting for rabbits in your backyard.

We'll miss spinning the spinning wheel. (How can that house *not* have a spinning wheel at the top of the stairs?)

We'll miss sliding down those stairs.

We'll miss cramming into the den and trying to watch TV (or two TVs) with people talking all around.

We'll miss grouping in the living room for Battleship, the Dictionary game, and talent shows.

We'll miss the scent that is distinctly yours.

We'll miss signing your guest book and looking back to see who all your many visitors were over the years.

We'll miss the click, click, click of cameras everywhere.

We'll miss the little table sticking out of the wall in the kitchen and the little white stools.

We'll miss playing with the canes.

We'll miss the creaking of your old wooden floors.

We'll miss those wonderful, ugly green bookshelves that lined the walls in your study.

We'll even miss your bathrooms and standing in line for a shower!

We'll miss it all, dear house. We'll miss these and countless other little

details that would take an entire book to record.

But you've given us a lifetime of memories to treasure! You, along with those dear, departed loved ones who raised our family and gave us such a rich heritage.

And these are just the memories of one grandchild. There are many, many more individual memories as well as memories from before my time. No, we shouldn't miss such things . . . but we will. But though we can no longer walk through your halls, we will always have you in our hearts and in our memories. And we'll always have each other.

And now there's a new young family residing within your walls. Take care of them as you did us. May they have many, many happy memories during their time with you. I can't think of a better place to begin.

My new postdoc

Liz Hearn

My postdoc resulted from a presentation I made at an SCEC (Southern California Earthquake Center) meeting in Palm Springs this summer, where I talked about modeling deformation associated with the 1992 Landers earthquake. I use a three-dimensional finite element modeling computer program to represent the earth's crust in southern California, and I impose a displacement in the crust (the fault slip associated with the earthquake). I then look at how the earth responds (how the crust deforms and how forces within the crust change) during the months to years after the earthquake. I can check my model results against surface displacements with time, which are measured by GPS networks and some other satellite-based methods as well. I tweak the models until I match these data reasonably well. With a good model, I can predict how the earthquake increased or decreased the likelihood of future earthquakes on nearby faults. (The finite element method is commonly used by mechanical engineers modeling the heating or stressing of things like car parts and airplane wings. Geophysicists have just started using this approach for modeling the earth.)

It turns out that people are better at measuring ground surface displacements

than they are at actually using this information to understand the structure of the earth's crust and how earthquakes happen. At the Palm Springs meeting, several different research groups were interested in hiring me to model their (vast) GPS network data, but only MIT had money available now to hire a postdoc. (Oddly, I gave the same presentation at another meeting a few weeks earlier; the response there was deafening silence!)

I did not have to apply for my postdoc; it seems that some of these positions are just created informally as the need arises.



I will finish the Landers earthquake modeling at MIT. I will also begin to model secular (i.e., long-term) deformation of the eastern Mediterranean region

(including Kazakhstan!). MIT and several other universities have been monitoring the entire region with a GPS network for the past ten years. They have loads of data but only a basic idea of where the faults are and how active they are; that's for me to delve into. I am hoping to find an excuse to travel to the Mediterranean region, perhaps when they expand the GPS coverage to include the western Mediterranean region as well. There will be some other projects in California as well which I will be peripherally involved in.

Pet peeves

Dan Clark*

- ❑ When something is "new and improved." Which is it? If it is new, how can it be improved?
- ❑ People who search all over the room to find the TV remote control, because they don't want to actually walk to the television set and change the channel by hand.
- ❑ When someone says, "It's always in the last place you look." Of course it is. Why would you keep looking after you found it? Do people do this? Who and where are they?

* I got this from a faxed newsletter that showcases Tulsa businesses and allows people to submit humorous stories and jokes—people get free pizzas if their jokes are selected for publication. These weren't mine, but you guys can still send a pizza if you want to. Supreme Deep Pan, no anchovies.

Veggie chili

Becky Burns

Here's a yummy low-fat chili recipe I just tried. Its great for these cold days! All the great taste of chili without all the fat. This is from the *Jack Sprat Low-Fat Diet Book* by Stamford and Coffin. It seems to freeze well, so make ahead and enjoy later.

- 1-1/2 cups zucchini, cubed (small)
- 1 cup onions, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 medium green pepper, diced
- 2 cups canned or fresh tomatoes
- 3 tsp chili powder
- 1-1/2 tsp oregano
- 1/3 cup fresh parsley
- 2 cups canned kidney beans, approx. 16 oz.

salt and pepper to taste

Saute zucchini, onion, garlic, and green pepper in a large saucepan (in a little bit of water—no oil!) for 10 minutes until vegetables are softened. Add tomatoes, chili powder, oregano, parley, salt and pepper. Cook over low heat, uncovered, for 10 minutes Stir in beans and cook 10 minutes more on low heat. Serve with fat-free oyster crackers or fat-free saltines. Makes 4 servings.

Total fat per serving: 1.1 grams
Saturated fat: 0.2 grams
Calories: 193



Welcome to Victoria Grace McCord, born January 3, 1999. Victoria weighed 8 pounds, 12 ounces and was 20 inches long. Bonnie and Derek, along with big sisters Mikaela and Rachel, feel she makes their new home complete.



Brain food

Dan Clark

Here are the answers to the puzzle that I submitted for the last issue. I hope you were able to fill in the blanks. The correct letters are in italics.

I N T E N D	Clue: Mean
I S H	Clue: Like (suff.)
A R T Y	Clue: Bohemian
D Y N E	Clue: Force unit



Stovall updates

Dear Family,

I've been negligent in sending letters or e-mail to you. So I am using the *Hearn Herald* as a Stovall update.

Hopefully everyone had a restful and happy Christmas holiday. We enjoyed having Traci home for three weeks and Keith home for two weeks. (Amy has just moved back home, so we are enjoying her presence on a daily basis!)

Teresa Ray, Keith's fiancée, came to visit for three days before Christmas. Prior to Christmas we all took her to Hammond, Louisiana, where we met her parents and sister. The Rays met us halfway to pick up Teresa and take her home for Christmas. We had never met Teresa's family; we had a delightful time visiting with them. Wayne Pierce, Traci's boyfriend, also came and stayed two days with us. We really enjoyed our visits with Wayne and Teresa.

You all will be invited to Keith and Teresa's wedding at 10 a.m. on June 19 in Gloster, Mississippi (close to McComb). Closer to June 19 we'll need to know who can come to the wedding so we can make motel reservations for you in McComb. I know everyone is busy; however, we would love for as many of you as possible to come.

The UNO Baptist Student Union is having a very good year. A great intern is working with Gerald, and a seminary student works with international students. The BSU has grown. The students are very interested in ministry and getting new students involved.

I have gotten all 550 new books in for my Superior Textbook grant. It's been so much fun processing the new books. Several teachers have had their classes check them out to try the Accelerated Reading program.

I've also inherited the job of church librarian. Even though I don't have a lot of time to work there, I've processed about 150 new and donated books in nine months. The church purchased a program called Mitinet Mark to use in typing and printing catalog cards, and spine labels. I've only typed cards for about 85 of the new books. However, I'm getting a little bit done at a time.

Our church pastor just resigned after almost five years with us. He went to the First Baptist in McKinney, Texas, as Minister to Singles and Young Couples. Please pray for our church during this transition time as we search for an interim pastor and full-time pastor.

Traci is no longer working for Mission Arlington. She decided it was consuming too much time she needed for studying. She moved back into the dorm. She's supporting herself by teaching sixteen piano students each month. Amy decided to conserve her finances by moving back home, which she did right before Christmas. We are enjoying having her home, even though she is rarely here. She is still the Praise and Worship leader for The Mix (a singles' outreach which meets every other Saturday night.) She and a friend clean about twelve houses to pay their bills. Keith has one more trimester at William Carey College. He just got a full-time job with a landscaping company. Next trimester, he will schedule his three remaining classes and work around them with the landscaping company.

I hope everyone is doing well. I pray that 1999 will be healthful and rewarding year for each of you. We love and miss you all.

Marcia

Hello loved ones!

I'm sure that you all are not surprised to know that I've had yet another life change. I don't think that stability is meant for me! Yes, I've had a few more changes in my life, but all is well and God is good!

I am no longer working for Mission Arlington. It was a wonderful experience for me, but was quite impossible to do full time while I was going to school full time and teaching piano, too. It is pretty life-consuming work, and my school work was beginning to suffer. So, I have moved back into the dorm on campus and have decided to simply concentrate on school. I realized that I have the rest of my life to do ministry full time and that now is the time to give all I have to my studies. I've

realized that I am so blessed to be going to seminary. I want to soak up all that I can while I'm here.

Due to my experiences at the mission I now am confident about my degree program here in seminary. The first two semesters that I was here, I was pretty unsure about what I was studying and why I was studying it! I am still pursuing a Masters in Church and Community

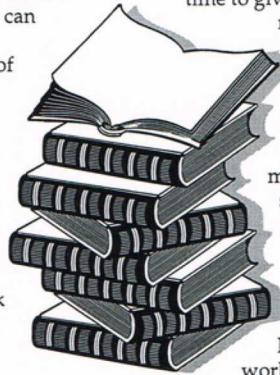
Ministries; however, I am now working on a dual degree program. I will finish my studies at Southwestern in the next year to year-and-a-half. I will then go to another school (I am not sure where, yet) and work on my Masters in Social Work. When I am finished with my MSW, I will then graduate from Southwestern. I could stay in seminary housing and attend a school in Arlington to work on my MSW, or I may choose to return to Mississippi to go to school.

I am very pleased with my new life changes! I am teaching piano about 8 hours a week and hope to get about 12 more students. The rest of my time will be devoted to school. I'm taking quite a load (16 hours), but God provided all the money through scholarships, so I figured I would take advantage of it and all the time that I have to devote to school.

God is certainly good! I hope that you all had a wonderful holiday and that you have a prosperous new year. May we all draw closer to the Lord this year, learn to love him more, and learn to love others as He loves us.

In His Love,

Traci





Discussions in pregnancy
Becky Burns (yes, its true)

Becky: I'm hungry. I want some Chinese food.

Jack (intent on his computer game): It's 10:30 at night . . . and besides, you already ate dinner.

Becky: I don't care. I want some Chinese food . . . now.

Jack: Mutter, mutter.

Becky: What?

Jack: Nothing. There aren't any Chinese food places open this late. What about some fast food?

Becky: How do you know there aren't any Chinese food places open? You haven't even tried to find out.

Jack: Its too late.

Becky: When this poor little baby comes, I'm going to tell him (her?) that his daddy didn't care as much about him as his big sisters. You used to WANT to go out late at night to get me craving food.

Jack: Mutter, mutter.

ALLRIGHT!

Congratulations to Dr. Liz Hearn, who has recently been awarded a postdoctoral fellowship by Massachusetts Institute of Technology. She will move to Boston for the duration; Bob will join her there when his work allows. We will put their Boston address in the September issue.

Jack Burns is now a regional sales representative for Scientific Learning, which produces FastForward software. Designed to help children who have language-related learning disabilities, FastForward is now being sold to schools. Look the company up at its Web site: www.fastforward.com.

Becky: What?!

Jack: Nothing. Tell you what . . . if you can find a place that's open, I'll go get you something.

Becky : I don't know where anything is in this city. You'll have to look instead.

Jack (sighing, still playing his game): Ok, just a minute.

Becky: Mutter, mutter. All I want is some Chinese food.

Jack: Ok! (He stops the game and gets the phone book . . .) Here's a place that might be open over on Northwest Expressway. (He puts on his shoes.)

Becky (starting to feel a little guilty): That's 20 miles away . . . just never mind. I'll just have a peanut butter sandwich. (Actually, by this point, she doesn't really feel like having Chinese food any more.)

Jack: Are you SURE? Because I'll be GLAD to go get you something. How about Sonic? How about Arby's?

Becky: Don't make me SICK! Would you please just make me a peanut butter sandwich and bring me a small glass of milk?

Jack: Ok, if you're sure . . . (He goes off to the kitchen and returns a few minutes later with the requested items).

Becky: You didn't put honey on it, did you?

Jack: No.

Becky (takes a bite): Aaaack!! What's on this thing? Did you put JELLY on this sandwich?!!

Jack: You asked for a peanut butter and jelly sandwich . . .

Becky: No, I did NOT! I specifically said *peanut butter!* No jelly! I never eat peanut butter and jelly . . . just peanut butter. You KNOW that!!

Jack: Ok, ok . . . I'll make you another one.

Becky: Oh, never mind! I'll just make it myself! (She gets up out of bed and stomps to the kitchen.)

Jack (hearing a cry of frustration from the kitchen): What's wrong??

Becky (sobbing): There's no more peanut butter!! (She runs back to bed, crying hysterically.)

Jack: Mutter, mutter.



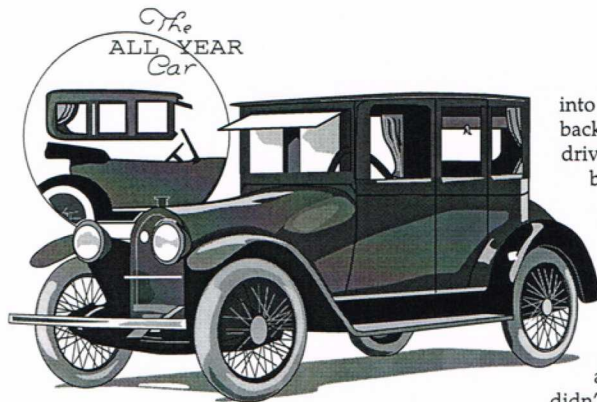
Think about it

"The future ain't what it used to be. . ."
Title in a Southern Company shareholders report

"So often the first screw that works loose in a person's head is the one that holds the tongue in place."
Author unknown

"Whatever is to happen will happen, whether it does or not."
Dr. Bryant Hicks, quoting a Presbyterian woman who explained predestination to him.

"If you don't think too well, you shouldn't do too much of it."
Ted Williams



Model A

Allan Heard

Between 1908 and 1927, Henry Ford put over 15 million Model T's on the road. In late 1927, falling behind in sales, he introduced his Model A. It sported a boxy-shaped passenger compartment, an electric starter, "three on the floor" manual transmission, improved brakes, and, if memory serves me, a horn that went eu-guh.

There were still some pretty decent Model A's hanging around by 1950. One could be had for about \$75 to \$250.

It was about that time that my brother, Bill, got a job with the PMA measuring cotton fields to see that farmers did not exceed their allotted acreage. He needed wheels, and a fine looking dull gray and black A-model (as they were usually called) was the answer to his need. Besides its work utility, the A-model provided transport for hunting and fishing. It was a chariot from heaven for Robert Davis, our main advisor on hunting and fishing (and most else we needed to know), since he now rode to a lot of places he'd formerly walked to.

By 1950 I was beginning to think longingly of having a driver's license. Once in a great while I was allowed to run the family car up and down the driveway, but that was controlled by ownership of the keys. The key was no problem with the A-model, since it had long been lost. The ignition was "on" when three wires were touching one another and "off" when they were not. Thus, when the A-model was sitting idle in the driveway, it was vulnerable to my driving practice. I have to say that this practice got suspended once, when I backed her up

into our fairly spacious back yard and decided to drive all the way around backing up. It was not quite as easy as I believed. I backed into a wonderfully soft flower bed and stuck her. Thar she sot, as the saying goes in those whereabouts. Actually, Bill didn't have any trouble getting the car out, because he was willing to step on the gas pedal. I never did—just let out the clutch and let her put-put-put along.

One fishing trip in the A-model particularly sticks in my memory. It was to the Rainey estate, up around Cotton Plant. Robert, Bill, and I were the only ones on this particular trip.

Rainey Lake and the whole estate were undoubtedly a hunting paradise in their prime. Some of my fondest memories of fishing relate to trips I took there with my father before school time on spring mornings. Daddy and I were bluegill fishermen, but Robert and Bill stalked the bass. Robert would paddle the boat most of the time and Bill would cast or fly fish. Robert liked it that way. Bill caught lots of fish, which meant meat on the table for Robert's house full of hungry children.

On the day I am remembering, the fishing was pretty slow. I was pole fishing along the shore. Bill and Robert were working along the shore line and among some snags, casting from an old, leaky sheet metal boat. Robert was nearly asleep from boredom. It was getting dusky and I was beginning to worry about snakes, since they are able to effectively use their heat-sensing ability to find game after the sun's heat is gone. They also can sneak up on shallow boats and slither in undetected when the light is gone. This was drifting around in my mind. Suddenly, Robert screamed—and screamed—and screamed. "Mr. Billy! Mr. Billy! It's a snake. It's a snake!" He jumped up and started flailing the water beside the boat with his paddle. It wasn't a snake. Not a reptile at all. Robert had killed Bill's "Jitterbug" fishing lure that was blub-

blub-blubbing along in the water. On that count—that it was not a snake—Robert was pretty lucky, because he fell headlong into the water—screaming as he went under and still screaming when he came up. He got out of the water about as quickly as he got in.

The trip home in the A-model was as ill-fated as our fishing. About ten minutes into the trip, we started smelling smoke, and the headlights abruptly went out. We stopped and fogged out of the car like angry wasps. When somebody pulled open the engine cowling, fire licked out at us. It was only a small fire, so we all emptied our God-given fire extinguishers on it—to no avail. Thick petroleum residue on the firewall had been ignited when the three bare ignition wires, in the "on" position, remained in contact with the fire wall and heated the goop till it flamed. Luckily, the dirt and gravel road had a layer of dust three or four inches thick. We filled hats with dust and dumped it on the fire, which made short work of it.

Now there was a matter of no headlights, but I got elected to solve that. I rode the rest of the way home standing on the running board, holding a large flashlight so that Bill could see the edge of the road and keep her out of the ditch.

I dreamed of owning the A-model when I got old enough to have a car. It would have been a perfect match for me—slow but dependable—but that was not to be. About the time Bill went off to college, an uncle made Bill an offer he couldn't refuse. The uncle planned to make a nice profit on the antique aspect of the car. I don't know how that came out.

I still dream of backing her around the back yard and missing the flower bed.





Make treats for the birds

Making treats for the birds is an activity the whole family can enjoy. Here's a recipe given in *Bird Tracks*, a newsletter for Wild Birds Unlimited.

Suet stuffing for pine cones

- 1 cup chunky peanut butter
- 1 cup pure rendered suet
- 2-1/2 cups coarse yellow cornmeal
- deluxe bird seed blend, raisins, and/or peanuts

Mix peanut butter, suet, and cornmeal together. Stir in birdseed, raisins, or peanuts if desired.

Pine cone feeder. Pack suet stuffing into pine cones. Roll pine cones in seed blend. Hang with string or ribbon from tree.

Bagel feeder. Split bagels in half. Allow to harden overnight. Spread peanut butter on each side and sprinkle with bird seed. Tie a string through hole and hang.



Welcome to the new Hearn greatgrandchildren, both newborn and on the way—babies McCord, Burns, Dillard, and Lippard. We love you already!

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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A woman's work . . .
Mary Alice Heard

A friend's granddaughter once complained to her, "The trouble with microwaves is that they're so slow!" We smile at this, but let's think of the other petty annoyances that trouble the lives of today's women: emptying the dishwasher, thawing dinner, running a load of clothes (and remembering to put them in the dryer), ordering out for pizza, making a quick trip to the supermarket, picking up the dry cleaning, and taking the car for an oil change.

I wondered how my life differs from that of women of the last century, so I asked Marie Heard, my mother-in-law, who is 91 years old, what kind of life her mother led as Marie and her four sisters and three brothers grew up on the farm in north Mississippi. The life of a farm woman that is described below perhaps differs somewhat from that of her city sisters. Still, it's enough to give us pause and cause us women to be grateful for the advantages we have.

Mary Elizabeth Holleman Wilson, who lived from 1871 to 1950, did not have plumbing and electricity, so she had to draw water daily from the well. She made sure that the children brought in enough firewood for heating and cooking for the entire day. Every morning when Betty got up she made biscuits and cooked sausage and eggs for her large brood. The biscuits were accompanied by homemade preserves that she made during the summer from peaches, pears, plums, and blackberries. The family had an orchard of peaches and pears and an acre of wild plum trees.

Mrs. Wilson baked yeast bread every other day. The yeast was kept on a container on the back of the stove, and it was very important to keep enough yeast for future baking needs. She mixed the flour and other dry ingredients in a large, wooden bowl, to which she added the liquid yeast. She had to let the dough rise twice—a time-consuming process.

During the summer months Betty and Marshall Addison ("Ad"), her husband, raised a large vegetable garden. They raised cabbages by the

acre, so that in the fall they had enough cabbage to make two 50-gallon barrels of sauerkraut. The children all had chores, of course. They had to milk the cows, churn the milk for butter, hoe the garden, and help in the kitchen. Making sure that all the children were occupied was a management feat in itself.

Mrs. Wilson made clothes for all her children—shirts for the boys and dresses for the girls. The girls never had ready-made dresses until they were adults. Of course, the girls learned to sew, and Marie remembers making a new dress herself when she was 15 to wear to camp meeting on the second Sunday in August. Every



family member needed several quilts to stay warm in winter, and Betty made them in her spare time.

The big meal of the day was at noon. Mrs. Wilson served meat—bacon, roast, meat loaf, chicken (chicken pie, chicken and dumplings)—potatoes, turnips, greens, and other vegetables from the garden. Egg dishes, especially custard, were served often. She made her own butter and cottage cheese and put up lots of sausage from the family's hogs. There was a cellar for storing potatoes and a corn crib full of corn, both raised on the farm.

Betty used shelled corn to make hominy every year. She poured water into a barrel of white oak ashes, from which water dripped through as lye. She took the lye and poured it over the corn, thus removing the husks. The end product was hominy. Corn was also taken to the mill to be ground for meal.

She also made lye soap for washing clothes, a frequent chore. She boiled sheets and towels in two large pots to keep them white. The remaining clothes she scrubbed on a washboard.

The family raised sorghum. When the traveling mill came through, the family had to cut and strip the leaves from the sorghum. The remaining cane was run through the mill. The juices that ran out would be cooked down to 40 or 50 gallons of sorghum molasses, which Betty used for cooking.

Occasionally Mrs. Wilson would have a need to go to town. She would ride in the family's buggy, drawn by a team of horses. On these occasions she always wore a hat.

Probably Betty Wilson had many other daily chores that Mother Heard and I overlooked as we discussed life in the early 1900s. Still, you've had a glimpse at the unending tasks a farm wife had to perform. Now aren't you glad you can empty the dishwasher?

I don't*
Unknown

My parents told me not to smoke;
I don't.
Nor listen to a naughty joke; I don't.
They told me it was wrong to wink at
handsome men
Or even think about intoxicating
drink; I don't.
To dance or flirt was very wrong;
I don't.
Other girls chose youth and song;
I don't.
I kiss no men, not even one;
In fact, I don't know how it's done.
You wouldn't think I had much fun.
I don't.

**Poem found inserted into Aubrey's Hi-Y manual, which he used as this organization's sponsor when he was teaching at Etowah County High in Attalla, Alabama. (He was 19 when he began teaching!) Possibly this and other poems in the book were used in declamation competitions.*



Cooking spinach

Lena Allen Conner*

When you cook spinach, clean and pick very carefully, as bugs etc. hide easily in leaves. Put it in boiling water and *do not* cover the vessel so as to keep the bright green, fresh color. If any scum rises in vessel, remove it. Needs to boil 20 min. or 1/2 hour. When tender, drain off water (water cooked in makes it bitter) and squeeze it well. Chop fine and put in saucepan with butter, pepper, and salt. Let it stew 5 minutes, stirring all the time until quite dry. Serve with hard-boiled eggs.

When I used the lemon-butter sauce I used it on the canned spinach and found the recipe on the can so am unable to give it to you in the right proportions, but you could use them to suit your taste. Melt the butter, then stir in the lemon juice and also salt and pepper to taste. Be very careful either way to drain off that bitter water.

**Grandmother Conner sent these instructions to Florence in a letter dated October 3, 1933, about a month after Florence and Aubrey's wedding. Possibly Florence wrote asking for instructions for cooking spinach and making the lemon-butter sauce, and this is Lena Conner's answer.*



Unnamed sonnet

Florence Conner*

The lake, a glen set in the heart of hills,
Is calm and rippled only by a breeze.
The sun above shines down with light that fills
Each ripple, that reflects it to the trees.
Tis true the waters soon begin to fall.
Then their calm, their peace, their joy is gone.
They turn and twist and chant as in a brawl,
But later—depth, and they flow smoothly on.
Our lives are calm and sheltered by our
friends,
And troubled only by a few small cares.
But there are times when this still calmness
ends;
Our souls are seared and scarred by many
snares.
But as the waters always cease their strife,
We too become as happy in our life.

**This poem was found among Florence's papers from her college days. She had written this comment on the back: "An afternoon by the lake with Lucy. My first attempt at writing poetry—and my last."*

60 years of "new technology"

Lerma Hearn

Since moving to Nashville, Charles and I have sorted through innumerable boxes of letters, papers, books, and other miscellany accumulated through the years by his parents, my parents, and their children (us!). I ran across a letter that 21-year-old Florence Conner wrote to her future husband, Aubrey Hearn, in which she described her reaction to a "new" and potentially useful technology (the italics in the paragraph are mine):

July 11, 1929 — "The other day I was writing to Grace on the typewriter when Mother brought a book to me that she wanted me to study. It was a book on typewriting using the touch system. I have already practiced three lessons and there are about thirty. If I learn one a day I could soon know it and use the rest of the summer to fix it firmly in my mind and fingers. Mother thinks it is something everyone ought to know. *I don't know that I would ever need it extensively, but I am glad to learn anything that might be useful.*"

Sixty years later, Florence's daughter, Mary Alice Hearn Heard, enthusiastically wrote her parents, her brother, and her sisters about the new "toy" of which she and husband Allan had temporary custody (again, I've italicized one sentence):

June 5, 1989 — "Dear Family, We are now the proud "owners" of a computer for two months (while Joel is away at Centrifuge). I have finally grabbed it away from Allan to have my turn. He has really enjoyed learning this new machine. *I'll have to watch him carefully or he'll go out and buy one for himself.*

This is a Macintosh Plus, which does all sorts of neat things, most of which I don't yet know how to do. Perhaps as summer progresses I will write you again with more flair. Allan just demonstrated to me that the printer will print a landscaped page. That's really something!"

And the uses to which the two ladies put their new technologies? Florence later wrote and published many an article for the Baptist Sunday School Board, at least two children's books, and one or more books about working with children. Mary Alice used a computer extensively during her years as a copy editor and typist for E-Systems and, of course, has edited and produced five years of the *Hearn Herald* using machines that Allan did indeed "go out and buy for himself."

Parenting 102: About buffaloes

Tim Heard

In light of the ever increasing number of babies that are being added to the clan, it might be useful to devote a column to parenting tips. Although I'm submitting the first article, I hope and expect that all of the other parents will contribute at some point. Those of you who are now grandparents might have bits of wisdom to share from the days when you had young children, if your subconscious hasn't blocked the traumatic memories out completely.

What I'm envisioning is that these tips will be advice that you wouldn't normally get in a parenting class provided by the hospital or tips provided by your pediatrician. These go beyond the mundane bits of wisdom taught in Parenting 101; hence the name Parenting 102.

I'll call our first lesson, "About Buffaloes." (I've checked. Yes, *buffalo* is also the plural of *buffalo*, but *buffaloes* is acceptable too, and sounds better.) Julie and I learned this lesson about six months ago while visiting a local petting zoo. I know that personally it made a lasting impression on me.

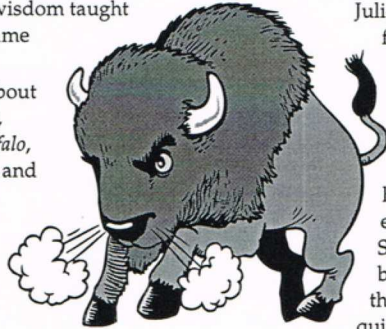
The trip to the petting zoo was wonderful. We had visited it previously when Hannah was younger, but she hadn't enjoyed it as much as we did. On this day, however, she appreciatively stretched out to pet the animals that were within reach and offered an occasional "ga . . . ga!" as a commentary about how interesting they were.

When we had seen all that could be seen, including posing for a picture with a camel whose head was probably twice as large as Hannah, we turned to leave. Having a few extra carrots and pieces of celery, I began dispensing them more freely than I had on the way in, trying especially to give pieces to some of the less greedy animals.

As we neared the exit, there stood a large buffalo at the edge of a fence, indifferently chewing on some grass. It seemed to me that the buffalo was not getting his fair share of food, because there were a number of unfenced goats present who were greedily demanding most of the loot from passers-by. Thinking to myself that the buffalo certainly needed the

calories more than the goats, I decided to give the rest of our carrots to him.

With Hannah in my left arm and a carrot in my right hand, I extended the food and he readily accepted it. Unfortunately, he was not particularly adept at chewing, and he dropped a large piece that landed between the two fences that separated us. Seeing that he would not be able to get the carrot on his own, I bent to retrieve it. As I bent down, I found myself virtually eye to eye with the buffalo. Although we were still separated by a fence, he must have sensed that I was in his personal space, because the buffalo drew back and butted me in the forehead, resulting in my quickly exiting his space.



Julie was watching all of this from a few feet behind us. She saw her husband, with her baby in his arms, bending down and a buffalo lunging forward. Then she heard her husband exclaim, "There's blood!" She first thought that her baby had been gored; then, seeing blood flowing quite freely from my head, she thought that I had been gored.

It really wasn't as bad as it seemed. I grabbed one of Hannah's "burpy" cloths and quickly stopped the bleeding. Someone grabbed Hannah. Someone else dialed 911 on a cell phone. As I was being led to a bench, I looked back and could see a gleam of fear and respect in the buffalo's eyes. His legs were trembling slightly. He undoubtedly knew that he had met someone as hardheaded as he was.

After much commotion, we canceled the 911 call and went to an urgent treatment center, where I received several stitches. The buffalo*, I'm told, was rather stoic and didn't complain much about his injuries.

After pondering the meaning of the events in which I unwittingly put my daughter's life at risk, I have come to the conclusion that there is an important parenting lesson to be learned, and that is this: Buffaloes are ungrateful. When visiting petting zoos, save your carrots for the goats.

**Editor's note: Said buffalo is now known affectionately in the Heard family as "Beavis."*

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Hearnville cemetery

A number of Hearn cousins are making donations for the restoration of a cemetery in Georgia where some of our ancestors are buried. Instigator of this project is Will Hearn, son of Tom Hearn and grandson of Kermit, Aubrey's brother. Following are parts of two letters from Will describing the condition of the cemetery when he located it and what needs to be done to clean it up.

Dear Friends:

As some of you may know, I recently visited the gravesite of my great great great great grand-father, Jonathon Hearne (b. 1760) at Hearnville cemetery, Georgia. The graves of his sons Lot and Capt. William Hearne and their wives are also there. My direct ancestor and another brother of Lot, Samuel, is not buried there. The cemetery is located about nine miles outside of Eatonton, Georgia on the road to Godfrey, Georgia. Unfortunately, the site is well overgrown with trees and underbrush and we were very lucky to find it with the help of local residents. The slabs and headstones are cracked and broken, and I fear that this place will be lost to future generations if we don't take action to preserve this piece of history.

It is a significant place for reasons beyond family history. Lot, of course, left a significant sum of money (\$12,500) to the Cave Spring school (which became the Hearn Academy) upon his death in 1844. The school remained in operation until 1925 and is currently under restoration; it is the meeting place for the Cave Spring Historical Society. Additionally, William and Lot were lifelong members of the Antioch Baptist Church, well known as a cornerstone of revivalism in central Georgia in the nineteenth century. . .

My goal is to clean up the site, fence it in, and erect an historic marker to commemorate the Hearnville cemetery. Both the Cave Spring Historical Society and the Eatonton Historic Commission have been favorable towards this, although we may incur some financial responsibility for the marker and cleanup.

We anticipate spending at least \$5,000 on cleanup, a fence, historic marker, and stone stabilization. While we want to do some of the work

My positive action award

Katie Beth Lusk

I was very surprised when I got the Positive Action Award at my school. Only five children in my room have gotten this award so far this year. There's a unit for each six weeks, and one student is chosen who has been the most positive during that unit.

The last unit we studied was for "goals." My class went to the auditorium along with all the other students and we sang the positive action song:

*I am a positive, a positive action kid.
That's what I am, that's how I live.
I am a positive, a positive action kid.
That's how I am, that's how I live.*

*I smile, I help, I learn and love,
I hug and I care.
I am positively happy
and that is how I share.*

*I have those positive feelings,
like kindness, glad and strong.
That's how I feel,
like I belong.*

*I have those positive thoughts
that help me think
and dream and grow.*

That's how I am, that's how I go.

The assistant principal started to call out the names of the positive action kids. I saw Mommy, and I thought that she was there to see my friend Virginia, who was in a first grade poem presentation. When the assistant principal called my name, I

ourselves, we will need professional help on the stones. If you are able and interested in supporting the effort, please make your tax deductible donation payable to the address below.

The society will earmark those funds for our use on our restoration. Thomas K. Hearn III (Charlotte, NC) and Henry Hearn III (Anderson, SC) will be the trustees of the account and will approve how the funds are spent.

If I can answer any questions regarding this project, please do not hesitate to contact me, or you may send me e-mail to will.hearn@prudential.com.

Sincerely yours,
William Hearn



Katie Beth Lusk

She has the attitude that anything is possible if she puts her mind to it.

went "yes!" (arms up). I walked up, and while I was walking the principal read what my teacher wrote about me, "Katie Beth is always motivated to improve herself. She has the attitude that anything is possible if she puts her mind to it. I am proud of Katie Beth for her constant perseverance."

I had my picture made with the other "winners," and Mommy brought me a single rose. I got to go home with Mommy.

Address for donations:

Hearnville Cemetery Project
Eatonton-Putnam County Historical
Society
Attn: James P. Marshall, Jr., EPCHS,
Inc.
104 Church Street
Eatonton, GA 31024-1306.



Kudos to Bob Hearn for going back to school. While Liz is working on her postdoc at MIT, Bob is going to begin working toward a Ph.D. in computer science. Though he'll be working in the Artificial Intelligence Lab at MIT, he has yet to select a specific project. Bob says, "Everyone is invited to come visit us here! We have plenty of space for guests, and no friends out here!"

A century-old courtship

Mary Alice Heard

When Lena Allen met Thomas G. Conner in January, 1900, they began a courtship by correspondence that was to last a year and a half. After they married, Lena carefully saved many of their letters, and after her death her daughter Florence saved them also. The letters reveal not only Lena and T.G.'s social habits, their interests, and their philosophies but also their personalities.

Lena met Thomas at her friend Lucy's wedding. Thomas was Lucy's brother. He had earned both a B.S. and dual mechanical/electrical engineering (E&ME) degree from Alabama Polytechnic Institute (now Auburn University) and had served for some months as a civilian electrician during the Spanish American war. He was now working for his brother at a cottonseed oil mill in Gadsden, Alabama. Lena had graduated from Shorter College in 1898 and was taking a teacher training course at Anniston College for Young Ladies (Anniston, Alabama), where she also studied piano and taught young girls.

Lena left Anniston in May to return to her home in Sparta, Georgia, and in the fall she began teaching school. She taught in two separate schools close to Dublin, Georgia for two terms (each lasting four months!). During their separation Lena and Thomas wrote often, the courtship culminating in their marriage on June 11, 1902.

Lena and Thomas' letters to each other reveal these young people to be well educated, serious, and very polite. When compared to today's writing styles, the letters are quaintly formal. Lena refers to Thomas as "Mr. Conner," and he calls her "Miss Lena" even after they agreed to marry. The letters are always signed "Yours sincerely," "Yours faithfully," or "Your friend." The word "love" is never used during the correspondence.

These were the days before televi-

sion, automobiles, and restaurants. Entertainment consisted of Lyceum programs (bands, singers, instrumentalists, speeches, elocutionists), reading, attending church, and writing letters. Social graces—visits with friends—were extremely important. Both Lena and Thomas came from large families, and their love for siblings and parents is evident. Both longed to return home to see them.

Church membership and



Wedding photographs for Lena Allen and Thomas G. Conner, who married June 11, 1902



attendance were very important to both of them. Thomas, though unmarried, taught young girls in Sunday School and eventually was chosen Sunday School superintendent at his church. He confided in Lena that, "I don't believe I could ever love, without reserve, a young lady who is not a full fledged Baptist."

Of what did Lena and Thomas write to each other? Letters discuss their mutual friends, their work, the books they are reading, their church activities, their philosophies of life, their families, and politics. Thomas displayed a philosophical bent. Lena appeared the more practical of the two. Both were hard workers in their respective careers.

Nancy has selected some excerpts from their letters. Perhaps we will add other selections in future editions of the newsletter

Lena Allen to Thomas Conner, 4/5/1900

Anniston is quite gay this spring. Last week was filled with happenings of considerable interest. Friday evening an entertainment and cake walk was given at the Opera house for the benefit of the sufferers in India.

Our girls proved their ability to entertain Saturday afternoon. All of the diminutive folk of the city and those of their elders who are interested in our Young Woman's Christian Association came to enjoy an impromptu recital in connection with a

Mikado tea and a dime museum. We had on exhibition in the museum the most wonderful freaks on the Continent (?)—The wild woman, wife of the wild man of Borneo; the snake charmer; the glass eater; and the tall lady—The most wonderful thing told of her was she was taller than Myra Mitchell. The proceeds of this entertainment are to send a girl to the YWCA conference at Ashville.

Lena to Thomas, 1/4/1901:

Did you watch the old year out to bid the new a happy welcome? That is a custom which always fills me with delight when I think of it. Moments spent in serious meditation on the eve of a New Year are fitting greetings. I shall always regret that circumstances were such as to make that entire nights rest necessary. Especially I am sorry since in my life I shall never see another season like with it—the dying of the old century and the birth of the new; full of sadness and pathos of new hopes and higher aspirations.

Lena to Thomas, 2/27/1901 [about writing letters on Sunday]:

I must not leave you under the impression that I believe it entirely wrong to write letters on the Sabbath. Circumstances alter cases. Some are very strict about that one point, but it is the habit one is likely to form, of leaving all letterwriting for Sunday,

See Courship, page 4

Courtship, continued from page 3

that I think wrong. In other words, making a convenience of the Sabbath day seems evil. Mother thinks it not a Sunday occupation, hence I can never engage in it with the clearest of consciences. I regard it as very little different from an ordinary conversation. Mother's opinion, though, is worth more than mine. I had rather risk it in this case.

Thomas to Lena, 3/9/1901:

It is now current talk that Miss Louise Ross and "Jack" Stilwell are to be married soon. It has been expected quite awhile. I am not prepared to vouch for it as neither of them has seen fit to inform me as yet. I have also heard that I was to be married soon though everybody myself included are guessing for the fortunate young lady. It is well for some reason that my mother does not live here. These people put out so many improbable, not to say impossible, stories along the above mentioned line. There is a reported engagement almost once a week here, and a marriage about once a quarter, then the people are surprised.

Lena to Thomas, 3/19/1901:

When you and your friends stop guessing and know whom your fortunate young lady may be I trust you will not be so selfish as to leave your Georgia friends in ignorance till the last.

Lena to Thomas, 6/22/1901:

Should we wish to change time that it might travel faster? Every passing moment makes us older, and that means just so much nearer the end, and when I think of the moments—how many I do forget to fill! I am so often reminded of a little quotation of Mam's that my pupils loved so much to recite, "Lost somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever." We think about these things often, am sure I do, but how little we profit by them! How impracticable are our thoughts! And yet there are so many occasions in our lives when we wish time to pass faster. I am confident that if days could pass with each flash of lightning on a stormy night, there would be someone to be impatient for

the next flash.

Lena to Thomas, 7/3/1901 and 9/16/1901 [Lena talks about her new baby brother, who eventually would become husband to Aunt Sarah. She is in her 90s now and lives in Atlanta.]

Ernest—that's the baby—is getting sweeter every day. Papa wouldn't sell him for \$3000 this week. He has valued him at a \$1000 a week. An unusual child, don't you think? I do. He would hardly be worth that to any but us.

We've all been enjoying the company of our little brother Ernest this evening. He is indeed a ray of sunshine. Tomorrow he will be three months old—a short while, within which to have afforded so much pleasure to all around. He is most fitly named, for there is nothing he does—laugh or cry, eat or sleep—but that you are reminded of his seriousness. It is



his delight to "look at the little boy in the mirror"—not a very favorable sign in recommendation I fear.

Thomas to Lena, 8/13/1901:

Of course you have my best wishes for the success of your school. I wish I were allowed to assist you instead of taking your time. I would like to be a pupil but for the dread of missing a lesson; there is no doubt that I would do that some every time I went to class. Somehow "cat gets my tongue" every time I get near you. Don't you think so?

Lena to Thomas, 11/13/1901:

The third week of my school finds me with 40 pupils. Next week may bring me 45. I'll not know what to do with them, that's certain, for the room is full now. My apartment is not so spacious as the one I had last year. Only one advantage so far as I can see. There can't be so many cracks or broken window panes. Necessity crowds us nearer together and as a result we are warmer. If I had no pupils six, seven and eight years old I think I

could get on fine. It's so hard to keep them out of mischief. . .

Grandpa laughs at me for counting the days I have to teach now. He says I remind him of the fellow who was hired by a farmer to catch moles. When asked how he was succeeding, he replied that he was doing well. When he caught the one he was after and two more he would have three. It's hardly as bad as that for I have already made thirteen days.

Thomas to Lena, 11/24/1901:

About ten days ago I was well rewarded for an extra night's work. For some cause I did not get to leave the mill till about 2 A.M. Going home I noticed quite a display of falling stars or shooting meteors. It was a sight [worth] looking at. Not so many. I watched about one hour and a half, saw probably 150 to 200 in all, yet I never expect to see anything grander than this exhibition of the protection afforded us by the atmosphere that envelops us.

Thomas to Lena, 12/29/1901:

After thinking a great deal and finally deciding what suited me best, then by much hard labor securing a promise of the thing dearest to my heart, I find that my choice is the choice of my family and I have their best wishes for success in this my latest undertaking. And I might well add to me thus far my greatest undertaking. For I feel that if anyone makes any mistakes I shall be responsible. For it seems to me in many instances that I was forced to do much persuading. Yet I am proud. I wonder if you are still ashamed of that ring. I trust you may sometimes be able to wear it where people can see it. Do you think you can? However, use your own pleasure; that, of course, is mine also.

Thomas to Lena, 3/7/1902:

Of course I am happy. Of all mean men, an ungrateful is among the most to be pitied. I have all I could wish were I absolutely able to choose. To you I owe much happiness. More than I can tell. It grows on me, yet I believe that what we know is but an earnest of the blessings a kind Providence has in store for us if we are only faithful to him and to ourselves.

A man ahead of the times

Mary Alice Heard

In 1949 a temperance bill proposed by Senator Langer of North Dakota was referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Had this proposed legislation been recommended by the Committee and passed by the Senate, it would have banned the advertisement of alcoholic beverages in newspapers, magazines, newsreels, records, or other interstate commerce media. The Senate hearings were held in the Senate Caucus Room for three days in January, 1950.

According to the editor of a temperance reform publication, a large constituency made up of publishers, preachers, college presidents, professors, heads of temperance and reform organizations, representatives of religious groups, and other interested parties attended the hearings. Despite heavy campaigning by these special interest groups, the bill was defeated in a closed door session, and subsequently the Committee refused to reconsider it.

One supporter of the bill who appeared before the Committee was Aubrey Hearn, speaking on behalf of Southern Baptists. In his appearance in January, 1950, Aubrey made the following three points.

□ *Liquor advertising should be prohibited by law because it is against the public interest.* Aubrey pointed out that the sale of liquor is highly regulated because "it is recognized as a source of disease, crime, pauperism, and corruption in government." It is a contradiction, he argued, to control and restrict the liquor business on one hand, while allowing advertising—whose purpose is to increase the consumption of alcohol—on the other.

□ *Liquor advertising of all kinds is false and misleading.* Aubrey cited a number of advertisements that were misleading. Rather than showing the after-effects of liquor ("the Skid Rows, the Bowerys, the flop houses"), "advertisements invariably show well-dressed, attractive people in elegant or comfortable surroundings." He went on to say that alcohol is a product "which causes accidents, especially upon our highways, which promotes inefficiency and absenteeism in industry, and which multiplies social problems."

□ *Liquor advertising is hurtful to the youth of our land.* Aubrey cited examples of ads aimed specifically at children, including those which contained fictional and cartoon characters that appeal to children. Aubrey found particularly offensive the pictures of athletes and youth heroes endorsing certain alcoholic products. He reminded the listeners that "children are easily influenced and believe much of what they see and hear." The ads undermine what parents are trying to teach in their homes, he said.



Aubrey in 1959

Now, almost 50 years later, those same characteristics apply to liquor advertising. In November, 1996, the Distilled Spirits Council of the United States revised its voluntary ban on liquor advertising (called the Code of Good Practice) to allow members to advertise in the broadcast media. Subsequently broadcast liquor advertising expenditures rose more than 620%. In response, in 1998 CSPI, the Center for Science in the Public Interest, a non-profit health advocacy organization, along with over 240 health, consumer, religious, and safety organizations, submitted a petition to the FCC requesting a Notice of Inquiry into the effects of broadcast alcohol ads.

In a fact sheet concerning broadcast liquor advertising, CSPI cites the following effects on children of frequent exposure to television beer ads: ability to recognize and recall brand names advertised, ability to match brand names and beer slogans,

See *Man ahead*, page 8

Aubrey Hearn and the stock market

Charles Hearn

Aubrey was a prolific letter writer and over the years managed to save much of his correspondence. Among the most interesting letters is one from a professor at the Syracuse University School of Journalism. (The signature on the letter is not legible, so I'll just refer to him as the Professor.) The letter is dated Sept. 27, 1950.

The Professor had apparently given a seminar at Ridgecrest on writing articles for publication. Aubrey asked him to review two articles that he had written on family finances, recommending such things as budgeting, saving, and investing. Aubrey had submitted the articles to *Reader's Digest* but they were rejected. He hoped the Professor could tell him why.

The Professor read the articles, and his letter offered several points of constructive criticism. He then concluded with the following paragraph:

"The best of luck on your writing. I congratulate [you] on having the drive and ability to do such good work. Far too many of the members of my audiences at Ridgecrest and other such meetings talk ambition but rarely have anything to show beyond what is expected of them in their every day work. You are an exception. I simply would like to see you going beyond the everyday ideas contained in these exhibits, for I think a minister has some obligation to do that.

Would you like an example of wherein I think you failed in what might be your ministry here? In one of these two articles you recommended investment in common stocks. I seriously question whether a minister or priest should himself so invest or urge anyone else to invest his money in this type of financial venture. I have some doubts about bonds, but far more about common stocks. There is, in my mind and in the minds of lots of other people, considerable doubt about the morality of this phase of modern business . . ."

In these days of investing in stocks and mutual funds, it's hard to believe that 50 years ago some religious lead-

See *Stock market*, page 8

Watermelon vengeance

Allan Heard

From about age 12 I had a handful of close friends—three in particular—with whom I spent most of my free waking hours and lots of my sleeping hours, as well. I guess that, by a hair, Clyde Porter was my best friend. His family owned the run-down farm that was my paradise found. One summer Clyde and I, with lots of help, built a twenty-by-forty, tin-roofed house, complete with a center post for swinging our hammocks and with a small, wood cookstove. We roughed it there lots of winter days and nights, harassing squirrels with shotguns and foxes with steel traps.

One summer we had a beautiful watermelon patch. We carried buckets of water to it daily. But we made the mistake of telling our friends about it. One night before the watermelons were quite ripe enough to eat, someone raided the patch and just about destroyed it. We were pretty sure who had done it, but not positive. We looked forward to vengeance.

A week or so later at a drive-in, we overheard our buddy Guy and another fellow, Bobby Joe, discussing taking their dates to steal a watermelon. We were not positive, but we figured the patch they had in mind was John Littlejohn's. His farm was across the road from the Porters'. Since that was our only remaining source of melons, we decided it would be worthwhile to scare the living wits out of these friends, if they did in fact try to steal Mr. John's melons. We raced to the farm as fast as the old GMC pickup would carry us and parked it out of sight.

We were barely in position across the road from one end of the patch when we heard a car crunching along the gravel road. It stopped perhaps 75 yards away, and we soon heard two people crunching along the road, heading our way. We marveled at their total lack of stealth. We figured that had he been mindful, Mr. John could have heard them at his house several hundred yards in the opposite direction. But he always went to bed

with the chickens, as the saying goes.

For the occasion we had armed ourselves with a cherry bomb. Cherry bombs have a louder report than a shotgun blast, but we figured that in the confusion that would not matter.

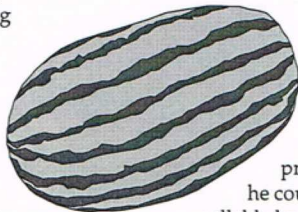
As the two figures mounted the bank and stepped into the edge of the patch, their backs were to us. One of us lit the bomb. We could hardly control our mirth as the dynamite-type fuse spewed. At the same millisecond the cherry bomb exploded, the two figures broke the sound barrier heading back whence they came. Simultaneously, the engine of the car fired up, and the car sped past us. The two guys yelled, but it kept going. Clyde and I rolled on the ground laughing.

Eventually, the would-be thieves

realized what had happened and came back to where we were to get a ride. Bobby Joe

normally had a very minor stuttering problem, but that night he could not get beyond the syllable level. The girls finally came back hunting the fellows. They had been so scared they had not recognized the guys, they said. We all had another laugh and headed our separate ways.

It was a week or so later that Clyde and I stopped by to chat with Mr. John. I don't remember what caused him to speak of it, but he told us that on a recent night he had been in the melon patch with his shotgun, guarding the melons. He said he fell asleep, and when he woke up somebody was shooting at him. He decided he'd best get out of there, so he ran to his house and went to bed. We never told him what really happened, but after careful evaluation we decided we would pass up the opportunity for free melons for the rest of the summer.



Visiting Brewton, Alabama

Millie Dillard

Many of you know that Mary Alice and I both had college roommates from Brewton, Alabama. This summer, Jim and I spent five days with Sandy Kelly and her husband, Clay, in Brewton. Sandy is a 'retired' high school Spanish teacher. (She continues to teach two classes a day at a nearby high school.) We had a wonderful time visiting with her and Clay and with Sandy's Mom, Vivian Kennedy, who still lives in Brewton.

One evening, we went out to eat seafood and Mrs. Kennedy also went with us. She is a very dear lady. She told me that when she was a young girl, Daddy came to North Brewton Baptist Church to teach a study course. She said that it was before he was married, and she remembers that all the girls thought he was so handsome! I thought that you might be interested in that story.

I did a basket workshop for four of Sandy's friends. We had a wonderful time and are looking forward to visiting again. Sandy's best friend, Susan, lives in Taylors, South Carolina, which is very close to us, so we may get to see her in South Carolina before too long.

Mary Louise Patton Hearn

July 10, 1912 - May 27, 1999

Lerma Hearn

When Louise Patton was twelve years old, her mother died, and, since her father had to travel frequently on business, her bachelor uncle Will took over many responsibilities of caring for the children left behind. A few years later, a young acquaintance of Will's named C. Aubrey Hearn introduced his brother Kermit to the family.

Kermit and Louise were married in Bowling Green, Kentucky, soon after her twentieth birthday. When Kermit took her home to Alabama to meet her new family, his sister Mildred was still in bed following the birth of her first child. Over 60 years later, Mildred recalled that moment, saying, "I've loved her since I first laid eyes on her." The love, friendship, and fun shared by these two women was an inspiration to many who met them later in life.

See Aunt Louise, page 8



Population explosion!

Congratulations to Becky and Jack Burns on the birth of Ian Edward, born May 3, 1999. He weighed 9 pounds, 1 ounce. True to predictions, Ian's name begins with the third vowel (to go along with *Abby* and *Emily*). It's not too early to suggest names for the next Burns sibling that begin with the letter O.

Welcome to Adam Michael Dillard, who was born on June 15, weighing 6 pounds, 15 ounces. Congratulations, Sharon and Brian!

Coley Charles Lippard, who made his appearance on July 23, 1999 (three weeks early!), weighed in at 7 lbs., 14 oz. Congratulations, Beth and Mark, and may you juggle feeding schedules as well as you juggle bowling pins!



Congratulations!

Congratulations to Keith and Teresa Ray Stovall, who were married June 19 in Gloster, Mississippi. They will be making their home in Hattiesburg, where Keith will attend graduate school at the University of Southern Mississippi.

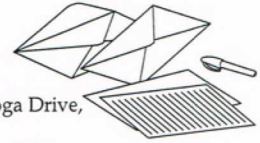
Congratulations to Andy Clark. An article that he co-authored, "Electron Beam Formation by Small-Scale Oblique Inertial Alfvén Waves," has been printed in the August, 1999, issue of the *Journal of Geophysical Research—Space Physics*. Look up Andy's Web site at www.ee.cornel.edu/~aclark/.

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Florence's play dough recipe

When Florence was working on her book, *Guiding Preschoolers**, she experimented with a number of recipes for making play dough. Here's the very best one, and we offer it to her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Store the dough in an airtight container and it will last for weeks. And here's a hint for an inexpensive birthday gift for a young child: make up the recipe, put the newly made dough in a deco-rated, airtight container, and give it to the honoree along with a small rolling pin and some cookie cutters.



1 cup flour	1 tbsp. cooking oil
1 cup water	food coloring
1/2 cup salt	2 tsp. cream of tartar (don't omit)

In heavy aluminum saucepan mix dry ingredients. Add oil, water, and food coloring. (Alternatively, the food coloring can be added as the child kneads the dough, allowing him to watch it change from white to red or green.) Cook three minutes, or until mixture pulls away from sides of pan. (You may add a few drops of oil of wintergreen, cloves, or cinnamon to give the dough a pleasant aroma.) Knead slightly almost immediately. Dough has a pleasing texture.

**Convention Press, 1969*

Stock market, continued from page 5

ers believed that investing in the stock market is immoral. Since there is risk involved in stocks, it was felt to be a form of gambling. The Professor was evidently one who felt this way. As we know, Aubrey Hearn was vigorously opposed to all forms of gambling—but it's obvious that he never bought the idea that investing in the stock market was gambling. Although family finances were very tight in the 1940s and 50s, he invested in stocks whenever he could afford it, and by the time of his death he had a substantial portfolio. Although Aubrey's articles may not have passed the Professor's journalistic and moral judgments, circumstances have shown that his common sense was on the mark.



Bittersweet moments

Mary Alice Heard

We were eating out, and Hannah (13 months old) was not going to last the evening. Fortunately, Hannah doesn't fuss when she gets tired. She continues to smile and laugh, but it's obvious that she's ready to drop.

Because we were a crowd (six Heards as well as Suzie and Katie Beth, who were visiting), we were sitting at two tables. We were waiting for our meals to come, and Tim brought Hannah to my table in hopes of entertaining her. I'm sure he and Julie had already fed her crackers and bread, but now Tim was at a loss as to what he could do to distract her. When someone suggested feeding her a lemon slice, he decided to try it. Imagine the shocked look on Hannah's face when she tasted that sour lemon. But she liked it! Or else she didn't want to hurt her daddy's feelings. Anyway, she tasted the lemon, made a face, then pulled it out of her mouth and laughed out loud. She took another bite and did the same thing. For two or three minutes she continued to eat the lemon, grimacing and laughing with every bite.

What a delightful little girl!

Man ahead, continued from page 5

formation of beliefs about beer consumption that relate it to good times and fun more often than caution and risk, and an association with having a moderate to high expectation to drink as an adult.

Although Aubrey's words almost 50 years ago fell on deaf ears, they are just as true now as they were then. Hopefully the public is now ready to push for tighter voluntary and governmental standards to reduce alcohol advertising abuses.

Aunt Louise, continued from page 6

Aunt Louise's primary calling was to be a homemaker. Not only did she create a warm loving home atmosphere for her four children [Mary Jane (Scott), Tom, James, and Joel], seven grandchildren, and five great grandchildren, she made the entire Hearn-Hubbard clan feel welcome. We will miss her.



Angela and Claudia Pyles

An update on Claudia

Millie Dillard

Perhaps you remember reading about my student, Claudia Pyles, who took the GED for the third time in January, 1999. Right after Mary Alice mailed out the *Hearn Herald*, Claudia found out that she passed! Everyone at school was so excited!! I had commented in 1998 how neat it would be if after Claudia got her GED, she could work at my center as a teacher's assistant. Two weeks before she received her scores, one of the child care workers resigned. The job was open. I immediately recommended Claudia, and she got the job! I get to see her every day, and she has been a real inspiration to other students. I sent some of you the article about her in the *Tribune Times*, a local weekly paper.

As a result of Claudia's success, her daughter, Angela, has really changed. Angela, who is 28, has an excellent job working for an accounting firm in Simpsonville. However, she is shy, and she never before wanted to have her picture made. Since Claudia has gotten her GED and has begun working at Golden Strip, Angela loves to have her picture made and is a lot more outgoing. Many times when moms get their GED, it benefits their young children. Thanks to Angela, we know that it benefits older children as well!

Claudia really encourages my students who are struggling to get their GED. She knows they can do it if she did. I wish you could meet her, because she is a delightful person.

Parenting 102: Driving Miss Emily (or, Never take small children to a car dealership)

Becky Burns

It was December of 1998, and our van desperately needed a tune-up. We'd put it off for quite a while, but since we were about to drive it on a long vacation we couldn't put it off any longer. Jack was out of town on business, so it was my privilege to take care of this "routine" maintenance.

Needless to say, I was not looking forward to an afternoon at the dealership's service shop with two small children, especially since I was 4-1/2 months pregnant and prone to exhaustion. Anyone who has ever had small children or has ever waited for a car to be worked on will understand my feelings. But, after learning that the dealership had no loaner cars available, I determined to make the best of it and prepared for a long stay. I packed a suitcase of books and crayons, games and toys, snacks and juice. I was ready. After we arrived and turned our car over, we settled in.

About 30 minutes had passed when two things happened: my supply of activities was exhausted, and the service man came in and said we were in for a 3- to 4-hour wait. He said this with a completely straight face (some people have "I do not have children" written all over them). My look of horror must have registered with him, because he rushed out (I thought perhaps to get me some oxygen). He returned about 15 minutes later and triumphantly said that he had located a loaner car for me. It wasn't new or even particularly clean. I didn't mind. Anything to get me out of purgatory!

The car was of the "big boat" variety, and it definitely was not new. Even though it was early December, the outside temperature was very warm, and the car was downright hot. So I turned the car on to get the a/c going while I figured out how to install the girls' car seats. I put the girls in the front seat to keep them out of the way while I worked in the back seat.

It was at this point that my day really started to fall apart. My first indication that

something was amiss was when I felt the car suddenly jerk. I looked up just in time to see the car lurch forward right into a pickup that was parked in front of us. Emily was at the wheel. It took me only a split second to realize what had happened. My van, which is fairly new, has a safety feature built in. The gear shift does not engage without simultaneous pressure on the brake. Obviously, this boat-mobile didn't have that feature. Emily had pretended to drive and had naturally pulled on the gear shift. And off we went!

I jumped out of the back seat and shut the door, purposing to reach into the front seat through the open door and shift the car into park. However, Emily had turned the wheel slightly so that the boat-mobile was drifting off to the right of the truck we had just bumped. I had to jump away from the car to avoid being squished between the truck and the car. I also

had to shut the car door so that it wouldn't be ripped off as it passed the truck. After the car cleared the truck, it kept going: straight towards the new car lot! I ran alongside as fast as I could (I remind you of my maternal condition) and finally

managed to open the door. I could not reach the gear shift, so I grabbed the steering wheel and turned it towards me, away from the cars. We would have been absolutely fine had Emily been driving a compact, but she was driving a boat with a very wide turning radius. We managed to hit only three new cars before I was able to stop the car. At this point, several people came running out of the dealership to my rescue.

All ended well. My girls were fine, and other than a huge case of the shakes, I was fine as well. The dealership people no doubt had a good laugh after I'd left, as did the insurance adjuster when he called me to get the details of the accident. Needless to say, I've never been back to that dealership! In fact, I avoid all contact with auto service shops. Most importantly: Emily has been confined to the back seat indefinitely!



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Unforgettable evening
Traci Stovall

By now all of you know my exciting news. The love of my life, Wayne Pierce, proposed to me for my birthday in June. Most of you received the proposal story via e-mail, but here it is again for those that didn't read it.

Wayne is the associational youth evangelism director for his county, and during the summers he has an event called Monday Night Live. It is for youth of the county and involves a speaker, special music, and invited worship leaders. June 21, the day after my birthday, the Monday Night Live was being held at Gallman Baptist Church, where he used to be the minister of music and where I was a member for a year and a half when I lived in Jackson, Mississippi. Since I would be in town after Keith and Teresa's wedding the weekend before, we decided that we would be the worship leaders on the 21st.

The service went well. We sang our music, there was a sermon, and then I sang the invitation. After the invitation, Wayne came to the mike to make some announcements. After the announcements, he said "I'd like to thank Traci for coming to sing with me tonight. Yesterday was her birthday. I didn't get her a present, so I'm going to sing a song for her." He sang "our song," which is "Love Moves in

Mysterious Ways," by Michael English. He then came over to hug me, took a ring out of his pocket, got down on one knee, and asked me if I would marry him! I was in tears at this point, and all 200-300 kids and adults in the room were on their feet—yelling, screaming, clapping, and jumping up and down! Most everyone there knew that Wayne was going to propose, and special friends and his mom were there to witness the big event. This was all on video, too, which makes it even more cool. It was wonderful for the proposal to be at Gallman, a

church that means a great deal to both of us.

Another very cool thing is that Wayne was able to talk to Dad and get his blessing, and also tell Mom and Amy at Keith and Teresa's wedding reception. (I hear that Aunt Suzie, Aunt Nancy, and Katie Beth got wind of it, too!) Wayne doesn't get to see the family often, so it's neat that it worked out that way. I don't know how everyone I know knew about it, and I didn't even get a glimpse! Everyone was so good!

I am so grieved over Bonnie's news and am excited for Karen. Isn't it good to know that our Father is so faithful, in the hard times and the good times? What else could we possibly cling to? May His incredible love and faithfulness keep you all close to him and in much peace this year.



Christmas cookies

Author unknown, quoted in "Hints from Heloise"*

Light oven; get bowl, spoons, and ingredients; grease pan; crack nuts; remove 10 blocks, seven toy autos, and one wad of chewing gum from kitchen table.

Measure two cups of flour; remove Johnny's hands from flour, wash flour off him, measure one more cup flour to replace flour on floor.

Put flour, baking powder and salt in sifter. Answer doorbell. Return to kitchen. Remove Johnny's hands from bowl. Wash Johnny. Answer phone. Return. Remove quarter-inch salt from greased pans; grease more pans. Look for Johnny. Answer phone.

Return to kitchen and find Johnny. Remove his hands from bowl. Wash shortening, etc., etc. off him. Take up greased pan and find shells in it. Head for Johnny, who flees, knocking bowl off table.

Wash kitchen floor. Wash table. Wash kitchen walls. Wash dishes. Wash Johnny. Call baker. Lie down.

*Submitted by Lerma Hearn



It's reunion time!

Be sure to reserve July 20-23 on your calendar and make plans to attend our reunion at River Terrace Resort in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. Becky Burns is planning a meal schedule (assigning responsibility for meals to various ones of us), and Beth Lippard will plan several (optional) activities for each day. This will be a great time to see the new babies, admire our progeny, and meet new in-laws and in-laws-to-be. If you haven't made your reservation, call 800-251-2040 and ask for Ed Steele (in charge of group reservations). Be sure to say that you're attending the Hearn reunion, and specify whether you want a cabin or a room.

Want a neat record of our reunion? Send your latest snapshots and family pictures to Charles. He's going to prepare a Year 2000 Reunion Album so we can remember what our families were like this year. Let's make this a memorable occasion.



Congratulations to Keith Stovall, who was recently elected president of CAMS, an organization at the University of Southern Mississippi for psychology graduate students.

Please add Teresa Stovall's birthday to your calendar. It's May 29.

Cure hiccups with sugar. Swallowing a teaspoon of sugar almost always does the trick. In a study published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, sugar worked in 19 out of 20 people—some of whom had been hiccuping for as long as six weeks!

Meet our newest family members



Teresa and Keith Stovall

Hello family,

Today marked the last day of my first semester in graduate school. Teresa has been extremely patient to put up with my high stress level, late hours coming to bed, and overall unpleasantness. But it is now over and will be for three weeks. As for those who were wondering—yes, Teresa is my wife. We were married six months ago (as of Dec. 19). We are having lots of fun and thoroughly enjoy being married. Aunt Mary Alice asked me to introduce Teresa to you all, so I will. "Hello everyone. This is Teresa. Teresa, meet everyone."

Hey to all !!! I met some of you at the family reunion last summer, but you are many in number so I might not know you if I saw you on the street. Hopefully, I won't ever see you in the street or gutter—that's a tough life.

Not only am I a new addition, but I brought with me my dog, Coda. She is a very big dog who allows Keith to sleep with us at night. Keith is adjusting to the ways of this package deal. As for an update on Coda's education, she recently graduated from Dog Obedience School. She was top of her class but plans to take some time off and make herself more available to be spoiled by her parents.

As for me, I am busy with my job as a case manager to mentally retarded adults. This is a job I love, and I am blessed to be around these special people. I love the married life and my new family.

That's it for me. I hope to see everyone again sometime in the future.

Well, now you can see why I married her. She is lots of fun. Okay, we're signing off now. Take care and we hope to see you real soon.

Keith, Teresa, and Coda

Music man

Traci Stovall

My betrothed, Wayne Pierce, is 30 years old and lives in Crystal Springs, Mississippi, which is 30 miles south of Jackson. He serves as minister of music and students of Pilgrim's Rest Baptist Church in Crystal Springs. He has been in the ministry for 10 years. He has an incredible heart for the Lord, for people, and for ministry. He makes me laugh like no one else, can see to the depths of my heart, and is my best friend. We have a lot of fun and love to sing together. He is a drummer in addition to being a singer and is an all around incredible musician. He comes from a great family whom I love dearly. He is an incredible person, and I can't wait for you all to meet him!

Wayne and I originally set our wedding date for May 27, which is mom and dad's anniversary. However, we have decided to postpone it a bit. I want to be finished with



Traci Stovall and Wayne Pierce

school and not have the stress of having to plan a wedding out of state. In addition, we still don't know what we are going to do when we marry (as far as where we will live and work). We feel the Lord leading us into camp ministry, but don't know quite how that is going to happen. We are seeking the Lord in a lot of matters right now and would covet your prayers. We are looking at possibly an August wedding. I'll definitely keep you all posted.



Hoover Lee and Karen Heard

Hoover

Karen Heard

Since the name Hoover is such an unusual one, I'm sure that before I say anything else you would like an explanation of how he was given that name. Hoover is ethnic Chinese, and his Chinese name, Kuo-Ho, means *peaceful country*. His father thought of his name while visiting the Hoover Institute at Stanford, which promotes peace between nations. I find it ironic and very fitting that Hoover now feels called to take the message of peace in Jesus Christ to other nations. So,

although we can probably all come up with some really good vacuum cleaner jokes, that's not exactly what his parents were thinking about when they named him.

Hoover's parents came to the United States from China over forty years ago. Hoover was born several years after they got here. He grew up in Columbus, Ohio, and graduated from Cumberland College in Kentucky with a degree in information systems. Hoover and I were both pretty involved in BSU at that time, and I do remember seeing him once at a state convention, but somehow our paths never crossed during college. When Hoover graduated from college he did community development work with churches in North Carolina and after that went to graduate school at Golden Gate Seminary in San Francisco.

It was about four years ago that our paths finally crossed. A mutual friend introduced us to each other at our interviews to do work overseas.

continued on page 6

S----d cousin?*

Lerma E. Hearn

You know that your parents' brothers and sisters are your uncles and aunts, and that *their* children are your cousins (first cousins, to be exact). You know that your parents' parents are your grandparents, and *their* parents are your great-grandparents. But what about your grandfather's sister? What about your sister's grandson, or your cousin's daughter? What relationship are they to you? And what relationship is your son to your cousin's child?

We don't have too much trouble defining the great-grandparent/great-grandchild relationship. It's just a matter of inserting one "great" for each generation beyond grandparent or grandchild. (Your great-great-grandfather, or your grandparent's grandfather, was two generations before your grandparent, so you prefix "grandfather" with two "greats.")

The great-uncle/great-niece relationship works about the same, except that for some reason we don't refer to "grand uncles" or "grand aunts." So your grandfather's sister (your father's or mother's aunt) is your great-aunt, and you are her great-nephew or great-niece. Your sister's grandson (the son of your nephew or niece) is your great-nephew.

Most confusion in defining family relationships usually comes when describing the relationship between two people who are not first cousins, but who have ancestors that were first cousins. If their parents were first cousins, they are second cousins. If their parents were second cousins (their grandparents were first cousins), then they are third cousins.

But if one person is "removed" by one or more generations from the ancestor who was a first, second, etc. cousin to the other person, then we speak of a "first cousin once removed," "second cousin once removed," "second cousin once

removed," "first cousin twice removed," and so on. The daughter of your first cousin is one generation away from you, so she is your first cousin *once removed*. Your child, on the other hand, is her second cousin, since their parents (you and your cousin) are first cousins.

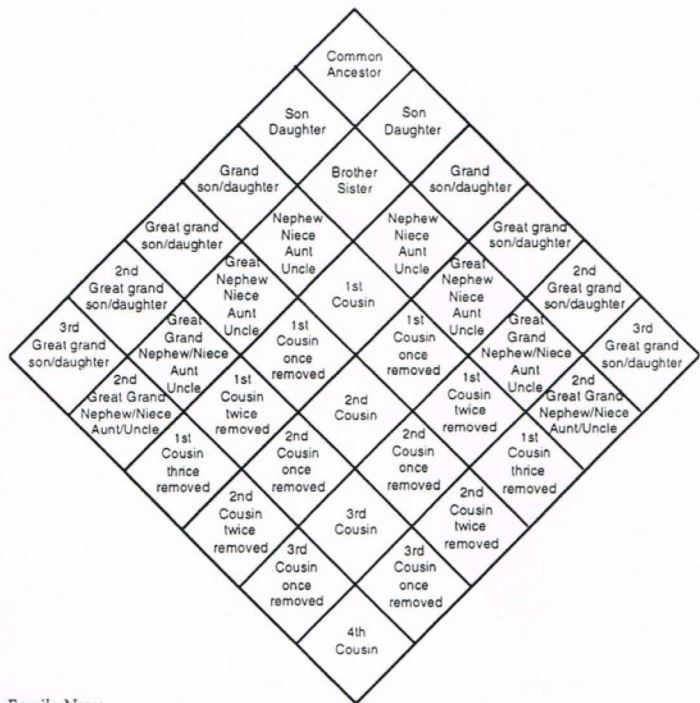
A Hearn family-specific example is this: Charles Hearn and Suzie Hearn Lusk are brother and sister, so their daughters, Becky Hearn Burns and Katie Beth Lusk, are first cousins, even though there's a substantial age difference. This means that Becky's daughter, Abby Burns, is Katie Beth's *first cousin once removed*. But Mikaela McCord is Abby's *second cousin*, because her mom, Bonnie Dillard McCord, is Abby's mom's (Becky's) first cousin.

The chart below may help clear up any confusion you have.

**The title is a word puzzle. Can you figure it out? The answer is on page 7.*

Identify that kissin' cousin*

- Place the name of the common ancestor in the top block of the diamond.
- Locate the position of yourself, or the family member, in the blocks on the top left side of the diamond.
- Locate the position of the person whose relationship you are searching by finding his/her position in the blocks on the top right side of the diamond.
- Your relationship will be where the two rows intersect.



* Chart provided by Lerma Hearn from the Engberg Family News

Mouth watering

Allan Heard

Larry and Rachel Guthrie are right at the top on our list of a long-time good friends. They lived right across the street when we were at Auburn in the early 70s. Our kids played together so much, it was hard remember which child was whose. Through the years both families moved around some, but we've kept up and have seen one another now and then.

About 1980, I happened to be in Athens, Georgia, the Guthries' hometown, for a meeting. One night Larry fetched me out to their home, and Rachel overfed me generously. While Larry and I propped up our feet and reminisced, Rachel was in and out of the kitchen now and then. As it turned out, she was building one of my favorites, cherry pie, probably armed with the knowledge of that preference.

Presently, Rachel asked if I would like some pie and ice cream. Polite to a fault as I am, I could not refuse. Ironically, she and Larry were dieting and were not going to imbibe. Presently

she brought me a delicious-looking dish of pie. Quickly I took a fork and went on the attack.

I was about to take a bite when I saw a look of mystery—then horror—come across Rachel's face. As I raised the fork to my mouth, she said with obvious alarm, "Don't eat it!" Thinking she was experiencing a vanity attack, I ignored her and put an enormous bite in my mouth.

Rachel's face told of horror and unspeakable remorse. My mouth told me of a surprise you can't imagine.

Salt! SALT! Lots of salt. That's all I could taste. Instantly, I knew what had happened. I knew the Florence Hearn play dough recipe well, and I was experiencing it firsthand. Rachel had thought a batch of play dough she found in the refrigerator was pie crust dough.

Rachel was embarrassed, but really without cause. If I had schemed for years, I couldn't have devised a better prank—or a funnier one. And it was one which any of my children would pull on either friend or stranger without second thought.

I still love cherry pie—and Rachel.



Check out our Web site!

We are so fortunate to have our own family Web site, composed and edited by Charles Hearn. We not only have an assortment of *Hearn Herald* articles written over a six-year period since our first edition in February, 1994, we have a collection of family photographs and (most impressive) extensive genealogies for the Hearn and Conner families. If you want to know the names of first cousins you've lost track of, just check out our Web site at <http://members.home.net/hearncl/>. In the future, the site will be revised to include more genealogical information and pictures. Perhaps we'll even have a category for our summer reunion. Continue to visit the site and add your comments and suggestions for improvement (click on the "Guest Book" icon).

Thanks, Charles and Lerma!

Autumn's gift

Marcia Hearn Stovall
West High, 1960

Down from stately trees they fall
To kiss the earth whereon they crawl
When gently pushed by Autumn's
breeze,

And then they pause when'er they
please.

In orange, red, gold, and brown
They carelessly start drifting down.
Side by side they paint the earth
In colors giving it rebirth.

Most everyone delights to live
In times like these—when Autumn
gives

Her favorite child to please the eye
Of every human passerby.

They pile in colored stacks of gold
Upon the earth in manifold.
How could there be one blinded clod
Who still insists there is no God?

A letter from Traci

Hello and happy new year to you all . . .

Is anyone as happy as I am that the Y2K business is over? I hope that this new year finds you all doing well. I am so bad about keeping up. Thank goodness for the *Hearn Herald* that helps with matters such as these!

I was so blessed to be at home for four weeks for the holidays. I burned up the roads between Louisiana and Mississippi and had an excellent time.

I am very excited to be beginning my very last semester at Southwestern Seminary. I watched some new students move into the dorm and could hardly believe that I'd been here two years this month. The time flies. I will finish my course work in May but will not graduate until after I write my thesis (project, actually). I do plan to leave in May, however, and then come back to graduate when the project is complete.

My plan at this point for my project is a training manual for Biblical counseling. I hardly know everything about the field, but Biblical counseling has become my passion. I love the thought that everything that we need can be found in God's word. I want to share what I know with others and educate as much as I can. The training manual will enable me to learn more through my reading and studies and also enable me to share what I know with others. After I complete my project, I'll graduate with a Master of Arts in Church and Community Ministries.

When I'm not in classes I'm staying very busy with work. I'm teaching piano, playing the piano at my church, babysitting a three year old, and counseling teens through Dawson McAllister's HopeLine. The HopeLine has been an incredible ministry for me. I love my work there.

Love,

Traci





Aubrey leads the way
Mary Alice Heard

From his college days on, Aubrey enjoyed cultural and sports events. After he married and his family grew, he didn't have money to attend such shows. That didn't stop Aubrey. He began selling tickets to community orchestra concerts and ushering at other performances when he was in town. He was willing to miss the first part of a concert, play, or ball game so that he could sit through the second part. Such occasions provided a double benefit. Not only did he get to attend the cultural event, he was able to spend personal time with one of the children. Florence could also occasionally go out with him.

I remember attending a football game with Daddy when I was not really old enough to understand the game. I thought it was very boring, and I was embarrassed at the way he acted. He would jump up and down and shout like a madman, for no apparent cause. Another time, though, when he was an usher at a Vandy game, he was able to get seats for the two of us down on the sideline near the team. By that time I knew a little more about the game and could follow how our team was doing. I enjoyed being so close to the players.

Aubrey made sure that we all had a chance to attend plays and musical events. I particularly remember watching a noted actress do a program of monologues. She was spectacular. We also attended operettas, plays, and concerts. They were a wonderful introduction to the arts, thanks to parents who made sure we were exposed to them.



Personality profile:
C. Aubrey Hearn

The following article appeared in the June 28, 1944 issue of The Assembly Breeze, a publication of the Arkansas Baptist Assembly. Perhaps it will give you an image of Aubrey as he was in the 40s.

Our personality for today is Mr. C. Aubrey Hearn, Nashville, Tennessee, speaker and teacher.

Mr. Hearn was born into a Christian home so he has been brought up in the atmosphere of the church. His birthplace was Albertville, Alabama. He is the eldest of eight children.

He finished the Albertville High School and entered Howard College at the age of 19. [Editor's correction: He graduated from college at 19.] Since that time he has done scholastic work at Vanderbilt, Southern Seminary, Peabody, and Yale.

Mr. Hearn does not practice law regularly, but since he has had a great deal of training in this field he has handled a few cases where personal friends were involved. He is of the opinion that this training has been most beneficial to him in his work.

Mr. Hearn is married and has five children—four girls and one boy. He stated that he was very proud of his family.

For pastime he chooses tennis, at which he is a "whiz." His favorite indoor game is chess. Mr. Hearn said, "I think tennis and chess are the finest games that have ever been invented."

His hobby is that of collecting autographed books of favorite authors, and he has amassed quite a large library of this type.

Mr. Hearn is the author of *Alcohol the Destroyer*. This book came off the press early in 1943 and has been through five editions since that time.

Here is a list of his favorites:

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| Fruit | Orange |
| Auto | Ford |
| Vegetable | Potato |
| Orchestra | Philharmonic |
| Radio program | Fibber Magee |
| Instrument | Violin |
| Tune | "Just a Wearyin' for You" |
| Entertainment | Singing with my children |
| Sport | Tennis |

Hoover, continued from page 3

Hoover has a warm, outgoing personality and, on top of that, he makes me laugh. So when I met him I liked him instantly.

Hoover ended up teaching English in China and I went to Kazakhstan, but we kept in touch. To make a long story short, this past fall we both finally decided that the timing was right for us to be together. I don't think you could even say that we ever really dated. As a matter of fact, Hoover called my parents and asked for permission to court me. Chivalry is not dead after all.

I've had people mention to me that this all seems a little bit rushed. My response to that has always been that I've waited for the right man for 28 years and Hoover, in particular, for about four. If anything, it's been slow rather than fast. But God's timing is different for everyone, and I believe that this has all been well worth the wait.

We got engaged on December 29 (my Dad's birthday), and Hoover moved down to Wake Forest the next week. We're getting married April 15 and will hopefully be heading back overseas in a couple of years.

I feel tremendously blessed to have Hoover in my life. Although I'm probably a little bit biased, I can't say enough good things about him. He's a wonderful man who loves the Lord and loves people. I can't wait for all of you to meet him!

Interested in a family cookbook?

Becky Burns wonders if you would like a book of our favorite recipes. She is willing to type and compile them if you agree that this would be a neat project. We could include some of Florence's favorites, such as the sausage biscuits recipe printed in this newsletter.

Please let Becky know what you think. She would like two or three recipes—nothing exotic, just often-used dishes—per family. Give her some feedback by e-mail. If you like the idea, why not send her several recipes right away? Who knows? Perhaps she could hand out our cookbooks at the reunion this summer!



Welcome to the family!

John Michael Heard, born February 2, weighed in at 11 pounds, 4-1/2 ounces and was 23 inches long. Joel, Beth, and Samuel are mighty glad to see him. Michael has the distinction of being born on a memorable date. We can't forget his birthday of 02-02-2000. Welcome, Michael! We are anxious to meet you.

Sausage biscuits—A recipe from Florence*

1 lb. bulk mild sausage (allowed to warm to room temp., about 30 min.)

1 buttermilk biscuit recipe using 2 cups flour (may use plain baking powder biscuits)

Roll out biscuit dough on a floured board to about 12-in. by 10-in. rectangle. Spread sausage over the rectangle of dough. Cut into four sections.

Roll each section like a jelly roll. Wrap in waxed paper and chill in icemaker chamber. It cuts more smoothly if frozen or partly frozen. Cut into slices about 1/8- to 1/4-in. thickness. Bake in pans with sides as you would biscuits, 8 to 12 minutes at 450 degrees.

**Recipe located and duplicated by Lerma Hearn. What a treat to have sausage biscuits at Lerma and Charles' bed and breakfast!*

The answer to the word puzzle on page 4 is "Second cousin *once* removed."

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Shoo fly pie

Allan Heard



As the end of my sophomore year of high school approached, I dislocated my right foot while practicing for the school's annual field day. The foot popped back into joint, but the joint was cracked. As a result, I got a cumbersome cast and a pair of crutches for company. This was something like having an anchor. It was so depressing that I lost nearly 20 pounds before I shed the cast.

My buddy Clyde and I had been scheming for some while about damming up a spring-fed hollow to make a clean, cool swimming hole. At about the time of the mishap, his dad consented to hire a bulldozer to construct the dam. Now the only problem was that the hollow was so wet and swampy, a dozer would have sunk out of sight.

Thus it was that on the day after my cast was taken off we set about the process of draining the hollow. After six weeks in a cast, the ankle was completely rigid, which made walking fairly difficult. Nonetheless, I was free again. I was so happy to be off crutches that I was singing as I walked. The fact that school was out for the summer may have had some bearing on my high spirits.

At this time in my life, I was very much into scouting. Boy Scouts of an earlier era had worn what we now call a Mountie hat. Because of my fair skin, I had long worn a hat during the summer. When I found that the Boy Scout store in Tupelo still had some of these antiques in stock, I got one as my official outdoor symbol.



Thus it was that I set out afoot for the hollow with Clyde, shovel on shoulder and Mountie hat on head.

I'm not kidding when I say we were both thrilled and excited at the prospect of draining the swampy hollow and building a pond. As we walked along, we were dreaming aloud of swimming and fishing in the pond that was about to be built.

As we approached the hollow, we came to a shaded area where some of Clyde's Angus cows had been hanging out. Suddenly, my eyes fell on what I instantly thought to be a wonderful opportunity. There was a large, crusted, cow pile. Unfortunately, I did not correctly evaluate

the implications of the hundreds of flies resting and feeding on the pile. What I saw was an opportunity to annihilate literally hundreds of flies with one swat of my shovel. Quickly, before they could disperse, I delivered a blow. I sent hundreds of flies to their maker. I also sent several pounds of fresh manure straight to my head and face. The pile was not even close to dry—just crusted.

My eyes were full, my nose was full, and my face was covered. Fortunately, my mouth was closed. My hat looked hopeless—the top of it literally paved in manure. I tossed it away and headed for a spring to wash up. It was several days before I quit smelling my offensive coating.

Many times through my life this experience has reinforced something that my mother said to me before this event took place. She said, "Never stir up an old cow pile." What she meant is, don't go back and dig up something bad that has long been settled and forgotten. The stink you stir up may be worse than the original one.

I'm here to tell you that rule certainly works with the real thing.



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Childhood Memories

Marcia Stovall

Frequently I think back to my childhood days. I remember many happy times at 2115 Westwood Avenue, happy times on vacations, and many pleasant experiences.

The music at our home made me so happy! I loved to hear Dad brag about his talented children. He would invited company for dinner, and then pass around folk song books for everyone to sing. Of course, he then had his children to entertain all the guests. I loved listening to Mom play the piano. What an awesome touch she had on those keys! Singing trios with my sisters was priceless. (We sounded pretty good, I think!) I loved "Lindy Lou" and "Indian Love Call"!

The wonderful music tradition at Immanuel Baptist Church also was very special. One of our former music ministers, Carrol Carruth, gave me my first voice lessons. (In exchange for those lessons, I babysat for his children.) I remember singing in the adult choir, even as a youth. I loved standing next to Nancy. It made me feel proud to sing soprano with her.

Summertime was so much fun at our home. I remember catching fireflies and collecting them in jars. I remember Mary Alice walking down the hill on stilts. The side yard became a baseball field for the neighborhood. We also played badminton in the back yard and swang on the tire swing Dad put in that old tree. I loved to watch Charles perform his magic tricks. (He never would tell any of his sisters how the tricks worked!)

Remember those long car rides to Glorieta and Ridgecrest? I loved sitting next to Dad. He would direct radio songs with his little finger, and he made me laugh. I never liked listening to news. However, in the car on those long trips we listened to Paul Harvey. I changed my mind about listening to news.

I remember Mom making sandwiches in the car as we drove to Glorieta. Dad was in too much of a hurry to stop for lunch. Mom made liver cheese sandwiches. I used to think they were good!

We were driving late one night, and Dad saw some Negro girls hitchhiking. Dad stopped the car; it seems we had a little room for extra passengers. One girl became so frightened she jumped into the ditch! Dad gave those girls a ride into town.

Then there was the time our car broke down on a trip out west. Dad stood by the highway, trying to get a ride into town. He took out his handkerchief and waved at the passing cars. Everyone was so friendly—they all waved back as they passed by! We laughed and laughed. We convinced Dad he needed to hold out his thumb to get the needed ride. He finally agreed, and the next car stopped and gave him a ride into town.

I remember driving to the Grand Canyon. We stood outside overlooking the canyon as the sun set. It was beautiful. Mom began singing "Day is Dying in the West," and we all sang with her.

I remember singing with Millie at the talent shows at Glorieta and Ridgecrest. We sang "Five Foot Two" and several other songs.

My sophomore year at West, Dad went on a business trip to Virginia. He got permission to take Millie, my friend Anne Partee, and me out of school for ten days. He left us in Washington, D.C. with our friends, the Smiths, while he continued on his trip. What a wonderful time we had! We got on the bus every day and visited the Smithsonian, the monuments, and many other fascinating sights. I'll always remember that vacation!

I know how fortunate we are to have had such great parents—loving, funny, talented, kind Christians. I also know how fortunate I am to have four great sisters and their families and a great brother and his family. I love them all!

God is too good. It is great to think about childhood memories!

Remember those long car rides to Glorieta and Ridgecrest? I loved sitting next to Dad. He would direct radio songs with his little finger, and he made me laugh.



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And more

George Washington Carver
Allan Heard

George W. Carver was born about 1859 to slave parents on a farm near Diamond Grove, Missouri. In his struggle to educate himself, he earned his way by cooking, taking in laundry, and working as a janitor. He graduated from Iowa State College in 1894 and accepted a position there as a botanist. He quickly gained professional fame. He went to Tuskegee Institute in 1896 at the invitation of Booker T. Washington, and he spent the rest of his life there. He died in 1943.

Carver's life was dedicated to finding new sources of farm income to replace cotton. He made over 300 products from peanuts, 118 products from the sweet potato, and 75 products from the pecan. He also made synthetic marble from wood shavings, dyes from clay, and wallboard from corn stalks.

Though he was widely recognized and honored for his accomplishments, Carver's monetary gains were modest. In 1940 he gave his life savings, \$33,000, to help establish the George Washington Carver Foundation for Agricultural Research at Tuskegee. His belief in "farm relief through science," as stated in the closing remarks of a letter to T.G. Conner, has proven to be a prophecy. Scientific innovations in agriculture have enabled the United States to be a self-sufficient, world-feeding nation instead of one based on a subsistence-level, agrarian economy. Dr. Carver wanted to open up "new possibilities in the way of industries, and at the same time develop creative minds who will take care of these new industries." George W. Carver was a visionary.

In 1930 Dr. Carver wrote a letter to Thomas Gannaway Conner, Florence Hearn's father, in response to a letter that T.G. Conner had written to him. The text of Dr. Carver's letter appears on this page. Thanks to Suzie Lusk for searching the archives of the library at Tuskegee Institute for the original of T.G. Conner's letter. She was unable to locate it.

**Text of a letter to Thomas G. Conner, Florence Hearn's father, from
George Washington Carver**

Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute
Founded by Booker T. Washington
For the Training of Colored Young Men and Women

Research and Experiment Station
George W. Carver, Director
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

May-2-30

My dear Mr. Conner,

Your letter comes as a distinct surprise to me. I am amazed, but knowing you as I do I am not surprised.

Your letter is written in the same spirit that my work is done. Your letter is humanitarian. You had in mind saying things that would help me. You took very high ground to my mind.

My work as I see it is much bigger than mere dollars and cents coming to me. I have in mind opening up new possibilities in the way of industries, and at the same time develop creative minds who will take care of these new industries.

I may never get a dollar out of it myself but if during my life time I can blaze a trail that will be developed in the years to come, as study reveals the possibility of these products, I shall feel that I have made a real contribution to my day and generation.

I am inclosing a little folder which will I think substantiate the thoughts in your letter.

I believe we are on the road to farm relief through science.

I believe science must be taken to the farm.

Again thanking you for your great kindness, which I have found from 90% of the splendid southern people ever since I have been among them,

I am so sincerely yours,
G.W. Carver



Reflections on marriage

Dr. Mike Thompson

When Karen Heard and Hoover Lee were married in April, Hoover's professor and good friend, Mike Thompson, performed the ceremony. Because we think his advice is applicable to couples at any stage of married life, we share them with you now.

It is my privilege now to share what limited wisdom I have with you about marriage, and after 27 years I can pretty much assure you that the only thing I know about marriage for certain is that I don't know much about marriage, but I will give it a run. You two are bringing many similarities to your marriage, and those are things that will serve as foundations and building blocks. You are both good people, you come from good homes, you have good educations, you are followers of Jesus Christ, you have both already invested time in Christ's service to other people, you have goals that are dovetailing now for the future. Those things are proper things on which to build.

But experience has taught me, and many others, that while those things are immediate strengths for your marriage, it may very well be the differences that you are bringing which will be the long-range wealth of your marriage together. You see, if all you were doing was marrying somebody who has the same strengths and gifts as you have, you really would not be gaining that much. It is through marrying someone that sees the light differently, that does not communicate in the same way as you, that does not understand in the same way as you, that will not interpret things in the same way as you—that's where your great gain is coming. In fact, someone has well said if two people agree on everything, one of them is not necessary.

I assure you, you will not agree on everything. And while that will cause both light—and, occasionally, heat—in retrospect in years to come as you look back, as you learn not to deny those differences, rather, but to revel in them and glory in them, and know that those are some of the great gifts you bring to one another, as you learn to listen to each other and to change and be stretched by one another, I think

you'll come to say, "We were better together than either of us would have been by ourselves."

The greatest gift you can give one another is to love each other. Let me try to speak, hopefully, a meaningful word to each of you on that. Hoover, Karen's going to need a lot of things. She will have a lot of needs, but to be loved by you will always be, probably, her greatest need. She will need to know on the tablet of your life there is room for only one name, and that is hers. She will need to know that she's never going to be in competition with another person, with a career, a habit, a hobby, with anything else. She will need to know that she ranks supremely in your heart. Now, you will demonstrate that to her I think in a number of



ways—first of all by listening to her. Listening not just to what she says but to what she means by what she says. Get to know her as deeply as you can. You'll communicate it to her by treating her with proper balance of gentleness and strength. I also think you will communicate your love for her by convincing her that her dreams and her goals are just as important to you as yours are, and that you're just as willing to work hard to help her achieve them as you are to work to achieve your own. My friend, if you love her like that, you'll be a wise man, and you will make an investment that will yield real dividends in the future. I would advise it.

Karen, I must say to you, simply because I know marriage from a male standpoint, and I know life as a male, when it comes to relationships, men are not always God's quickest creatures. My wife is fond of saying that we try hard, we just don't get it. Well, Hoover is now adding his name to that

long, hallowed list of men who are going to try to learn how to relate to one of you fascinating creatures. However, I have known him long enough as a man of character to know how hard he'll try to do that. Your giving him a gift of love might often involve finding ways to communicate your trust and your respect for him. You'll do that by the way you treat him. You'll do that by how you think about him, you'll do that by how you speak both to him and about him, whether he's there or whether he's not there. In fact, some of the greatest honor that a spouse can give to another spouse is to speak well of that spouse when he or she is not present.

You will walk with Hoover through good times in life. You'll walk with him through bad times in life. They will most likely both be a part of the mix of your life. But the key phrase there is "walking together." Two really are better than one because they have good return for their labor; if either of them falls, the one will lift up his companion. There will come times when Hoover will fall, when he will not be everything that he is promising to be today, and that's not because he won't try; it's because he's human. You will show your love and your respect for him by walking with him in encouragement and in patience and in love, the same as you will want him to do for you when you fall.

You're a lovely woman, and from what I have been able to tell in the short time I've known you, your outward beauty is more than matched by your inward beauty. I would encourage you to cultivate that inward beauty, because in years to come, as the outward beauty for all of us fades, the inward beauty shines more. So I would challenge you to do that, and bless you two together.

Aubrey, supersalesman

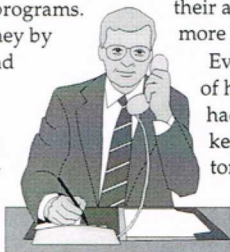
Mary Alice Heard*

After Aubrey Hearn retired from the Baptist Sunday School Board in 1966, he very soon passed a test certifying him to sell church bonds for a living. Over the years he worked for several companies, Security Church Finance of Houston, Texas, being the most noteworthy. These companies held campaigns in churches that were raising money for building programs. The churches borrowed money by issuing bonds which the bond company's agents would encourage the church's members to purchase. These companies also had employees who were independent salesmen, who took any bonds left over from the campaigns and sold them to interested buyers. Aubrey was one of these independent salesmen, and he received a commission on every bond that he sold.

During the early days of his bond sales, Aubrey traveled three days a week, calling on prospective customers and sharing information about available church bonds. He enjoyed meeting them in their homes and offices, and it wasn't long before he developed a base of loyal customers. Eventually, he had a four-state area in which he was licensed to sell bonds, and after a few years he became the leading salesman in his company. For

a number of years Aubrey sold over a million dollars worth of bonds each year.

One service that Aubrey provided his customers was that he wrote wills for them. He always asked a new customer if he had a will. If he did not and was willing, Aubrey drew up a will for him at no charge. The customers appreciated his willingness to write a will for them, and they showed their appreciation by purchasing more bonds.



Eventually Aubrey sold most of his bonds by telephone. He had a list of customers, and he kept track of when a customer's bond was going to mature. It was a simple matter to let the customer know that the company had another bond that he could purchase with the money from the matured bond. Aubrey never used pressure tactics in his sales. He thought he was offering his customers a service. When customers were sick he sent cards or flowers. He was interested in them as people, and many became his good friends.

For two of Aubrey's bond-selling stories, told in his own words, see page 5.

**The information in this article came from a taped interview of Aubrey that three grandchildren—Andy and Dan Clark and Karen Heard—conducted in April of 1982.*

Little pig

Allan Heard

You have to know little about Henry to appreciate this story. He lived directly across the street from Nonna, Guy's grandmother. He farmed a hill farm a little and logged a little.

I wouldn't say Henry was a mean man, but he surely had a mean streak. I remember one Sunday night when Lacy Hale was ushering in church. When the sermon began, Lacy sat at the back, leaning his cane-bottom chair against the wall. He soon was asleep and snoring. Henry just couldn't resist the opportunity. He threw a Broadman hymnal fully 15 feet and hit Lacy squarely in his large paunch. Lacy let out a startled yell, and church might as well have been over.

Another Sunday, my father was helping pass the the collection plates. As Daddy headed back down the aisle to the front with several stacked plates, Henry stuck out a foot and tripped him. Daddy stumbled all the way to the front, but he didn't go down, though he did scatter a little loose money. Henry was the only one who laughed.

One Sunday afternoon we got a distress call from Nonna. She said there was a little pig in her garden. We surmised that flooding in the Tallahatchie River bottom had run this wayward animal into town. When the pig squad arrived, we immediately realized that we had a chore on our hands. The "little pig" looked to weigh

Continued on page 6



A joke for the nearlyweds and newlyweds sent by Lerma

It seems the bride returned from her honeymoon all aglow. "Oh, Mother, he's wonderful, just wonderful! Absolutely marvelous!"

A few weeks later, she called again. "Oh, Mother, it's awful! I just don't know what to do! He's started using these four-letter words!"

"Well, what words? What is he saying?"

"Oh, they're just too bad! I just can't tell you!"

"Well, you'll have to tell me. What words is he using?"

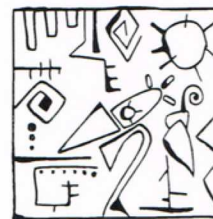
"Words like *dust* and *cook* and *wash*!!!"

Reunion raves

Our reunion in Gatlinburg in July was a great experience. Thank you all for coming, and thanks, Beth and Becky, for your hard work pulling it off. Aren't we blessed with intelligent and enterprising family members who are willing to sacrifice time for their cousins, aunts, and uncles? Let's hear it for Beth and Becky!

Thank you also to Charles and Lerma for your time spent sorting through the coin collection and scanning old negatives for our reunion scrapbook CD. I daresay very few families have ever received such a wonderful memento. Florence and

Aubrey would have been amazed, just as we are, to see their old negatives turned into a compact disc. The family scrapbook CD is a joy to own and view. Thank you for the time you spent scanning, identifying, organizing, and putting the scrapbook together.



Two interesting customers

C. Aubrey Hearn*

I have had some very interesting experiences. For example, I hadn't been selling bonds too long before I sold a man \$50,000 worth of bonds, and he asked me to my great amazement if I would mind if he paid for them in cash. Well, I was very surprised at that, but I went along to this man's office, and, knowing he would pay me in cash, I took another man with me to be a bodyguard.

When we got to the office the man opened the drawers of his desk, and every one was stacked high with hundred dollar bills. So this man paid me \$50,000 in hundred dollar bills, and where he got this money I have no idea, but he paid me \$50,000 and I took the bills to the office, and they were very glad to get that money.

Now another experience I had just about two years ago: I had a customer over in east Tennessee. This man had a franchise to have coin machines all over the county, and he made pretty good money. And so he started buying bonds from me. He usually would buy \$15,000 or \$25,000 at one time. And one time he called me up and he said, "Mr. Hearn, I'm about to buy some silver coins." This was in the time when silver was very much in demand, and you paid high prices for it. So he said, "There's a man out in the country here that has a country store, and he's been saving coins for many years, and he has them in a couple of barrels buried in the ground. He's offered to sell these coins to me. I'm going to buy them and take the money and buy bonds from you."

I said, "Well, I'm certainly delighted." So he and his wife went out to the country, and this old man and his wife dug up the coins from the barrels and had to dip out the coins, but they were dirty coins. There was mud on them, and dust and dirt, so they poured all those coins in some tubs, and they took them to the town where my customer lived. They had to count them, you see. And so, when they counted these coins, the old man—they pulled all the shades

down—the old man sat at the door with a shotgun in his hand. He was afraid somebody was going to come in and try to steal those coins. And so then the old man's wife and my customer and his wife, they had to clean the coins, because they were so dirty you couldn't sell coins like that, you know. You had to wash them and dry them and count them. It took them all night long.

So during the night this man called me once or twice and told me the progress they were making counting these coins. He said, "We're going to finish tonight, and we're going to drive to Nashville tomorrow, but we don't know how to get to the coin shop that we're selling them to. We



just don't know the roads in Nashville and the streets and all."

I said, "I know exactly where the coin shop is, and I know how to get there. When you get to the edge of town you stop and call me. I'll get in my car and I'll go out there and I'll pilot you to this coin shop. Sure enough, I was ready the next morning, and I waited and waited and waited, and finally he called.

He said, "I'm sorry we're running a little late. We stayed up all night and we were kind of tired, and we slept a little while this morning. We're here now." He had a big van, and he had all those coins in sacks, you see—you know, these cotton sacks you get at the bank. They were pretty heavy, you know. So I piloted them down to the First American Center downtown, and there is an entrance that trucks use, and I drove up to that entrance and

the coin man had sent a policeman down there to guard the coins while they were being transmitted from the van to the coin shop.

So they had a big old truck, and they put the coins in the truck and rolled them down to the elevator, rolled them in the elevator up to the floor where the coin shops were, then rolled them into the coin shop.

Well, they had to be counted again, because the coin shop operator had to be sure that their count was right, see. But this time they had a machine count the coins. So they put all the half dollars in one machine, all the quarters in another, all the dimes in another, all the silver dollars in another, and they counted them, and when they got through there was about \$36,000 or \$37,000 that they received for those coins. So the man got a check for the coins, and we went across to the bank, and he added enough to that check to make it \$40,000 and gave me a check for \$40,000 for the bonds. I enjoyed that very much.

Later on we invited this man and his wife to come to see us, and they drove all the way from east Tennessee every year to our house, and they had lunch with us and spent a while and drove back, and we enjoyed that very much. They're still living there in a town in east Tennessee—they have the best house in town—I've been to their house. It's a very fine house, and they're very fine people.

** Aubrey told these stories during a taped interview in 1982.*



Congratulations to Gerald Stovall, who has retired after serving as BSU director at the University of New Orleans for 25 years. Gerald is the new music minister at Glendale Baptist Church, Glendale, Mississippi. Marcia Stovall, who left her librarian job at Roosevelt Middle school, is now the librarian at Petal Middle School in Petal, Mississippi. We look forward to hearing about their ventures in their new hometown of Hattiesburg.



What a day!

Millie Dillard

It was a Sunday afternoon in February. Valerie and Joel, two of my adult students, had invited Jim and me to attend the christening of their baby daughter, Cydney Joel. We had to leave their house a little early so we could pick up a woman from our church named June, who was visiting her mother in a nursing home in Mauldin. We were going to take her to her home in Greenville.

We ran by the house to get something, and as we got back into the car to get June, our car wouldn't start. The battery was dead. We hooked up a battery recharger and phoned June that we would be late. After 1-1/2 hours the battery wouldn't start, and we figured out that the recharger was probably not working. We called June and told her that she would have to find another ride home, since we couldn't start the car. Normally, Jim could have taken her home in his van, but when we had pulled into the carport, we pulled up behind the van, so Jim couldn't get it out.

Later that evening, I told Jim that I would call Claudia, one of my child development workers who lives in Simpsonville, to see if she could pick me up for school the next morning. Claudia said that she would.

The next morning, as I was ready to go to school, Claudia drove up and

came running to the back door, and we found that Murphy's Law was in full force.

"Something's wrong with my car," she said. "I heard a noise on the way, and now the car is smoking."

Jim went out to look and said, "It's probably the water pump. Perhaps the hose burst."



Claudia said, "I just spent a lot of money on the car in January. I guess I'll have to call the car place to see if they can fix it for me."

When Claudia called the repair shop, the man who answered the phone said that she should drive the car there so that they could have a look at it. By

this time it was after 8:30, when we were supposed to be at school.

The car smoked all the way to the repair shop. When we arrived, I called Golden Strip Human Resource Center to tell them that we would be late. We waited for about an hour, and no one had even looked at the car. I called the school to see if anyone could pick us up. Gail Wooten agreed to come. By the time we arrived, it was 10:30. What a morning!

After we left for the repair shop in Claudia's car, Jim called AAA, and they sent someone right out to jump-start the car. Jim went to an auto supply store, where he bought a new battery recharger and had a new battery installed. What a day!

Book review

For the Sake of the Sheepskin, by Arlena Smith Hasel, tells the story of the growing up years of nine children in the family of Ernest and Melville Smith, sharecroppers in Union County, Mississippi. Despite the Depression and their struggle to survive, the Smith parents insisted that their children prepare for college. As a result, all nine succeeded in graduating from college, and five earned masters degrees. Mrs. Hasel tells with great affection her parents' sacrifices on behalf of the family. Reading this book will con-

vince you of the importance of hard work and strong family ties. The Smiths were remarkable parents.

The Hearn family has strong ties with the Smiths. Arlena and her sister, Mary Ruth, were boarders in the Hearn home during the 1940s. Another sister, Jessie, was Aubrey's secretary for a number of years.

Arlena is selling *For the Sake of the Sheepskin* for \$5 plus mailing costs. To buy your copy, write to her at 861 North Waterview Drive, Clermont, FL 34711.

Little pig, continued from page 4

about 150 pounds. He was standing sullenly, rapidly turning a cabbage into coleslaw.

Our first approach at capture was simply to run him down and tackle him. This didn't work for two basic reasons. First, he was too blasted fast for us. Second, he was wet from the sprinkle that was falling and slick as the proverbial greased pig. We got muddy, but no pig. Besides that, the pig was not playing fair. He was trying to bite us.

The pig soon developed an evasive tactic. He would exit the garden via a missing picket in the fence and would return by the same route, if approached by one of the "patrol." We developed a counterplan. One of us would hit him in the head with a broomstick and addle him as he slowed down getting through the fence. After a few tries, we realized that this ploy was impossible. A pig does not have a head; his body goes straight from snout to neck—with essentially no head at all. I am sure we were hurting him, but we were not about to addle him. During this bout, the pig developed new evasive tactics. He removed several formerly sound pickets in order to have more and better escape routes.

About this time, Henry came to our rescue. He gave us useful advice that quickly won the battle for us. He told us to grab a hind leg and hold on. This was not as easy as you might hope, but after a few more scuffed knees, one of us got the first hind leg, then the other, and he couldn't get away or succeed in biting us.

When we got the pig "hog-tied" pretty well, Henry asked us what we were going to do with it. We said we didn't know. Then he did the most noble thing I ever knew him to do. He said, "I think I know whose pig that is. Help me put him in my truck and I will take him home. I am sure that pore old black man down by the Tallahatchie river will be happy to see his pig again." We helped him load the squealing pig into his pickup bed. Then, in an unbelievable act of generosity, Henry dug out a dollar bill and gave it to us for our trouble.

Continued on page 7

Little pig, continued from page 6

I sort of got suspicious for just a minute when Henry went into the house and came back with a couple of sharp-looking butcher knives. Curious, I asked what they were for. He explained that the high water had run lots of wolves out of the bottom, and he felt safer having the knives to defend himself if one of the wolves should happen to jump in the truck. I told him I knew all about wolves and that it sounded wise to me. Then he was off, leaving a black cloud with the old oil-burning International. The last I saw as they rounded the corner of Apple and Central was the pig and the big black washpot sliding from one side of the truck bed to the other.

The next day Henry drove by me as I was walking home from school. He honked and gave me the biggest old southern smile—and a thumbs up. I was plumb proud because I knew he was telling me how pleased the pore old tenant farmer was to have back his lost little pig.

This experience of generosity by Henry changed my whole view of him. I realized that he really was a good ole boy after all.

Here are Derek and Bonnie's New Zealand address and phone number.

Derek and Bonnie McCord
c/o YWAM Family Ministries
P.O. Box 43-010
Mangere, Auckland
New Zealand

Phone number: 64-9-256-1202. The telephone is one used by all the students. We are asked to call between the following hours: 5:30 - 9:30 p.m., New Zealand time [1:30 - 5:30 a.m., EST] Monday through Friday and 9:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. [5:30 p.m. - 5:30 a.m. EST] Saturday and Sunday. New Zealand time is 16 hours ahead of Eastern Standard Time.

Looks as if we should try to call on the weekend!

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Chewin' and spittin'

Allan Heard

When I was eight or nine, we moved into a house about 200 feet from the county courthouse. It was somewhere near the center of my universe a lot of the time. I skated on the walk and played shinny (stick hockey with a tin can puck), tackle football, and Fox-on-the-Wall on the lawn. I longed for summer, when mule-drawn wagons and trucks of melons and vegetables I didn't care about parked around the block. Melons were 10, 25, or maybe 50 cents. It was while hanging around the courthouse that I began to learn about snuff and chewing tobacco.

The three entry halls of the courthouse met in front of the Chancery Clerk's office. There, people congregated in the vicinity of several large (maybe 1-1/2 gallon) spittoons and solved the world's problems (or maybe just the county's)—ambeer* running down the corners of their mouths or smoke from hand-rolled cigarettes pouring from their noses and mouths. It looked as if, now and then, somebody would actually try to hit a spittoon, but mostly they spit everywhere on those lovely marble floors. Walking through barefoot was running the gauntlet. On a good day you would only get a few brown spots. You never dared to risk running while barefoot. You might slip and fall—and mop half the hall before your slide ended in an amber-brown puddle. Sometimes I told myself the restrooms were cleaned soon after the Civil War and the halls a week later.

When I was a seventh grader, I went out for varsity baseball. The season was only a few days old when I bought a plug of Day's Work chewing tobacco. I was just beginning to enjoy my first chew when a ground ball took a bad hop and hit me squarely in the face. I swallowed my tobacco. Needless to say, I got it back pretty quickly. After that, I had a plug of tobacco which lasted for about six years. I carried it camping and hunting, just in case, but I never got around to chewing it. It got pretty gritty.

After I quit smoking in 1966, I picked up the office fad of chewing loose tobacco. The brand I remember is Red Man. You take a bunch of this honey-coated, loose tobacco, make a golf-ball-sized wad, and stuff your jaw so full you can't talk. Then people think you are introverted, dumb, or retarded—with an abscess in your jaw.

Ross Clark spent a couple of summers with us about this time, and we sometimes rode the back roads on Saturdays looking for woody plants. On such a day I had taken him far off road to see what I think was the only large rhododendron that he was able



to find in Alabama. When we returned to the pavement, my truck lurched when the tires grabbed on the asphalt. This caused the spit can I carried on the dash to go sailing. I found what a really good friend Ross was. The brown slime covered him, and he didn't even utter a profanity.

By the time Tim could walk and talk well, he was going on late night frog hunts with me. On one such hunt, I opened a fresh package of Red Man and took a big chew. It was wonderfully delicious and moist, so moist that I shone the flashlight into the package out of curiosity. I gagged at what I saw. The tobacco was teeming with maggots. That should have stopped me from chewing, but it didn't.

Mary Alice put up with the tobacco, but she did not like any part of it. She was especially annoyed when Tim started to imitate me, sitting on the

porch in his little rocking chair and spitting into the yard.

Mary Alice's favorite chewing story is about the day that I was spray-painting some sheet metal closet doors. I was in our unfinished basement and was enjoying a good chew as I painted. I had my trusty spit can so I didn't have to spit on the floor. However, I was so deeply involved that I almost didn't notice when I picked up a quart of paint and spit in it. The paint was an olive green, so the color really didn't change much.

I continued to chew for six or seven years, until some while after we moved to Auburn. The end came one night when I had been to Mississippi duck hunting. On my return trip, I had such a fierce case of heartburn that around Tuscaloosa I decided I would chew no more that night. I kept driving chewlessly. As I neared Auburn, a traffic light ahead was on red, so I began to coast, trying to time the light. As I coasted along, I noticed that I still had a spit can full of tobacco juice sitting on the dash, so I unrolled my window and dumped it out onto the highway. I was going a good bit faster than I thought I was, and the wind caught the brown mess and blew it up my sleeve all the way to my armpit. That was it—I never took another chew.

On a trip from Lexington to Oxford, we found the appropriate epitaph for chewing tobacco. A hand-painted sign on the porch outside a small country store at Abbeville, Mississippi read, "No spitting on the porch." And, I might add, don't spit in the paint can either.

**I believe ambeer to be a perfectly good, possibly Old English or Saxon word. It is amber-colored drool, whether it is from a man or a grasshopper. My mother used the word that way, and I have never found her old words in error.*

Remembering Bonnie Rebecca McCord

My Hero

Beth Lippard

My sister, Bonnie, is my hero. Those are pretty strong words, but I mean them. Bonnie was special because she had the capacity to love unconditionally. You don't find that in many people these days. Most of us are so quick to judge others, but Bonnie just loved them through their difficulties. Because of her Christlikeness, people strove to emulate her. Isn't that what Christ expects from us—to draw others to Him? Bonnie even lived on earth for almost the same amount of time that Jesus did. She was twelve days shy of her 33rd birthday when she passed away. If I can share Christ with as many people in my lifetime as Bonnie did in her 32 short years, I will feel that the Lord has truly used me.

Ever since I can remember, Bonnie had a strong desire to be a loving wife and mother. She enjoyed her work before her girls were born, but once she had Mikaela, being a stay-at-home mom was her most precious calling. I will always remember and respect the intense patience and love she had for her daughters. She was a great mom!

The lasting thing she taught her girls, though, and the thing that made her such a great mother, was not how to sing or how to be ladylike or that they should be kind to each other, but it was the importance of telling others about the love of Christ. I will never forget visiting with the McCords right before Bonnie passed away. Their housekeeper, Lisa, who is not a Christian, was upstairs cleaning up. Lisa had shared with me earlier a little bit about herself. She was open and honest about her past drug addictions and her desire to clean up her life. I was downstairs reading the girls a book when Mikaela looked at me and



September 26, 1967 to
September 14, 2000

said, "Mommy has been telling Miss Lisa about Jesus." What a testimony to leave for her children!

What will your children remember about you when you are gone? Will it be that you kept a neat house? Or that you were a great cook? Maybe it will be that you had a beautiful singing voice or that you could swing a bat like nobody's business. Hopefully, the main thing they will remember is that your life reflected the love of Christ.



Employee honor for Bonnie

In the fall of 1985 Bonnie was selected to be featured in the employee profile of *Chicken Chatter*, a promotional magazine related to Chick-fil-A people and products. Her manager at Chick-fil-A of McAlister Square said of her, "She knows no enemies or strangers, is always friendly toward everyone, and does her work efficiently and conscientiously. . . Everyone knows what Bonnie stands for—her life truly reflects her Christian commitments, and her strong family teachings."

Bonnie's philosophy

Nancy Clark

On the bulletin board in her childhood room,
Beautifully printed in script,
"God's got it covered," she happily declared!

She lived her life that way, joyfully,
Lovingly, with her family,
Friends, church members,
a positive influence.

So difficult it is to see God's purpose
In taking her home—
We do not begin to understand.

Yet if still she could whisper in our ears,
She might say again

With greater conviction—
"God's got it covered."

A beautiful person

Todd Patterson*

She was always so energetic and full of life, compassionate, caring, loving and filled with God's spirit. She was a very beautiful person, not only on the outside but on the inside as well. She was the most faithful person I have ever known. That is one reason I admired her so much. . .

Bonnie never complained about anything. She accepted things for what they were and always trusted God to help her through them. . . She truly was a saint and a woman of God.

. . . I praise God that she is in Heaven. I think He rewarded her for her faith in Him by bringing her home to Glory. . . Bonnie's funeral . . . was the most beautiful service I have ever been to.

*Bonnie's first boyfriend

Parenting 102: Theme parks

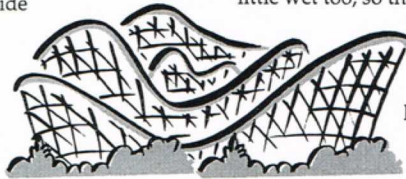
Mary Alice Heard

Years ago when several of us Hearn siblings were in Nashville, we decided to take our children (then elementary school ages) to Opryland. I don't know which sisters were involved, but I definitely remember Millie and her girls.

It was a hot day, and lines were long. We put off going to the flume water ride because it was so popular, but we finally decided to let that be the last ride of the day. We must have waited in line for 30 or 45 minutes. As we neared the front of the

line, Bonnie whispered to Millie that she needed to go to the bathroom. There was no way that Millie was going to get out of that line when our turn was next, so she told Bonnie that she would have to wait.

The flume cars pulled in, and it was our turn. As we rushed to get in the



cars, we realized that there were too many people and not enough seats. We squeezed together as best we could, and Bonnie sat on Millie's lap.

Off we went on our splashing ride. As we headed over the top of the steepest incline, Millie called out, "Oh, Bonnie!" The rest of us figured out what had happened, and our laughter mixed in with the sounds of squealing voices and splashing water.

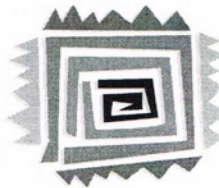
Fortunately, the rest of us got a little wet too, so the large puddle on Millie's lap when we got out didn't look too out of place. As we headed for the parking lot, some of us walked in front of

Millie and Bonnie so that they wouldn't be embarrassed.

What did we learn from this experience? Make sure you take the children to the bathroom before getting in a long line, and bring a change of clothes to the theme park.

when she had to give up that job because typing was so painful, the company hired three people to replace her. Bonnie truly exemplified the verse in Colossians that says, "Whatever you do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men."

The manner in which Bonnie faced terminal illness was an example for all of us. Rather than adopt a "poor me" attitude, she accepted her diagnosis with courage, a fighting spirit, and a smile. She continued to do the things she loved, such as sing in her church choir. She was a class act, and we are blessed to have known her.



A "reecat" for washing clothes

Submitted by Nancy Clark

Back in the mountains of Kentucky a grandmother gave her granddaughter, a young bride, a "reecat" for washing clothes. You young brides or old ones might be interested in her instructions. You may even count your blessings.

1. Bild fire in back yard to heet and bile kettle of rain water.
2. Set tubs so smoke won't blow in eyes if wind is pert.
3. Shave one hole cake lie soap in bilin water.
4. Sort things, make 3 piles, 1 pile white, 1 pile cullord, 1 pile work britches and rags.
5. Stur flour in cold water to smooth, then thin down with biling water.
6. Rub dirty spots on board, soke hard, then bile. Rub cullord, but don't bile—just rench and starch.
7. Take white things out of kettle with broom stick handle, then rench, blew, and starch.
8. Spread tee towels on grass.
9. Hang old rags on fence.
10. Pore rench water in flower bed.
11. Scrub porch with hot soapy water.
12. Turn tubs upside down.
13. Go put on cleen dres. Smooth hair with side combs, brew cup of tee. Set and rest and rock a spell and count blessings.

An example for all of us

Mary Alice Heard

Bonnie was femininity personified, and she loved nice clothes. However, when she came back from a summer doing mission work in the Philip-pines, she looked at clothes from a different perspective. She had seen extreme poverty, so she knew that looking good shouldn't be so important to her. She told me that she was determined to be more sensible about what she bought and what she wore. She confessed, "But it's so hard!" I appreciated her honesty as well as her wish to reign in those desires for worldly things.

Another characteristic of Bonnie that I admired was that she was a hard worker. After she gave up recruiting at Berry College, she got a job in the trust department at Wachovia Bank in Marietta, Georgia. She worked so hard there typing and filing that she got carpal tunnel in both wrists. In fact,



A life filled with music *Suzie Hearn Lusk*

I was a freshman in college when Bonnie was born. I had spent a lot of time with Brian (in Oklahoma), and Beth (in Nashville), but the Dillards had moved to Greenville by the time Bonnie was born. I didn't get to share those special times like learning to walk and talk, even though I did go to Greenville a lot in those years. I think Millie was trying to get a young man in her church to ask me out. I don't know if he ever did, but he was cute!

Bonnie and Beth were like twins; they were together constantly. They played all the time together and I'm sure people thought they were twins. As Bonnie grew older I remember she took ballet, and I thought that was marvelous, since I never did anything like that. I even cross-stitched a picture of some girls doing ballet to give her. She was always so beautiful, I thought. She took modeling lessons, too, and had her pictures done for a portfolio. They were spectacular. I distinctly remember that Bonnie and Beth were always doing each other's nails. Bonnie's nails were gorgeous and her hair always in style. No matter what Bonnie wore, it looked good on her. I should have taken lessons; no one ever taught me how to dress stylishly!

Brian reminded us at the funeral about Bonnie's singing ability. I remember well how much Bonnie wanted to sing with her family. She was so off key that she sounded bad, but after she started playing the piano, that changed and she became quite a good vocalist. All those years of her singing with Beth, with the whole family and later with her church choir I remember with such fondness. Remember the reunions where she sang with Beth and her cousins?

Flower man *Mary Alice Heard*

Very often when I'm out working in my garden pulling weeds or setting out plants, I question my sanity. "What am I doing out here?" I think. "I don't know a thing about gardening!" That's when I think of Daddy and his yard work.

When we were growing up, Daddy often came home from the office and spent a few hours pulling weeds in the yard or pruning bushes. The side yard of our house on Westwood had on one border a narrow flower bed that stretched from the street halfway back to the alley. It contained lots of perennials. Daddy often worked in the bed cleaning out dead leaves and making it presentable. I don't recall that he brought irises or buttercups into the house when they bloomed, but perhaps he did.

Even as Daddy got into his 70s and was troubled by asthma, he worked outside whenever he could. He had to give up the strenuous work that required him to be down on his knees, but he still trimmed hedges and pruned bushes. By then he had a large



collection of clay pots, which he filled with dirt for potting flowers. Where the first flowers came from, I don't know. But he was adept at pinching off stems and starting new plants, so the flower population expanded.

Problem was, Daddy never bothered to prune his plants. Sometimes they grew as he started them—bent, misshapen, overgrown, and spindly. When we children came for a visit, very often he tried to give us a plant or two. He had already gotten pleasure from seeing the plants reproduce. Now he wanted us to share the joy. He also liked to share his flowers with friends whom he visited in the hospital. He was not embarrassed that they looked puny. They were gifts from his own hand, and he assumed they'd be received in the same loving spirit in which they were given.

Whenever I'm working in the yard and am appalled at my ignorance, I think of Daddy and take heart. If I'm enjoying the yard work, why should I be embarrassed that the result is less than perfect? I say, Right on, Flower Man!

The video shown at the funeral of Bonnie singing with her mom and Beth has stayed in my mind these last months. I was so impressed with her ability to sign for the deaf. It was elegant, just like everything about Bonnie. That video was a wonderful testimony to her life—a life filled with music, love, and a desire to share her love with others. I am so proud to have had a niece named Bonnie Dillard McCord. I miss her so much!



Granola *Suzie Lusk**

2 cups old fashioned oats (uncooked)
1/2 cup wheat germ
1/2 cup sunflower seeds
1/2 cup flax seeds
honey to taste
1/2 to 3/4 cup canola oil
1/2 to 1 cup coconut
chopped nuts (walnuts or pecans)
You can add anything else you want, such as raisins. Mix all ingredients except coconut, nuts and seeds. Place on parchment (or paper sack) and bake at 350 F for 30 min. Pile up so the outside oats won't burn, and stir every 10 minutes. Bake coconut on same parchment until light brown. Add coconut, seeds and nuts to oat mixture and store.

**Measurements are approximate.*

Treasure the moment

Traci Pierce

In the summer of 1986 I went to live with the Dillard family in Mauldin. This voyage to South Carolina was not my choice, but my parents' due to my teenage rebellion. I went kicking and screaming. I had no idea what God was going to do in my life that summer.

I was blessed with the opportunity to get to know the Dillard family—to get to love them as a second family. Due to our families' being so spread out around the country, I only saw my cousins once or twice a year, with the visits usually being short ones. During the summer of '86 I was able to get to know my Dillard cousins, especially Bonnie.

Bonnie and I shared a room all summer long. Although the summer was filled with difficulties, it was also filled with many blessings, like rooming with Bonnie and getting to know her. I have many memories of this time in my life. I remember Bonnie, Beth, and I singing "Bless this House" and "Thy Word" in church. We sang three-part harmony, and I loved singing with them!

I remember Bonnie working at Chick-Fil-A and driving the blue car (Pontiac?). I remember her talking about her boss's encouraging her to "suggestive sell" to the customers, and she joked about suggestive selling a gallon of cole slaw. I remember her calling me "Traba-baba," and calling Beth "Buff" and going through the whole alphabet replacing the *b* in Buff with each letter.

I remember Brian surprising Bonnie and Beth with a visit and waking them late at night, and I remember them just crying because they were so glad to see him. I remember Bonnie and I going on a double date, even though I had a boyfriend back home! I remember Bonnie doing my hair and my make-up and taking great interest in me. That summer she was like the big sister that I never had.

I remember that Bonnie was genuine. She told me that she didn't go out

and party, and I thought that was so boring! But she was who she said she was, through and through. This also showed when we went to Ridgecrest with the youth group—Bonnie as a chaperone and I as a youth. The final night of the week, during the invitation, I started thinking about my boyfriend back home and began to cry. Bonnie offered to go with me down the aisle. She knew I needed a heart change, and had probably been pray-



Bonnie as a teenager

ing for one for me. Unfortunately, my heart was not as sensitive as hers was at the time, and I felt I had no reason to walk down the aisle. I am so thankful for her being concerned about my spiritual wellbeing.

I ache that my cousin Bonnie is not on the earth with us anymore. I hate that I'll never make memories with her again on this side of heaven. But let me share something with you that God is teaching me. He is teaching me to be grateful for the things that I have and not to mourn over things I don't have. I'm so grateful for the summer of 1986, even with the hardships—for many reasons, but particularly that I had the opportunity to get to know and love Bonnie as never before. I will always treasure that summer and my time with her. May we all treasure every moment, not knowing that even the most difficult circumstance will be one that we will treasure at a later time.

An aunt's tribute

Marcia Stovall

My niece, Bonnie McCord, was an inspiration. Her life is an example of the wise Christian counsel, training, and love given her by her parents, Millie and Jim Dillard.

I didn't have the privilege of spending much time with Bonnie, but when I did see her I was amazed to see how elegant and beautiful she had become, both inside and out.

In 1973 I was expecting the birth of my second child. Mother was at Glorieta, so she couldn't come to help me with Traci and the new baby. Mom suggested that perhaps Millie could come to help.

We were expecting the arrival of this baby at the end of July. Gerald and I were surprised when she decided to come early, on July 6. On very short notice Millie came to help, bringing Beth and Bonnie. They were delightful children, and they played so well with Traci. Millie, of course, was a lifesaver to me.

In 1985 Traci spent the summer with the Dillard family. Bonnie befriended Traci, and they became very close friends.

After Bonnie and Derek were married, and after the arrival of Mikaela, I spent several days with Suzie. I had some clothes for Mikaela, so I drove to the McCords' home and visited for one afternoon. Bonnie was a natural as a mom. Even though my visit was short, we had a good time talking and reminiscing.

At the family reunion last summer in Gatlinburg, Bonnie was an inspiration to me. She had so much faith in the Lord's goodness, and so much love for her family. She was a beautiful young woman, not only physically but spiritually.

Bonnie is deeply missed by my family and by so many others who knew and loved her. Derek, Mikaela, Rachel, and Victoria are in my prayers every day.

A trip across the desert

Beth Heard

As any parent knows, it's one thing to trust God to take care of you, but it takes a different level of faith to say you trust Him with your children's wellbeing. We were brought face to face with this fact when we planned a trip to the Aral Sea region of western Kazakhstan this past spring. Samuel was not quite two at the time, and Michael was just four months old.

Some of my worst fears were realized the moment we boarded the train at midnight for the 22-hour trip across the desert.

"You'll have to stand here until we reach Kyzl Orda" (several hours away), the engineer told us. Here we were, two families with small children, huddled in the narrow hallway of a hot, dirty train, with a couple of seats that folded down from the wall. I felt an immediate sense of dread.

Thankfully, our Kazakh friend and host, "Jan"—the one of us who could and would tell that engineer exactly what she thought, managed to convince him to open up some compartments, tell people to move over, and find us a few beds. Joel spent the night with Samuel on the top of a tiny bunk, and Michael and I slept on the bottom, across from two Kazakh men and a little boy.

We spent a good part of the next day getting to know our traveling companions. They were nice guys who seemed to have a genuine interest in spiritual things. We were able to share our beliefs in Jesus, and before they left the train in early evening, Joel gave one of the guys a copy of some Scripture in Kazakh.

What happened next will be forever marked in our minds and spirits as a moment when God validated for us again Psalm 139:9-10: "If I rise on the wings of the dawn, if I settle on the far side of the sea, even there your hand

will guide me, your right hand will hold me fast."

Our train was sitting at a station in the middle of nowhere, a small stop just outside our destination—the city of Aralsk. The Kazakh guys we'd befriended had said goodbye a few minutes before, but we looked up to find one of them hurrying back on, with his wife in tow. His wife said to us, "I know you! In 1993 I worked at the children's camp with you!" Sure enough, this woman—married to a man we'd just shared with—had been one of the few people in this region to have heard the gospel seven years before through some humanitarian work our company had done in the early 1990s. As a part of that work, Joel and I had helped with a children's camp, where Kazakh believers partnering with us spent a lot of time telling the Good News to other camp workers.

Today there are still no churches in the Aral Sea region. It's an area devastated by environmental mismanagement and hardened by Islam and ancestor worship. During our visit, Jan's father told us, "If one of my daughters changed her religion, I'd kill her." Despite that, we hold out hope that God knows this place and that He passionately loves these people.

We also know that He is completely trustworthy, and just as He's faithfully taken care of us, he has our boys in His hand as well. We had very little water that week for bathing or drinking, ate a variety of food in a number of different houses, and hoped and prayed we wouldn't need a doctor. Praise God, none of us got sick, and the boys' presence with us softened hearts and elicited smiles wherever we went.

Thanks for praying for us, and thanks for entrusting all of us to His tender care.



Our reassurance

Dan Clark

I received the news on September 14 at 9:45 p.m. I was seconds away from heading out the door to start a new job as a waiter at IHOP in east Tulsa. I hadn't even picked up the telephone when I heard my mother's voice on the other end of the line. I knew what I would hear. I just stood there in the dark as I heard her voice tell me that Bonnie was not on earth anymore.

At first, I felt strange going to my job, as if nothing had happened. Then I realized that I needed to fulfill my responsibility and go where I had said I would go that night. I just tried to practice the discipline of prayer on the go—as I drove to work and as I stumbled about trying to learn my new duties, all the while deep in thought. I prayed for comfort for all of us.

Later, telephoning her immediate family members (since I sadly could not attend the funeral), I received, strangely, encouragement from them, in that they celebrated Bonnie's life with their words. Talking to Derek just a week after she passed away, I was impressed with his composure, which spoke to me about the Holy Spirit working in him to press forward with their children, and to continue to go to the mission field, just as planned.

Kristen said after watching the Homegoing service with me that it gave the clearest presentation of the Gospel she had heard. I virtually stood up and saluted Derek at the things he said from the pulpit.

I will never understand happenings like this, but I have been reassured that God will always be right next to us at every step of the way.



*It is easier to get older
than it is to get wiser.*



Elizabeth Sammons Weds Samuel Hearn?

Lerma Hearn

No, that's not right! Elizabeth (Beth) Sammons married Joel Heard in 1993, and Samuel is their first child!

But—a Hearn-Hearne book I acquired year before last reproduces a Sammons family Bible showing that on November 2, 1819, Elizabeth (Betsey) Sammons did indeed marry Samuel Hearn. We know that about 50 years later their grandson, Samuel Columbus Hearn, moved to northern Alabama. Some 60 years later *his* grandson, Charles Aubrey Hearn, moved to Nashville, and roughly 60 years after that, *Aubrey's* grandson Joel Heard (from Kentucky) met Beth Sammons (from Florida and Texas) in Kazakhstan, married her in Mississippi, moved to Kazakhstan, and returned to Texas for the birth of their first child, Samuel.

Hmmm—so Joel's great-great-great-great grandmother was named Elizabeth Sammons. What a coincidence. I wonder if "our" Beth is related to the same family.

I was excited to discover the identity of Samuel and Betsey, for Samuel was the "missing link" between Aubrey's great grandfather, F. L. Hearn, and the well-documented Hearn/Hearne family that goes back to William Hearne, born in London in 1627. I'd searched off and on for over 30 years, trying to "find" him.

Fast forward to last November. I'd started exploring genealogy resources on the Internet. I discovered a group of on-line forums for each of many, many surnames. After checking out the

Hearne forum (more on that exploration in another *Herald*), I began investigating all the others I was interested in. From the Sammons forum I discovered that Betsey's ancestors were also well documented, going back to James Sammons/Salmon, born about 1675. When I contacted a few contributors to that forum, some of the data they sent me included information about Betsey's brothers and their descendants.

I sent Beth Heard a quick e-mail: "If you can give me the names of your father and his father and grandfather, I may find a match and produce a whole lot more ancestors for you."

Bingo! Beth's great-great grandfather, Benjamin Franklin Sammons, appeared on the charts I'd found. He was the son of Whitfield Tucker Sammons, born July 28, 1802, in Georgia. W. T. Sammons (her

great-great-great grandfather) was the youngest brother of the Elizabeth (Betsey) Sammons who in 1819 married Samuel Hearn, Joel's "4th great" grandfather.

So Mary Alice Hearn Heard and her daughter-in-law Beth are fifth cousins. That means that Joel Heard and his wife Beth are fifth cousins once removed, and their sons Samuel and Michael are his sixth cousins. And, oh yes—Samuel and Michael are also their grandmother Mary Alice's fifth cousins once removed! (Confused? Reread "S___d cousin?" in the February 2000 *Hearn Herald*.)



Congratulations to Millie Dillard, who has retired from teaching in the Greenville County (South Carolina) school system. Millie has been working for four years at the Golden Strip Family and Child Development Center in Simpsonville. She has taught adult education classes for seven of her 31-1/2 years of teaching. Millie is continuing to teach full time at Golden Strip until the end of the year, though she is officially retired. She will possibly teach part time next year.

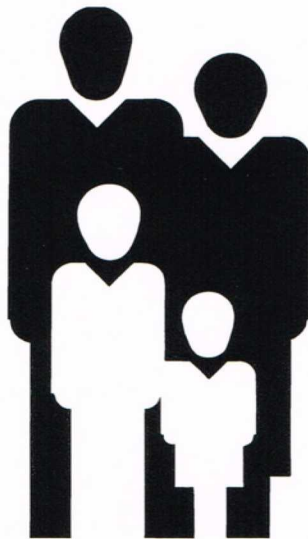
Hats off to Traci Stovall Pierce, who received her MA in Church and Community Ministries from Southwestern Seminary on December 8. Traci is now working at Mississippi State Hospital in Whitfield, Mississippi. Within the hospital there are 12 nursing homes, and she is a music therapist in seven of these. She's very excited to be working with geriatrics again and also to be earning state benefits.

Karen and Hoover Lee are beginning new positions with the International Mission Board. Their assignment is to work with Chinese outside of China. Since their position is a new one, they are trying to get a handle on what they'll be doing. Karen will also continue pursuing her graduate degree at Southeastern Seminary, and Hoover will work out of their home.

Jack Burns has a new position as regional education director at Ignite!, a company that is developing a new learning system. The company uses a powerful, patent-pending technology to assess how each student learns best. Delivered via broadband, this system dynamically adapts engaging instructional content to an individual learner's strengths and progress.

Correction . . .

In the September, 1999, *Hearn Herald* Lucy Aiken Conner was identified as the sister of Thomas G. Conner, Florence Hearn's father. Lucy was, in fact, T.G.'s sister-in-law, having married his brother Rosberry Covington Conner (called "R.C." in Thomas's letters).



Joy Bear

July 8, 1911 to January 19, 2001

Joy Hearn Bear, the daughter of Aubrey's Uncle Oscar and Aunt Lizzie Hearn, died January 19, 2001 at the age of 89. Joy was born in Pingtu, China, where her parents were serving as missionaries. She was a teenager living in Birmingham, Alabama, when Aubrey and his sister Mildred lived in her home while they attended Howard College (now Samford University).

Joy was a gifted illustrator and writer, working for many years for the Nassau County (New York) Parks Department doing research, writing, and creating museum displays. She was the author and illustrator of *Historic Houses of the North Fork and Shelter Island*, which contained her descriptions and pen and ink drawings of historic houses. For this and other contributions she was honored with the Heritage Award of the Association of Suffolk County Historical Museums.

Expressions of sympathy may be sent to her daughters Jane Bear and Cathy Bear Lynch at Cathy's address: 703 Emerson Ave., Baldwin, Long Island, NY 11510. Jane, who travels frequently, does not have a permanent mailing address.



The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Two bodies on the bed and one on the floor

Allan Heard

As I was growing up, I acquired three or four very close friends, and the family of each came along with the deal. Eventually I roomed with one of them, Clyde Porter, for a year in college, and his parents became my adopted parents after my family moved away from New Albany. They literally treated me like their own. For example, when Mary Alice and I were dating, she often spent whole weekends at the Porters' so that we could be together.

From the time I was about 12 years old, my father was able to occupy me nearly every Saturday surveying land lines. He paid me well—up to a dollar an hour, so I usually had money in the bank. The pay was better than kids could get anywhere else, so it was very easy to get my buddies to work with us when we needed help. Eventually, it became my responsibility to arrange for the help we needed for each weekend.

I was pretty dependable, but on one occasion I completely forgot to line up anyone until late on Friday night. It was so late that I dared not pick up the phone to call someone. I thought about it a while, and I decided to go to Clyde's house and rouse him by pecking on his window. The Porters had a large house, and I knew the noise would not disturb anyone else.

Since pea gravel was abundant in the Porters' driveway, my first attempt at wakeup was to throw gravel at Clyde's window. That drew no response, so I moved nearer and scratched on the screen. Finally, I knocked on the window facing. Every attempt brought the same result—

nothing.

I strained to see inside the bedroom, but I couldn't make out anything. The situation gave me an eerie feeling. Their car sat in the open carport, lending support to my fear of foul play. They certainly had not gone anywhere.

I attempted to dislodge the screen so that I could let myself into the house, but I couldn't get the screen to



budge. Then I walked back around to the carport and tested the door, which led into a family room/kitchen. I could feel my arm hairs bristle as the door opened, responding easily to my effort. I was afraid to go any farther. The robbers might still be in the house!

On the other hand, I was afraid not to go in. There might be somebody in there still clinging to life whom I could save. The original mission long since forgotten, I screwed up my courage enough to creep to my friend's bedroom.

Though I was expecting the worst, I was startled to discover that he was not in his bed—nor was there a body on the floor. Shaken, I sneaked back out of the room and up the hallway toward Mr. and Mrs. Porter's bedroom. As I approached the door, I realized that my next step was even more fearsome. I was going to have to open that door! My mind raced as I hesitated. Would the bodies be decapitated or bullet riddled?

I cranked up my courage and was about to move ahead when suddenly the door flew open. I screamed, "Don't shoot! Please don't shoot!" At the same instant, someone crashed into me, knocking me backward. Then a familiar voice screamed out, "Help!

Help!"

When all the screaming stopped, my imagined attacker turned out to be Mr. Porter. As fate would have it, he had simply gotten up to use the bathroom at the same time I was wandering around in his hallway. It seems that the family had been hot, and Mrs. Porter had invited Clyde to sleep on the floor of their bedroom, which was equipped with a window air conditioner.

I can't tell you for sure whether we worked the next day or not, but I do remember vividly that every hair on my head had turned white from the scare.

Florence*

Lena Allen Conner

Florence Rebecca Conner was born in Tuskegee, Alabama on July 21, 1908, in the small cottage next to the T.Y. Conner "big house," which occupied the main site on the hill of forty acres owned by him.

When her father first came to Tuskegee, the family lived with Father Conner's family. Florence caught her thumb in the door-jam of the back porch screen door. The door was made of heavy two-by-fours. It mashed the end of her thumb off and left the bone exposed. . . The doctor said that the accident would not keep Florence from playing the piano.

Once when I went to church in Opp, I left Florence with Psyche, who was the cook. I returned to find her in the high chair at the dining room table with the pepper box for a toy. She was screaming for dear life, but Psyche was still in the kitchen doing that marvelous cooking she was famous for. Florence was two years old at the time. . .

That she was always aiming high and hitting her mark is attested by the perfectly round hole, the exact size of a baseball, which is still in the top window of the back hall in the Andalusia house.

**Excerpted from a biography of Florence written by her mother in 1949*

Queen for a day

Millie Dillard

It was Monday, May 28th. One more week to go and I would be fully retired! I had a great deal of paperwork to complete, and Claudia was going to help me. When she arrived at school, she handed me a beautifully wrapped present and said, "I saw this at Belks and it looked like you." I opened it and found a lovely skirt and top. She said, "You must wear this tomorrow to school."

I knew that our center was planning to have an end-of-the-year celebration for everyone. When I got home that day, I remarked to Jim that I guessed they would give me a small gift the next day, or do something nice, especially since Claudia had told me I had to wear the new outfit.

So Tuesday I wore my new clothes and was busy trying to get the work done that had to be turned in that week. At lunchtime someone phoned to say that Claudia and I should come to the lunchroom because they were ready to eat lunch, so we put aside the work we were doing.

After we walked in and sat down, Maria Taylor, a fellow teacher and great supporter of my program, said that we would have a "Queen for the Day." She announced that I was the queen and asked me to come sit in a chair at the front of the room. She placed a little golden crown on my head, and Teena Whittenberg, another teacher, brought me a dozen beautiful yellow roses.

Maria told me that they had a few little gifts behind the curtain and asked that I turn around. She pulled the curtain open, and there, to my amazement, were Jim; Beth, Mark, and Coley; and Derek and the girls! I burst into tears. What a wonderful surprise!

I got to introduce them to the group. Then several of my students who were there said a few words. They gave me an umbrella, and when I opened it, there were numerous \$5, \$10, and \$20 bills hanging by strings from the inside of the umbrella.

I also received many other nice gifts and cards from the people who were there. Maria played a CD on which she had recorded several humorous songs appropriate to retirement, one of which was "Take This Job and Shove It." Of course, she gave it to me to keep.

There was a delicious catered lunch for us and a beautiful cake. On the top of the cake was a road. They had placed a



Queen Millie with family members Jim Dillard and Beth Lippard (standing) and Mikaela and Rachel McCord, Mark Lippard holding son Coley, Victoria McCord and dad Derek.

little toy car at the beginning of the road, and there were small signs reading "Georgia," "North Carolina," and "Michigan." My only disappointment was that Brian and his family couldn't be there. Jim and Beth hadn't told him about the celebration since they knew that he wouldn't be able to come for such a short period on a work day. Derek and Mark took a video of the celebration so I will be able to share the experience with them.

My favorite teaching assignment for the past 31 years has been working with the Family Learning Team. It was so wonderful to have my coworkers, students, friends, supervisors, and family share the end of that time with me!

Editor's note: Millie worked for seven years with the Family Learning Team at the Golden Strip Family and Child Development Center in Greenville, SC. For three of those years she taught both Reading Recovery and adult education. Later she taught adults only. Over the seven years that she taught there, Millie saw 51 students successfully complete requirements for their GED.

*I burst into tears.
What a wonderful surprise!*

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Building grounded abstractions for artificial intelligence programming

Bob Hearn*

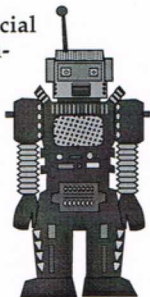
Broadly speaking, there have been two principal approaches to the problem of making an artificial intelligence (AI)—that is, of designing a program or robot that can think the way a person does. The traditional approach has focused on abstract reasoning tasks, such as chess-playing or theorem-proving. It uses techniques such as first-order logic and heuristic search. A more recent approach focuses on physical interaction with the real world as the true foundation of intelligence. This approach is highlighted by the use of robots rather than just programs, and it attempts to build complex behaviors out of interactions between simple parts.

My thesis is that neither approach by itself is really satisfactory. Instead, I've proposed ways to combine aspects of both of them. It is important for programs to use high-level abstract models of the world in order to reason and think, as the traditional school dictates. But these abstractions need to be represented in a way that is more along the lines the robotics people are using—in terms of interactions between many semi-independent little processes, none of them very intelligent in and of itself.

I've also implemented a simulation demonstrating some of my models. It simulates a simple two-dimensional world, inhabited by creatures that can perform simple tasks such as hunting down food and sorting colored blocks into matching boxes. The novel thing is that the way the creatures are programmed is more like the human brain seems to work than traditional AI programs have been.

I plan to extend my approach to build more complex creatures for my Ph.D.

**Bob was awarded a Master of Science degree in Electrical Engineering and Computer Science from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in May, 2001. He continues his doctoral studies there.*



Family members we wish we'd known—Sarah Allen and Ernest Wright Allen

Sarah Gibson Allen, "Aunt Sarah," died March 12, 2001, at the age of 95. She had been an office manager for the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company for 25 years and was an active member of Wieuca Road Baptist Church in Atlanta. She had been a deacon in her church and was an active supporter of the North American Mission Board. Sarah and her husband Ernest were the parents of three boys, William Earl, Richard Archer, and Charles Emmett. Aunt Sarah had six grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

Sarah was Florence Hearn's aunt by virtue of having married Lena Conner's younger brother Ernest, who was born when Lena was 20 years old. Ernest attended Georgia Tech, where he was a member of the Tech band, the Glee Club, and Phi Kappa Phi honorary fraternity. He graduated with honors in 1922 in electrical engineer-

Aunt Sarah

Suzie Lusk

Mother told me I had an aunt in Atlanta when I first moved here in 1972. I never looked her up or even inquired about where she lived.

It wasn't until mom died that I found Aunt Sarah—our great aunt. She married mom's youngest uncle, and it turned out that she was the same age as mom! Aunt Sarah lived in a small apartment north of Buckhead, and she'd probably been there 25 or more years. Uncle Ernest had died in his 30s from leukemia, and she never remarried.

Since she also had a son who died, Aunt Sarah had some things to be depressed about, but she was far from that. I'd never seen anyone so energetic to be 89. She loved to talk about her background, and Fred found it fascinating that she had lived through many of the historical events of Atlanta—almost the entire 20th century. I made a video of Aunt Sarah and attached it to the one of mom so family members could meet her. The sad part is that I only got to see her two or three times because of the distance. I regret it took me so long to meet her. Next time someone tells you that you have a distant relative nearby—go and see her.

ing. Ernest worked for Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Co., where he helped engineer the company from manual to dial telephones in Georgia, Florida, and Alabama. He was an avid fisherman.

Ernest had a beautiful baritone voice, and he sang in several quartets, ensembles, choruses, and in his church choir. Shortly before his death from leukemia at age 36, he sang the solo part in the anthem, "The Ninety and Nine." Dr. Roy Angell, who was pastor of Central Baptist Church in Florida, which the Allens attended the last few years of Ernest's life, later was to say of him in one of his books, "In the Central Baptist Church fifteen years ago, we had a tenor soloist with a marvelous voice and a dedicated heart. I do not believe I ever heard anyone sing who stirred the souls of our congregation, as well as my own soul, as young Ernest Allen. Everybody loved him and grieved when they remembered that he had leukemia" (*God's Gold Mines*).

A mother's treasure

Mary Alice Heard

Recently, within a few days of each other, I came across two mementos from our wedding in December, 1960, 40 years ago. The first was a clay handprint that I had made in kindergarten, and which Mother sent to Allan right after our wedding. The second was the note that she sent with it. The message is a reminder of what she valued in marriage and her confidence in her new son-in-law. Here is what she wrote to him.

December 24, 1960

Dear Allan,

A few short days ago you held her hand in yours and said "I do." That hand was once a baby hand and very precious to us, too.

When she was small her hand clung to ours and she trusted us for everything—for safety, comfort, guidance, and for being wanted and needed. She depended on us for love.

Now, she depends on you and we know her hand is safe in yours.

You may not be able to give her every material thing she wants, and that is all right. She has never had too many "things." But we trust you with her (just as we give you this little handprint) and we count on you to give her something she really must have—being wanted and needed and loved.

Much love to you, *Florence Hearn*

My short career in the pit

Nancy Clark

Recently Steffanie, another cellist, called to see if I would substitute for her in a musical show, "Oliver," in Winston-Salem. Steffanie's mom is a friend of mine, and since Steff played at my church with me two years ago, I felt I should do it. She offered to pay me for the three nights.

I didn't attend any rehearsals. I practiced the music some the night before, from a copy. The music was pretty easy, except for certain sections. (I later found out these were covered by the winds, so I just faked my way through.)

The first night (Thursday, July 12), I arrived a few minutes before the "call time," 7 p.m. I saw Maggie, the director, and asked where I should sit. For this show, they had built an extension onto the front of the stage that covered most of the orchestra pit. She showed me the cellist's spot, which was about the size of a small linen closet. I got settled, looked at the music, and warmed up. This was to be a final rehearsal, but with an audience.

About 10 minutes before the show was to start, several little urchins came into the pit and prepared to climb up a ladder onto the stage. The ladder was at my right hand, in the "wall" of the linen closet. Of course, being children, the kids were curious about the instruments. One child struck up a conversation.

All the kids were cute and bright. They had to stay on or near the ladder until the second number, when they would climb the ladder, push up a grill, and enter the stage. Even though they were close to me, they never interfered with my instrument, and they tried to stay out of the way. They also went around talking to various members of the pit orchestra.

To simulate the seamy side of London, the technicians piped smoke onto the stage through pvc pipe. However, the smoke didn't know it should stay on the stage. A member

of the orchestra had a fan, and whenever the smoke wafted down into the pit, he turned the fan up higher. The smoke was a nuisance but didn't last too long.

Another amusing occurrence was the set change. There was a very tall structure on wheels which, when turned, was very noisy, sounding like groaning and moaning. This seemed especially loud on my last night.

In the last part of the musical, Fagin came into the pit and climbed up the ladder also. He had to walk right in front of me, of course. On his way he quipped, "Pleased to meet you."

On the second night (Friday), an orchestra member closed the door to the pit before we started. At the intermission, we found out we were locked in! The director had on earphones, and she tried to send a message to someone to come and unlock the door. Everyone needed to make a "pit stop." But it took about 7 minutes to get the door unlocked!

After the "final rehearsal performance," all the urchins were on the stage chanting about Maggie—she was very popular with the whole cast. One urchin looked down from the stage and said something like "that cello is the coolest instrument." That really made me feel good! Of course, they couldn't hear all the wrong notes!

On the last night, the friendly urchin (I later found out he was Oliver) barely touched my leg with his foot. He was very remorseful, apologized, and then gave me a hug!

It was fun playing in "Oliver," but after working all day Thursday and Friday, and driving 35 minutes each way to Winston, it's a good thing I only played three nights.

The first rule of holes: If you are in one, stop digging.

Impressions of Malawi

Becky Burns

I had the great fortune to go on a mission trip to Malawi, Africa, in July. Although our team's task was actually to work with resident missionaries while they held their annual strategy meeting (we did VBS for their children), we also had the chance to observe some of the native culture close up. Here are my impressions of the country:

Lots of dirt.
Lots of people casually walking in the middle of streets as cars whizzed past.
Lots of bad, bad, bad food.
Lots of poverty.
Lots of disease and death (average life expectancy is 35 years).
Lots of really cheap wood carvings.
Lots of really BIG potholes.
Lots of women carrying babies on their backs and BIG jugs on their heads.
Lots of men carrying nothing.
Lots of mosquitoes.
Lots of cute little gekkos running around the walls of my room.
Lots of interesting animals.
Lots of big smiles.
Lots of very gracious, kind, courteous people.

I suppose the thing that struck me most is my great fortune at being born in the United States. And I also can't help but wonder, "Why me?" I'm no statistician, but I think I'm correct in assuming that with the number of people in this world chances are much greater for any given person to be born outside of the U.S. than inside. I don't want to get into a discourse on predestination, but the Bible speaks much about God's purposes. ("Many are the plans in a man's heart, but it is the Lord's purpose that prevails." Prov. 19:21) I can only conclude that I was born here for a reason. I don't know all the details yet (they are ever unfolding), but I know that I can act on what I do know: *living in the U.S. is a blessing that comes with a responsibility.*

My prayer is that in the midst of the sheer luxury surrounding me, my mind and heart would not forget

See Malawi, page 8



Uncle Oscar and Aunt Lizzie

Mary Alice Heard

Thomas O. Hearn, Aubrey's father's brother, was a medical doctor who, with his wife Lizzie, served as a missionary in China for 18 years. T.O. was born in Brooksville, Alabama in 1877, was educated in Blount County, and attended medical schools in Nashville and Baltimore, graduating in 1904. His wife, Lizzie Maud Penn Hearn, was born in Baltimore and worked briefly there as a nurse.

Dr. and Mrs. Hearn were appointed by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention in September, 1907, and were assigned to do medical work in Pingtu, Shantung, China. During their time in Pingtu Dr. Hearn oversaw the building of a hospital. Later they were sent to Laiyang, which had no hospital. In Laiyang, in addition to working out of a dispensary, the couple organized six churches. Dr. Hearn served as pastor

of all six of them.

Mrs. Hearn worked with the women of their province, started a girls' school, of which she was the director, and conducted numerous women's meetings. Her health began to fail, and it was for this reason that the Hearn's resigned their positions in 1925.

After the Hearn's returned from China, they settled in Birmingham, Alabama, along with their daughter Joy, who had been born while they were abroad. Uncle Oscar served as pastor of small churches in and around Birmingham. Aubrey enjoyed the hospitality of his Uncle Oscar and Aunt Lizzie while he attended Howard College during three years there in the mid-20s. Aunt Lizzie



Joy Hearn (age 18) in 1929 with parents Oscar and Lizzie

died in February, 1942, and Uncle Oscar in March, 1955. Joy Hearn Bear died January 19, 2001 at the age of 89.

Below are excerpts from a letter Dr. Hearn wrote regarding famine relief work in Shantung province.

Chang Hua, Shantung, China
March 28, 1921

On February 14th the writer left his home and his work in Laiyang to go and help in the famine relief work. Two days by shentsi brought us to the rail road, and then one day to Tsinan the capitol of our Shantung province. Here the Committee asked us to aid them in the special Five-Days Drive for funds.

I was assigned to Chan Hza county, a very destitute part of the famine area, and three days by cart brought Mr. Shing and I to the city of Tan Hwa. (Mr. Shing is my Chinese assistant and one of our best Laiyang evangelists.)

The famine here is caused by drought, and for the past two years the crops have been almost a total failure in a large part of the county. Many of these people have a hard time during the best of crop years, and failing to gather anything from their land for two or three years has brought them down to a most pitiable condition.

Many of those who can get away have gone to other parts to beg, leaving the old people and children—and their homes are wretched quite beyond the imagination of most of the people in our own dear homeland.

Many of them have died from lack of food. They are eating chaff, corncobs, and bark which they grind in their mills, seeds from weeds and trees, and in a few of the homes they mix with this a little cane seed or millet.

This county has 480 villages, and nearly 300 of these are in the famine area. I had been here less than three weeks when I realized that the job was too big for one man and saw that it would take me till harvest time—June 1st—to get around to some of the villages, and by that time it would be too late for many of them. So I made an urgent appeal to the Committee for more help, and suggested that Dr. W.B. Glass be asked to come. . .

Each day we go out into the villages and into their homes, and after investigation give tickets to those who need help. We arranged our pay days to come on the market days here in the city, which is every fifth day. They get their tickets cashed and go out on the market and buy food, which consists largely of *gao liang*—cane seed—shipped here from Manchuria.

On pay days we get our money and accounts ready and usually begin at half past eight. The gate is opened and the women let in first, usually about

300 of them. We preach to them, give them their money, and have them file out. The men are then let in, usually five or six hundred. They first hear of Him who is the Bread of Life and then give them that with which to buy bread for their hungry and weakened bodies. They listen eagerly and it's a joy to preach to them. A good method of relief is to provide work, but the only work we could find here was to have them repair the roads. So we have 100 men from so many homes building roads around the city.

Up to the present we have investigated 148 villages, giving tickets to 4439 homes with 18773 people. This is the hardest and (I feel) the most important work I have ever done, and may the Lord accept and bless our service.

T. O. Hearn

Editor's note: Uncle Oscar had the distinction of being the doctor who, in December of 1912, put Lottie Moon on a ship in Shanghai bound for San Francisco, Miss Moon having starved herself giving up her food for those suffering from famine. She died aboard ship.

Our thanks to Joel and Beth Heard, who photocopied many of Dr. and Mrs. Hearn's letters to the Foreign Mission Board (now the International Mission Board) and gave the collection to us.

Slow boat from China?

Web query yields 90-year-old letters from T.O. & Lizzie Penn Hearn
Lerma Hearn

There it was. I'd already found some useful ancestral information on the "Hearne" genealogical forum, but this time I decided to check the modern spelling, and looked at the "Hearn" forum. The date was November 12, 2000. Near the top of the page was a message posted only the day before:

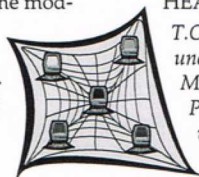
T.O.,L.L,C.O., & LEZZIE?

HEARN

Posted by: Ken Hines

Date: November 11, 2000 at 08:47:47

Would anyone have information of the Hearn family. T.O. was Physician in charge at Oxner Memorial Hospital, Pingtu, Shantung, China. early 1900. belive Lezzie was born there. related to L.L. & C.O Hearn, Albertville?, Alabama. Came from Georgia? please help. thanks Ken Hines



Excited to see references to Uncle Oscar and Albertville, I immediately typed a response:

Re: T.O.,L.L,C.O.,& LEZZIE? HEARN

Posted by: L. Hearn

Date: November 12, 2000 at 20:11:39

In Reply to: T.O.,L.L,C.O.,& LEZZIE?

HEARN by Ken Hines

T.O. Hearn was my husband's great uncle. T.O.'s wife Lizzie was born in MD; their daughter was born in Pingtu. L. L and C.L. (not C.O) were T.O's brothers. C.L. lived in Albertville, AL; his father and grandparents moved to Blount Co AL from GA about 1870. Please contact me to exchange info.

Three hours later an e-mail arrived from Mr. Hines. Surprisingly, he is not related to the Hearns but had an interesting story about a "horse-trader" father, two boxes of old letters, and a wife's ultimatum.

His father, apparently a collector of odds and ends, had died ten years

earlier in Fairfield, Alabama. In his garage storage building were two boxes of old letters and photos, including a batch from T.O. Hearn to a Mrs. Dollie Johnson who lived in Boaz, Alabama. There was also a group photo from Albertville which included L.L. and C.L. Hearn.

Where some people might simply toss a box of letters to and from people they'd never heard of, Mr. Hines recognized it as "a nice box of family history, in a sense" and told his wife, "someday, we'll find family and return items back into the family line." His wife apparently had her doubts and demanded that he "do something or else." What he did was post notices on genealogical forums dedicated to each of the family names that seemed relevant.

After an exchange of e-mail and a telephone conversation, we agreed that he'd send me the letters from Uncle Oscar (and Aunt Lizzie, as it turned out) and some photos, but not the other letters, which truly belonged to someone else's family history.

Incidentally, the letters, dated 1908 to 1916, give meaning to the "slow boat to China" saying: judging from the dates, it took about six weeks for a letter from Alabama to reach Pingtu.

The Hearn connection:

Nashville's Immanuel Baptist Church and Pingtu hospital

Lerma Hearn

Immanuel Baptist Church of Nashville has had a relationship with C. Aubrey Hearn's family for much longer than anyone here knew!

Looking through copies of some correspondence between Aubrey's uncle, T. Oscar Hearn, and the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board, I skimmed through his Jan. 10, 1914, letter to Dr. T. B. Ray. The following sentence jumped out at me: "You of course know that the Immanuel Baptist Church, Nashville, agreed to build the women's hospital here."

Curious, I turned to Dr. Mac's *History of Immanuel Baptist Church, 1887-1986*. * At the top of page 73, I found:

"Through some channels not made clear in the church minutes, Immanuel's missionary groups had learned of the need for a hospital in Pingtu, China, a strong center for Baptist work at that time. . . A request from Immanuel women that the church provide funds to build this hospital was approved by the deacons and the advisory board and was presented to the

church on Wednesday, May 5, 1913."

I can guess at the "channels." Uncle Oscar had been corresponding with Dr. Ray during the previous year, 1913. Before joining the Foreign Mission Board, Dr. Ray had been pastor of Immanuel—from 1898 through most of 1906. My guess is that through Uncle Oscar's letters Dr. Ray became aware of the need for a hospital, and he either passed on the information directly to some of his former church members, or suggested that Uncle Oscar contact them.

When the necessary \$3,000 could not be raised as quickly as planned, IBC member H. B. Alexander arranged to contribute the total amount as a memorial to his recently deceased wife. The \$1000 already collected was used to equip the hospital. By that time World War I was under way, but the hospital was finally finished and dedicated in 1924. Today, a photo of the "Louella Roach Alexander Memorial Hospital, Pingtu, China" hangs on the wall in Immanuel's Heritage Room.

Don't we live in a small, small, world?

* *Dr. Gaye L. McGlothlen's history of Immanuel was printed by the church in 1987. A picture of the hospital in Pingtu is on page 74.*

School daze

Amy Stovall



Last year, I had almost decided that I was not fit to be a teacher. Now, after the most difficult year of my life, I have been blessed with a job that has changed my heart. I am teaching a combined class of first and second graders at Celebration Christian School in Metairie. I have 15 kids all day long with no break and I LOVE it!

My kids have been so faithful to show me and each other God's unfailing love. It is amazing to watch how sensitive they are to God's love and His plan for them. They are so open and so eager. It is amazing! Our school is brand new, so it has been very exciting! I have truly been blessed! God is SO good. He hears our every prayer and knows the true desires of our hearts. Sometimes we have to go through hard times so that we can be the right person for the real job!

Parenting 102: Déjà vu all over again, or, Forget the small stuff

Mary Alice Heard

For almost six months Allan and I had wanted to take Samuel, age 2-1/2, to a picture show. If you have grandchildren who live most of the time across the ocean, you have to grab those special moments when you can. So one afternoon shortly before his family was scheduled to leave the States, we decided to take Samuel to see "The Emperor's New Groove."

We had been in the theater only a few minutes when it was obvious that Samuel wasn't happy. The decibel level for previews of coming attractions was set too high, and Samuel sat with his hands over his ears. When the movie itself came on, he cried out in dismay. A quick trip to the hallway didn't calm him down. Though we knew this was a movie he should have enjoyed, we couldn't wait for his mood to change. So we left and went to a playground instead. Samuel had a great time.

While we watched Samuel slide down the slides and run from one piece of equipment to another, Allan reminded me that we'd seen such dislike of loud noises before—in Samuel's dad. Then I remembered a parade at which three-year-old Joel shrank back as the marchers passed near us. (Later he was to play tuba for three years in a high school marching band!) We also attended a fireworks show about that same time, and Joel was ready to go home when it started. Like Samuel, Joel loved listening to music; he just preferred that it not assault his ears.

If your child has some little quirk that bothers you, in all likelihood he will outgrow it soon enough. Enjoy your child's wonderful uniqueness and appreciate him for what he can do. Forget the little quirks.

Never look for a worm in the apple
of your eye.

Langston Hughes



Saying goodbye to Beavis

Dan Clark

We lost our beloved cat, Beavis, on July 24th. She had been our faithful companion for five years, and she was just over ten years old. We would take her almost everywhere we went. Consequently, she followed us around everywhere in our apartment. She once ate several bites out of our Christmas chicken that we had left out, then looked up as we walked into the kitchen, as if to say, "What are you doing here, people?" She would jump up onto the rim of the bathtub and try to get as near to the water as she could without getting wet. Once as I started packing up for a hiking trip, she got into my backpack, and I carried her around the apartment. She would peer out at us from inside cabinet drawers and from within boxes. There are many more anecdotes! We got quite attached to that cat.

This summer, gradually, so that I did not immediately notice, she began losing a lot of body weight. The colon cancer could have been growing unnoticed for a long time. The hardest decision we have had to make in a long time was to put her to rest.

On the night of the 23rd, we honored

Movin' on down the road

Hello Family,

As some of you may have heard, Teresa and I are experiencing a lot of wonderful changes. For the past few months I have been working as a clinical therapist intern on the adult Psychiatric Unit at Pine Grove Recovery Center. Pine Grove is an acute care facility, meaning that we specialize in crisis stabilization. The patients admitted may have suicidal thoughts or attempts, auditory or visual hallucinations, may be extremely depressed, or sometimes all of the above. It has been an extremely challenging and rewarding summer. However, I am feeling ready to move on and pursue fulfilling work (especially the kind that includes a salary!). Teresa, who has been patiently supporting me for two years, tells me it is time for me to start bringing home some bacon.

Thanks to God's faithfulness and Teresa's encouragement, I have recently accepted a position as forensic interviewer and therapist for the Southwest Mississippi Child Advocacy Center. Children will enter our facility who are making allegations of sexual abuse. I will interview them to obtain information to be used as evi-

her with two movies about lions ("The Lion King II;" and "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe"), and ate chicken with her (she sniffed it and pawed at it, but could not eat). We spent good quality time with her. The following afternoon, we prayed for each other to be strong as we transported Beavis to the vet.

In the exam room, she was in our cat carrier, partially wrapped in a hand towel. Kristen was stroking her back, I was stroking her head and face, and we were speaking comforting words to her. During the last few seconds of her life, she turned to me and licked my fingers several times, then fell still, with her eyes open. This will sound strange to some, but I believe that because throughout her life she showed unconditional love to us, God's love was present even in that cat. . . I sincerely hope we will see her again somehow.

Our lives are obviously moving forward, as I knew they would. I want to thank my immediate family for remembering us during that difficult time. Thank you!

In the indefinite future, we are planning to get two cats.



dence in court. I will be testifying several times a year and will receive extensive training to prepare me for court. This position will undoubtedly offer many challenges and opportunities for growth as a therapist. More importantly, it will enable me to positively affect the lives of mistreated children. I will be constantly reminded of my need to depend completely upon God for wisdom and grace to successfully help these children.

This opportunity is not without stress. The job is located 1-1/2 hours away from Hattiesburg in Teresa's hometown of McComb, Mississippi. I will begin this position on September 4th and will have only three weeks to find a house, move in, settle in, and get started at my first real job!! We are not stressed. We know God is going to do a great thing. Please pray we will remain stress-free during our move, that we will locate a suitable house, and that we'll find a great church to plug into.

God bless you all. We love you,
Keith, Teresa
Coda, Fetch, and Fetch's 8 puppies
(We'll have to explain later!)



Congratulations to *Keith Stovall*, who has completed the requirements for his MA in Counseling Psychology at the University of Southern Mississippi. See his article on page 6 for exciting new developments for Keith and Teresa.

Karen Lee was recently awarded an MA degree in Intercultural Studies from Southeastern Seminary, Wake Forest, NC.

Nancy Clark was recently recognized for twenty years of service with General Dynamics Advanced Technologies Systems. Nancy has decided to take early retirement and will soon be seeking part-time work. Good luck, Nancy!

Hats off to *Bob Hearn* for completing requirements for a master's degree in robotics from MIT. Hope this leads to many patents, Bob!



A fond memory

Raymond M. Rigdon

In planning a trip to Atlanta in the spring of 1995, I decided to go by the Georgia Baptist Hospital to see Florence Hearn. My wife asked if I would take her flowers from the senior adults at Immanuel. I bought a beautiful arrangement of gladiolas at the florist shop in the hospital lobby. When I reached the third floor, I asked at the nurses' station if I could see her. I was told that she seemed to be in a coma and likely would not recognize me, but I could go in.

Florence seemed, when I got there, to be in a deep sleep. I stood at her bedside a few moments, and her eyes opened. There was instant recognition. Before either of us could say anything, her eyes closed again and she drifted off again into a peaceful sleep.

I have cherished that experience since then, and want to be sure all of your family know about it.

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Blue flames

Allan Heard

When we moved to Lexington in 1976, real estate prices were booming. As a result, the house we bought on Pimlico did not embody our every dream. One feature particularly bugged me, so I set my mind to change it one day. The wall at the top of the entry stair was covered with alternating strips of cheap paneling and one-foot-square mirror panels running floor to ceiling. As soon as we could afford the materials, I took on the task of replacing the top half with wallpaper and the bottom with a red oak wainscot.

This was my first attempt at wall-papering, so the job was long and meticulous. Taking down the old stuff, especially the cemented glass squares, was a trial. The glass took chunks of dry wall, greatly increasing the required skill and patience levels. (Some of you will remember that I salvaged the paneling and made a very realistic coffin for Halloween purposes. I spent several Halloweens in it, popping up when kids approached and handing out candy treats. Eventually, we gave it and our "epitaphed" tombstones to a younger family.)

Back to the décor: The plan was to extend the wallpaper and wood down the little hallway to Karen's doorway. We would pick up there with painted wall across the hallway end and back around the other wall and into the living room.

I did the wallpaper and wood work first, trimming in nicely at the end of the hall. Then I painted the living room and came around the hall the other way. When I reached the end of



the hallway, I suddenly realized I must mask the wallpaper and wood panel. I grabbed a roll of masking tape and came neatly down the corner until the tape was about chest high. I was standing too close and could not bring the tape down any further. So I did what anybody would do—I stepped back. When I did, I stepped squarely into the paint pan.

You should try it some time. You would never otherwise comprehend how slick latex paint is. It was all I could do to keep from falling—and from stepping out of the paint and onto the carpet. Thankfully, the roll of tape that I involuntarily threw into the air landed in the paint pan and stayed there.

I plucked the tape out of the paint and called for Mary Alice to come help me. She observed that when I spoke, most of the flames that licked from my mouth were blue. I handed her the roll of tape and the paint roller from the pan, and she wandered downstairs cradling them in a rag.

So there I stood in the paint tray, waiting for her to return and help me get out. Five minutes later she was still not back. I called to her. No answer. I noticed blue flames coming from my mouth. For maybe five more minutes, I waited and periodically called out. More blue flames and acrid smoke. No help came. In her defense, she was outside cleaning up the tape and roller, but I did not know that.

Eventually, I figured out that I must get out of my shoes while standing in the paint tray. Otherwise, I might have stood there until supper, and the blue flames, by then, would have certainly burned the house down.

New arrival!

Congratulations to Sharon and Brian on the birth of Jordan Matthew Dillard. He weighed 6 pounds, 9 ounces and was 19 inches long. Big brother Adam is looking forward to being able to play with his new little brother. Congratulations, Sharon and Brian. Send pictures!



Malawi, continued from page 3

always to seek ways to help others less fortunate than I. And that I would not forget Prov. 22:2, "Rich and poor have this in common: The Lord is Maker of them all." All people need to hear about the saving Grace available to them. Even people who are so very different from me culturally.

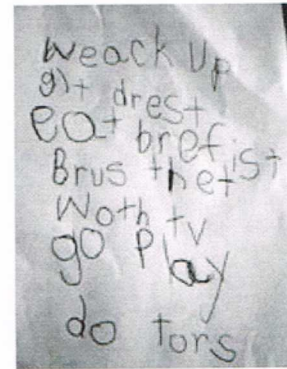
I had a wonderful, wonderful time! Much thanks to all who supported me with prayers and finances.

Abby creates a new holiday

Becky Burns

Abby (age 6) has taught herself how to read, and she enjoys writing as well. She used to insist that I spell every word for her as she wrote out her compositions. Now she is more adventurous and is attempting to spell her own words—with amusing results! The pictures below are a couple of examples. Hope you enjoy them as much as we have!

I am a list person, and it seems Abby is taking after me. This is a "list" she made for herself one day this summer. (Translation: wake up, get dressed, eat breakfast, brush teeth, watch TV, go play, do chores.)



Abby made a beautiful Father's Day card for Jack this year all by herself. I of course propped it up in the middle of his desk where he would be sure to see it as soon as he got home. He decided not to take offense.



Editor's note: Becky is home schooling Abby for her first grade year. Good luck on the spelling lessons, Becky!

Hearn Herald

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February, 2002

Of love and asteroids

Andy Clark

In the period of time around St. Valentine's Day, naturally my mind turns to the topics of love and outer space. While most in the family can vouch for my penchant for being 'spacy,' what do asteroids (or one asteroid in particular) have to do with love? This is the question I shall address as my first installment of the 'Strange but True' series.

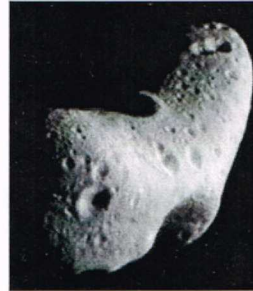
In the summer of 1995 (as I recall), I attended a dinner gathering organized by friends of mine from the Cornell graduate student and Ithaca, NY communities. There I met Dr. Beth Clark (no relation) and Jonathan Joseph, two new friends who would become two of my 'fastest' friends ever, although I did not know it at the time, of course. Beth had just arrived at Cornell during the spring to work on the NEAR project at the Department of Space Sciences. Jonathan was already ensconced there as a programmer and computer system administrator. Not long after her arrival, they started dating.

In case you're wondering what the acronym NEAR stands for, it's: Near Earth Asteroid Rendezvous. The NEAR spacecraft was launched from Cape Canaveral in Florida on February 17, 1996. NEAR is not only the first Space Age vehicle to orbit an asteroid, it is the first spacecraft to operate solely on solar power beyond the orbit of Mars.

Unlike asteroids inhabiting the main asteroid 'belt' between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, so-called near-Earth asteroids (whose orbits typically exist between that of Earth and that of Mars) have captured public interest in the past few years, as several 'near misses' (no pun intended) of small asteroids with the Earth have been detected. Many planetary scientists also believe that asteroids may be the oldest solid bodies in the solar system, and thus may give us clues about the origins of Earth and the other planets. For these and other compelling scientific interests, as well as to help satisfy the curiosity of humankind, the NEAR mission began and was successfully carried out.

According to the NEAR Background Press Kit (BPK),* NEAR's mission was to rendezvous with the near-Earth asteroid 433 Eros and orbit it for one year, gathering data about the geological and physical properties of Eros and to measure the composition of its elements and minerals. 433 Eros was the first near-Earth

asteroid, and the 433rd asteroid in general, to be discovered (by Gustav Witt, director of the Urania observatory in Berlin, on Aug. 13, 1898), the second largest (21 by 8 by 8 miles, or larger than Manhattan island in New York city), orbits the Sun between the Earth and Mars, and turns out to be remarkably shaped like an elongated potato or malformed sausage (see picture below):



Additionally, 433 Eros, according to the BPK, is a typical "Amor" asteroid, in that its orbit crosses Mars' orbit but does not quite reach that of Earth [Amor is from Latin, *amare*: to love]. Thus, 433 Eros does not pose a threat to the Earth at this time, although it's still an interesting object to study. Perhaps Dr. Witt chose to name this new object *Eros* (*Cupid* to the Romans) after the god of love in Greek mythology because of this strange orbit classification. 'Ah,' you think with satisfaction, 'I am beginning to understand the strange title of this essay now.' Little do you know...

The original plan for the NEAR mission was for NEAR (the spacecraft) to fly-by asteroid 253 Mathilde on June 27, 1997, and Earth on Jan. 23, 1998, for gravity-assisted, fuel-saving energy boosts on its way toward Eros, arriving in Eros orbit on Jan. 10, 1999. However, on Dec. 20, 1998, the planned rendezvous with Eros was jeopardized by an errant thruster misfire, sending NEAR barreling past Eros at 2,158 miles per hour and getting as close as 2,378 miles. For a day, scientists even lost contact with NEAR. Luckily, the spacecraft was able to reorient its main antenna toward Earth and re-establish contact, but not until after the majority of its valuable rocket fuel was leaked into interplanetary space.

Continued on p. 5

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And more



Juggler extraordinaire

Mary Alice Heard

When Allan and I heard that Mark Lippard was going to be performing in Lexington, we knew we had to go. I had seen a performance five or six years previously, but Allan had never seen Mark's show. As it turned out, the environment was not the best. Mark had been hired by a doctors' association to perform for a group of underprivileged children for whom the doctors provided a morning of fun. They expected about 400 children.

Mark's "stage" was part of a large room that normally serves as a dining room. He had to rope off part of the room for his performance, and the children sat on the floor in the rest of the room. He had been told that adults would be sitting with the children to control them. However, the few adults who came in with the children stood or sat at the back of the room. At times during the performance the children became loud and unruly. Despite the adverse conditions, Mark put in a great performance, and we thoroughly enjoyed the show.

Mark's juggling took center stage, of

Wherever we are, whatever we're doing,
whenever we really need to feel
especially loved, befriended,
supported, and cared for
in the greatest way,
our hearts can turn to the family
and find the very best
always waiting for us.

Barbara J. Hall

course, and his ability to juggle while riding his unicycle or balancing on a large ball seemed to defy gravity. Of course, he also juggled sticks that had fire on one end. The children were amazed he could do it.

Mark has a knack for including the audience in his performances. The children chosen took delight in helping with the show. He has two tiny tricycles about 6 inches tall, and he had two children race from one side of the room to the other on the tricycles. Of course, they kept falling off. After that Mark rode on one and made it look easy. He also rode a unicycle with a child perched on his shoulders. One adult helped Mark get on a unicycle that was about five feet tall. Mark pretended to have problems balancing, and in the process of leaning on the gentleman, he stripped him of his wristwatch. (Later, of course, he returned it.) Mark also chose four or five children to stand in line, and he spun disks on top of sticks that each child held. He was able to keep all the disks spinning at the same time.

Riding the tallest unicycle was a challenge in the small room. When Mark was on top of the six-foot unicycle, his head almost touched the ceiling. So he had to ride around hunched over. I was amazed that he could do it, and he juggled in that position too.

There were numerous other feats of balance, precision, and endurance. He was impressive. I have an idea that somewhere in that audience was a child who will decide to become a juggler. I hope so!

TEAMWORK

Thank you, family team, for your enthusiastic support of our scrapbook project. Kudos to Becky Burns and Beth Lippard for their hard work in purchasing, designing, and laying out the memory books, to Charles for taking on the job of copying the photographs, and to Millie and Jim Dillard, Beth Lippard, and Suzie Lusk for doing the tedious and time-consuming journaling. Also, thanks to our hosts, Charles and Lerma and Suzie and Fred, for putting up with the mess we made. Well done!



Victoria, Mikaela, and Rachel look at one of the memory books that contain pictures of their mom

Thanks for the memories!

Dear Family,

"Thank you" isn't strong enough to demonstrate how we feel about the Creative Memory books of Bonnie. Even though we knew you were working on them, nothing could have prepared us for viewing them for the first time at Christmas. They are truly remarkable. We have pictures of you working on them together in Georgia, South Carolina, and Tennessee, but I still cannot fathom the amount of work it took to generate the finished product.

I have a handful of papers that I treasure, mostly some special letters from family and close friends over the years. I've always said if I had to lose all physical possessions I would be okay if I could keep just these. The books you made are now at the top of the list and will be the girls' treasures for the rest of their lives. Thank you for making a tangible statement of love to us through your labor.

Much love,

Derek and the girls

P.S. Thank you to Suzie, Fred, Katie Beth, and to all who contributed to the doll house for the girls—they love it and are enjoying playing with it daily. Thank you also to all who contributed articles for the *Hearn Herald* regarding Bonnie and to Mary Alice for dedicating the issue to Bonnie. It meant so much to us.





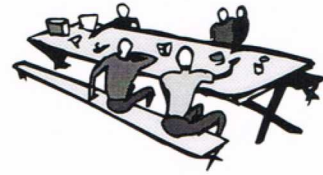
Ian, Emily, and Abby Burns

Choosing baby's name-O
Becky Burns

You may recall that, just by chance, the names of our three children begin with the first three vowels—A, E, and I. After Ian was born, Jack pointed out the trend and said that we should have two more babies, naming them with “O” and “U” names, to complete the pattern. Now that I am pregnant with our fourth child, people have been so very helpful in sending us “O” name suggestions! We thought you’d like to see this humorous list. (Let’s not look ahead to “U” names quite yet. . .)

- | | |
|-----------|----------------------------------|
| Olivia | Onnamonapeea |
| Ophelia | O’man |
| Orpah | Omni |
| Odessa | Osama (not very popular anymore) |
| Olathe | Orinda |
| Oprah | Onesimus |
| Olive Oil | Okra |
| Opal | O’Lyssa |
| Omar | O’Lyssia |
| Odale | Olysia |
| Owen | Olissia |
| Osage | Ollisa |
| Oscar | Odilia |
| Oleta | Olga |
| Oneda | Olive |
| Olga | Olympia |
| Onessa | Oksana |
| Odessa | Odile |
| Odyssey | Odette |
| Olie | Omaha |
| Olene | Olivette |
| O’say | Oheidi |
| OJ | Octavia |
| O’mygosh | |
| O’well | |

It's reunion time!



Reunion 2002
Lerma Hearn

Second weekend in August! Just outside Nashville! Rooms! Cabins! Swimming! Canoeing! Hiking! Golf! Hanging out! FOOD! New babies! Family togetherness!

Your calendars should already be marked for the next reunion of Aubrey and Florence Hearn’s descendants: Thursday through Sunday, August 8-11, 2002, at Montgomery Bell State Park, about half an hour’s drive west of Nashville.

The park reopens after its winter shutdown on February 22. If you have not already called in your reservations, you have a chance from then until the cut-off date.* After that time, any unclaimed rooms and cabins being held for us will be up for grabs to anyone else who might want them.

Be sure to specify the Hearn Family Reunion when you make your reservation at 1-800-250-8613. If it turns out that you can’t attend after all, you have until Tuesday, August 6, to cancel with no penalty.

Besides 12 rooms in the Inn, we’ve requested six two-bedroom cabins and reserved a meeting room for Friday

and Saturday socializing and Friday night dinner. Can you believe we expect over 40 people, counting the babies?

PRICES are as follows. There is a 13.25% tax is added on to each:
Inn room with 1 king-size bed: Thurs, \$80.00; Fri and Sat, \$84.00 each.
Inn room with 2 double beds: Thurs, \$73.00; Fri and Sat, \$78.00 each.
Cabin: Thurs, \$65.00; Fri and Sat, \$75.00 each.

Senior discount of 10% for those at least 62 years old is available for rooms in the Inn but not for the cabins. Children sleep free; there’s a \$6/night charge for extra adults (beyond the basic two) in an Inn room. Campsites are available but cannot be reserved.

The park has a really nice website: www.state.tn.us/environment/parks/montbell/index.html.

We need volunteers to coordinate food and group activities. These should be easier jobs than they were in Gatlinburg. If you’re interested, please get in touch with Lerma: hearn@hearnweb.com or call or write.

*Lerma has conflicting info as to the precise cut-off date. Expect a memo from her within the first few days of reopening.

No life better than married life—except single life
A.V. (Shorty) Culpepper*

Married life must be share and share alike; that’s the way we work it at our house. We make an effort to share everything and make it a pleasant partnership. We even have a joint bank account, a fifty-fifty proposition all the way. I have to arrange for all the deposits and she arranges for all the withdrawals. It works just fine.

She says the bank is pretty

“Cheesie” about the way they keep their books. She says she would never overdraw if they didn’t try to keep up with it right to the penny.

Not long ago the bank called her and told her that her account was overdrawn. She said, “No, you are mistaken, Shorty is just underdeposited.” Come to think of it, I guess if you can overdraw you sure can underdeposit.

*Excerpted from Poor Kinfolks and Rich Relatives, a collection of newspaper columns written by Mr. Culpepper and published in 1949.



The Hubbards

T.J. Carnes*

Alabama was a tough place to live following the War Between the States. Tough for anybody, but for a widow and seven children the word "tough" is a gross understatement. That was the situation faced by Dolly Haines Hubbard when she received news of the death of her husband, William E. Hubbard. William had died of jaundice while in the Confederate Army. Isaac Edward Hubbard was the youngest child and was born in Cleburne County, Alabama, on February 16, 1861.

That determined and courageous woman struggled, skimped, and schemed and brought the family through those difficult times. Isaac picked up significant skills and knowledge along the way. He and a brother started a blacksmith shop and began making wagons.

In December 1881 Isaac married Sarah Jane Bean; and in 1893 they moved to Heflin where he and a brother operated a livery stable and blacksmith shop. They also bought and sold mules. He operated a store on his farm and once served as a postmaster. In 1902 he bought a hotel in Heflin.

He had heard that the Sand Mountain area was being developed, and as early as 1891 he came to Albertville and bought some land. In 1903, in a bold act of faith, he sold everything in Cleburne County and moved his family to Albertville. He entered a mercantile business with Bob Harris and a few months later joined with Sam Lovern and Tom McNaron in a business known as The Albertville Trading Company. For many years that was one of the largest businesses in Albertville. The business did credit with farmers and thrived until the depression, when the farmers could not pay. The store closed in 1933. Isaac was a very good business man, much respected, and his advice on practical matters was sought by many. He credited all of his business and managerial skills to his mother and what he learned from her in watching her pull the family through those difficult times



Mama and Papa Hearn (Della Hubbard and Charles L. Hearn) stand behind Isaac (Ike) and Sara Jane Bean Hubbard, Mama's parents, in this 1928 photograph. Mama and Papa were then 44 and 47, and the Hubbards were about 67.

following the war. She was a very small woman and was referred to by her descendants as "Little Grandma." She was very active, industrious, and

"Character is the basis of credit. Avoid every indebtedness . . . Save at least some of all that is earned, and invest it in safe securities."

Ike Hubbard

thrifty.

Mr. Hubbard was quiet in manner and simple in habits. His business philosophy has been summed up as follows: "Character is the basis of credit. Avoid every indebtedness unless for real estate or something as valuable. Save at least some of all that is earned, and invest it in safe securities."

Isaac and Sarah had five children. They were: Dahlia [Della] Jane, Thomas Coleman, Hazel G., Beulah Estelle, and Myrtle Lucille.

**These paragraphs are excerpted from Out of the Sand, a history of the state agricultural school in Albertville, Alabama (T.J. Carnes, 1991). Della Jane Hubbard was Mama Hearn, Aubrey's mother. The building that housed The Albertville Trading Company in Albertville still stands. (See the article related to Mama Hearn in the September, 1994, Hearn Herald.)*

Isaac Edward Hubbard

Excerpted from a brief biography by C. Aubrey Hearn

The farm on which "Ike," as he came to be called, lived until he was about thirty was largely self-sustaining. The mother directed the work of planting and harvesting. She sometimes had to plow. She made the cloth and the clothes her children wore. The strictest economy was practiced.

About 1891 Mr. Hubbard bought his mother's farm, sold it at a profit, and purchased another in Clay County. He ran a blacksmith shop with his brother Billy for several years. They made wagons.

Ike had little formal schooling. Until he was eighteen he went to school three months in the summer. Then for one term he hired a man to take his place on the farm, and went to school for nine months.

As a businessman, Mr. Hubbard was recognized as one of the best in Marshall County. His judgment on business affairs was sought by many, and his opinions were highly respected. He gives the credit for his success in business to his mother. "She was a good financier. We always owned land, never rented it. Most of the things we used on our farm were made at home."

Mr. Hubbard was a pioneer. He was of hardy ancestry and was reared under a wise mother's guidance during trying times. He was educated chiefly in the school of experience. He was a pioneer businessman in Heflin and in Albertville.

I.E. Hubbard was quiet in manner, simple in habits, and unostentatious. I never saw him ill-tempered, flustered, or impatient. He was just in his business relationships and had no truer friends than his customers. His motto might have been, "Life's enduring values rest upon integrity," for he exemplified this truth.



Kindness is difficult to give away because it keeps coming back.

Glorieta daze

Marcia Stovall

The Hearn children spent many wonderful summers attending our Baptist assembly at Glorieta, New Mexico. Those times spent in that beautiful place still make me smile when I think about them.

I remember that Dad would take Millie and me to a girls' ranch close to Glorieta. There we would go on trail rides with the campers. (This was a special deal Dad worked out for us.) Millie and I would attend Glorieta conferences during the first week. Then the other weeks we would go to the ranch.

Once we even went on a roundup! I remember racing on horseback across the prairie. Once or twice our horses would suddenly stop, and we would fly off into the air! Dad was so sweet to arrange those excursions for Millie and me.

Then there were the talent shows. Millie and I would sing and play our ukeleles together. Our favorite songs were "Side by Side" and "Five Foot Two."

I remember playing cards with Millie, Suzie, Nancy, and Mary Alice. We used to play Flinch and Monopoly. Also we enjoyed watching the staffers play baseball.

Hailstorms were frequent at Glorieta, even in the summer. All of a sudden hailstones the size of golf balls would fall, and everyone would run for cover.

The services at Glorieta were meaningful. I usually attended the evening services. Joining in singing with so many other people was thrilling.

Even in college I loved Glorieta and wanted to return. For two summers I worked on the staff. The first summer, I worked in the Baptist Book Store. One night, the entire book store staff camped out in Holy Ghost Canyon. It was freezing that night but so beautiful sleeping out in sleeping bags

under the stars.

The second summer I was in charge of staff recreation. I got to plan all the staff parties, which were held on the night between conferences before new groups arrived. One night we had a Christmas in July party for some children from Santa Fe. We played games, sang carols, and let blindfolded children knock down a piñata full of candy. Another time, all the staff went to a rodeo. Keeping all the staffers entertained on a weekly basis was a big challenge, but I loved the responsibility.

One day some of my girlfriends and I went to Holy Ghost Canyon for a picnic. The cafeteria had fixed a basket of food for us. We played ball and had a grand time in that beautiful place. Melted snow had filled the Pecos river, and the water was freezing. Some of my friends threw me into the river. I had to go home in wet clothes, and as a result I had laryngitis for a week. I know my friends enjoyed that!

On another memorable occasion I went on a rock hunt with some other friends and Dr. Earl Mead. We rode in the back of a pickup. Dr. Mead showed us lots of different rocks found in the New Mexico soil.

One day, a group of us went horseback riding up Old Baldy mountain. As we were riding down a mountain slope, my saddle came loose, and the saddle and I slid over the horse's head. The saddle got stuck, and the poor horse panicked. I landed on my feet, but the horse reared up with the saddle stuck on his head. He was so frightened that he backed off the mountain! I cried when I saw him lying at the bottom of the ravine with the saddle still stuck on his head. Fortunately, he was okay. Some boys helped the frightened horse up, and I was able to ride him back to Glorieta.

I will always remember glorious Glorieta, New Mexico.



Of love and asteroids (cont'd)

Several Cornell scientists worked several consecutive days without respite and were able to plan NEAR's encounter with Eros on its next trip around the Sun slightly more than a year in the future.

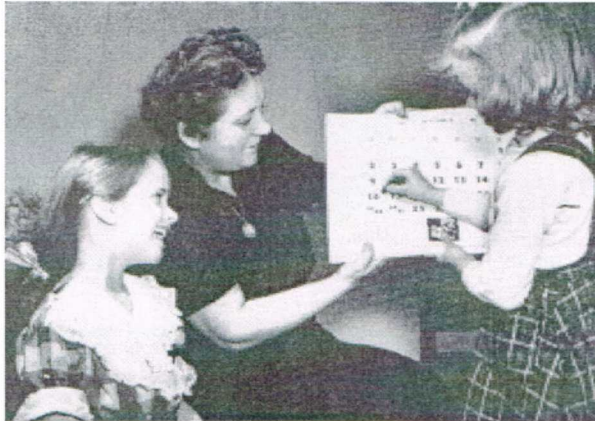
Thus it came about that on Valentine's Day, Feb. 14, 2000, NEAR at last began its year-long mission of orbiting Eros. Jonathan and Beth had plenty of scientific and data analysis adventures that year until the end of the mission, on Feb. 14, 2001. In addition, they formalized their own commitment of love through marriage on June 18, 2000—a beautiful, if soggy, wedding which I was happy to attend. One year later, on the same day in June, I was to meet the wonderful woman to whom I am now engaged, Lisa Ragone. Furthermore, while orbiting Eros, NEAR spied a heart-shaped crater near one edge of the asteroid. Coincidence, or clever scientific planning?



*The NEAR background press kit (BPK), on the web at: near.jhuapl.edu/media/99-1030B_NEAR5.pdf.

Hearn Herald home page

The Hearn Web site has a new location. You can now find us at www.hearnweb.com. Lerma has added lots of Conner family information and the names of our own new family members. Log on and read the messages from those who locate our site, mostly people seeking genealogy information. Thank you, Charles and Lerma, for maintaining our home page. It's just super!



My friend, Florence Hearn

Jean Burton*

I first met Florence when my family joined Immanuel church in the early fifties. Suzanne and my daughter, Nancy, were the same age. As I recall, when Nancy was enrolled in the Vanderbilt co-op nursery school, each mother taught one day per week. Florence wanted Suzanne to go there, but the director felt that Florence would not be able to keep up with the children one day per week. We all knew that was a joke.

Florence and I helped start a kindergarten at Immanuel the year Suzanne and Nancy started first grade. Florence was the director, and I was the teacher. Florence worked very hard and was tirelessly dedicated to the kindergarten. She remained director of Immanuel's kindergarten until she retired in 1974. After her retirement, the church trustees decided to close the kindergarten.

Florence was like a mother to me in many different ways. She taught me so much about almost every aspect of life. I continually learned from her about teaching preschoolers. Much of what I know and have since taught to thousands of others I learned from Florence. When she wrote the book,

Guiding Preschoolers, I jokingly told her to write it so that even I could understand it. Florence took great delight in telling that story at virtually every conference we held together. We spent many wonderful times at Ridgecrest learning and sharing about preschoolers. I learned "The Little Bear" song from her and still use it.

Florence was always very generous to my family and me. When my son was two years old, Florence made him a little table. He carried that table with him to school in Knoxville and to Cincinnati, Ohio, after graduation. He recently returned the table to me, and I still have it. That little table is nearly 41 years old.

I thank God for Florence Hearn and for the influence she had in my life. I will always remember her as my teacher, but most of all as my friend.

**Editor's note: Jean Burton taught with Florence at Immanuel's kindergarten for six years before moving to Memphis so that her husband, Dewey, could attend dental school. She began working with preschoolers at her church, Bellevue Baptist, and also became an approved state teacher for workers with preschoolers. She and Florence taught preschool teachers and preschoolers at Glorieta and Ridgecrest. Recently Jean received an award for 40 years of service in the preschool departments of Bellevue Baptist Church.*



Kids say the darndest things

Beth Lippard

My 2 -1/2-year-old son, Coley, is very verbal and expressive and often has us in stitches because of something he has said. Several weeks ago, he was sitting beside me as I nursed four-month-old Braxton. It is unusual for Coley to pay such close attention to this process, but this time was an exception.

Since he was two weeks old, Braxton has had a lot of trouble with trapped gas. At times, the pain is pretty bad and causes him to cry and not want to "latch on." This was one of those instances when his tummy was especially hurting and he was having difficulties nursing. Observing the situation, Coley earnestly exclaimed, "Braxton, try it! Try it, Braxton! It's good! Milk! Fresh! It's good—try it!"

Needless to say, I about fell on the floor laughing!

Here are some other funny things that Coley says. See if you can guess what he really means.

zeppy
stoom
ungorilla
trashnan
rubberman
pooter
bana
pato
lygon
dandelygon
playplen
motorsark
stooter
stib-ups
hold you
right here, over there

Answers: spaghetti, spoon, umbrella, trash can, rubberband, computer, banana, potato, lion, dandelion, playpen, motorcycle, scooter, spit-ups, hold me, right there

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Ln., Lexington, KY 40509.



New Arrivals

Our family is growing rapidly. Aubrey and Florence now have 15 greatgrandchildren! For the record, here are our newest additions.

Braxton James Lippard was born September 21, 2001. He weighed 7 pounds, 1 ounce and was 19 inches long at birth. Mark, Beth, and Coley are excited about his safe arrival.

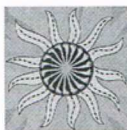
Kelsey Elizabeth Heard was born October 4, 2001, weighing 7 pounds, 15 ounces. She was 20 inches long. Tim, Julie, and big sister Hannah were mighty glad to see her.

Hoover and Karen Lee are the proud parents of *Joy Catherine Jia-Le*, born October 27. She weighed 6 pounds, 13 ounces and was 19-1/4 inches long. Joy's Chinese name means "Add joy." In the Chinese Bible *Jai-Le* is found in Isaiah 35:2 and 66:10 with reference to the coming of the Lord. English versions translate the phrase, "Rejoice greatly." Karen and Hoover are indeed rejoicing over their precious daughter.

Teresa Stovall is now working for Pine Belt Graphics, a screen printing shop in Columbia, Mississippi. The employees Teresa supervises are mentally challenged but high functioning, and she's enjoying working with them.

Karen and Hoover Lee were recently elevated to career status as employees of the International Mission Board. However, they will continue living in Wake Forest, North Carolina for the second year of their stateside appointment before going abroad. Their eventual assignment will be East Asia.

Tim Heard has added published articles to his résumé. So far he has written four articles for *Tech Republic*, an online publication for technical professionals. Soon he will begin a new column for the site related to management advice. Check him out at www.techrepublic.com.



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Dear Family,

On New Year's Eve in the Providence, Rhode Island, airport, I asked my girlfriend, Lisa Ragone, to marry me, and she accepted!! New action for a new year!

But, we both have lots to do before marrying (e.g., I have a dissertation to finish and a job/ financial stability to find), so the wedding will likely be some time into the future. Lisa is a lieutenant in the Coast Guard, and though she has a desk job at the moment (ostensibly protecting the fish population off the northeast coast, from New Jersey to Maine, from greedy fishermen and fisherwomen, but probably now concentrating mostly upon National Security issues . . .). However, she's probably going to be promoted to Lieutenant Commander next summer—a great thing, but a move that will probably involve duty on a ship (six months out??) based at a hitherto undisclosed location (perhaps where the Vice President is hiding??). So, there's some uncertainty in time, but not uncertainty in our commitment to each other!!

Hope all of you had a Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year as well! I've been thinking of each and every one of you (as well as the newest additions to the family!!).

Love to you all,
Andy

Parenting 102: Parents, check those purses for contraband
*C. Aubrey Hearn**

The amusing things that happen when there are six children provide us with many chuckles and sometimes momentary embarrassment. How can I forget the time when I had all five (at that time) children with me in church. Marcia, aged three, and Mildred, aged five, had slipped away from the nursery to sit with us. I was concentrating upon the sermon and paying little attention to the children, since they were quiet. Presently I looked around to find Marcia brandishing a toy pistol. She had taken it from a large purse



Andy and Lisa on Georges Island during an 11-mile kayak trip last summer.

Here's . . . Lisa
Lisa Ragone

I'm not that comfortable talking about myself, but Andy asked me to write a piece for the newsletter, as a form of introduction to his family. "This is your one chance to make a first impression," he said last night. Great! Not like there is any pressure!

Well, here goes. . . I was born in New Jersey, the Orange county seat. A town immortalized in a Billy Joel song—Hackensack. My first crib was a dresser drawer. My brother Doug was born two years later, in the much more normal-sounding town of Red Bank. I used to tell him that we found him in the neighbor's cabbage patch, but he eventually figured out that I was fibbing.

When I was three we moved to the suburbs of Chicago, so I don't have any memories of New Jersey as a child, other than the nasty smelly bits we had to drive through on the way to visit my grandparents in Long Island and Martha's Vineyard. (Please note the start of the water theme.) We would spend the whole summer on the beach, fishing and

checking the lobster pots with grandpa, and generally getting too much sun, but it was great fun.

Since my space is limited, I'll skip ahead to high school, most of which was spent at a girls' Catholic school in Baltimore. College years I spent on the south side of Chicago, where I studied political science and played lots of sports. Not a distinguished academic career, I'm afraid, but for some misguided reason I almost immediately went on to grad school in Utah. That proved not to be to my liking, though the skiing was fantastic. I love being outdoors, and I needed to escape from the library, so I joined the Coast Guard in 1991 and don't regret a minute of it.

To be perfectly honest, the seasickness and moving back and forth across the country I could do without, but it has been very challenging and rewarding. My current job is fisheries enforcement for the federal waters from Maine to northern New Jersey. The Coast Guard provides the floating and flying labor to enforce the regulations created by the National Marine Fisheries Service. I drive a desk these days rather than a ship, but I suppose that is the price of moving up in the ranks.

I've been stationed in Boston for 2-1/2 years but may have to move this summer or next. I'm certainly glad that I was sent here rather than Miami, or Andy's path and mine may never have crossed. New England has a lot to offer—Andy and I went kayak camping and whitewater rafting last summer and hope to do some skiing and showshoeing this winter. I look forward to meeting all of you at the reunion this summer!



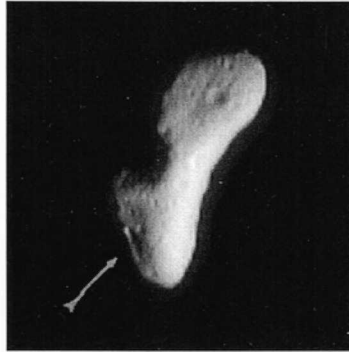
which she was carrying. The people sitting nearby were much amused. I quickly confiscated the pistol and breathed a sigh of relief.

In a few moments I heard the sound of many coins spilling on the floor. I discovered that Mildred had brought along her small purse containing a hundred pennies and had decided that this was a good time to count them.

But just as she opened the purse it fell on the floor and pennies went in all directions. Before I could recover from my dismay, the two little girls were on their knees, crawling under benches, retrieving the pennies! I learned something that day, but not from the sermon.

**Excerpted from "It's Fun to Have Six Children," written by Aubrey and published in Hearststone magazine in 1958.*

Family, my sincere apologies for the poor quality of the printing of this particular newsletter. Although I did ask the attendant to run one page for me so I could see the quality, I should have checked all the pages. In the interest of clarity, following is the picture as it should appear on page 5.



You are supposed to notice that there's a heart-shaped depression on the asteroid. Unfortunately, it doesn't show up in the newsletter.

Also, on page two one of my graphics did not print clearly. In the future I won't use clip art with a gray tone. For the record, it *ought* to look like this:

TEAMWORK

Hearn Herald

Volume 9, Number 2

September, 2002

Marie

Suzie Lusk

My hands were clammy as I drove to my appointment with Marie. Would this meeting with my daughter's birth mother create a barrier between Katie Beth and me? Was meeting Marie the right step to take? I thought about the long road Fred and I had taken to get to this point—the years of uncertainty while we tried to have our own child, and then the even longer years while we waited for adoption.

We had spent 10-12 years in fertility treatments. I took the shots and pills and had all the ultrasounds, but the treatments caused cysts on my ovaries that had to be removed by surgery. Once a doctor drained the cysts in his office—a very painful procedure. The last doctor I saw told me I should consider adoption because I wasn't going to be able to conceive.

There were few adoption agencies back in the 1980's, and I applied to all I could find. Fred said he wasn't interested in foreign adoptions, so I had to limit my search to the United States. The state of Georgia had an adoption agency, but it had a ten-year waiting list.

In 1989 a woman at my church told me that the Georgia Baptist Children's Home was opening a home for pregnant girls and was taking applications for adoptions, should any infants become available. I called them the next day, and we got in on the first group of home studies. This cost \$2000, which by today's standards was very cheap. The home study lasted several weeks, and then we waited.

I was 42 when Fred told me that we ought to put this behind us and look forward to a future without children. Right before he told me this, I had a sort of vision during my prayer time in which a calendar was laid before me and the month of January seemed to stand out.

I had a feeling that something was going to happen in January, but I didn't know what it was.

How vividly I remember the events of early 1991! As January came and went, I was really disappointed because I hadn't heard anything from the Georgia Baptist Children's Home. By this time, it had been two years since we had applied there. They were our last hope. Early in February I came home from church one Sunday night and Fred said the



Katie Beth Lusk with birth mom, Marie Taylor

social worker had called.

When I returned the call, she said a baby had become available, and she needed to come over and talk to us about it. The baby had been born in January.

I really was so stunned that I couldn't speak. Neither

could Fred! I think he was convinced that we would never get a child. When we talked the next night, I found out that he had already told all the teachers at his school! I had not yet told a soul.

Wednesday night the social worker came over and gave us information about the birth parents and a picture of the baby. Thursday I told the math department at my school and got permission to take off for six weeks. The baby was coming on Friday!

Friday morning I arrived to find that each math teacher had brought me a gift, and I had everything I needed for the baby—bottles, formula, diapers, clothes, car seat, and bassinet. It was a miracle, and I was still in shock!

We picked up the tiny 5.5-lb. baby girl in Palmetto on Friday afternoon after work. The rest of the story you all know, because Katie Beth has grown into a lovely girl, now 11-1/2, and she has been a wonderful child.

When Katie was old enough to understand, we shared with her that she was our

See Marie, page 2

By the time we parted I was certain that Katie Beth would profit from meeting the woman who had given birth to her.

In this issue . . .

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Marie, continued from page 1
special child because she was chosen. Although we knew very little about her birth mother, we felt we should be honest with Katie Beth.

Katie has a friend who is also adopted. After this friend showed Katie a picture of her birth mother, Katie decided she wanted a picture of her own birth mother. I wrote the social worker and was told that she would contact the birth mother to ask her permission. Marie responded with a letter and a picture, so Katie Beth and Marie started writing letters to one another in the spring, 2000. We were pleased to find out that Marie is a teacher and that she lives in the Georgia mountains.

After a couple of years Katie Beth asked me if she could meet Marie. I suggested we have lunch with her and the social worker. It took a while, but Marie asked to meet me first by myself. She told me that she did not want to threaten me and that she just wanted to meet Katie Beth and get to know her some.

That meeting with Marie in March, 2002, proved to be a wonderful time of sharing, and by the time we parted I was certain that Katie Beth would profit from meeting the woman who had given birth to her. Marie told me a little about herself and her interest in getting to know Katie Beth.

Marie had been 15 years old living on a ranch in Calhoun, Georgia, with her Mom, Dad, and brother. She was dating a boy, also in the ninth grade, and they had been friends, then more than friends, for several years. After Marie found out she was pregnant she went with her mom to have an abortion. The doctors said it was too late.

Marie decided that she would have the child but give it up for adoption, knowing that she was too young

to take care of a baby. She also wisely decided to go to another place to have the baby so that she would not have memories around her home and family. She went to the newly opened Georgia Baptist Children's Home for pregnant girls and lived there for four months. She attended Creekside High School in Fulton County and had her baby at the Georgia Baptist Hospital.

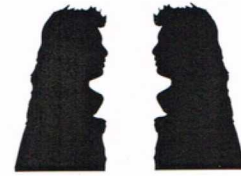
Before Marie left to return to Calhoun, she got to read over the information about the couple who would adopt her baby. She wrote a letter to us and also to the baby, explaining that although she loved her baby, she couldn't keep her. She said in the letter that she knew God had a hand in this because everything had worked out so well for her and for the baby.

Marie is a young woman, 27, and very attractive. In fact, she looks exactly like

Katie Beth! They could be sisters. I know Katie Beth loves me and she loves Fred. Getting to know Marie has been a blessing to her and to us.

Now Katie Beth has an extended family that includes grandparents (Marie's parents are my age!), an uncle, a stepfather named Zack (Marie got married last year), and a stepsister named Lexie who lives with Marie and Zack part time. Katie got to spend some time in Calhoun this summer getting to know them better. She is so thankful for them, but also thankful that she has us and can share her life with both her birth family and her adoptive family.

As I write this story in August, 2002, I look forward to having Marie and Zack become a part of our lives. I know that God had a big part in this story because it would never have turned out so well with His help. It is a story that I must share with anyone who is willing to listen.



Legacy of an adopted child

Author unknown

Once there were two women who never knew each other.
One you do not remember, the other you call Mother.
Two different lives, shaped to make your one.
One became your guiding star, the other became your sun.

The first one gave you life and the second taught you to live it.
The first gave you a need for love. The second was there to give it.
One gave you a nationality, the other gave you a name.
One gave you a talent, the other gave you an aim.

One gave you emotions, the other calmed your fears.
One saw your first sweet smile, the other dried your tears.
One sought for you a home that she could not provide.
The other prayed for a child, and her hopes were not denied.

And now you ask me, through your tears
the age-old question, unanswered through the years.
Heredity or environment? Which are you the product of?
Neither, my darling, neither. Just two different kinds of love.



It's not hard to meet expenses; they are everywhere.



Angela and Derek McCord on their wedding day, April 27, 2002

Angela

Derek McCord

My wife Angela was born in Brasilia, the capital of Brazil, and has lived in Atlanta for two years now. She grew up in a rural area, and her family had a ranch in her early childhood. Her grandparents keep a ranch even up to the present, so she and her son John would ride horses all the time.

Angela was a teacher in Brazil for elementary, middle, and high school every day! School there runs in shifts using the same building, with classes beginning for the first shift at 7:30 a.m. and ending for the last shift at 11:30 p.m. She also owned both a copy center (similar to Kinko's in America) and her own greeting card business. Needless to say, she stayed quite busy.

Angela, John, and Halliny's life in Brazil was quite different than it is here in many respects. On the one hand they lived a somewhat aristocratic lifestyle—lots of formal parties for Angela to attend with her husband, full-time house help, and John attending an exclusive private school that the president of Brazil's children attended. On the other hand, all three suffered great abuse from her husband for many years until Angela divorced him a few years before coming to America.

A black, feathery friend

Dear Samuel and Michael,

One day when Tim, Joel, and Karen were children, somebody's pet crow visited them. Tim and Joel had just had a painting party for their friends. Kids were starting to go home when a crow suddenly appeared in the yard. He was not at all afraid of children. In fact, he really seemed to like them. I believe he may have thought he was a child too, he was so friendly.

The boys and Karen had made Christmas decorations by putting popcorn on a string. Peepaw started pulling the popcorn off the decoration and feeding it to the crow. The crow loved it. In fact, he ate so much he did not feel like flying. Instead, he fluttered up into a small pine tree to rest—and probably to get over a tummy ache.

Soon all the boys and girls left, and Tim, Joel, and Karen went into the house for supper. Everybody forgot about the crow.

Angela moved to Atlanta because one of her brothers lives here. A year after she transplanted here, her other brother and her best friend also moved to Georgia. Her mother still lives in Brazil, and Angela talks to her every few weeks.

John just turned 9, and Halliny is 5. Four of our five children are now in school, and Victoria is home with Angela.

John and Halliny are both fluent in English. Angela and I have about 90% reading comprehension in each other's language, and we both have a working fluency in English and Portuguese.

Here are some interesting facts about Brazil and Portuguese: Brazil is the same size as the continental United States, with the fifth largest population in the world behind America, which has the third largest. English is the third most spoken first language in the world; Portuguese is the sixth most spoken language.

We are all very happy and thankful that the Lord has put us together to form one family of seven (seven for the present!).

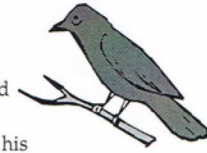
The next morning, Joel decided he would go out into the yard and play in his sandbox. He was barely out the door, when he had the surprise of his life. The crow flew down from the rooftop and landed on Joel's head. The crow thought this was a good idea. He probably had often landed on his owner's head and the owner thought it was great.

Joel did not think it was great. He did not like it a little bit. It scared him. So what do you think he did? He screamed as loudly as he could for Grandma.

Grandma came quickly. She fussed at the crow and told him to get away from Joel. The crow flew away. Joel went into the house, and nothing Grandma could say would persuade him to go back into the yard and play. This made Grandma mad at Peepaw, because Peepaw had fed the crow. That had encouraged the crow to stay around, but the real reason he stayed was that he liked kids. Grandma called Peepaw at work and told him she was mad. She said, "Peepaw, you come home and make sure the crow doesn't bother Joel anymore."

Peepaw went home and looked all around for the crow. He could not find the crow anywhere, but he was still there. He was high up in a tall pine tree. He was hoping Joel would come out and play with him. He was very sad. There were big crow tears in his eyes.

Finally, he flew away, looking all around as he flew—hoping that he could find some kids to play with. He never came back.



Love,
Peepaw





The house in Andalusia, Alabama, where Florence grew up.

My house

Florence Hearn*

I . . . remember best the house [I lived in] in Andalusia, Alabama. A porch went halfway on both sides and across the front. It had a rail on which my dad propped his feet. We had a wide hall from front to back.

In later years they put in French doors to make the front hall a living room and the back hall a dining room.

I had a room of my own, since I was the only girl. I could go there and be there whenever I wanted to be alone. I had a fireplace in my room. In fact, every room had a fireplace and we had to build fires in the winter to keep ourselves warm.

I built my own fire if I wanted to stay in my room in the winter. The boys brought in lighting wood (called *liderdard knots* or wood) and coal. Later my dad bought a heater for the living room and that kept the front part of the house warm.

To get to the only bathroom, I had to go from the front of the house, through one of the bedrooms to the bathroom, which opened also onto the back porch. In the winter most of the house was cold except the kitchen and my parents' room or the living room.

**Florence wrote these paragraphs about the house in which she grew up when she filled in a scrapbook called, Grandma's Story, which was given to her by Dan and Andy Clark.*

Reunion raves

Thanks to all of you who made our reunion a success—

- to Lerma and Charles for choosing a great site and for doing much of the planning,
- to Suzie for bringing the food,
- to the mothers of our five new babies, for bringing them to show off,
- to Julie for planning a great children's party, and
- to those who brought games to share.



Cousins Emily Burns and Hannah Heard share a moment at the reunion

It was great visiting with all of you, meeting our newest bride Lisa, and seeing how the children have grown. We missed you Derek, Angela, and family; Joel, Beth, and family; Liz; Fred; and Gerald. But even without you there were 41 of us, including 11 great-grandchildren. What chaos! What fun! Let's do it again soon!



A different world cannot be built by indifferent people.

—Peter Marshall

A frog goes into a bank and approaches the teller. He can see from her nameplate that her name is Patricia Whack. "Miss Whack, I'd like to get a \$30,000 loan to take a holiday."

Pattie looks at the frog in disbelief and asks his name. The frog says his name is Kermit Jagger, his dad is Mick Jagger, and that it's okay, he knows the bank manager.

Pattie explains that he will need to secure the loan with some collateral. The frog says, "Sure, I have this," and produces a tiny porcelain elephant, about half an inch tall—bright pink and perfectly formed.

Very confused, Pattie explains that she'll have to consult with the bank manager and disappears into a back office. She finds the manager and says, "There's a frog called Kermit Jagger out there who claims to know you and wants to borrow \$30,000, and he wants to use this as collateral." She holds up the tiny pink elephant. "I mean, what in the world is this?"

The bank manager looks back at her and says . . .

"It's a knick-knack, Pattie Whack. Give the frog a loan. His old man's a Rolling Stone."

Submitted by Marcia Stovall

The artesian well

Allan Heard

I don't remember much detail about my early childhood, but one thing that I remember very well is calling out in the night, "Daddy. I want to drink of water." Sometimes it meant I was thirsty, and sometimes it meant I was scared.

Water is important in a variety of ways for human life. For example, we can only get by a couple of days without drinking water and our blood will become so viscous that our heart cannot move it, or other vital functions will cease. Either way we perish.

In addition to sustaining vital life functions, water serves a variety of social and psychological needs. It is so important that, historically, communities and roads have been located to take advantage of water.

When I was a child, my family frequently spent Saturday afternoons fishing in a large, old lake near Cotton Plant, Mississippi. Our route to and from went right by a freely flowing, wonderfully cool, sparkling artesian well. At the end of our fishing trip, we were always hot and thirsty. Thus, it became part of our tradition to stop at the artesian well and refresh ourselves.

The flow came from a horizontal pipe protruding from a larger pipe, which came up out of the ground. The flow ran into a large wooden trough placed there, no doubt, for the benefit of work animals. We boys made much better use of the trough, splashing and playing in the water. The water was so



good that I would drink until my belly was full. I couldn't seem to get enough. And I loved dabbling in the chilly water.

We seldom celebrated our tradition alone. In the early years, it was not uncommon to be joined by wagons drawn by horses or mules, loaded to the brim with dogs and kids. More often, drivers of cars approaching on the highway would notice us and decide that they too needed a drink. Every kind of person imaginable stopped there at one time or another.

The flow from that well was so wonderful and dependable, I told myself often that it would never stop—that the flow was eternal. But it wasn't, and it isn't.

A few years ago I made it a special point to go by the well and stop for drink of water. The standpipe and trough were gone, likely the victims of corrosion and rot. In their place was an ugly, swampy area overgrown with cattails, blackberries, and weeds. The sparkling water from that wonderful artesian well is gone.

Likewise, the security my father used to bring with a glass of water in the middle of the night is gone. All that is left are my fond memories. I wonder now if the real thing was as good, as impressive, and, yes, as vivid as my memories. In fact, I wonder what parts of my memories really happened.

Silly Daddy

Suzie Lusk*

It was a hot, dusty, humid day. Our family was traveling in our rustic and broken-down Ford to New Mexico. At this time we were in the northwestern part of Texas, out in the desert and nowhere near any towns.

All of a sudden, sput, cough, and our engine began smoking. It gave off such a noise that we were forced to pull over to the side of the road. Daddy hopped out, and with a lot of effort managed to open the hood. With a disgusted look on his face he explained that he must hitch a ride to the nearest town, for we were in need of a fan belt and water. There was none anywhere near.

We all gave a sigh and commenced to prepare for a long wait. Faithfully, Daddy walked over near the road, drew out his handkerchief, and began waving at oncoming cars. Not knowing what else to do, the drivers of the cars calmly raised their hands and waved back! This went on for quite a while until we noticed his ignorance and told him to use his thumb. He persisted until he got so perturbed that he began to use his thumb. The second car that passed recognized our distress and pulled over to the side. We were soon on our way again, laughing and remembering our adventure and our silly Daddy.

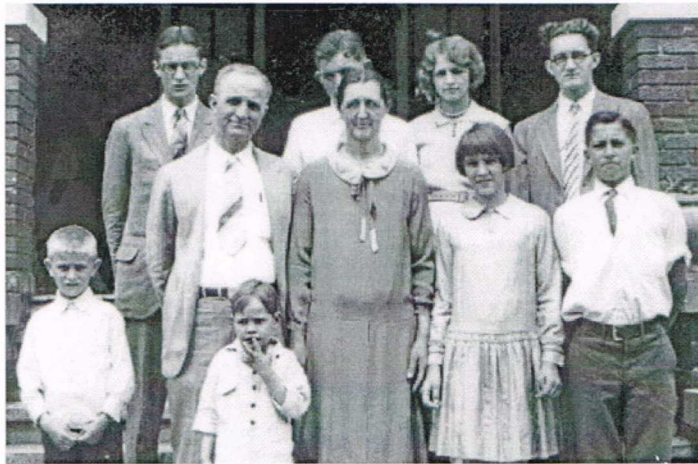
*Suzie wrote this essay when she was in elementary school.



Cryptic Quiz

Measure your sharpness with the following test, which will give you some gauge of your mental agility. Each statement contains the initials of words in a common phrase. Find the missing words. (Example: 16 = O in a P; answer is *ounces in a pound*.) Answers in the next *Hearn Herald*.

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. 26 = L of the A | 9. 32 = D.F. at which W.F. | 17. 1 = W on a U |
| 2. 7 = W of the A.W. | 10. 18 = H on a G.C. | 18. 5 = D in a Z.C. |
| 3. 1001 = A.N. | 11. 90 = D in a R.A. | 19. 57 = H.V. |
| 4. 12 = S of the Z | 12. 200 = D for P.G. in M | 20. 11 = P on a F.T. |
| 5. 54 = C in a D (with the J's) | 13. 8 = S on a S.S. | 21. 12 = E in a C |
| 6. 9 = P in the S.S. | 14. 3 = B.M. (S.H.T.R.) | 22. 29 = D in F in L.Y. |
| 7. 88 = P.K. | 15. 4 = Q in a G. | 23. 64 = S on a C |
| 8. 13 = S on the A.F. | 16. 24 = H in a D | 24. 40 = D and N of the G.F. |



Mama and Papa Hearn with their family in 1928: Back row, l. to r., Kermit, Fred, Mildred, and Aubrey; middle row, Mary Nell and Glenn; front row, Joe Ed and Jack.

The Hearn

T. J. Carnes*

Dalia [Della] Jane Hubbard was born in Clay County on January 10, 1884. She was 19 when her father moved the family to Albertville. She entered SDAS (Seventh District Agricultural School) and was within 2 years of graduating** when she had to quit because of a problem with her eyes.

There was a young man from Blount County attending the school at Albertville named Charles L. Hearn, later to be affectionately known to thousands as "Charlie." Dalia and Charles were married on May 9, 1906, in her father's home located then on College Street.

Charlie became a rural mail carrier, and in 1906 they built a home at the corner of Jackson Street and Baltimore Avenue, moving in early 1907. In 1912 the couple undertook the courageous project of moving to Birmingham with their four children for Charlie to attend medical school. However, shortly after arriving, the medical school moved; and his plans were frustrated. He took a position with the Birmingham Post Office. In the spring of 1919 they returned to Albertville, and Charlie began working at the Albertville Trading Company.

Their home in Albertville had

burned while they were in Birmingham; and upon returning, they undertook the building of a new one on the same site. They moved in on Christmas Day, 1922. At that time it was one of the finest homes in Albertville. It contained nine large rooms, including five bedrooms. There was a large garden area and a barn for the family milk cow.

They had eight children whose names and birthdates are as follows:

Charles Aubrey	April 6, 1907
Mildred Della	July 14, 1908
Thomas Kermit	March 27, 1910
Fred Wilson	July 14, 1912
Glenn Hubbard	April 27, 1914
Mary Nell	September 8, 1915
Joseph Edward	February 28, 1920
Jack Carey	December 6, 1923

As if those responsibilities were not enough, there were times when Mrs. Hearn took on the extra task of providing room and board for a teacher at the school. For over 20 years there was a Hearn enrolled in the agricultural school and high school at Albertville. Everyone graduated. . . . Everyone attended college, and only two did not graduate.

*Quoted from *Out of the Sand (1991)*, a history of the state agricultural school in Albertville, Alabama.

**Joe Ed Hearn, in his biography of his mother, says that Della lacked a few months of completing high school because of eye problems.

Religious freedom: Hearn roots go way back

Lerma Hearn

All of C. Aubrey Hearn's descendants, all of his nieces and nephews and their descendants, and all the descendants of all his mother's nieces and nephews (the "Hubbard cousins") are descended from a Huguenot family who moved from their original home in France to England, and from there to colonial Maryland in the middle of the 17th century.

Huguenot (usually pronounced "hew-ga-not") is the name given to a group of Protestants living in France during the 16th and 17th centuries. They believed in salvation by faith alone, without the need to go through a church hierarchy, and they believed in an individual's right to interpret scripture for himself. (Sound familiar?) Naturally, this brought them into conflict with both the Roman Catholic Church and the French monarchy. After some short-lived acceptance, the Huguenots eventually suffered loss of life and/or loss of many civil liberties. Many migrated to England and other European countries but even there found conflicts. Eventually many emigrated to the American colonies.

About 1654 Benois Brasseur (Benjamin Brashears) and his wife Mary emigrated to Virginia and later moved to Maryland with eight children and several indentured servants, including a young (teenaged or preteen) Englishman, John Sellman. Several years later John married their daughter Elizabeth, born a few years after their arrival in America. John and Elizabeth were the great-great-grandparents of Polly Selman Walker, who in turn was the great grandmother of Della Hubbard Hearn, Aubrey Hearn's mother.





Jack and Becky Burns are happy to welcome Olivia Noelle, who was born May 26, weighing 8 pounds, 5 ounces. Abby, Emily, and Ian are entranced with her, as are we.

Congratulations to Derek McCord and Angela Cotrim, who were married April 27, 2002. Welcome to the family, Angela, John, and Halliny.

Andy Clark and Lisa Ann Ragone were married in Ithaca, New York, on May 22, 2002. Welcome, Lisa, and thank you for braving our reunion.

Jack Burns is now an account executive for Apple Computer. He is the education sales/solutions provider for Oklahoma and parts of Kansas and Missouri. Good show, Jack!

Liz Hearn has accepted a position at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. She will be an assistant professor of geophysics. Bob will eventually join her there as he continues to work on his degree from MIT. Congratulations, Liz, and get ready for company!

Congratulations to Andy Clark, who is now a research assistant at the Center for Space Physics at Boston University. He will be doing particle-in-cell simulations on super-computers using message-passing interface; he will also study plasma physics of the ionosphere. Hats off, Andy!



Gerald Stovall is working on a family cookbook. Please send your contribution by e-mail or snail mail. He'll appreciate your help.

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Birds at our doorstep

Mary Alice Heard

This past spring I threw up my hands and gave in to the birds. Two mornings in a row I had noticed when I stepped out on the front porch to get my newspaper that bits of grass and twigs were strewn over the porch. I knew then that the birds had returned to repeat a performance of several years ago, when a mother bird decided that my door wreath was the perfect place for her nest. On that prior occasion I had made concessions to the little mother by opening the garage door and going around to the front of the house each morning for my paper. Now I said, "Enough's enough." On those two days I took down the wreath and removed the beginnings of the nest that was snuggling to the top of the wreath. Then, of course, I had to sweep off the porch.

The third day I saw that the mother bird was undaunted; she had begun a new nest. I cleaned off the wreath once more and took it inside. After a month or so, when the nests were all firmly in place elsewhere, I would put it back out.

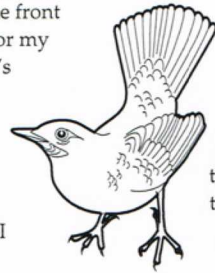
We have had constant struggles with birds during our years in Lexington. In the spring, time after time, birds found our barbecue grill an irresistible location for their nest. After all, a lovely ventilation hole was just the right size as an entrance, the floor of the grill was slotted for domestic cleanliness, and the hood kept the rain and wind away from the nest. The birds busily contributed straw and grass to their nesting site—until each Saturday evening, when we always had hamburgers. Then Allan would lift the grill cover, discover the nest, and brush it away. After several weeks we'd learn to leave the grill cover open, and after several years that became a regular springtime thing to do.

Several years ago the birds presented us with a new dilemma:

they located their nest in the outlet of our dryer vent, the regular cover having come loose. For weeks on end we could hear them twittering, and the noise sounded as if the birds were right in our dryer! Much as I enjoy hearing birds sing, I definitely don't want to hear them in my house. Whenever I heard the birds I would run to the laundry room and turn on the dryer, hoping the heat would help them decide to move on. No dice! The twittering continued.

Getting rid of the pesky birds

presented a big problem, because our laundry room is on the second floor. Also, the dryer is vented to the side of the house, where the ground slopes precipitously toward the back. Allan would have to do a balancing act to reach the vent. We had to balance our tall ladder with one leg on a plank to stabilize it. Allan



climbed the ladder carrying a vent cover he'd made of hardware cloth. After cleaning out the dryer vent, he covered the opening and drilled into the brick wall so he could secure the cover with screws. Thankfully, no birds have sung inside the vent since that date.

We have another nest story, and Hannah, who's four now, remembers the incident, even though it happened when she was two. We discovered that a robin had built a nest under our covered deck in a well-protected spot. I realized that I could look down into her nest and see the baby birds if I peered between the planks of the deck. The robin was just inches away from my nose! When Hannah was visiting, I showed her the nest from underneath the deck and told her that she could look at it up close. We tiptoed onto the deck, and Hannah got down on her knees right above the nest and bent down to peer at it. Hannah's shadow, or else the sound of our footsteps, scared the mother robin. Suddenly she flew away, scaring Hannah as she did

so. We weren't able to convince Hannah to take another look with the mother bird gone. Several days later both mother and babies had disappeared. We don't know how she removed them to another place.

Despite these bird problems, Allan and I continue to enjoy watching the birds who come to our feeder during the winter. In the spring, the purple martins return to our neighbor's two-story martin house, which sits on a tall pole in just the position for us to see the martins from our deck. Purple martins chatter constantly, and their conversations with each other gladden our ears from morning to night during the spring and summer. Then one day in late summer, as if by magic, the purple martins fly away.



Hole-istic Thinking

Dan and Kristen Clark

A group of friends would get together every week and discuss the latest ideas. More often than not, they would try to come up with questions for each other that would stump the others. Pretty soon, they began betting on the outcome—if someone asked a question the others could not answer, and if he then answered it himself, he would collect money that they all put onto the table. One day it was down to Tom and Joe.

Tom: Okay. Here's one for ya. How does a gopher dig a hole and not leave a mound of dirt at the top?

Joe (after a few minutes): I'll let that be your question. You answer it.

Tom: Simple. It just starts at the bottom of the hole, then works up. (He starts to take the money).

Joe: Wait, wait! How does the gopher start at the bottom of the hole?

Tom: That's your question.

Hearn Herald

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Aubrey's first European tour, 1937

Aubrey Hearn's love affair with travel began in 1937, when he was able to join J.E. Lambdin, a fellow employee at the Baptist Sunday School Board (and later not only his boss but his neighbor on Westwood Avenue) and 24 others on a European tour. The purpose of the trip was to attend the 2nd Baptist Youth World Congress in Zurich, Switzerland, but it also included a stop in France. After the meetings, Aubrey left the tour group and visited Germany (including a trip down the Rhine), Belgium, the Hague, and London. Two old friends, George Kunkel and H.S. Sauls, traveled with him part of the time.

The group traveled to Europe on the Queen Elizabeth—surely a gentle and comfortable way to adjust to time changes. Aubrey wrote to Florence from the ship, "The Queen Mary is a dream boat. Put the Waldorf or Astoria Hotel on the water, and you have an idea of what this boat is like. The third class accommodations are the last word in comfort and elegance, and the other classes are superior." Aubrey returned on another liner, the Samaria.

Aubrey's diary of the trip reveals that he was an enthusiastic traveler. When members of his party had free time, he went on his own to nearby sites, and he used his time on the ship to read about the places he wanted to see. The diary records the names of many of the paintings and sculptures he saw and details about the museums and cathedrals that he visited. He must have toured with pencil in hand. No matter how tired, each night Aubrey recorded details of the sights seen that day. It's obvious that he wanted to remember every aspect of the trip.

Below are some excerpts from the diary, as he saw Europe for the first time and (surely)

decided he needed to return.

July 28, 1937, departure on the Queen Mary

At 12:00 E.D.S.T. we sailed. The trip down the river, past the Statue of Liberty, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. With the thrill of leaving for Europe is mingled a feeling of sadness because loved ones and friends are not privileged to share the experience. . .

On deck the favorite game is shuffleboard; the most popular hobby is kodaking, but most

of the passengers seem to prefer relaxing in deck chairs, enjoying the sunshine and the invigorating ocean breeze. A few read books.

July 29, 1937

In the

afternoon the four 3rd [class] members of our party got permission from the purser to visit our friends in tourist class. We spent most of the afternoon there, and saw the cinema. Inspected the swimming pool and gymnasium, and had a bicycle race with George Elam in the latter. [In Aubrey's letter to Florence, he mentions that the race was on stationary bicycles!]

July 30, 1937

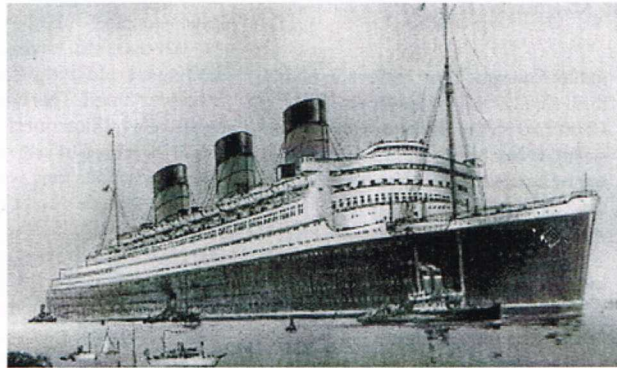
The daily newspaper published aboard, the *Ocean Times*, is eagerly sought after breakfast. The only news of the outside world is in this paper, which is provided without charge to passengers. The conflict between China and Japan is menacing.

August 4, Paris

Impressions of the French: Thrifty, lovers of flowers, more interested in things intellectual than Americans, good farmers, good craftsmen, home lovers; greatly interested in acquiring more francs; deeply devoted Catholics; very patriotic, and proud of their statesmen, military heroes, writers and

Continued on page 2

Getting packed becomes a harder job all along. But this trip is a liberal education, and life is glorious!



The Queen Mary—image on a souvenir post card

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Aubrey (on the right) aboard the Queen Mary with fellow travelers W.A. Harrell of Nashville (left), and Ina and Jerry Lambdin

Aubrey's first tour, continued
 scientists. For some reason they do not look kindly on Americans. That is very unfortunate, for the two countries have helped each other a great deal.

August 6, Interlachen to Lucerne

The Alpine flowers of many hues—the white and yellow Edelweis, the deep-blue Gentian, the crimson Alpine Rose, the varicolored Aster Alpinus, the bright golden Pheasants-eye, the light purple Rapontic, the red and white Amaryllis, the tiny light blue Forget-me-not being the most common—contrasted with the rich green of the grass and shrubbery and the snowy peaks, not to mention the thrill of the mountain views as we wound around the narrow road, made pictures of indescribable splendor.

At the mountain village of Gletch we stopped for a view of the Gargantuan Rhone glacier, source of the Rhone River. We climbed up to the glacier and for one franc walked through an ice tunnel a hundred yards into the mass of ice. Outside, a Swiss blew a large horn with a quaint tune, for what offerings we would give him.

August 8, Zurich

In Europe an elevator is called a lift . . . One puts his shoes in the hotel hall and they are shined the next morning. . . It is advisable to have a great many American dollars handy. They are accepted almost everywhere, and the shops seem glad to get them. . . People here do not give the service we

get in America. They believe in taking their time. Many of the stores close 12:00-2:00 so the clerks can enjoy their siesta. Is our haste in America a blessing or a curse? Do we really save any time by our haste?

August 9, Zurich

Goodbyes were said to the other members of our party who leave Wednesday for Italy.

Getting packed becomes a harder job all along. But this trip is a liberal education, and life is glorious!

August 14, London, Tower of London

We also saw a large collection of armor in the Tower—English bows and crossbows, battle axes, lances for jousting, cavalry lances. We saw the hand engraved armor of Robert Dudley. . . , weighing 79 lbs., 8 oz. The weight of a soldier's armor was from 120 to 145 lbs. When he fell off his horse he had to be lifted up. The horse's armor we saw weighed 81 lbs. Pity the poor horse, having to carry a weight of some 350 lbs. or more!

August 16, London

The English upon short acquaintance impress me as being very proud, conservative, precise, fond of their traditions, devoted to king and to country, skeptical of American ways (as America is, after all, a rather young and somewhat uncivilized country, they seem to intimate), suspicious of European and Oriental powers. The men seem somewhat effeminate, the women are not pretty. The English are not burdened with politeness.

Hardly a dull moment

Beth Heard

Living overseas is certainly interesting most of the time. It's even exciting regularly enough. However, "exotic" isn't a word that ever comes to mind to describe our lives here. In fact, as the mother of two small boys, I can attest that life is as mundane here as it is anywhere. For example, the closest thing to any kind of exotic event in my life this week came when I ran to answer the phone yesterday and found that our house helper had experimented with furniture polish on our painted wood floors. The ride I took across the floor certainly raised my heart rate!

All that said, having a 3-year-old and 4-year-old in the house also keeps me entertained. This has been the week of a million questions. At one point I decided to keep track of how many questions they were asking per minute, then decided I wouldn't be able to keep up. Instead, I've made a list of some of the best questions. If any of you veteran parents have advice for how to answer these well, please write us!

Samuel and Michael's top 10 questions (from the last 30 hours)

10. Does Santa Claus have a mom?
9. Does Santa wear sweat pants?
8. Sometimes when chimney sweeps are sick, they don't throw up, right?
7. Do grown-ups wear Bob the Builder socks?
6. Do pirates sleep in houses?
5. Does Santa Claus give presents to pirates?
4. Sometimes do good pirates live at the North Pole with Santa Claus?
3. Does Spider Man have a mouth?
2. Where's Michael going to sleep when he's a grown-up? On the couch?
1. Do super heroes have belly buttons?

August 31, Enroute home (by train)

How good it is to be in the South again! Our train lost time steadily, and we reached Nashville 4:10 a.m. Sept. 1. And the homecoming was the best of all!

Lessons in the golden rule

Andrew E. Clark

Every once in a while during the course of our lives an event grabs us and immediately extricates us from self-absorption, plunging us into a stark world of realization and illuminating in some new light the status quo that we so often only take for granted.

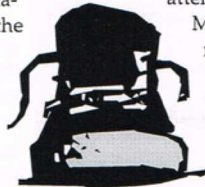
My most recent revelatory event along these lines occurred on the evening of Friday, January 10, 2003, as Lisa and I were commuting via train (the "T"—Red Line) from Boston to Quincy, Massachusetts, on our way home to Hingham. We had no sooner stepped onto the train than a young man (in his early 20's?) nonchalantly tossed a shoe out onto the platform from his position in the train car, just before the train doors closed and we pulled away from the station.

Such a simple act belied the ferocity of the event: it took me several seconds to assess the situation and realize that the shoe in question, until its most recent rude relocation, had belonged to an elderly homeless man, drunk and disoriented, lying across three seats of our train car. The perpetrator had simply snarfed the shoe from his dangling foot before casually and unceremoniously disposing of it in the manner above described.

After my momentary confusion regarding this chain of events had passed, I immediately felt a sting of righteous indignation rise up within me, as well as a sense of helplessness and disbelief, and, suppressing a momentary urge to inflict bodily harm upon the perpetrator (indeed, a feeling I am not used to harboring), moved toward the opposite end of the car to sit with Lisa. Witnessing such an act of extreme disregard toward a poor, helpless old man, forgotten by society, ignored by most, and reviled by the few, spurred my thoughts about the unlikely action of youth squandered, a violent act not in the bodily sense, but instead characterized by a symbolic supremacy over

the hapless and weak.

Those who know me hopefully know a man who is slow to judge or to anger, a person who has trouble with negative confrontation in general. However, during those moments, I still suppressed the urge to punch the guy. After several cooling down minutes, I decided to reapproach the scene of the crime and observe the current status. The impudent youth was standing exactly upon the spot from which he had tossed the shoe, harboring a smug look and soaking up the ire directed at him from his audience; his female friend was sitting next to the homeless man, stroking his head and consoling him about his loss. Everyone's attention was glued to the scene.



My self control weakened momentarily, enough for me to approach the perpetrator and exchange nuances (from me, "You're scum!"; from him, an obscene gesture), and then I fell back to talk with a woman standing nearby who had witnessed the scene from its initiation. She brought me back to reality: "He only wants a reaction; if we simply ignore him and pretend he isn't there, then we will have thwarted his purpose" (paraphrased). Yes, indeed, I did need that voice of reason just at that moment. I had temporarily forgotten my adult bearing. Thus, I sat back down with Lisa to discuss my intense feelings.

After a period of calming, I surveyed the landscape and observed, for the very first time, a strange and wonderful sight: complete strangers filling a rail car, transfixed upon one locus and united in their focus and thoughts regarding the event I just described—a 'group bonding' experience among commuters. True, our perpetrator still stood defiant, but the powerful, positive force of all others assembled had disarmed him. At the next stop, he and his most embarrassed female associate disembarked, relieving the general tension but not decreasing focus upon the homeless man.

After his absence, the unopposed tones of compassion felt for the home-



Mama (Della Hubbard) Hearn's roll recipe*

Provided by Lerma Hearn

- 1 yeast cake dissolved in 1 pt of luke-warm water
- 2 cups flour [word "flour" omitted, but next instruction makes it obvious]; sift flour.
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 T salt (level)
- 3/4 to 1 cup lard

Work all together until dough gets smooth. Work a long time. Grease a large dish pan. Grease dough. Cover over top. Keep same temperature (keep warm) and not in a draught. About 4:30 to 5:00 P.M. work down just enough to cut out thick. Put on top of stove and cover over. Rise 1 hr. Bake in oven not too hot.

Make up first time about 11:00 o'clock A.M. Or for a noon dinner make up about 5:00 A.M.

**In Florence Hearn's handwriting, apparently recorded soon after her 1933 marriage. The recipe is labeled simply "Rolls (Mother Hearn's)." Since Florence called Della "Mama Hearn" for many years, identifying her as "Mother Hearn" makes me think she was still a newlywed when she wrote it down. Lerma*

less man made themselves manifest; that is, the ice broke. And, after several more minutes during which everyone in our car seemed to be assessing the situation still, just as we were pulling into our home station, a young gentleman approached the homeless man and, taking off an expensive new pair of leather loafers, placed them upon the old man's feet. "I guess you won't be needing this one anymore!" someone said, and cast away the now redundant shabby shoe. And then, witnessing this, my heart melted. The weather had taken a turn toward bitter cold a week before; with subzero temperatures and snow outside, the

Continued on page 6

Ocean plunder

Mary Alice Heard

Recently Tim showed me a picture of a very ugly fish in *National Geographic** and asked me if it looked familiar. I had to scrutinize it a while before recognizing that it was a batfish, similar to a fish he pulled out of the ocean back when he was in elementary school. That batfish taught us several lessons, but sadly he did not live to become much of a pet.

We had gone down to Florida to enjoy the beach and do a little crab fishing. Allan and the boys (both in elementary school) particularly liked the latter, which involved luring crabs into nets with raw fish tied in the nets. They'd dump the crabs into a pail. Boiled crab was a delicacy we didn't get very often.

One morning Tim called us to come see the creature he'd netted into his pail.

"It's a manta ray," he excitedly yelled.

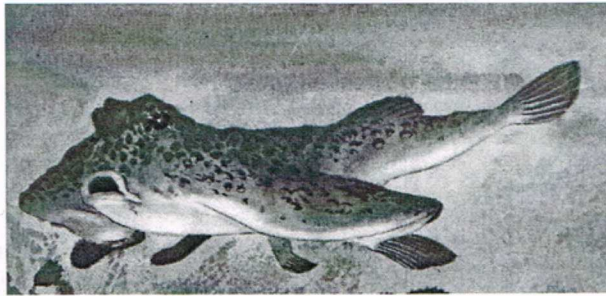
It was not a manta, nor like anything we had ever seen. Later we were able through pictures to identify it as a batfish.

The creature was froglike, front fins pointing down like two legs, and holding its head up. It propelled itself by sort of bumping along like a clumsy frog. Its strangest feature was a bait under its nose, which curled up like the party favors that, when you blow them, unroll to an unusual length. Later we learned that this fish was in a class of angler fish, which wiggle their lures to attract prey. We were all very anxious to make a greater acquaintance with the batfish, and it didn't take much persuasion for Allan to agree to take it back to Auburn with us.

This event occurred during Allan's "aquarium stage," though all the eleven aquariums we had around the house held fresh water fish. In fact, we had never had a salt water aquarium,

so Allan had to set one up rather hastily and do some reading so he'd get the pH balance just right. But after a day or so, all was in preparation, and the batfish was introduced to his new home.

Discovering what the batfish would eat was our first big challenge. Fish food he ignored completely. He needed something he could entice with his lure. Someone suggested that we try slugs, of which we had an ample supply in our yard. We thought we'd won the battle when he greedily gulped down the first one. Then we tried a second. Imagine our surprise when the batfish immediately spewed



the second slug out of his mouth, giving us the message that slugs weren't high on his menu. We finally settled on brine shrimp, which Allan hatched from tiny eggs. Although they didn't seem to be the tasty morsels he yearned for, they made him wiggle his bait wildly and gave him enough sustenance to keep him alive.

After a week or so Allan decided that the batfish needed company. He purchased a blue damsel to keep in the aquarium. The batfish didn't pay it much attention, but Allan felt better about giving the batfish first class attention. The neighborhood children came to stare at and study our captive fish, and we certainly enjoyed watching him. The way he maneuvered with his tiny fins, I could imagine him crawling out of the water and onto land.

Actually, the blue damsel was the beginning of the end for the batfish. We had had the blue damsel a few weeks when Allan discovered a spot

on its skin. Dr. Allan felt he needed to fix that problem at once, so he put a drop of antibiotic in the water—a medical treatment he'd used for fresh water fish with some success. Imagine our dismay the next morning when we discovered the batfish lying on the floor, dry and scaly. Allan had failed to put the cover on the aquarium, and the batfish, in distress, had managed to escape.

Here's the interesting part of the batfish story. Allan put the batfish back in the water, and it began breathing again! Its eyes had been damaged by the dry air, so it couldn't see to eat. But it continued to live for several days after its escape to the outside world. As we buried our sea creature, we were grateful that we'd had a chance to observe one of God's fascinating creatures and share the wonder of a diverse creation.

**February, 2002, National Geographic, p. 60. You can also see a batfish by going to www.live-aquaria.com, which has a longnose batfish on one of its pages.*

Bob Hearn has written an interesting reminiscence of his involvement in the early production of ClarisWorks, the program that he helped to cowrite back in the mid-80s. As you know, Bob was involved in the development of integrated software that included word processing, graphics, and spreadsheets. Because of its ease of use, ClarisWorks became very popular, at one time claiming 20 million users. Bob felt that it was important to describe the evolution of this software before events became ancient history. To read Bob's essay, go to www.swiss.ai.mit.edu/~bob/clarisworks.php.

Bob ends his history with these words: "I can think of nothing I'd rather do than help create a modern version of ClarisWorks—except finish my thesis!" We hope, Bob, that you eventually have a chance to return to the heady experience of creating software.





Marcia and Gerald aboard the Sea Princess, Yakutat Bay in the background

An Alaskan adventure

Marcia Lou Stovall

Last June Gerald and I enjoyed a fantastic vacation cruise to Alaska. First we flew to Vancouver, Canada, for two days prior to boarding the Princess Cruise Line. Vancouver is a beautiful city—so clean and enchanting. (Bob and Liz, I envy you getting to live there!) One of the places I enjoyed seeing in Vancouver was Stanley Park. The flowers there were varied and radiant.

Gerald and I boarded the Princess and began our Alaskan cruise. On June 10 we stopped in Juneau, Alaska. This city, the capital of Alaska, is famous today for beautiful glaciers and stunning views of mountains and water. Gerald and I enjoyed seeing the Presbyterian Chapel by the Lake, built in 1958. From the large glass window in the chapel we could see the Mendenhall Glacier.

Back on board the Princess, Gerald and I enjoyed hearing Michael Modze-

lewski speak. (His father played professional football with the Browns.) Michael lectured several times about his adventures while living in the Inside Passage. I could almost see the killer whales, bald eagles, and Kwakiuti Indians as he described them!

Our next stop on June 11 was Skagway, Alaska—my favorite stop. We saw the Red Onion Saloon and rode a train up the White Pass and Yukon route. We followed the route of the Klondike gold rush in 1898. The sights from the train window were beautiful. I was saddened, however, to see Dead Horse Gulch, which was named for the 3,000 pack animals, victims of neglect and overloading, that died in the stampede of 1898.

We rode the train to the Continental Divide, separating the U.S. and Canada. Then, the train engine was switched to the front of the train, and we descended the same way we had come.

On June 12 we saw the Hubbard

glacier, located in the Gulf of Alaska. Gerald and I stood outside for three hours (bundled up, to be sure). I kept looking for a killer whale, but all I saw was a whale's water spout.

Our last port was Sitka on June 13. We saw the Russian influence everywhere we went in this charming city (population 8,600). We saw a lovely Greek Orthodox church; we also attended a theater to see Russian folk dancing (only women participated). The dancers were great—some women dressed as men. The spokeswoman explained each folk dance.

We had an awesome time on this Alaskan adventure. I would recommend it to each one of you!



Becky Burns

When Ian was two years old, he saw a flock of birds flying overhead in a "V" formation. He said, "Look! ABC's!"

While driving to Nashville for Christmas this year, we crossed over a big lake. Ian looked out the window and said, "There's some water! Oh—we should've brought some rocks!"

Cryptic Quiz

Here are the answers to the quiz printed in the last *Hearn Herald*. Did you succeed in answering every one correctly?

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. 26 = Letters of the Alphabet | 13. 8 = Sides on a Stop Sign |
| 2. 7 = Wonders of the Ancient World | 14. 3 = Blind Mice (See How They Run) |
| 3. 1001 = Arabian Nights | 15. 4 = Quarters in a Game |
| 4. 12 = Signs of the Zodiac | 16. 24 = Hours in a Day |
| 5. 54 = Cards in a Deck (with the Jokers) | 17. 1 = Wheels on a Unicycle |
| 6. 9 = Planets in the Solar System | 18. 5 = Digits in a Zip Code |
| 7. 88 = Piano Keys | 19. 57 = Heinz Varieties |
| 8. 13 = Stripes on the American Flag | 20. 11 = Players on a Football Team |
| 9. 32 = Degrees Fahrenheit at which Water Freezes | 21. 12 = Eggs in a Carton |
| 10. 18 = Holes on a Golf Course | 22. 29 = Days in February in Leap Year |
| 11. 90 = Degrees in a Right Angle | 23. 64 = Squares on a Checkerboard |
| 12. 200 = Dollars for Passing Go in Monopoly | 24. 40 = Days and Nights of the Great Flood |

Lessons in the golden rule, *cont.*
homeless man would again walk with shoes, while his young benefactor would brave the cold and ice. It seemed almost fitting that our perpetrator was not around to witness this act of brave compassion; had he been present, however, no doubt he would at least have witnessed humanity's good nature, even if he did not share its cause.

This was one of those rare events which managed to pull my feelings in several disparate directions in a very short span of time. The event shook me from a (thesis-induced?) stupor, away from the quotidian commute, away from my 'normal' everyday existence and from the things that I typically take for granted. I had the feeling that most other people upon that particular T car had experienced something vastly similar. And, it took several intense hours of thought before I could rest my head on the pillow in peace that night.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if every person treated others with decency, respect and compassion? Alas, it seems that the 'good' and 'bad' of human nature continually battle one another in a never-ending foment. But I was reminded that these small, and yet large, disparate acts that I witnessed simply mirror this more global milieu. We live in a world filled with injustice and inequality, of dastardly deeds and cruelty to others, but there seems to also be a current of humanitarian thought and action, love and respect, counteracting the negative. The indignation I felt toward the shoe-tosser and the tenderness I felt toward the homeless man and his kind shoe donor put these issues in stark contrast for me.

Which brings me to my conclusion: that even in this time of uncertainty and impending war, the golden rule is alive and well, in small acts and great ones. And, that the concept of family is not defined through blood alone.



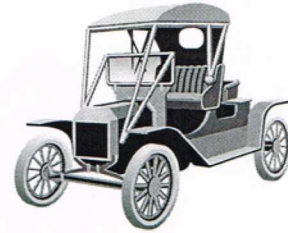
What a difference a century makes!

The year is 1902

*Internet**

One hundred years ago . . . what a difference a century makes. Here are the U.S. statistics for 1902. It is completely unimaginable what will be when our grandchildren's grandchildren read a list like this a hundred years down the road.

- ▲ The average life expectancy in the U.S. was 47.
- ▲ Only 14% of the homes in the U.S. had a bathtub.
- ▲ Only 8 percent of the homes had a telephone. A three-minute call from Denver to New York City cost eleven dollars.
- ▲ There were only 8,000 cars in the U.S. and only 144 miles of paved roads.
- ▲ The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph.
- ▲ Alabama, Mississippi, Iowa, and Tennessee were each more heavily populated than California. With a mere 1.4 million residents, California was only the 21st most populous state in the Union.
- ▲ The tallest structure in the world was the Eiffel Tower.
- ▲ The average wage in the U.S. was 22 cents an hour.
- ▲ The average U.S. worker made between \$200 and \$400 per year.
- ▲ A competent accountant could expect to earn \$2,000 per year, a dentist \$2,500 per year, a veterinarian between \$1,500 and \$4,000 per year, and a mechanical engineer about \$5,000 per year.
- ▲ More than 95 percent of all births in the U.S. took place at home.
- ▲ Ninety percent of all U.S. physicians had no college education. Instead, they attended medical schools, many of which were condemned in the press and by the government as "substandard."
- ▲ Sugar cost four cents a pound. Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen. Coffee cost fifteen cents a pound.



- ▲ Most people only washed their hair once a month and used borax or egg yolks for shampoo.
- ▲ The five leading causes of death in the U.S. were pneumonia and influenza, tuberculosis, diarrhea, heart disease, stroke.
- ▲ The American flag had 45 stars. Arizona, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Hawaii and Alaska hadn't been admitted to the Union yet.
- ▲ The population of Las Vegas, Nevada was 30.
- ▲ Crossword puzzles, canned beer, and iced tea hadn't been invented.
- ▲ There were no Mother's Day and Father's Day.
- ▲ One in ten U.S. adults couldn't read or write. Only 6% of all Americans had graduated from high school.
- ▲ Marijuana, heroin, and morphine were all available over the counter at corner drugstores. According to one pharmacist, "Heroin clears the complexion, gives buoyancy to the mind, regulates the stomach and the bowels, and is, in fact, a perfect guardian of health."
- ▲ Eighteen percent of households in the U.S. had at least one full-time servant or domestic.
- ▲ There were only about 230 reported murders in the entire U.S. (out of a total population of about 78 million people).

**Submitted by Lerma Hearn*

Liz Hearn is an assistant professor in the Department of Earth & Ocean Sciences at the University of British Columbia. Bob has joined her there. Although he has finished his classwork at MIT, he is now completing his research and must write his dissertation, a process he expects to take two years. Check out their new address on page 7.

Compassionate strangers

Becky Burns

About this time last year, Jack was out of town on a business trip. It was a very cold, windy, winter night. I was about six or seven months pregnant with Olivia. I didn't feel like cooking and I didn't feel like fast food, so I took the kids (ages 7, 4, and 2) to Chili's for dinner. By myself. I know what you're thinking: "Brave woman!" But actually, they did great.

Dinner was uneventful; what was funny happened at the end of the meal. I handed the waiter my debit card, and he brought it right back and said that somebody had already paid for our meal. Well, I looked around and didn't see anyone that I knew, and the waiter didn't know who had paid. There had been two men about my age sitting at a table nearby, and they were the only people around us. They must have been the ones.

For a split second I thought that maybe they were hitting on me by paying for our meal (and I was kind of flattered, I must admit). Then I came back to reality: I was sitting with three small ragamuffin children. (I hadn't even brushed their hair before leaving home.) And I was wearing one of Jack's old sweatshirts (which didn't even begin to hide my pregnancy) and some old jeans. And my hair was probably very windblown, as well. Very little makeup. No guy in his right mind would hit on me. So, considering what we must have looked like (pathetic), whoever paid for our meal did it out of sympathy! I laughed for a long time. The next time we went out, I left the old sweatshirt at home.

The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: *The Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Boyhood paradise

Allan Heard

A big part of my growing up took place on the Porters' farm. The Porters, parents of my friend Clyde, treated me like their own in every respect that I can remember, even doctoring me when I was sick during my college years. They had a poor, mostly hilly farm about 10 miles east of New Albany. It had springs for water, woods for fallen firewood, and a pond to fish and swim in. If that were not enough, it had Emmett Gamel half a mile down the road. He would tackle any chore, from neutering the young bulls to building a house or barn, and he never lacked for a true yarn to tell. And Mr. John Littlejohn right across the road had superb watermelon patches every year. It is no great wonder that we devoted so much time enjoying this boyhood paradise.

One of our first modernizing improvements was to build a small dam to contain one of the springs. Our immediate goal was a place to take a cool bath on a hot day, but we soon realized that cool watermelon is superior to field-warmed watermelon.

If anybody around had watermelons, we would have one or two cooling. This dammed spring worked out so well that Mr. Porter had a spring in another hollow dammed and helped us build a diving board. Much of the pond was 10 to 15 feet deep, and its cool water was beautifully clear.

As our interest in camping grew, the Porters' concern that we would freeze to death apparently also grew. One day a dilapidated house trailer appeared. It was like an oven in summer, but we spent lots of nights in it during one winter. It became the inspiration for something better, and as soon as the weather began to warm, we began work on a 20- by 40-foot cabin. Mr. Porter and Emmett did a lot of the work and provided all the know-how. We camped out while we were building the cabin, so we worked some long days.

We had been impressed by our

Scoutmaster's sleeping equipment when we camped. He was ex-Navy, and he sported a hammock, complete with a bunk mattress. We installed a strong center post in the cabin and strung similar war surplus hammocks from wall studs to the center post. Climbing into a down sleeping bag, floating on a hammock on a cold winter night may very well be the ultimate sleeping experience. Anyhow, that is what we thought, so it is automatically true.

We had a small, wood-burning, cookstove that had two eyes and a small oven. Completion of the cabin hailed in a new level of cookery—and eatery. We could cook a steak right on the stove top.

While we were working on the cabin, Emmett mentioned that the fox population was getting out of hand and said he might have to do some trapping. The foxes were depleting his flock of hens. We were immediately interested—so interested that we went to town and bought several steel traps that very day. Emmett gave us detailed setting instructions, but all I remember now is that we were supposed to sprinkle the concealed trap and surrounding area with water to disguise the human scent. Even with those precautions, we experienced a long siege of dry runs. Once in a while we would find a trap that had been tripped, but nothing in the trap.

Then came the big Scout campout. We invited the whole troop to come out and spend a couple of nights in paradise, everybody cooking together and all sleeping in the hayloft of the barn.

The first night we led a large contingent to check the fox traps. To our amazement, there was a possum in one of our traps. He was mad as Hell about being in the trap and didn't care who knew.

One of the guys, John G., was a farm kid and no stranger to possums. He said, "Watch me. I'm gonna sully

him." I had always thought that meant that you get the possum to play dead. Actually, it means you get the possum to bite your foot and then escape. John kicked at the possum, and when he brought his foot back there was the possum firmly attached to his toe.

During the war dance and other rituals

that ensued, there was a great deal of whooping, hollering, and supplications to a greater power. In the course of events, John jerked the possum loose from the trap, and it waddled off into the darkness. John neither waxed nor waddled until he had considerable distance between himself and the possum.

The next night we caught a fox, I think maybe the only one we ever caught. We dispatched him as humanely as we could. I skinned him, though he smelled much like and nearly as strong as a skunk. My favorite pharmacist help me dream up a potion to preserve the hide. It must have worked pretty well, because the fox hide traveled with my family until about 1996, over 45 years after the fox kicked up his leg to mark my trap as his territory—and stepped down on it.

This week, as preparation for Sunday's lesson, my Sunday School teacher e-mailed our class and asked us to give thought to what we expect Heaven will be like. I know the theology is not very sound, but I sort of hope that maybe one of the lesser used corners of Heaven will be something like the Porters' farm was for me. That's where I'll hang my hammock.

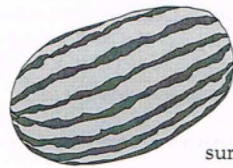
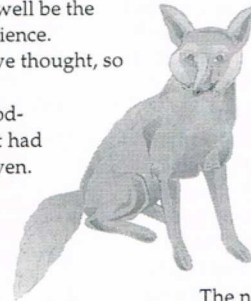
Say what?

It isn't pollution that's harming the environment, it's the impurities in our air and water that are doing it.

Dan Quayle

We are going to turn this team around 360 degrees.

Basketball player Jason Kidd, upon being drafted by the Dallas Mavericks



Cabinet Ventilator Award conferred

Dear Tim,

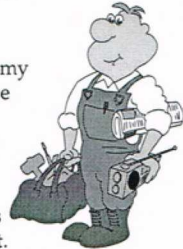
I am happy to note from my evening e-mail that you have finally met the minimum qualifications for Novice Cabinet Ventilator. Many people work a whole life-time trying to achieve this lofty goal and never attain it.

Merely running a drill bit through the floor of the cabinet while trying to hang a can opener has sometimes been downplayed as beginner's luck, but I am sure that you planned carefully before drilling. Placing those ventilator holes exactly where you want them requires special skill, since the drill hole location requires you to stand four feet from where you are drilling, lean over, and rotate your head exactly 187 degrees upward so that you can see what you are doing. Then you have to apply great force so that the drill will punch out the ventilator hole with a loud pop that makes you believe you hit something—unless, of course, you did hit something.

That you failed to break a dish on your first try is a testimony to your youth and inexperience. After a few practice runs, you should be able to puncture some sort of canned good on each try. I especially recommend evaporated milk, prune juice, and sauerkraut. All will leave a nice bouquet both on your drill and in the cabinet.

One of my memorable ventilations was one that I purchased about 20 years ago with a used SuperBeetle. I kept smelling gasoline in the car and couldn't figure out why. Upon investigating, I noticed an oily looking screw holding a bundle of hoses to the fire wall. For some demon-possessed reason, I decided to unscrew it. When I did, gasoline squirted through the hole it left. My predecessor had run a long, sharp screw through the firewall and into the gas tank, which rode in front of the driver.

My own career best came only about a month or so ago when I was hanging a paper towel rack on the wall immediately beneath a kitchen cabinet. I assumed the Olympic Cabinet Ventilator's Posture described earlier and socked in four holes through the dry-wall in breathtaking time. When I tried to drive a plastic expander plug into one of the holes, the plug bounced back. I assumed I had hit a stud, which I sometimes do for amusement when



Reunion time! Alri-i-ight!

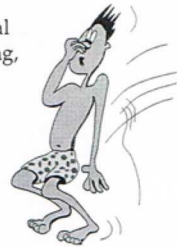
Hello all! This is one of your friendly reunion planners writing to inform you of all the exciting festivities that will take place next July! Here's the scoop.

The reunion is scheduled for the weekend after the 4th, which is July 8-12 (actually, a Thursday through a Monday). The reunion will be held at Unicoi state park in Helen, Georgia, which is in the northern part of the state. We tried to pick a place that was somewhat central for everyone. This place looks amazing!

Here are some of the things that Unicoi has to offer: pedal boats and canoes, two beaches, hiking trails, mountain biking, fishing, tennis, planned events by a recreation director, volleyball, playgrounds, arts and crafts for the kids, and a restaurant on the property. Local attractions include golf, horseback riding, tubing the Chattahoochee river, a waterslide, restaurants, music shows and shopping!!! Do you all think we can find some things to do?!?! These activities were very appealing to us planners.

As far as accommodations go, there are cabins with two and three bedrooms, a lodge, and campsites. The lodge is broken into several buildings. Each has a commons area which would be great for us night owls who want to stay up, visit, and play games. The catch is that if we want to reserve a commons area for our group, we must reserve all 20 lodge rooms. If we don't reserve all 20, we can still use the room; however, others may be using the room at the same time. Prices are as follows: lodge rooms are \$109/night, 2-bedroom cabins \$119/night, and 3-bedroom cabins \$129/night. There are adjoining lodge rooms available for those that need more than one room per family.

See Reunion time, page 6



things are a little dull. I said the Cabinet Ventilator's Watchword, first under my breath two or three times to be sure I had it right, then twice out loud. Next, I put on a smaller bit to tap a hole in the stud for a wood screw. I socked in the hole rather easily, but when I pushed the screw in, there was a disconcerting, springy feeling. Suddenly I realized I now qualified for Grande Wizard in the International Brotherhood of Cabinet Ventilators. I had just drilled a hole through an electric wire without killing myself. I rejoiced and said the watchword out loud several times.

I must say that I am proud you have reached the prestigious ranks. If you will remind me, I will teach you the watchword. I have known it for many years.

Love,
Dad

P.S. After I get a ventilator hole drilled in the bottom of a cabinet, I usually say the watchword a few times to help me get the screw in the hole.

*Allan wrote this little essay about 1997.

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A radical change	5
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A trip down Baldy Mountain	6
<i>And more</i>	

Homeschooling and liking it

Suzie Lusk

As most of you know, I am a traveling teacher for the Fayette County Board of Education in Fayette County, Georgia. This is my seventh year teaching homebound students, and I can honestly say that I *love* my job. My first year was difficult, however. My partner was always out on the job, leaving me with only one or two students. I was extremely depressed. I had left a very good position as math department chair at a large high school, and I missed teaching math to high school students. Since that first year my job has been extremely busy as our county has grown and we have built new schools. I serve high school and a few middle school students while my partner, Susan, does the elementary students and the other middle schoolers.

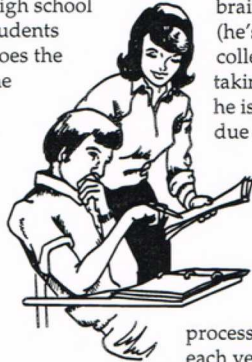
Last semester we had to hire 10 to 12 teachers to help us serve students we did not have time to see. We regularly hire French, Spanish, and German tutors, and I have hired physics and English teachers to help students when I could not figure out the material.

I am improving, though. Chemistry is very easy now, and I can do research at the library on almost any topic. I feel confident about most subjects except biology, which seems to me to be hundreds and thousands of vocabulary words (a useless course, in my opinion!).

I see students twice a week. In past years I would schedule four to six students a day and not really be at their houses for very long. Now I stay two hours and only see three students a day. I am doing better both with my organizational skills and with helping students cover their subjects more thoroughly. I contact the teachers by e-mail and written notes in hopes they will pass along the assignments I need each week.

Occasionally I have students who are easy to bond with. They talk to me as if I have known them a long time. Other students have the personality of a toad—they do not talk to me or ask any questions.

Two of my students and two of Susan's have died. Cancer and leukemia seem to be the biggest killers, and it is sad when the victims are young. Right now I have two cancer students. One is having a relapse, having had cancer in the seventh grade. Stephanie is a beautiful girl who loves softball. She is very private and doesn't talk about her illness, but she recently told me that her surgeon may have to remove a large portion of her hip bone where the cancer is located. This will cause her to limp and will eliminate all sports. She has been against this idea, but I believe she has made the decision to have the surgery next fall.



Greg has had a malignant brain tumor since ninth grade (he's in eleventh now). The college prep program he is taking is very demanding, and he is failing some of his classes due to the effects of the

chemotherapy he has once a month. His family is determined to keep him in this program and on track, but I'm not sure he can make it because his processing skills have decreased each year.

The majority of my students are not so ill. They get sick but go back to school in two to four weeks. Some have emotional problems, also. We are not supposed to serve pregnant students, but I end up helping them if I can. I hate to see these girls drop out of school.

I never expected I would have this job when I began teaching in 1971. I told Mom I would never teach! However, I truly feel that I am in the right place. I love getting to know the students and helping them continue schoolwork while they have to be out of school. This is the first year I have felt like I have been successful in helping these students. I also believe that God has put me in this position for a special purpose. Sometimes He can use me to help students who have emotional problems, or come from dysfunctional families (we seem to have an abundance of these!).



Hannah ready for her first day of kindergarten

My first day of school

Hannah Heard

There was a long line of cars. We had to park our car in a long spot from my school. We walked to my school. When we got there, Daddy got to stay a little bit. He got to stay for a book. After the book, we got to our seats and wrote.

I went to theater arts at my first day of school. It's a room. It was fun. At theater arts, I got to be Little Miss Muffet for a play.

We colored at my school. Mommy was the teacher. There was a flower pot full of candy.

We read books at the first day of school. We did lots of fun things at school.

When I got to school—at the first day of school—then everybody didn't know what to do. My mom said you can pick a seat, whatever seat you like. And then we started to write.

When I got home, the table had a special plate for me. There was a tablecloth. The special plate said, "You are special today." We got to have macaroni and hot dogs. We got to eat cake.

But the only thing at home was we couldn't go in the family room. There was paint all over the family room, and there was no furniture where it was.

At school we got lockers. The teachers collect supplies. We talked about rules at school.



So you want to play in the band!

Gerald Stovall

I am not sure how I became interested in playing in the band, but as a child I had an intense interest in playing music. So when Mr. Otis Harvey came into my eighth grade classroom at W.E. Greiner junior high and asked for those interested in playing in the band to come see him, I did not hesitate. He got my attention. I could just picture myself marching down the field, playing a bright and shining trumpet. This was the opportunity I had wanted—to play music.

The scenario I had pictured in my mind was not what developed. It seems that trumpets were very expensive, and I would have to buy one if I decided to play that particular instrument. Mr. Harvey, who was the band director, told me that there were a few instruments that the school owned—a bass drum, a baritone horn, and a tuba. I had never dreamed of playing the bass drum or the tuba. Since most bands had only one bass drum, he suggested I play the tuba. Ugh! I was not happy about that, but I signed up anyhow. Just imagine my playing "Go Tell Aunt Rhodie" and "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" on an instrument that looked like a plumber's nightmare! I don't know why I did not sign up to play the piccolo!

My parents moved to another part of Dallas when I was in the middle of the eighth grade, and I continued to pursue my musical career at L.V. Stockard junior high. I actually became pretty good with the um-pas. I was playing in the school band by the time I finished eighth grade.

When the ninth grade came along, I got to play in the band for my first football game. It was fun and exciting. Not until several days later did I observe an interesting phenomenon:



the large, shiny bell of the tuba presented an irresistible target for fans in the grandstands.

When I polished the horn and cleaned it, I discovered a box of raisins, popcorn, and similar items inside.

I had some trouble removing the mouthpiece, so I put oil on it. I guess I oiled it too well. The mouthpiece fell out while I was marching across the field during a football game. I had to bend over and grab it while marching. I was almost jabbed by a trombone!

My most embarrassing and memorable moment came during the dedication of a new baseball field in Dallas. Our band had been asked to play for the dedication. The field was named Higgins field in honor of Pinky Higgins, who played for the Boston Red Sox. There were several speeches by dignitaries, then the band marched across the field playing majestically, and a baseball game followed.

As I marched, I forgot about the bases, which were in place for the game. And, yes, you guessed it. I tripped over third base and fell—tuba and all. I picked myself up and finished marching. Following the ceremony, Mr. Harvey came to me and wanted to know if I had damaged the horn. He said, "I didn't mind that you fell, but you were out of step the rest of the way."

I never regretted my decision to play the tuba. I was able to march in many parades, travel to some interesting places, and play in a college and military band. I was even offered a college scholarship. My decision to play in the band opened many doors and presented some stumbling bags, or blocks, which I overcame. By the way, I did damage the horn, but it was repaired, and so was my pride.



If you think you can fit deep community [relationships] into the cracks of an overloaded schedule—think again. Wise people do not try to microwave friendship, parenting, or marriage.

John Ortberg, *Everybody's Normal Till You Get to Know Them*

Shooter on the loose

Allan Heard

As I think back on my childhood, I realize how fortunate it was that I never had an A-bomb. I owned just about every other weapon I can think of. True, the grenade had been disarmed (I think). Most of the weapons proved to be a source of trouble for me or for a buddy.

I started experimenting with weaponry early in life and have not yet quit. I set the kitchen curtain on fire with a borrowed match shooter when I was about five. Darn near got the house. Things were touch and go after that.

Peashooters were in vogue in the third grade. The store across from the school sold peashooters—plastic tubes—so wars drifted into class now and then. At about this same time, somebody discovered you could kill or seriously maim with a green plum shot from a slingshot. We also identified a perfect battlefield, a large vacant lot overgrown mainly in wild plums. One memorable battle, involving several dozen kids of all ages, raged for two afternoons—until my big brother caught a plum in the eye, nearly blinding him. Early, I had learned the utility of strategic retreat, so only my backside took a beating in the plum war of 1945.

One summer a local blacksmith taught several of us how to make water guns from bamboo cane and whittled plungers. They worked like a syringe. No real harm came from them, but it was upsetting to find that the trough of water we loaded from was used not only to cool red-hot horseshoes; horses that came to be shod drank there too. A hot horse drinking can be pretty slobbery.

These early weapons were basic training for the bow and arrow and the BB gun. It is a miracle the world survived me and either of these.

During my first summer at Boy Scout camp I was exposed to archery. I learned the important things: how to string a bow and how to shoot an



See Shooter, page 8

Plight of the Arab refugees

C. Aubrey Hearn*

The Balata refugee camp at Sychar, Jordan, just across the road from Jacob's Well, is one of the many in the Arab countries. It houses 3,520 refugees. When I was there on August 15, 1951, the camp leader insisted upon serving Turkish coffee to our small party before taking us on a tour of the camp. . . .

The Arab refugees are the forgotten people of the Middle East. Some 910,000 are now on relief, according to the director of the United Nations Relief for Palestine Refugees. These people formerly lived in what is now Israel. They fled in the early days of the war in 1948 to avoid being injured or killed. They expected the Arab armies to push the Jews into the sea in a few weeks, and then they would return to their homes. But the Jews won the war, which ended in a United Nations truce. The Jews will not discuss the return of the refugees until a peace treaty is signed. No treaty is in sight because the Arab countries cannot agree on terms.

In the meantime, the refugees continue to live in drab, comfortless camps—extremely hot in summer and bitterly cold in winter. The food supply is insufficient, few of the adults can find employment, and morale is at a low ebb.

After drinking the coffee so hospitably served, we were taken by the camp leader, Ismael Aa's, on a tour of the camp. Some four hundred tents made up the camp. They were stretched out row upon row. Each



A Palestinian refugee at the Balata camp
—Photo taken by Aubrey Hearn in 1951

tent housed one family. We first visited the boys' school. There were 45 boys and they were singing "Palestine Is My Country." We asked if they would like to hear us sing, and then sang one verse of "America" for them. . . .

Mr. Aa's told me that he owns an orange grove near Lydia worth \$90,000. Since leaving in early 1948 he has not received one cent of income from his property. He does not know what has happened to it or if he will ever see it again.

Living so close together in leaking tents, and having little to occupy their time except to run wild, the children are menaced by undernourishment, smallpox, dysentery, and typhoid. The ragged, sick Arab children are the pitiful victims of the Arab-Israeli war.

Having completed our visit in Jordan we crossed through the Mandelbaum Gate in Jerusalem into Israel, after much filling out of forms and red tape. . . . Israel has her problems too—lack of food, lack of money—the national economy is in bad shape—lack of jobs, lack of building materials

and machinery. But I could not get the Arab refugees off my mind. What did the Jews think about them? I asked this question whenever I had the opportunity.

The answers I received were three: (1) The Arabs started the war. They brought disaster upon themselves. Many of them fled when they could have stayed. . . .

(2) The Arab countries have done very little to help the refugees. Some of the Arab leaders are using the refugees for political propaganda. It should be said, however, that the Arab countries are on the whole poor and misgoverned.

(3) The Israel government has promised to discuss a settlement of the refugee problem at a peace conference. But the Arab countries are so divided and so bitter against Israel that they will not even discuss terms of a peace treaty.

In America a flood which runs several thousand people out of their houses receives nationwide attention. Tons of relief goods pour in, and many hundreds of dollars are contributed for the relief of the flood sufferers. This is, of course, as it should be. And 910,000 refugees in the Arab countries, equivalent to the population of a state the size of Maine, should attract the attention of the Christian world. The Christian conscience of the world cannot rest in peace until this problem is settled. The solution? No one knows, but these unfortunate people must be given food, decent homes, and jobs—somewhere among friends.

*During a visit to the Middle East in 1951 Aubrey and members of his party toured a Palestinian refugee camp that had been established by the U.N. to house the Palestinians who had been expelled from their land by the Israelis in 1948 and 1949. Subsequently, Aubrey wrote this article, which was published in a Methodist periodical (Classmate, July 20, 1952). Because the camp at Balata still stands, and because the Arab-Israeli conflict continues fifty years later, Aubrey's words are still relevant.

Balata refugee camp, only 2.5 kilometers square, now houses 20,000 registered refugees, making it the largest refugee camp in the West Bank. The tents that Aubrey described have given way to permanent

structures. According to an Internet fact sheet, health care and other human services are scarce. Because there is no room for expansion, the camp is severely overpopulated. Schools are overcrowded and medical facilities insufficient. The level of unemployment has risen during the current Palestinian uprising. The poverty level is at its worst rate yet.

The people of Balata are not considered citizens of Palestine. Were Palestine to make them citizens, the country could not count on international sympathy for the million plus people living in its refugee camps. Many of the refugees themselves don't want to be made citizens of Nablus, the closest village, because they dream of returning to their

homes. Because they aren't citizens, the Arabs of Balata cannot vote on regional issues, nor do they receive public funds for schools, roads, or sanitation.

Balata has been shelled and attacked by Israelis many times. On June 2, 2002, all men between 15 and 55 were taken from their homes to detention camps. The Israeli army began a house-to-house search, during which soldiers trashed each house, then broke holes in the walls between houses to go from one house to the next.

The international community appears to be suffering now because for 50 years it has neglected the Arab refugee population.

A radical change

Keith Stovall

By the time this article is printed, August will have left us awaiting the fall and all the excitement that follows. As I am writing this article, however, it is still very much July in southwest Mississippi. In the midst of the heat and humidity that accompany summers in Mississippi, I am reminded of the (much cooler) summer I spent in Michigan as a summer missionary. A highlight of that summer was a day trip spent with Brian Dillard. He picked me up and took me through Traverse City to the sand dunes that border the Great Lakes. I particularly recall the day (overcast and cool) and remember the excitement of that experience. That summer was filled with teaching Bible studies, cleaning the church where I lived, and spending each moment with my mission partner. Now, though, I view that summer from a different perspective. Because of recent events in my life I will never view that summer, or any other, the same.

I remember why I volunteered serve in Michigan that summer which preceded my senior year in high school. Both of my sisters served in similar mission programs. And because I admired them (and still do), I distinctively remember thinking, "This is what good Christian young men do." Summer missions was very much a part of our family. Everyone in my family has served as a summer missionary.

My motivation to be a good Christian led me to sign up, but I still had to prepare. The spring before my trip to Michigan I remember examining my use of certain choice words. I guess you could say I "cleaned up my act" in order to accomplish my mission: to do what "good Christian young men do."

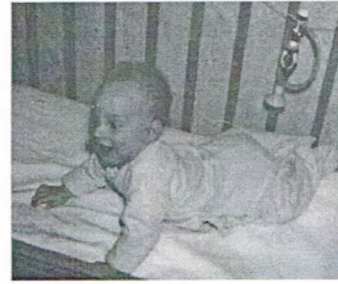
My mission trip to Michigan was the first of many attempts to accomplish the mission, one of many means to meet my desired end. Following that summer I was elected president of my youth group and co-founded a Christian student club at school. I was unable to fill the role of "good Christian" all of the time. The outside of my life began to look cleaner and cleaner while the inside remained unchanged.



During my freshman year of college, however, I began reevaluating my life. That year I began questioning my relationship with God. I had done lots of good things, but was that enough? I had an older friend, a devout Christian whom I respected. When I confided in this individual, he assured me that I had a relationship with God because of the evidence he saw in my life and because I was not pressured into coming to Christ as a child. So my doubts subsided . . . temporarily.

I graduated from college, married Teresa, and entered graduate school in 1999. I completed my graduate degree in 2001 and moved to Summit, Mississippi. This is when life truly began to change for me. I had gotten away from many of my religious activities (leading worship, teaching Sunday School) and felt a need to resume them (the things that "good Christian young men do.") However, questions began to resurface. My religious activities were not satisfying.

On March 2, 2003 I was leading worship music for a large associational youth rally. The evangelist preached, and I felt the conviction of the Holy Spirit. I was dumbstruck and could not speak. I felt "like a deer in headlights." I did not say one word the entire drive home (20 minutes or



Who is this cute little fellow? For the answer, see the family column on page 7.

so.) It was in my room at 12:30 on March 3, 2003 that I realized that I did not have a relationship with Jesus Christ. I responded to His wooing, turned my life over to him, and was born again. I was baptized shortly after. My life is truly different. God led me to a book by Charles Spurgeon to confirm and encourage this life-changing encounter with Christ. Spurgeon wrote, "It is difficult to say how far a man may go in religion and yet die in his sins."

My prior religious activities were only a means to my desired ends. Now, my acts of service are no longer an attempt to improve myself as a person or to improve my standing with God. I perform religious activities not to be a better Christian, but because I long to glorify the God who saved me through a relationship with Jesus Christ. What a major difference He has made in my life!

Certain Bible verses that have confirmed God's work in my heart are Matthew 7: 21-23; John 6: 45; and Romans 10: 9- 10. I have truly experienced the joy of a relationship with Jesus and eagerly desire to see Him exalted in my life. Feel free to e-mail me with your responses to this article.

Just think how happy you'd be if you lost everything you have right now—and then got it back again.

Oops!

Karen Heard

Living in a foreign country and learning a new language requires one of two abilities—a quick and accurate grasp of the language or a good sense of humor. Since I do not fit into the first category, that leaves me with my sense of humor. Some of my language errors have left my teachers in tears from laughing so hard and me with a red face. I thought you might like to hear a few of my language faux pas. I hope you can at least have a nice chuckle.

I was sharing with my teachers about some friends who were coming for a visit. What I meant to say was "I'm going to spend time with my friend"; what I actually said was "I'm going to waste time with my friend."

I was reading out loud to one of my teachers, and what I should have said was "I haven't communicated with Mr. X in a long time." Instead, what I said was "I haven't communicated with my husband in a long time."

I was trying to say to my teacher "Joy drinks a lot of juice and then pees." Unfortunately, I got ahead of myself, started talking too fast, and skipped a few words. So what I ended up saying was "Joy drinks a lot of pee." Oops!

I'm not the only one that makes funny language errors. A friend of ours who has also just started learning the language spent about ten minutes one day trying to explain to his teacher about how he plays dodge ball with his children. When his wife went to take classes from the same teacher, the teacher told her that her husband is a bad father because he likes to hit his kids in the head with a ball.

In addition to my giving the nationals a good laugh or two, their translation mistakes have also put a smile on my face a few times. Here are just a few of the signs that I've seen around town:

Sign above a toilet in a local McDonald's: "Please flash after using."

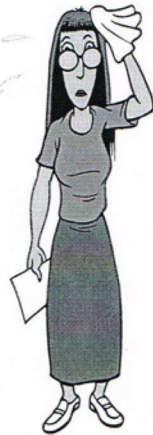
Sign in an elevator that had recently been cleaned: "Sterility."

The name of a local clothing store: "Faith More Mountains."

Sign outside an apartment building: "Don tride bicycle in garage park."

Sign at a swimming pool: "No frolicking."

As you can see, speaking or translating a language is not an easy task. However, I've enjoyed every moment here, even the many difficult ones. I consider it a joy to learn this language. Knowing that one day soon I will be able to share in detail with my friends here how much God loves them makes it all worth it.



A trip down Baldy mountain

Marcia Stovall

It was a beautiful day at Glorieta Baptist Assembly, New Mexico. The sun was warm; a cool breeze caused the trees to sway. Baldy Mountain could be seen in the distance; it seemed to invite everyone to come for a visit and reach the top.

I was on the Glorieta staff that summer. Several other staffers and I decided to accept the challenge of Old Baldy. We rented horses one afternoon and began our journey to the top of the mountain.

As the path got steeper and steeper, I patted my horse's neck to encourage his efforts. It was a difficult climb, but he was a real trooper. When we finally reached the top, we got off our horses and enjoyed the beauty all around and below us. After eating our lunches, we climbed back on and began our slow descent.

One slope was particularly steep. As my horse gingerly put one hoof in front of the other, the saddle I was using came loose and slid down the his neck. It got stuck on his head! I slid over the horse's head and landed on my feet. However, the poor horse was terrified! The saddle was still stuck on his head. He reared on his hind legs and backed up. There was a deep ravine on our right. The terrified horse stepped backwards and fell into the ravine with the saddle still on his head!

I just knew he had broken his neck. Crying hysterically, I called for help. Some fellow staffers climbed down into the ravine and removed the saddle. They then helped the poor horse get on his feet again. Praise the Lord, he had not broken his neck! After the horse settled down, the boys led him up out of the ravine. He was okay after all, just spooked. With the saddle on his back again, I slowly climbed back on my horse and we very carefully started our descent. I will always remember that eventful trip down Baldy Mountain!



Reunion time, continued

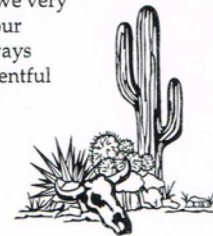
Some thoughts about food: There are two picnic shelters that we can rent that seat 35 people each and that are close in proximity. Some have suggested hiring someone to come along and do the cooking for us. Thoughts on this? There are grills outside of the cabins and also the park restaurant. We had hoped to find a place where we could easily eat meals together, but it looks like meals will have to be eaten in the cabins again. There is a beach house that seats 75 that we can rent for

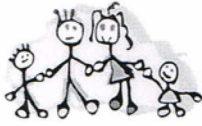
\$500 a day that has a kitchen, but that is rather pricey. . . Please share your thoughts on any or all of the above.

If anyone has any thoughts, ideas, comments, or questions, please do not hesitate to get in touch with us. You may visit the park's website at <http://www.unicoilodge.com>. We hope that everyone can come!!

Expecting great things and lots of fun!

Traci, for Keith, Teresa, and Amy





Family news

Congratulations to *Lisa Ragone*, who is now the operations officer of Group Boston, responsible for five small boat stations and three smaller cutters as well as the U.S. Coast Guard's Operations Center for the Boston Harbor. Check out her pictures at her web site, aquagal.net.

Andy Clark is now a computational scientist for the Center of Integrated Space Weather Modeling at Boston University. B.U. is the lead university in this project, which involves seven other universities. To read more about the project, go to www.bu.edu/cism.

Derek McCord is a sales executive for VertiSoft, a company which sells medical software to hospitals. This is the same type of work that he did previously. Good luck with the job, Derek.

Congratulations to *Gerald Stovall*, who has produced an interesting and sentimental family cookbook. Interspersed among the recipes in *Food for Thought* are reminiscences of friends and family members Gerald holds dear. His years as a BSU director gave him many opportunities to cook for a crowd, and he shares some of his best recipes with us. For extra copies, send \$10/book to LWM Ministries, P.O. Box 16104, Hattiesburg, MS 39404-6104. Visit his web site at www.life-withmeaning.net.

Who is the happy little cherub shown on page 5? *Fred Lusk*

Last Christmas, rather than exchange gifts, the Hearn siblings donated gift money to a charity selected by Suzie—Heifer, International. The total that we collected, \$450, was enough to purchase chickens, goats, and a cow. These animals were given to families in third world countries, allowing them to become self-supporting. Suzie says thanks to all who donated.

This year Nancy has chosen our charity. Because of the prevalence of diabetes in our family, she has selected the *American Diabetes Association*. Please send your checks made out to this organization to Nancy by December 10. Grandchildren, you are welcome to participate in this donation also!

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Shooter, *continued*

arrow. Actually, that was a pretty good bit. It was a germ. A year or so later, several buddies and I got some pretty big-league long bows. Mine was a 55-pound Ben Pearson hickory bow. It takes 55 pounds of pull to fully draw back a 28-inch arrow on such a bow. That was more than I could pull when I first got the bow, but I worked hard. We had a pretty deep yard, so I set up a bale of hay target in the back yard. I suspended a cardboard mattress box behind that to catch any stray arrows that wandered off target. This worked admirably, which was important, since I especially liked the neighbor whom the backstop shielded.

Once in a while I would miss the target and hit the backstop, but the arrow never went entirely through. Then one afternoon I missed the target and my arrow disappeared through the backstop. I had hit a hole left by a prior miss. I looked behind the backstop and there was no arrow to be seen. I backtracked several times and got a fresh line on the shot, and I went to the neighbor's fence and followed the line through the fence. Nothing. Then, all at once, I saw it. No wonder I had not seen the missing arrow sooner. It was still moving! I had threaded the arrow through a chicken's tail, and she was busily running around trying to figure out what to do with the arrow. Fortunately, the wound was superficial and the arrow was easily retracted. FORTUNATELY, the neighbors were not home.

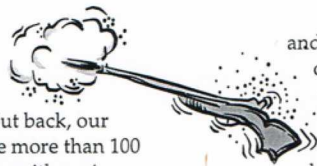
My favorite shooter toy was a Daisy pump BB gun. The pump was not just any BB gun. The pumps were more accurate and hardshooting than, say for example, a Red Ryder model. I harassed sparrows and jaybirds with no conscience. Last time I looked at the pump gun, I noticed notches carved in the stock. I have no idea what they stand for, but one of them may very well represent the carnival incident. I guess you would call the carnival incident an experiment that worked much better than anticipated.

Our property was very near the tracks of the GM&O railroad. Out back, our side fence was little more than 100 feet from the tracks, with various buildings and pecan trees separating them. Beyond the tracks and the adjacent cinder road was a lightly wooded, mostly cleared area essentially unused except by a carnival company now and then (unless you count on-the-fly bootleggers). The "experiment" happened entirely because a carnival was in town. Because of an early bad experience with a carnival at the county fair that separated me from all my meager savings, I had long had an urge to protect people from such vices.

As darkness came on, the carnival got rolling. The Ferris wheel was ferrising, and the merrygo-round was quite merry. Hawkers were hawking. My buddy and I were sitting on the back steps—just watching. People would walk along the tracks or along the road to the entrance area and linger, debating with and among themselves about wasting their hard-earned cash. Some paid admission and went in; some left.

Presently, a group of four seemed to be hung there, wrestling with indecision. I asked my buddy, "If I am able to shoot one of those people in the butt with a BB, do you think they would all get mad and stalk off, thereby saving their hard earned cash?" He indicated that the theory seemed to merit testing.

Actually doubting I could get a meaningful BB to the target, I was skeptical, but I quickly got the gun and positioned myself in the corn patch and closer to ground zero. The easiest target seemed to be a large, muscular lady—about 250 pounds. Unfortunately, I could not see the sights, so I had to more or less point and click. That I had pointed right was immediately apparent. The lady turned and delivered a haymaker that knocked the man standing by her flat of his back. That the method worked was also apparent. The lady



and those standing stormed off down the tracks. So did the guy on the ground when he finally got up.

My buddy and I looked smugly at one another. We were both think-ing, "We saved them!" I wonder to this day if those people ever came to appreciate my act of pure kindness.

Our family is growing!



Welcome to pretty little *Emma Grace Heard*, who made her appearance in London, England, on April 17, 2003. Joel and Beth were delighted that she weighed only 8 pounds, 6 ounces (unlike big brother Michael, who was over 11 pounds at birth). Samuel and Michael are mighty pleased with their little sister, who gives them lots of smiles. Come see us, Emma!

Brian and Sharon Dillard are pleased to announce the arrival of *Noah Pierce Dillard*, who was born August 20, 2003. He weighed 6 pounds, 7 ounces and was 19 inches long. Noah's big brothers, Adam and Jordan, are excited about their new baby. Adam picked out a special outfit to wear to the hospital to meet him. Congratulations, Dillards! We look forward to meeting your new little fellow.

Next up: baby McCord, due in October.



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Editor:
Printer's Devil:

Mary Alice Heard
Allan Heard

Hearn Herald

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February, 2004

Just remembering

Jim Dillard

Our grandchildren always love to hear tales of "when you were little, Grand-daddy." This has proven to be somewhat difficult in light of the vast number of years that have somehow flown by. The cobwebs of time have managed to blot out so many of those memories and distorted others. But some remain intact in the memory banks, and their telling is akin to reliving.

I remember . . .

It was a scorching hot and humid, typical sultry summer day in Eutaw, Alabama. Dog days. Streaming sweat. Shirtless. Watermelons.

The three of us weren't really looking for trouble. We just wanted to cool off. We walked past the watermelon patch, there in plain sight; suddenly, nothing in the whole wide world would satisfy our thirst like a big, juicy . . .

We furtively looked around to see who else was around, then, as surreptitiously as possible, wormed our way to the edge of the watermelon patch. A quick glance around revealed that nobody had observed our little group (or so we thought). We snaked over to the melon that was nearest the trees, pulled it off the vine, and slithered to the woods to eat our prize.

Later that evening, the gardener for Mrs. Yarbrough walked up to our house while my family and I were on the porch. I wanted to run off and hide, but his

words were immobilizing. Looking at me, he said simply: "Mrs. Yarbrough would like to see you."

I was doomed. I conjured up all the punishments that she might come up with, and then Daddy's belt came to mind.

Doomed.

When I got to the Yarbrough house, Mrs. Yarbrough was sitting on the porch, and she didn't say a single, solitary word. While I was standing there, speechless and paralyzed with fear, she sat and watched me squirm.

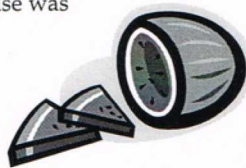
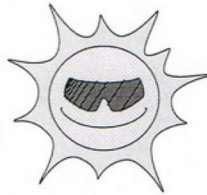
Finally she spoke.

"James Borden, if you ever want a watermelon, just let me know and I'll give you one. You won't need to take it. Tell your two little friends, too. Now run along home."

She never mentioned that episode again and she didn't tell Daddy. But I never forgot it.

I remember.

I was doomed. I conjured up all the punishments that she might come up with, and then Daddy's belt came to mind.



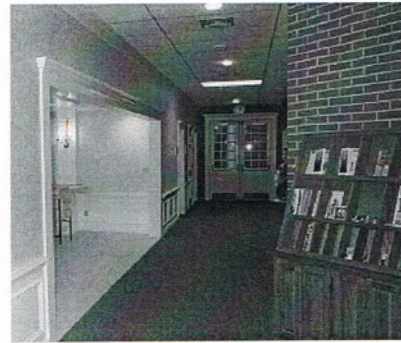
So far today, Lord, I've done okay. I haven't gossiped, haven't lost my temper, been greedy, grumpy, selfish, or mean. I'm really glad about that.

But in a few minutes, Lord, I'm going to get out of bed, and from then on I'm going to need a lot of help.

Amen.

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Newly designed and completed nursery and hallway, Woodlake Assembly of God church

DK Drafting & Design

Dan Clark

On top of my regular job I now have a new drafting business, called DK Drafting & Design. When our church, Woodlake Assembly of God, announced on Superbowl Sunday, 2003, that they planned to remodel their nursery, I immediately wrote a letter to the administration explaining that I draft for a living, and they took me on! I donated about half my time, and was compensated for the rest. The work consisted of measuring existing walls and fixed items, then drawing a demolition plan, floor plan, ceiling plan, elevations of interior cabinets, and various details to aid the contractor. Overall, it took me about 60 hours, including 45 hours of computer-aided

drawing, and 8 hours of measuring (before and after construction).

I did not actually plan on creating my own company until May, and then didn't have a name for it, but since I was so into this project, I decided others could benefit from my services as well. I went ahead and made up business cards in October, and I have given out about 200 since then. (Not a very aggressive marketing strategy, but this is still a part-time, one-man operation!)

Some others have approached me about new work, but I have not begun those projects in earnest just yet. After I do, I plan to market online, among other ways. Although it's easier if the jobs are near Tulsa, I can draw design concepts for anyone. Several years ago

I drew a basic design concept for Gerald for the Baptist Student Union at the University of New Orleans, and I did not visit the site.

The pictures you see are of the foyer into the nursery, with one-way glass so that parents can see into the actual nursery rooms, and the children can see themselves! The second picture looks down the hallway, with the foyer entrance in view. The only thing I actually designed was the octagonal ceiling, and I just drew and detailed the rest. It was a blessing to be a part of this process.

By the way, the *K* in *DK* stands for Kristen, reminding me of why I do what I do.

Unusual signs

Dan Clark

I have always loved unusual signs. I saw one some time ago in Tulsa that won the contest for me. It was hand-painted, and read:



RABBITS NOTARY

(Andy, feel free to spoonerize). I wondered when I saw that sign, What if they get the two mixed up? Are there rabbitpaw ink stamps on the notarized documents? Or, rabbits hopping around with embossed ears? When does their commission expire? (Knowing rabbits, probably never.) Oh, well, I'll keep my eyes out for more signs, but until then that one wins.

Overheard at the office—

A traveler driving on the turnpike in Pennsylvania fell asleep at the wheel and slammed into a toll booth, demolishing both gate and booth. To his surprise, several workers rushed out and began rebuilding the booth. As he watched, they reassembled it in 30 minutes' time.

All agog, the man approached one of the workers.

"I saw you put that toll booth together, and you did it so fast that you didn't drive a single nail. How did you do it?"

"Easy. We used toll gate booth paste!"



Do you recognize this cute little fellow? If not, turn to the family column on page 7 to find out who he is.



Working with children in crisis

Keith Stovall

Oftentimes when asked about my line of work, a simple "I work with kids" will suffice. This answer is truthful and, in most contexts, quite appropriate. I've found that telling folks more detailed information about my job at the wrong moment can be rather awkward. If I were the owner of a child care facility, folks might say, "Oh that's great!" Or if I were a special education teacher, I might hear, "Oh, good for you." But when I let people know I that I evaluate detailed accounts of child abuse, people are often saddened and puzzled.

I've received such questions as "Do you see a lot of them?" "How do you keep from wanting to kill someone?" "How do you leave something like that at work?" "Is it even possible to leave something like that at work?" Their facial expressions range from admiration to sheer curiosity.

So, unless the time and situation are right, I often opt for the easy way out. And, quite frankly, sometimes I just don't want to talk about work when I am not at work. The nature of my job is extremely heavy, emotionally speaking.

Now don't get me wrong; elements of my job can be surprisingly light-hearted and entertaining. For example, when interviewing a young child with a nasal drip I handed him and Kleenex. He used it and then offered it back to me. (Since I don't have a child of my own, I'm not completely used to this child's brand of generosity.)

When asked to write an article about my job for the *Hearn Herald*, I considered this opportunity to be the right context and have no reservation letting you know what I do. My official job title is therapist/forensic interviewer. My primary responsibility is to interview children who are suspected victims of physical and/or sexual abuse. Most of these children (ages 3 - 17) have already made a disclosure of abuse. These children are referred to us by child protection and law enforcement investigators. They

See Working with children, page 8

Parenting 102: Comics—Visual junk food?

Mary Alice Heard

Today there is such an abundance of good children's books, surely none of the grandchildren are tempted to turn to comic books. But back when Charles and we sisters were growing up, the choices were limited.* Perhaps it was for this reason that we occasionally turned to comic books. The only comic book that I specifically remember was Charles' favorite, *Mad*. But there were plenty of others we liked to read.

Comics in the household caused a big problem, because Daddy was strongly opposed to such shallow reading. He made it plain to us that if he saw a comic book he would confiscate it and throw it out or burn it. Mother, the tender-hearted, hated to see us lose something we valued. She tried to help us hide our comics, and she interceded when Daddy happened to find them.

Daddy's philosophy probably went something like this: there are much

better reading materials, comics are expensive, and reading comics will warp children's thinking and stunt their minds. Mother probably felt, on the other hand, that reading wouldn't

damage us if the material wasn't immoral, and reading would build our vocabularies. I suppose only time will tell if our minds have been stunted. But if Daddy were alive today, I think he'd be pleased to see what avid readers we have all turned out to be. So let the children read those Harry Potter books. They'll learn to relish reading and look forward to a lifetime of self-education.

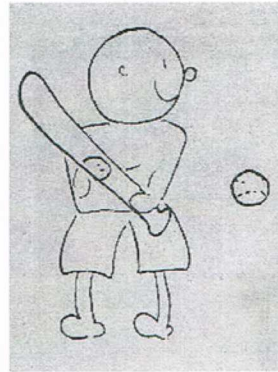
*Following are a few paragraphs from *Manners Can Be Fun*, one of our childhood books, under

the heading, "We Meet People."

If I am a boy, when I meet you for the first time I smile and shake your hand. If you are a lady or a girl, I take my hat off.

If I am a girl, when I meet you for the first time I smile and hold out my hand to you. I don't just stand with my mouth open and leave you holding out your hand.

If we already know you we say Good morning or Good afternoon or Good evening.



The above stick figure was an illustration in a book we read during our childhood. It was entitled *Manners Can Be Fun* and was written and illustrated by Munro Leaf.



"People, especially children and husbands, need a little coaching on how to take care of Mom. Why not help them with a wish list? Post 'Mom's Wish List' on the refrigerator and add to it whenever you're inspired. Don't say anything about it, and don't fail to lavish the praise on anyone who tries to make your dreams come true. Include

things for all ages and abilities, and don't be too practical. For example: 'I wish someone would bring me wildflowers.' 'I wish someone would paint me a pretty picture.' 'I wish a handsome man would take me out to dinner.' Other people can have wish lists, too. It helps everyone learn the joy of making others happy."

Jana Fortner (syndicated columnist), "Every day can be Mother's Day"





Papa and Mama (Charles L. and Della) Hearn in Albertville, Alabama in the 1940s with their children, standing in birth order from right to left, oldest to youngest: Aubrey, Mildred, Kermit, Fred, Glenn, Mary Nell, Joe Ed, and Jack.

Aubrey's siblings*

Mary Alice Heard

Because you grandchildren did not get to participate in the fun times in Albertville when Mama and Papa Hearn were alive, I'd like to introduce you to Aubrey's two sisters and five brothers. One day, at a larger family reunion, perhaps you'll have a chance to meet their offspring.

Aubrey, born in 1907, was the oldest of the Hearn children. In the pattern of first sons, he set an example for his siblings by graduating early from high school and college. He began teaching at age 19 after his graduation from Howard College, attended Yale Law School for a year, then began working at the Baptist Sunday School Board in Nashville, which was to be his career for many years.

Mildred Della Hearn, born a year after Aubrey, followed him to Howard College, then was librarian at Etowah County High. Later, when she was teaching in Attalla, Alabama, she met her future husband, George P. Walker, Jr., a pharmacist. Mildred dedicated her life to her family and her community. George and Mildred were parents of Jane, George III, Charles, and Alice.

Thomas *Kermit* Hearn, born two years after Mildred, attended the University of Alabama, taught high

school, then served in the Navy during WW II. He spent several years selling *World Book* encyclopedia before returning to Alabama to pursue his doctor's degree in elementary education. He taught at the University of South Florida until he retired. Kermit and his wife Louise were the parents of Mary Jane, Tom, Joel, and James.

Next came *Fred* Wilson Hearn. Fred attended the University of Alabama and was a teammate of Bear Bryant. He served in the Pacific during WW II and later worked for CIT (Commercial Investment Trust, a company that worked with car dealers to finance car purchases). Fred and his wife Frances were the parents of Julie.

Glenn Hubbard Hearn won a football scholarship to Howard College. After graduation, he joined the FBI and worked with that organization for many years. After retiring, he moved to Huntsville, Alabama, which eventually elected him mayor. Glen and his first wife, Kathryn, were the parents of Don, Glenna Kay, and Elizabeth.

Mary Nell Hearn, according to Mildred Walker and Louise Hearn, her sisters-in-law, was the rebel in the family. She was a beautiful girl and was once named Miss Albertville. Mary Nell loved to have a good time. She attended Howard for one year but

dropped out of school. Mary Nell was a homemaker after she married Charles Beasley. They were the parents of Mary, Sarah (Sally), Charles Jr., and Fred.

Joseph Edward (*Joe Ed*) Hearn received a B.A. in history from the University of Alabama. He did graduate studies at the University of Southern California, earning a doctorate in African and English history. He also was a Fulbright scholar at the London School of Economics and Political Science. Joe Ed taught at several colleges in California and enjoyed his hobbies of world travel and collecting African artifacts. Joe Ed and his wife Lilya were the parents of Christian and Eric.

The youngest child, *Jack* Carey Hearn, served in Korea and was severely damaged when he had to stand watch one night over two watch periods in freezing weather while wearing inadequate clothing. Eventually both his legs had to be amputated. When he returned after the war, he worked for a while in a pharmacy. Jack and his wife Loyl were the parents of Norma.

**I am indebted to Lindsay Hearn's video, "The Albertville House," for some of the above information. My thanks also to Kathryn Hearn and Julie Hearn Bauter for their help.*

Rare or well done?

Beth Heard*

Just a little story to brighten your holidays...

About four months ago a yelping, scrawny puppy found his way into our yard. He was so little and he had obviously had some scary experiences in his short life, because he refused to let any of us come near him. He seemed harmless enough, and we decided after a few weeks that we'd let him stay, since he seemed like a good companion for Spot—our faithful but lonely guard dog. We never did agree on a name for him, so we've just referred to him as "Little Dog." To this day he has not let me touch him, though Joel has gotten a hold of him a couple of times.

Little Dog has gotten bigger, and he's making a serious dent in our dog food supply. I might have been content to let him stay forever, but twice in the last week I've looked out the window to see Little Dog eat his own poop. Obviously the little orphan never learned any manners. This caused me to change my mind. We tried just to let him out of our fence the other day in hopes he would wander off, but within 15 minutes or so he was back asleep in our yard. We're not sure how he got back in.

Today Joel asked our friend Asan (who's living in our back building) if



he was the one who let Little Dog back into the yard the other day. Asan said no, and then wanted to know why we had put him out. Joel told him we don't want him, so Asan offered to get rid of him for us.

Tonight Joel told me this at the dinner table, and he assumed I understood what Asan was offering. I thought Asan had some humane way of putting him to sleep or knew of a new home for him. I was wrong—Asan wants to eat him.

Probably you, like me, didn't know that dog meat is good in the winter time. Asan also has TB, and dog meat is supposed to be helpful for a cure. Hmmm.

So that's the latest news from here. In the midst of all this, I've found a new name for Little Dog....What

do you think about "Chestnuts" (roasting on an open fire)?

Later update: Little Dog wasn't eaten after all. When our neighbor Asan took the dog to his brother-in-law to get him cooked, the brother-in-law said he needed a watch dog and he would keep him instead. I wouldn't be surprised if he changes his mind, though, after he sees that Little Dog is really a big chicken.

**Beth related this tale in an e-mail right before Christmas.*

Youth tonic

A.V. Shorty Culpepper*

One of my uncles over at Rossers Ridge must have really gotten hold of some real powerful medicine or youth restorer. I had a letter from my uncle's wife, Aunt Cindy Mae, and she was telling me about the tonic. She said it really had done my uncle lots of good—she said he got a bottle and started taking it, and in just a few days he began to perk up. She said in about 10 days he would get up before daylight and milk the cows; then before many days went by, he



was mowing the lawn early in the morning. She wrote me that he had decided to paint the house himself instead of hiring it done, just bubbling over with energy. And, finally, she said one morning she missed my uncle, and looked out of the window and saw him coming in the house. He was as mad as a wet hen, and she asked him what in the world was the matter, and he told her the school bus went off and left him.

**Excerpted from Culpepper's book, Poor Kinfolks and Rich Relatives.*

Protect yourself

Good advice from the Web

As a precaution to limit damage if your wallet or purse is stolen, place the contents of your wallet on a photocopy machine and copy both sides of each license, credit card, and other important card. If your wallet is stolen, you will know what you had in it and all the account numbers and phone numbers to call and cancel. Keep the photocopy in a safe place.

If your credit cards are stolen, immediately file a police report in the town where the wallet was stolen. This proves to credit providers that you were diligent, and it is a first step toward an investigation.

You must also immediately call the three national credit reporting organizations and place a fraud alert on your name and Social Security number. This alert tells any company which checks your credit that your card was stolen and that you must be contacted by phone to authorize new spending.

Here are the numbers:

Equifax: 1-800-525-6285

Experian (formerly TRW): 1-888-397-3742

Trans Union: 1-800-680-7289

Social Security Adm. fraud line: 1-800-269-0271

An attorney's wallet was stolen, and within a week the thief had ordered an expensive monthly cell phone package, had applied for a VISA credit card, had a credit line approved to buy a Gateway computer, and received a PIN number from the Department of Motor Vehicles to change his driving record information on line. After he had the fraud alert put on his credit line, no additional damage was done, and thieves threw away his wallet.

Let's not let something like this happen to us; let's be proactive.



If you are all wrapped up in yourself, you are way overdressed.

Jane Ann Clark

A tasty combination

Allan Heard

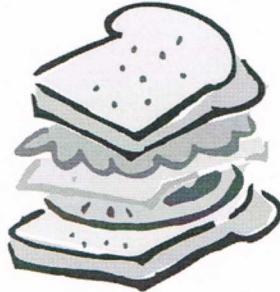
It is a rarity indeed when you can remember a specific sandwich for seven years, but this one was different. This particular day, Deli had been working me pretty hard, digging a flower bed.

We had made much better progress than on the previous day, having learned better how to dig and to cooperate. Still, by noon I was starved and looking forward to a tomato and "something" sandwich. We were picking about a bushel of tomatoes every four hours. They were ripening so fast, you could hear them change colors. We love tomatoes so much that we always look forward to summertime.

When I looked in the fridge for the "something," all I could find was grape salad. I must explain. Several days earlier Deli was in the deli section of the grocery store when she encountered a lady at the salad bar who was picking grapes out of the chicken salad she had just dished up. "I don't like the grapes," she explained as she put the grapes back onto the salad. (It really happened.)

Deli bought a big container of the

fresh "chicken" salad. Apparently the lady had been there for quite a while, because my chicken salad was virtually pure "grape" salad. True, there were a few pieces of pecan that she apparently missed, and, yes, a little dab of chicken, but a fly flew away with it.



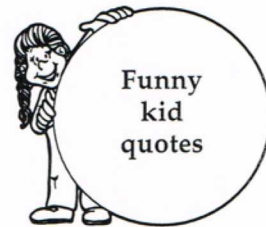
That was the bottom line. Nothing but grape salad for my tomato sandwich. After somebody told me he liked peanut butter and tomato sandwiches, I had become convinced tomatoes are

good with anything. So I decided, "what the heck" and tried the grape salad and tomato sandwich.

It was good but not without problems. I had a hard time keeping things together—especially keeping the whole grapes in. The first one that got away rolled under the dishwasher and completely out of reach. Then a couple of harmless duds rolled out on the floor followed by a very resilient one that squirted up into the cover of the fluorescent ceiling light. It took major light fixture surgery to get it down.

I really thought I had gotten off light until I got up to clear my plate. I felt a strange wetness in my shoe. Upon examination, I determined that a slice of tomato had slipped into the partially open top of my high-top gardening shoe. It looked a lot like catsup, but not exactly. I thought that was about it, but we later found an unexplained grape in the middle of the living room floor.

I guess if I were truthful, I would admit that my account may have drifted slightly toward fiction, but everybody knows a fading memory will do that way. All-in-all, grape and tomato was a good, tasty combination. It was, without a doubt, the best grape sandwich I ever ate. All I have to work out now is how to dress and prepare for the next one.



"What was Captain Hook's name before he lost his arm?"

Coley Lippard, age 4-1/2

Comet*

Dan Clark



They were wives, husbands, fathers, children that some of us may have known,
Understanding not a risk but a real calling,
Traveling thousands of miles, but looking with unlimited scientific vision out into millions,
Not wavering in their task, knowing the challenge, accepting the Challenger,
More than just pioneers in a long line of others,
Doing what many children still see as enviable,
Daring men and women go sailing across the sky.

*The space ship Columbia broke apart as it was reentering earth's atmosphere on Feb. 1, 2003. The names of the astronauts on the Columbia flight are found in this poem, one name per line. Their names are as follows: Michael Anderson, David Brown, Kalpana Chawla, Laurel Clark, Rick Husband, William McCool, and Ilan Ramon.



Family news

Congratulations to Angela and Derek McCord on the birth October 22 of *Derek Dixon McCord, II*. Little Derek weighed 6 pounds, 13 ounces. Mikaela, Rachel, Victoria, Hallini, and John are giving their baby brother lots of attention. The McCords' six children equal Aubrey and Florence's total. Angela and Derek, we hope your children have as much fun growing up as we Hearn children did.

Calendar correction. If you have the Hearn family calendar that Suzie Lusk provides for us each year, please make the following correction. Lisa Ragone's birthday is May 31, not May 24, as indicated on your calendar.

Remember to make your reservation for our reunion at *Unicoi State Park* in Helen, Georgia. The dates are July 29-August 1. Call the lodge at 800-573-9659 for reservations. Ask for Lynn Lovell, and cite our booking number, 119045. A reminder: lodge rooms, \$109/night, have 2 double beds and a loft with 2 twins. The cabins, \$129/night, have 2 bedrooms containing 1 king-size bed and 2 twin beds as well as a sleeper sofa with a queen mattress.

Remember, when you change mailing address, phone number, or e-mail address, let us know so we can make the change on our address lists.

The handsome little fellow on page 2 is *Gerald Stovall*.



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Homemaking skills—standard and revised versions*

The following is from an actual 1950s home economics textbook intended for high school girls, teaching how to prepare for married life.

1. Have dinner ready: Plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal—on time. This is a way of letting him know that you have been thinking about him and are concerned about his needs. Most men are hungry when they come home, and the prospects of a good meal are part of the warm welcome needed.
2. Prepare yourself: Take 15 minutes to rest so you will be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your make-up, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh looking. He has just been with a lot of work-weary people. Be a little gay and a little more interesting. His boring day may need a lift.
3. Clear away the clutter. Make one last trip through the main part of the house just before your husband arrives, gathering up school books, toys, paper, etc. Then run a dust cloth over the tables. Your husband will feel he has reached a haven of rest and order, and it will give you a lift too.
4. Prepare the children: Take a few minutes to wash the children's hands and faces if they are small, comb their hair, and if necessary, change their clothes. They are little treasures and he would like to see them playing the part.
5. Make him comfortable: Have him lean back in a comfortable chair or suggest he lie down in the bedroom. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him. Arrange his pillow and offer to take off his shoes. Speak in a low, soft, soothing and pleasant voice. Allow him to relax and unwind.
6. Listen to him: You may have a dozen things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. Let him talk first.
7. Make the evening his: Never complain if he does not take you out to dinner or to other places of entertainment; instead, try to understand his world of strain and pressure and his need to be home and relax.
8. The Goal: try to make your home a place of peace and order where your husband can relax.

**Copied from the Internet and modified.*

Now the updated version for the modern woman.

1. Have dinner ready: Make reservations ahead of time. If your day becomes too hectic, just leave him a voice mail message regarding where you'd like to eat and at what time. This lets him know that your day has been crappy and gives him an opportunity to change your mood.
2. Prepare yourself: A quick stop at the LANCÔME counter on your way home will do wonders for your outlook and will keep you from becoming irritated every time he opens his mouth. (Don't forget to use his credit card!)
3. Clear away the clutter: Call the housekeeper and tell her that any miscellaneous items left on the floor by the children can be placed in the Goodwill box in the garage.
4. Prepare the children: Send the children to their rooms to watch television or play Nintendo video games. After all, both of them are from his previous marriages.
5. Make him comfortable: Tell him where he can find a blanket if he's cold. This will really show you care.
6. Listen to him: But don't ever let him get the last word.
7. Make the evening his: Never complain if he does not take you out to dinner or to other places of entertainment; go with a friend or go shopping (use his credit card).
8. The Goal: Try to keep things amicable without reminding him that he only *thinks* the world revolves around him. Obviously he's wrong; it revolves around *you*.

Working with children, continued



have not been thoroughly interviewed before they come to our facility; this saves the children from the trauma of retelling their experience to many different people.

Our center—Southwest Mississippi Children's Advocacy Center, or CAC—is child friendly. After meeting briefly with the referent, I will escort the child back into our interview room, where I speak with him one on one. The referent observes the interview via closed-circuit television. I ask questions to obtain detailed information about the abuse. This information assists the investigators. The process of telling, for the child, is therapeutic and serves as the beginning of the necessary healing process. The children are then referred out for therapy. Starting in April, children will be referred to our agency for therapy.

Since I first came to work for the CAC in September of 2001, I have interviewed over 400 children. Most of these cases I found to be credible allegations of physical or sexual abuse. So you see, the nature of my work is indeed heavy.

You may be asking some of the questions that I mentioned earlier, such as, "How do I leave this job at work?" Well, I've found that I do leave the subject matter at work fairly well (unless, of course, I run into a child or parent I've worked with in the past). However, the job has changed me in some ways, and I take those changes with me everywhere.

Without a doubt I have a greater appreciation for children. I also have a keener sense of the wickedness of this world (see Romans, chapter 1). I have a greater sense of God's goodness and sovereignty despite the evils of humanity. Through my faith in Christ, I have a greater trust in His ability to redeem and change humanity. I praise God that he has revealed himself to me through the eyes of these wounded children. It is a tapestry that unfolds more every day. For information on a CAC near you, visit the National Children's Advocacy Center Web site, www.nationalcac.org.



Katie's Rite 13 liturgy

Suzie Lusk

When Keisha e-mailed us about the "Rite 13 service," I had no idea what she was talking about. Keisha is the youth minister in our new church, the Episcopal Church of the Nativity. We started attending this church right after Katie Beth turned 13 in January. The Rite 13 liturgy is a rite of passage that publicly recognizes God's gift of manhood and womanhood to young adults entering their teens. Katie and two other girls who were also 13 were part of a wonderful service on March 21 celebrating their passage into womanhood. Since Baptists don't have anything similar, I was curious about how this service would be conducted and how it fit into the regular worship service.

The liturgy was the prominent part of the service, with Bob, our rector, preaching on Luke 15 followed by the liturgy, which took 15-20 minutes. Although I would like to share the entire liturgy, I'll just give the highlights:

The youth Sunday school teachers say:
"By the grace of God you have lived through the pains and joys of childhood and have grown strong. Now, as women, it is given to you to share in God's power of creation. You are blessed with the ability to create new ideas, new thoughts, new hopes for the world, and indeed, even to create new life. Because we are made in God's image, we are the only creatures on earth who can choose how to use our creative power—to shape the world according to God's purpose. God calls us to use this gift to build and not to destroy."

The candidates then read Psalm 139 in unison with the congregation's antiphon:
"Your works are wonderful and I know it well."

The parents and the three girls stand up at the altar, and the rector has a prayer for the

parents. Then the parents say to the girls, *"We recognize your passage into womanhood. We thank God for the gift of your lives. As you begin to carve out the life that will be your own, we stand behind you and support you as you learn to make choices. May we be patient and understanding, ready to guide and forgive, that in our love for you, you may know the love of God. You are holy and wonderful and blessed and we won't look away from you. We are your parents and we support you on this journey."*

The congregation is next in affirming the three girls: *"We recognize you as young women of Nativ-*



ity. We stand behind you on your journey. You are formed by a loving hand and are unique expressions of the creative power of God. God is with you. God is calling you. Explore, ask, claim and embrace. You are holy and wonderful and blessed and we won't look away from you. We are your community of faith and we support you on this journey." The rector blesses

each girl and lays his hand on her head as the parents lay their hands on her shoulders.

The three girls next moved over to the youth area and sat with the youth the rest of the service. The youth group even had a part, saying, *"We will offer you our friendship and will support you in the ways that we are able. You are holy and wonderful and blessed, and we won't look away from you. We are your peers, and we invite you to join us on this journey. Welcome!"*

The Rite 13 liturgy was very moving, and it was especially meaningful because some of our friends from our old church came to the service. Many of you wrote letters to Katie giving her advice on becoming an adult. I took all the letters and made a scrapbook, which I gave her on March 21 after the service. I got the idea from our rector, who said that his mom had written him a letter once during a special time in his life.

Continued on p. 2

We recognize your passage into womanhood. . . You are holy and wonderful and blessed and we won't look away from you. . . We support you on this journey.

In this issue . . .

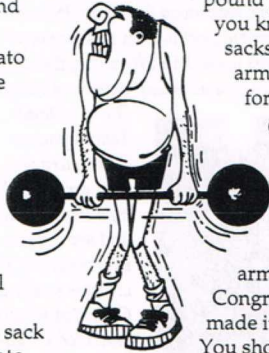
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Keeping fit

*Gerald Stovall**

It is important to stay in good physical condition, especially for senior adults. I have developed a program for strengthening the upper body that has produced remarkable results. I am enclosing the recommended regimen, and encourage you to try the program.

1. Hold a five-pound potato sack in each hand. Lift the sacks gradually until you can extend your arms horizontally to the floor and hold for one minute.
2. Hold a ten-pound potato sack in each hand. Lift the sacks gradually until you can extend your arms horizontally to the floor and hold for one minute.
3. The next step is a major increase, so go very slowly. Take several days, if needed. Hold a twenty-five-pound potato sack in each hand. Lift the potato sacks gradually until you can extend both arms horizontally to the floor and hold for one minute.
4. You are doing great! Take a few days' rest before moving to the next phase. Hold a fifty-pound potato sack in each hand. Lift the sacks slowly



until you can extend your arms horizontally to the floor and hold for one minute. Take your time. You do not want to injure yourself; it will only slow your progress.

5. Can you believe you have made such great progress? You started with five-pound sacks, and now you are up to—that's it, seventy-five-pound potato sacks! You are in such good physical condition these bags won't feel much heavier than the five-pound potato sacks. By now, you know the drill. Lift the sacks until you can hold your arms extended horizontally for one minute.

6. The final challenge is to locate two one-hundred-pound potato sacks and lift them slowly until you can hold them with your arms extended horizontally. Congratulations! You have made it to the top of the hill. You should lift the one-hundred-pound sacks three times a week to maintain your strength. If you wish, you can place one or two potatoes in each bag.

**I did not create this idea, but I did develop it. — Gerald*



Messages from two soldiers of fortune

Hello Grandma and Peepaw,
I'm Samuel.

In China we saw the big wall of China. We saw Joy. We saw some soldiers. And we saw the palace. We had fun. I rode a camel, and I saw Aunt Karen ride the camel. We took pictures of the friends who we know. I liked going swimming [at the hotel pool].

I love you.

Samuel

I love you Grandma and Peepaw. I want to give you a Kazakh hat and a vest and some boots.

We saw Joy, Aunt Karen, and Uncle Hoover. They have a bed and a basket, some toys, music, paper, colors, a computer.

Bye-bye Grandma and Peepaw.

Mmmiiiicccccccchaelllllllll



Who is this sweet young thing? Turn to page 7 for the answer.



Kelsey, complaining that Hannah was bothering her, "Hannah's getting on my nervous!"

From Becky: While visiting Bob and Liz recently, we purchased a little toy plastic sword for Ian, complete with plastic scabbard. Ian was having great fun pretending that he was a famous swashbuckler, fighting pirates. He was slightly amazed when Uncle Bob remarked that he had a *REAL* sword he had purchased many years ago. Ian very quietly came over to me and whispered, "I bet he only kills bad people with it."

Rite 13 liturgy, continued

I decided to ask family and friends to do the same for Katie, and Fred and I also wrote letters. Friends of all ages sent advice, including Marie, who's 30, all the way to Aunt Gladys, who's 97! The Rite 13 liturgy made Katie's first teenage year special, and I think all churches ought to do something like this for their teens.

Reunion 2004

Unicoi State Park, Helen, Georgia

Aren't you glad you took the time to attend the reunion this summer? Thanks to our Stovall planners, to Suzie, and to Martha Wright, it was perhaps our best yet.

Here are some events that we'll remember:

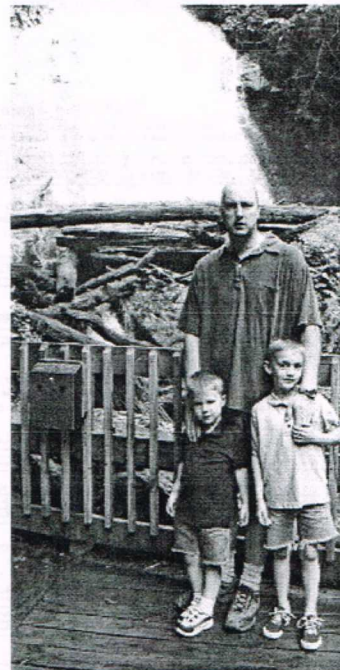
- crowding into cabins 3 and 4 to eat our meals
- the picnic at the pavilion
- the hike to Anna Ruby Falls
- shopping in Helen
- the constant dripping of rain
- our talent show, featuring children's tumbling, the ukelele duo, a songfest, and "He Ain't Done Right by Little Nell"
- the karioki singing by the grandchildren
- the ball game between adults and children, and the children running away with it

- getting to meet baby Derek and Angela, John, and Hallini
- wading in the creek
- meeting Samuel, Michael, and Emma, our world travelers
- meeting Katie's birth mother, Marie Taylor, and her husband Zach

- looking through bound volumes of Sunday School literature for preschoolers and locating pictures of Mother, along with some of her writing
- swapping books

- our family worship service, with testimonies by Keith and Joel

We missed you, Brian, Sharon, and boys; Karen, Hoover, and Joy; and Lisa. We hope these pictures will impart the flavor of our reunion. What a joy to see our beautiful offspring and to reflect on God's goodness! We are truly blessed.





Simple moments and sacred remembering

Beth Heard

"And [Jesus] took bread, gave thanks and broke it, and gave it to them, saying, 'This is my body given for you; do this in remembrance of me.'"

Luke 22:19

Our sons, Samuel and Michael, bring us a lot of joy when we can see how they are growing in their understanding and love of God. They are very different in how they learn, so while Samuel memorizes everything we say, Michael plays dress-up and sings songs, exploring and reinforcing Bible lessons in his own way.

Imagine my surprise when I arrived home one day to find Michael standing in the doorway, wearing only his underwear and taped to a paper cross. As I walked to the back of the house, I heard him tell the babysitter it was time for her to wail at his feet. And she did!

While Joel and I often have to work to keep straight faces about such displays, there are other moments when the boys surprise us with an unexpected insight or comment. Such was the case a couple of months ago at the dinner table. Joel had already excused himself, but the rest of us were finishing our meal when the boys asked

for a piece of Kazakh bread. I tore the round loaf and gave a piece to Samuel, one to Michael, and a little to myself. Samuel then looked across at Michael and said, "This is Jesus' body that was broken for you." He apparently had been paying attention during communion with our house church, though he hadn't yet participated in it himself.

When he said this so casually at the table, I looked at the piece of bread in my hand, and for a brief moment I remembered.



Suddenly a very routine experience—the sharing of a meal—felt infused with holiness. Samuel called us to remember the greatest thing about our lives—that Jesus is with us in even the most ordinary places and times, that his broken flesh heals our broken hearts. I remembered, and I wanted to keep remembering.

The biggest lesson God is teaching us these days is about the beauty of his church as he intended it to be. Church isn't about buildings and salaried ministers and weekly meetings and Sunday suits. It's about God's people living their lives together—breaking bread together; crying, laughing, and serving together; loving Jesus together. And it's about remembering.



Don't tell me that worry doesn't do any good. I know better. The things I worry about don't happen!



Florence's siblings*

Mary Alice Hearn

In the last newsletter we presented a short sketch about each of Aubrey's brothers and sisters. For this issue, here is a little about Florence, her parents, and her five brothers.

Florence's father, Thomas Gannaway Conner, was a graduate of Auburn Polytechnic Institute with B.S. (1897) and E&ME (electrical, mechanical engineering, 1898) degrees. He began work operating the cotton seed oil mill owned by his father, T.Y. Conner. Later he managed the Water Works and Ice plant in Tuskegee, Alabama, and a packing plant in Andalusia. He built the Andalusia Peanut Shelling Plant, which he operated until it was sold. He became manager of the City Gas Plant in 1934. He also worked as county surveyor for many years.

Lena Allen, Florence's mother, graduated from Shorter College and also attended a teacher training course at Anniston College for Young Ladies. Thomas and Lena were the parents of nine children, three of whom died at birth.

Thomas Jr., the oldest, was born in 1903. He attended Alabama Polytechnic Institute, then began his career with the Central of Georgia railroad. He worked in the highway departments of South Carolina, Alabama, Missouri, and Georgia. Thomas married three times—to Clara Jones, Ann O'Neal, and May Belle Blackmon—and fathered five children, Angeline (who died at birth), Catherine Virginia, Lena Voyle, Richard Thomas, and Lawrence Edward.

William Allen, born in 1906, was valedictorian of his high school graduating class in Andalusia, Alabama. He attended Howard College, from which he graduated with an A.B. degree in 1926, and the University of Alabama, where he earned a Masters in 1931. Allen was trained as a teacher. He was head of the math department in several schools and was superintendent of city schools in several school districts. Allen and his wife Hazel were the parents of David.

Florence Rebecca, born in 1908, graduated from Shorter College in 1930 with a degree in piano and

earned a Masters from Vanderbilt University. She was a musician, seamstress, kindergarten teacher, writer, and—superbly—a mother. Florence and her husband, Charles Aubrey Hearn, were the parents of six children, whose names we know.

Marshall Eady Conner, born in 1911, attended Georgia Tech for two years. After serving in the Army, he worked for the Alabama Power Company and was also a lineman for the Alabama Water Service Company. Eady and his wife Amy Vera were the parents of Carolyn Sue and Wanda Joyce.

Lewis Gill Conner, born in 1914, attended college in North Carolina. Lewis married Ruth Billingsly and helped raise her daughters, Elizabeth and Linda. He was a journeyman electrician.

Walter Ivy Conner, born in 1919, was an electronics specialist. He attended a radio school in Valparaiso,



The T.G. Conner family, minus Walter, in about 1916: back row, Thomas, Allen; middle row: T.G., Florence, Lena; front row, Lewis, Eady

Indiana, and later was registered as a professional engineer. For 25 years he was a technical representative with Philco, and he worked for F&AM Systems for 18 years. David Conner reports that Walter's technical expertise was invaluable to the military during World War II. He was given the honorary title of Colonel, and a military escort went with him from installation to installation. Walter and his wife Frances were the parents of Walter Ivy, Jr., and Jerry Harmon.



The Conner siblings shown at their reunion in McDonough, Georgia in the early 1980s. Left to right, back row: Allen, Florence, Eady; front row: Thomas, Lewis, Walter

**My thanks to Lerma Hearn for the pictures and the background material. David Conner and Richard Conner also gave me important information.*



Family news

Bob Hearn is preparing for his first marathon, the Royal Victoria in Victoria, British Columbia. The race will take place in October.

After teaching for 25 years at Stockbridge Middle School, Fred Lusk is teaching at a new school, Dutchtown Middle. He began the new school year August 2.

Allan Heard retired August 1 after 9-1/2 years as a senior municipal engineer with the Lexington-Fayette Urban County Government. Congratulations, Allan. Now it's time for the "honey-do's."

Teresa Stovall is program director for Day Habilitation, an outpatient satellite of Ellisville (Miss.) State residential facility in Summit, MS. Teresa will be working with retarded adults of all ages, teaching them social skills, hygiene, self-help skills, and community integration.

We recently learned of the passing April 15, 2003, of John L. Scott, husband of Mary Jane Hearn Scott. Mary Jane is the oldest child of Kermit and Louise Hearn. She and John have lived for years in Metairie, Louisiana, where John was a regional manager for World Book. We express our condolences to Mary Jane and her family.

The little girl on page 2 is our favorite sister-in-law, Lerma Engberg Hearn.



The *Hearn Herald*®, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Topics need not be related to the Hearn family but may consist of reflections or incidents from the writer's life. Articles should be of reasonable length and should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The *Hearn Herald* Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Deer camp

Allan Heard

Early in my life, at about age 10, I became a full-fledged deer hunter. My first deer hunt was a family thing; even my mother went along. I remember only two things about that hunt. First, though it was not bitterly cold, my feet absolutely froze. I had on a pair of slip-on black rubber boots and so many socks that I could barely get the boots on. The tightness caused the cold feet. The other thing that stands out is that we got lost and walked a long way before we figured out where our borrowed Jeep was hiding. Deer were pretty sparse, and we didn't even see one.

Daddy hung in there a few more years but never enthused about deer hunting. Economic realities made him direct much of his and my spare time toward land and lot surveying instead of hunting. Gradually, my friend Clyde became almost my exclusive deer-hunting partner.

I don't know how the connection was made, but Clyde's parents got him a membership in a deer-hunting club, and I was his full-time guest during hunting season. Membership included a number of prominent and fine men, including Sheriff Thomas Shelton, his dad Casey B, Strut Stroud, Billy Meadors, and a dozen more whose names I forget. I think Casey B set the leisurely tone for the camp. Being beyond middle age, he found it frequently necessary to get up in the night and step out to relieve himself. He took care of this inconvenience nicely by running a hose from his bed through the floor and to the yard.

Most activity centered around an old, run-down, weathered-plank farmhouse. It had been vacant for years before the deer camp materialized. Since we hunted mostly near dawn and dusk, lots of strategy time remained. The porch was the site of frequent bull sessions. Also there were skill exhibitions, like shooting Coke bottles with high-powered rifles.

I remember well the time Billy Meadors demonstrated his new rifle with a scope, a really impressive possession in those days. I don't remember whether Billy hit his target, but I do remember that he held his eye very near the scope to aim. The recoil caused the rim of the scope to cut a beautiful half circle in the upper part of his eye socket.

Embarrassed by his mishap, Billy decided the next day to demonstrate the capabilities of his Jeep truck by driving through a patch of scrub pine saplings. When the demonstration ended, the truck was securely lodged among three of the saplings—so securely that they all had to be chopped down to free the truck.

The cooking/heating resource



was a small wood-burning stove. The cook was not the world's greatest, but his offerings were magnificent for the situation at hand. Firmly imbedded in my palate memory is his bologna-hoop cheese sandwich grilled on the cast iron stovetop. I can't think of anything better to crown an all-day tramp in the woods.

I never actually drew a bead on a deer at the deer camp, but I came really close. I was walking along a woods road when a deer stepped into view, perhaps a hundred yards away. I silently pulled the hammer back on

my rifle and started to raise the gun to my shoulder, but I never made it. I was so excited that I squeezed off a shot before I got the gun to my shoulder. The barbarians back at camp cut the tail off my shirt and tacked it on the wall (with others) to commemorate the misfire.

I think that a few deer were harvested by the deer camp bunch, but not very many. The only one that I can remember was illegal. Around dusk one day, well into the season, one of the men came in empty-handed, but he told of seeing another hunter shoot an illegal spike buck. He said the deer was neck-shot and fell with its head downhill—causing it to be well bled. That's important to meat flavor. He encouraged Clyde and me to go get it and deliver it to the game warden. We decided that would be noble.

In spite of the darkness we found the deer with little trouble. However, carrying the stiff deer hanging from a pole proved a chore. Our every movement was magnified as the deer swung back and forth. In the darkness bewitched limbs, lurking in the shadows, lashed out, slapping our faces and scratching our eyeballs.

As we struggled along, we rationalized about what should become of the deer. It was a tender young buck, and the meat would be fine, having been quick-chilled by the day's low temperature. As we neared Clyde's truck, we stopped to rest and to size up what was going on around us.

While resting and listening, we heard a vehicle stop on the main road, perhaps a hundred yards ahead. Then there were voices. We sneaked as near as we dared and found that a warden was apparently checking somebody out.

It did not seem to be an ideal situation for presenting the warden with a deer. You'll have to use your imagination to figure how we worked it out. What would you have done? That is exactly what we did.

Hearn Herald

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Getting better all the time

Beth Heard

I was the master of my domain, with a phone on my left, a TV remote on my right, and two "happy" buttons at my fingertips—one for morphine and the other to call the nurse. I played with the hospital bed, raising the top, then the bottom, and enjoying the nice automatic back massage that came with every adjustment. And one night, feeling a little warm, I buzzed the nurse and she adjusted the thermostat to a perfect 68 degrees. I slept like a baby. Forget the fact that I had a fresh six-inch incision across my belly—this hospital was better than a hotel!

I guess it helped that my previous hospital stay had been during an unusual hot spell in a London hospital, where there was no air conditioning and little attention from the nursing staff. But what I really couldn't shake were the visions of my Kazakh friends who go to hospitals that are more like MASH units, except not so well-equipped.

Money from Kazakhstan's vast oil reserves is beginning to trickle down and benefit the lower classes, but most of the hospitals, primarily state-run, are still scary places. When I was pregnant with Samuel and had kidney stones, local doctors wanted to admit me to a hospital. However, one pulled me aside and said I should refuse the treatment: I'd be safer at home, she insisted. I took her advice.

We've heard all kinds of horror stories from our Kazakh friends, but what I remembered as I enjoyed the perks of our private health care system were the little things. The Kazakhs have to take their own blankets if they go to the hospital in winter, because there's not much heat. They have to take their own food and medicine, too. If they've come from an outlying village, they either depend on relatives to bring them

food or they hope for roommates who will share. Usually they have to pay a bribe if they want the careful attention of a doctor.

Even happy occasions can be tedious. Kazakh women are petrified of childbirth because they don't get the luxury of epidurals. Once a baby is delivered, the new mother stays in the hospital for 7-10 days, and the proud papa gets his first look at his baby from at least 30 yards away. He is not allowed into the hospital, so he has to stand outside and shout for his wife to come to a window. The maternity wards are always on the upper floors, making the view even more difficult. The windows come in handy for another reason too—gifts, food, and medical supplies are sent up by way of a bucket and

rope rigged by the patients.

America's health care system definitely has its problems, but for a few days last month I was especially grateful for it. And while we can't, with our limited humanitarian assistance, do much to make Kazakhstan's system what it needs to be, Joel and I have one conviction, born out of our faith, that can change the face of any society—the belief that God loves rich and poor alike, that He believes each person is of infinite value, and that He demands no bribes for his blessings. I wonder how one of my Kazakh friends would react if given the service I received following my surgery, and then I remember that I have the privilege of surprising them in another way—with the gracious, undemanding, lavish love of God. Perhaps as more and more Kazakhs experience this love for themselves, their society will begin to be transformed from the inside out.



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Road to National Board

Suzie Lusk

I must have been crazy when I began the process for National Board certification!

It was my colleague, Susan, who first gave me the idea, though she herself decided against trying when she heard that special education teachers almost never pass. In order to start the process, you have the honor of paying \$2300, and there is absolutely no guarantee that you will pass! However, if you don't pass you can try two more times (while paying additional monies, of course).

I found four middle school (but no other high school) math teachers who decided to go for it as well. We enrolled in a course the summer of 2003 that qualified us to begin the process. I'm not sure how many hours I spent, but it was quite a few. I had to teach a class every morning at Fayette High (the principal there graciously let me do this) in order to have something to write about. I had to make videotapes of myself teaching a large group (the whole class) and also one for small groups. This took forever, because I had to do it over and over to get good tapes. I also met with these other four teachers twice a month for two hours to plan and make sure we were doing everything correctly.

The process turned out to be an exercise in "if you play the game

correctly, you'll win"; i.e., write what the review board wants to see. The four papers were difficult for me, and my scores on the written part were not high. Thankfully, I did well on the six tests that I took in May. They were on various topics in high school math: algebra, geometry, calculus, discrete math, and technology. All together, counting the written scores and the test scores, I managed to squeak by and pass—yea!!!

What this means, I hope, is that if the funding holds out, I will get a substantial raise. I can also teach in any state without having to qualify—not that I plan to leave Fayetteville.

The best part is that all of the teachers in my little group passed;

we were really worried, because all of us had certain parts of the process on which we felt we did poorly. We had to wait six months to hear, and the results were finally posted on the Internet on Nov. 19. I'm not sure I would go through this process again, but it does have some advantages: I don't have to take any more staff development courses, and my retirement salary should be higher because I'll be getting a raise. I'm really glad it's over!



Adoption update

Keith Stovall

Teresa and I recently sent out a letter explaining our calling to adopt a child. We trust you received this letter, so we won't rehash the specifics. (If any of you out there did not receive this letter, we'd be glad to forward you a copy via email or snail mail.) We would like to give everyone an update on how things are progressing. Recently Teresa and I completed the final phase of the approval process. A social worker came to our home and examined it quite thoroughly. She informed us that we would be getting our approval letter in a few weeks. The following afternoon she called to inform us that she had already shown our profile (a book with pictures and captions explaining a little bit about us), and we could expect the process to move extremely quickly. There is a good chance that we will have a child placed in our home by the time the next *Hearn Herald* comes out. Needless to say, we are quite excited (and scared) about how quickly things are moving. Please pray that we will only trust God as we wait on the child He will place in our home.

Christmas contributions aid in the fight against child abuse

Keith Stovall

In November of 2004 my coworkers and I learned that the building that houses our facility, the Southwest Mississippi Children's Advocacy Center, where we work with children who are suspected victims of abuse, would no longer be available. This news was difficult to hear, considering that it would mean our fourth move in as many years. However, great things came about because of this unfortunate circumstance.

After the McComb newspaper printed an article about our impending move, someone donated a house to our agency. This house was a beautiful older home in a great location. Only one problem: because the house was in a residential community, zoning would not allow us to move there. Thankfully, a local realtor allowed us to swap our house for an office building right off Delaware Blvd.—a great location.

This means no more moving. We have a permanent facility, which we own. A moving company and a civic organization donated their time to help us move, construction workers are donating their time to help renovate, and my family also contributed in a major way. I'd like to thank my uncles and aunts (Charles and Lerma, Mary Alice and Allan, Nancy, Millie and Jim, and Susie and Fred) as well as my mom and dad. Their donation of \$400 will assist us during this transitional period. The funds will be quickly put to use as we help suspected victims of abuse. I am extremely grateful for such supportive family members.

The Senility Prayer

God grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked, the good fortune to run into the ones that I do, and the eyesight to tell the difference.

Florence's "units"

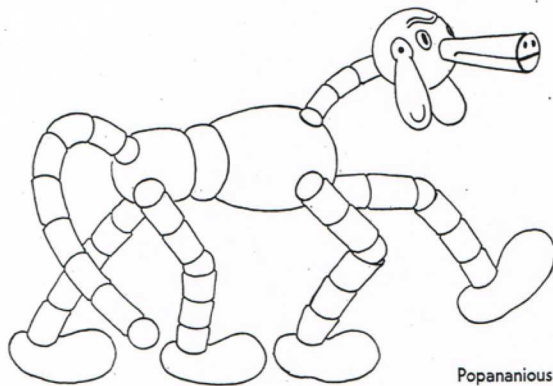
Mary Alice Heard

In 1949, the year Suzanne was born, Florence began writing preschool material for the Baptist Sunday School Board. With six children now in the family, she found this means of bringing in extra income. Her first unit was commissioned for *The Story Hour Leader*, a quarterly used for teachers of preschoolers on Sunday evenings. Later she was to write for *The Nursery-Beginner Leader*, a quarterly used by Sunday School teachers. Over the years she came to be known as an expert with four- and five-year-olds rather than toddlers, so this is the age group for which she wrote.

Material for a unit contained Bible

singing songs, making posters, and sharing about a particular topic. In addition to the Bible story, the teacher sometimes told another story related to children's interests—friendship, nature, family life, God's provisions—written by Florence or a colleague.

As years passed these units must have become a heavy burden to Florence. When deadlines loomed, she often sat up late into the night trying to put her ideas on paper. At our recent family reunion, some of us Hearn siblings looked at bound volumes of *The Nursery-Beginner Leader* and were amazed to see a picture of a toy that Daddy had brought us from one of his overseas trips. We had taken great delight in Popananius, as we named



Popananius

After a few repairs, Popananius resides on a shelf in the Heard house in Lexington and is available for play by children who like to use their imaginations.

stories and accompanying activities for a whole month, often written in conjunction with another writer. The format included advice to the beginner leader about how to set up the room, what pictures to use, what books to display, and activities that would carry out the theme for the month.

Even though Florence had experience working with preschoolers at church and, later, in kindergarten, coming up with well-written stories and new activities was difficult. Bible stories that are appropriate for children are relatively few, and not many of these stories have a beginning, middle, and end. Being creative with Bible stories was not an option.

Sunday School for preschoolers involved informal activities such as planting seeds, coloring pictures,

him (in a group effort). Accompanying the picture of Popananius was a story called "Bobby's Smile," about a little boy who one day wouldn't smile for his mother. She told him he needed a popananius, and when Bobby's father brought him one that afternoon, he laughed. We decided that Florence must have written this story in desperation, since the teachers who had to describe the toy would never have seen it.

As she wrote Florence surely drew on the many activities she enjoyed—beekeeping, capturing spider webs on paper, collecting leaves of different shapes, devising craft exercises, sewing, music, cooking, reading. She may not have found the unit writing her favorite pastime, but her gift of writing was a blessing to hundreds of preschool teachers who used her ideas. Many of them thanked her for it.

A perspective on moving your entire family across country

(or, Don't even think about trying to save money during a move)

Becky Burns

Most of you know that our family "up and moved" from Oklahoma to Virginia last October.

It wasn't really as last minute as I make it sound. In May of 2004, Jack was contacted by the CEO of Envictus, Inc., a very small company in northern Virginia, in hopes of hiring him as their director of sales. They negotiated for so long that we really thought it wasn't going to work out. Plus, Jack's job at Apple was going well, and we liked Oklahoma City and didn't want to move. However, they finally came to an agreement, and we decided to put our house on the market. Three weeks and three offers later we had a contract.

I've discovered some things about myself during this process. I don't like moving (does anyone?). I don't like change (again, does anyone?). However, God knew that I needed to exercise my faith in Him and get my focus back on things eternal rather than things temporal.

I'm sure some of you have moved many times more than we have, and you have your own interesting stories. However, for those of you who haven't yet experienced the joy of moving four children and a dog across country, I would now like to share some advice.

On finding a place to live . . .

◆ **Do** arrange to have an actual place to move *into* before actually moving across country.

◆ When looking for a home, **do** try to avoid getting into a head-on collision before you've seen even one house.

◆ **Don't** expect the EMT guys to be gentle with you when you say your neck hurts. **Do** expect the backboard to which they truss you to be excruciating.

◆ The next day, **don't** be surprised when a) your realtor doesn't call ahead to let anyone know we're showing up to look at their houses, and b) gets lost over and over again.

Continued on page 5





Hong Kong thumbnail

Mary Alice Heard

Recently I was asked, "Did you see any rickshaws in Hong Kong?" My answer was, "No, but I saw plenty of double-decker buses." Though a part of China since it became the Hong Kong Special Administrative Region in July, 1997, Hong Kong combines East and West in a unique and exciting way.

Hong Kong is actually an island. With its surrounding land, 1,042 square kilometers, it is only six times the size of Washington, D.C. On this land live almost 7 million people. Here are some of my impressions of this great city.

Hong Kong is a banking center, and it appears to have a rather large middle class. I saw more cell phones being used there than I've seen in Lexington. Stores are required to use both English and Cantonese in their advertisements. Many products in the grocery store are the same as you would find in the States, with packaging in English.

I was surprised to see religious services broadcast on television, and the city has evangelical churches of many denominations. Time will tell whether or not the Chinese socialist system, after the 50-year period of autonomy, will impose strict regulations on religious and capitalist practices.

The literacy rate in Hong Kong is 93%, I'm told. I saw many children wearing their school uniforms, and it's obvious that they are treasured. I also saw a number of middle school-aged children smoking.

One practice that surprised me is the use of bamboo poles for scaffolding. Bamboo is lightweight and inex-

pensive, and Hoover says that it is ideal for making scaffolds. Workmen can easily lash poles together so they can climb very high.

Because of the scarcity of land, buildings are many stories high. Karen told me of one subdivision in Hong Kong that consists of 99 apartment buildings, each of which has 40 stories.

I was only inside one apartment—the one Karen and Hoover were using. It had a living room, dining room, tiny kitchen, two small bedrooms, and two baths. Because of the small size of the refrigerator, they had to shop for food several times a week. A market was within walking distance, and it was busy every time I was there. Life in Hong Kong had the frenetic atmosphere of many American cities. I visited one mall that had seven different levels and hundreds of stores, many with familiar names. Except for their Asian language and complexion, the shoppers could have been your neighbors.

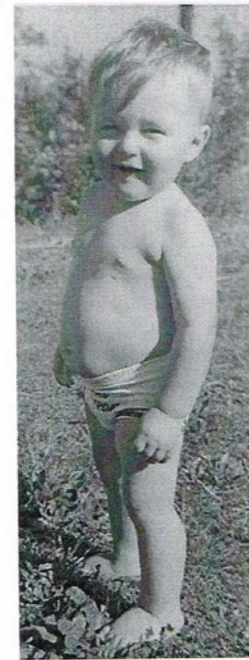
Transportation in Hong Kong makes getting around the city very easy. In addition to buses and the subway, there are many taxis. Those who rely on buses may purchase an Octopus card, which they swipe in front of a card reader as they enter the bus. When I was ready to leave Hong Kong, I turned in my Octopus card and was given a refund for the unused amount.

A rail line from the city out to the airport makes international flight a breeze. When I was leaving, I was able to check my suitcases at the train station, and I didn't see them after that until I arrived in Lexington. The airport is as modern and convenient as you'll find anywhere.

I hope you one day have a chance to visit Hong Kong.



Congratulations to Hoover and Karen Lee on the birth October 30, 2004, of Micaiah Samuel Jia-Rong Lee. He weighed 8 pounds, 4 ounces. Micaiah is the name of a prophet described in 1 Kings 22 who spoke the truth, even when the king asked for only good news. Samuel is the name of Hoover's grandfather. Jia-Rong, Micaiah's Chinese name, comes from 2 Cor. 3:18 in the Chinese Bible and means "add glory or honor." An English translation of this verse reads, "And we, who with unveiled faces all reflect the Lord's glory, ever-increasing glory, which comes from the Lord, who is the Spirit."



This little fellow looks like Dennis the Menace, doesn't he! Do you recognize him? If not, discover his identity on page 7.

A lifestyle of waddling

Traci L. Stovall

You all know that I am training to walk a half marathon (13.1 miles) in February. So how exactly does a lovely young woman who is 100+ pounds overweight begin on such an adventure?

Well, it started in the spring of 2002. I had recently ventured out on my own after a traumatic marriage. I was watching a documentary on Oprah Winfrey. She had a goal to run a marathon by the time she was 40 years old and accomplished it in her 40th year. Oprah had struggled on and off with weight. She was older than I. If she could do it, I could too, right? My brother Keith is a runner and had a goal of running a marathon one day. My sister Amy did too. So, I wanted to join in as well. There was something amazing to me about running a marathon. I felt that if I could run a marathon, then I could do anything. So, in the spring of 2002, I decided that one day I wanted to run a marathon. But first, I needed to get some weight off.

2002 came and went and, unfortunately, my weight loss wasn't going so fast. Having so much to lose, and having a goal so far off in the future wasn't motivating me. I was getting discouraged by the enormous task before me.

In the summer of 2004, Amy signed up for a half marathon with the American Stroke Association. She encouraged me to join her team, but with the team being in New Orleans, and me living in Hattiesburg, it wasn't very practical. I decided to do some research and found that there was a similar group in Hattiesburg, training with the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society. I went to the orientation meeting and signed my life away with a \$50 check to go toward my fundraising. I was committed.

I was still extremely overweight and obviously not a runner. So, the way to start was by simply placing one foot in front of the other and walking—moving!

One of my coaches suggested some

books by an author named John Bingham. I immediately bought all three of them. The first one was entitled *The Courage to Start*. Bingham began running in his mid 40's, was 80 pounds overweight, and was a smoker and heavy drinker. He has now completed 40 marathons and hundreds of 5-K and 10-K races, writes an article in Runners World magazine called "The Penguin Chronicles," and has developed a whole new outlook. Bingham notes that many runners are compared to fast animals such as cheetahs and rabbits. He says that he waddles when he runs, is slow, and relates to none of the former animals; he compares himself to a penguin! This is a man I can relate to. . . .

Bingham encourages me because he says the miracle is not that you finish the race, but the miracle is that you had the courage to start in the first place. Does that apply even to me—this 100+ pound overweight girl waddling in Mississippi???

I am only a few weeks away from my first half marathon and am down 25 pounds (notice that I said my *first* half marathon). I intend to complete this race, and I hope to complete many more. I've struggled with weight and exercise all my life, but there is something amazing about this race process. It's a short-term goal. You sign up, you train for several months, and you do it! Having so much to lose and trying to get such an overweight body in shape is overwhelming. But having a short-term goal makes all the difference in the world. My coach says that she intends to make marathons a way of life for her. I like that idea.

I'm nowhere near ready to run a mile, much less a marathon. But I am waddling, and one day I hope to waddle much faster! Thanks for your support of this overweight penguin! I'm loving life much more these days and am looking forward to February 27, 2005, and to the many races ahead of me!



A perspective on moving, cont'd

◆ **Don't** expect to actually find any place suitable. Instead, **do** plan on going into physical shock at the cost of living, followed by a descent into moving-blues despair.

Packing . . .

◆ **Don't** expect your husband to be able to help you with packing. Instead, **do** expect him to come down with full-blown pneumonia two weeks before your move.

◆ **Do** expect your two-year-old to follow around behind you unpacking boxes while you're not looking.

Moving day . . .

◆ **Don't** pass around a sign-up sheet for moving day help in the singles department at your church, even though you've been encouraged by said singles to do so.

◆ **Do** prearrange for professional movers to show up to load the truck, regardless of how many volunteers signed up.

◆ **Don't** underestimate how many linear feet your worldly belongings will take up on the moving truck.

◆ If you do, **do** go ahead and pay the extra costs associated with loading *all* of your things onto the truck.

◆ **Don't** decide to rent a U-Haul trailer for your excess belongings "to save money."

◆ If you do, then **do** gauge correctly what size U-Haul you'll need *before* loading your things onto it.

◆ **Don't** take all your children with you to the U-Haul store while you unload things from the too-small trailer into a larger U-Haul truck.

◆ **Don't** forget that using a truck instead of a trailer means you'll have to move across country separately.

◆ **Don't** argue over who "gets to drive the truck" and who "gets to drive four kids across country alone."

◆ **Don't** change your mind (too late) and wish you'd just loaded everything



Continued on page 6

A perspective on moving, cont'd
onto the moving van.

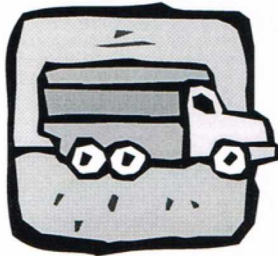
- ◆ Do try to avoid getting complete and total laryngitis on moving day.
- ◆ Do remind yourself constantly of the reasons that you decided to move.

At closing . . .

- ◆ Do finish moving all of your things out of your house before closing.
- ◆ Do show up on time to the closing.
- ◆ During closing, do try at least to appear that you've slept in the last three days.
- ◆ Don't let your son lock the new homeowner out of the master bathroom without your knowledge.

Across country . . .

- ◆ Don't expect the U-Haul truck to drive the entire way to Virginia (without a) getting a flat tire, b) breaking down, or c) both of the above at 3:00 a.m. in the middle of nowhere.
- ◆ When this happens, don't expect the guy at the U-Haul Customer Service Center to be helpful. Instead, do expect him to hang up on you.



- ◆ Do plan to pay for a last-minute plane ticket so that while your U-Haul is being repaired, you can make it to Virginia in time to meet the moving truck driver to unload your things into storage (and while you're at it, do expect him to show up two days earlier than he promised).

- ◆ At Grandmom and Granddaddy's house midway during the move, do expect them to take over with the kids while you sleep for two days straight! (Thanks, Mom!)

- ◆ Don't let your husband know about the luxurious treatment you're receiving while he's trying to get back through to U-Haul customer service.

In Virginia . . .

- ◆ Don't (I repeat, DON'T) ever stay at the Days Inn on Eldon Ave. in Herndon, Virginia.

Continued on page 8



Marcia and Gerald with Mississippi Congressman Gene Taylor

A bump in the road

Gerald Stovall

I retired in June of 2000 thinking I was going to see the world, take on a second job, and do all kinds of fun things. I was devastated when I discovered in July, 2001, that I had Parkinson's disease—news that appeared to change my retirement plans.

I had reached a turning point in my life, and I had to decide how to handle the Parkinsons. On one hand, I could become a recluse and spend my life introverted and feeling sorry for myself. The other choice was to keep going with my plans and also become an activist for Parkinson's research and funding. I tried the former for a while and decided it wasn't the answer.

Amy called us in the spring of 2003 to tell us about a walk-a-thon for Parkinson's, to be held in New Orleans. My whole family committed to go. It was a great time. The organizer was a young woman who was diagnosed with Parkinson's while in her early thirties. She became an inspiration to me. I decided not to let Parkinson's disease control my life.

I discovered several avenues of service. I learned of the Parkinson's Action Network, a Washington, DC-based advocacy group. Marcia and I were given a scholarship to attend their annual forum in DC. We went and had a great time. We spent two days listening to top scientists and researchers talk about current Parkinson's research. We also spent a day on Capitol Hill, visiting with Mississippi senators and representatives. It was a wonderful experience.

I was invited to become the Mississippi coordinator for Parkinson's

Action Network, and I accepted. I went back to Washington in November of 2004 for a training meeting, and Marcia and I are going back this month for our second forum.

In October, 2004, I created the Parkinson's Association of Mississippi. I spend time talking to Parkinson's patients and caregivers and to politicians. We are in the process of planning two fundraisers to be held in April, which is Parkinson's awareness month. One fundraiser is a do-it-yourself walk-a-thon. Participants seek sponsors, or pledges, walk at a place and time of their own choosing, and send the money to Parkinson's Association of Mississippi. The second is a raffle. Donations of prizes will be received from businesses, and tickets will be sold for two dollars each, three for five dollars, and six for ten dollars. The drawing will be held on April 25.

My website is www.parkinsonsms.org. My e-mail address is gerald@parkinsonsms.org.

There are several passages that have been of tremendous consolation to me:

□ "No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less; . . . any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind." *Devotions*, XVII, John Donne

□ "Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I took the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference." "The Road Not Taken," Robert Frost

□ "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us." Romans 8:37 RSV

Has my life turned out the way I planned? No, but it has been good.

Family news

On January 9 Amy Stovall and her roommate, Jenny Golemi, ran in a half marathon at Disneyworld in Florida on behalf of the American Stroke Association. At this writing Amy and Jenny have raised \$6,000 of the \$7,000 they hoped to raise. Good work, girls!

Traci Stovall is also training to run in a half marathon, this one on behalf of the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society. See her article regarding this event on page 5.

Jack Burns is the new Director of Education Services at Envictus, Inc., a young education services company that provides students and parents with information related to post secondary school choices (scholarship information, summer internships, specialty programs, etc.). The company provides schools a set of tools which give every student equal access to a wealth of up-to-date, individually tailored information via the Internet. Envictus is the first company to develop a methodology of tracking and reporting student outcomes from guidance curriculum. Jack is in charge of sales and implementations related to schools across the country. Initially, he will help design a research project to demonstrate efficacy of the product in the school setting. After initial deployment, the company will hire staff in key areas and he will be supervising the field sales and implementation teams. The company's website is www.envictus.com.

The little imp on page 4 is Jack Burns.



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* Fred, Suzie luskf@bellsouth.net
- *Address changed or corrected from previous list

553 Iowa

Allan Heard

During bouts of insomnia my mind sometimes wanders to my childhood. The first place I can remember living was 553 Iowa Avenue. I lived there much of my first seven years. But—I wonder—why do I remember the *address* where I lived more than sixty years ago? The answer is probably that my parents drilled that address and phone number (86) into my mind long before I could utter a word.

TVA was busy wiring the countryside, so I saw a lot of their trucks passing by. I was impressed by the trucks people called power wagons. I spent hours and days pretending my hand-me-down red wagon was one of those rugged-looking trucks. I would ride backward and forward, making ruts as deep as possible in our garden—"making a road."

World War II affected life at 553 Iowa, probably more than I realized. We were given ration stamps that allowed us to buy sugar and other commodities. There was also daily opportunity at Cleveland Street School to buy savings stamps that eventually were swapped for war bonds. During regular air raid practices we turned off all outdoor lighting, and we either turned off inside lights or hung blackout curtains over all windows. The blackout warden would chew us out if light showed past the curtains.

About 200 feet or so away, "up at the corner," was Hubbard's store. Neighborhood stores were common everywhere, not just in New Albany. Available provisions were pretty basic. Once in a great while I would become possessed of a nickel, which Mr. Hubbard would accept in exchange for one of my lifelong favorites—an RC Cola. These rare purchases enfran-

chised me to spend hours visiting with Mr. Hubbard—probably driving him nutty.

The reason we moved to 553 was asthma—mine. The place we moved from was rat-infested and full of coal soot. Unfortunately, moving did not solve the problem, but it helped. I had some more attacks but only one more killer. On that occasion my air passage was so constricted, I could barely draw air. Our regular doctor, himself asthmatic, was in Arizona recuperating from a major attack. Most other doctors were gone to war. My parents discussed calling the doctor who lived two houses away. He was a good



doctor but could not manage his alcohol. I had seen where he knocked a chunk from a power pole up at the corner. I begged them not to call him, but they believed I was about to die and called him anyhow.

Though it was the middle of the night, the doctor came quickly. He asked for a spoon and a glass of water. He took a match and heated a spoonful of water. Then he dissolved some white powder in the water and injected me with it. I relaxed and started breathing near-normally. Then I fell soundly asleep.

Unknown to me, during the night I was moved to a different room. I lay facing a pair of windows that overlooked a weedy cow pasture. As I began to stir, somebody set the pasture on fire. About the time I awoke, I heard voices behind me, but all I could see was fire. I screamed and began to cry. I truly thought I had died and gone to Hell.

I'm not superstitious, but I still don't hang around when I see a big grass fire.

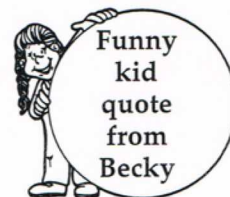
A perspective on moving, cont'd And finally . . .

◆ Do take joy in all the many, many simple pleasures that surround you each day: Green lights all the way to your destination. The giggle of your two-year old. The glimpse of a coyote in your back yard. A good book. Five pounds of sesame sticks delivered right to your door.

◆ Do rejoice that even in the midst of many trials and uncertainties, you are still secure in God and can be certain of His guidance in your life.

◆ Don't be surprised when God answers your prayers in ways that are completely unexpected.

While my do's and don'ts list humorously focuses on the negative aspects of our move, we truly had some big blessings as well. Our house sold in three weeks (the one across the street was on the market for about eight months). The company Jack was leaving offered to sell us the company car he'd been driving at half its blue book value. We finally did find a nice house to rent that's not too far away from Jack's office (and we're currently trying to work out a deal with the owners to actually purchase the home). While those who are slightly superstitious might view all our trials as a sign that we shouldn't have moved, we've embraced them (retrospectively!) as confirmations of our decision.



Say what?

While driving down the road in heavy traffic, I cautioned the kids to keep quiet so that I could focus on the road; I didn't want to crash. This got them started talking about car wrecks, and Abby asked me to tell them about a wreck I'd mentioned that had happened while I was pregnant with her. I said that that one had been just a fender bender.

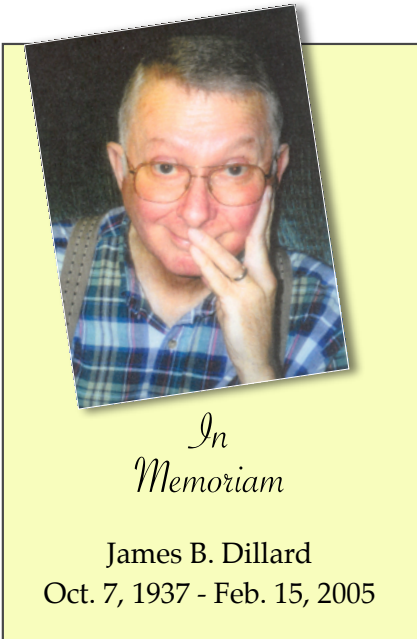
There was a brief pause, then Emily piped up from the back seat: "How many fingers did you bend?"

the

Hearn Herald

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James Borden Dillard, a native of Carrollton, Alabama, graduated from Samford University, where he met Mildred Hearn. They married in 1963. Jim and Millie eventually settled in Greenville, South Carolina, where he sold insurance and she taught school. Jim excelled in service to his church. He served as deacon, choir member, Sunday School teacher and director, and minister to seniors. His finest role, however, was that of husband to Millie and father to Brian, Beth, and Bonnie. It was a joy to know him

See tributes to Jim on page 3

Daddy's girl

Beth Lippard

My dad was extremely special to me. I guess you could call me a typical daddy's girl. As a small child, I would go running to the front door, yelling, "Daddy, Daddy!" when I heard him come home from work. That was just the beginning of our close relationship.

I have so many memories of doing things with my Dad. I loved to watch him shave! He used to use the old fashioned shaving lather that you mixed yourself with a brush and lathered on. It was fascinating. I can still see the way he moved his face as he made each careful stroke with his razor.

For some reason, I remember watching Dad change the spark plugs in one of our cars. Just Dad and me under the hood of the car. I do not know why that sticks in my mind, but it is as if it were yesterday. He had to measure the spark gap on each plug and set it just right. I believe it was the first (and probably last!) time he ever did it.

Sports have always been a big part of our family. Dad encouraged Brian, Bonnie and me to find what we enjoyed and stick with it. For a few years, Dad coached Bonnie's and my church basketball team. He had so much patience with our bunch of gangly girls. Dad knew me well as a player and encouraged me toward my strong points, while at the same time working with me to better myself in my weaker areas. Isn't that what coaching, as well as parenting, is all about?

Dad also helped me a lot with my running. I ran track in high school, but the girls' coach never taught me many fundamentals. Since Dad had run track in college and had the knowledge I needed, he was my best coach. He and I ran together some in the neighborhood, up to 8 miles on a few occasions. He enjoyed coming to see Brian and me at track meets when he could, cheering us on from the sidelines.

I have always enjoyed writing and I don't think I ever wrote anything, except perhaps when I was away at college, that I didn't have Dad proofread for me first. I trusted him so much because he was an English major in college and always found the mistakes I had overlooked. When I could not think of how to say something, he would have the word I was looking for. Even in recent years he has proofread web sites and brochures for Mark and me.

Yes, Dad and I had a special bond. I was always so proud to be seen with him and to call him my dad. He was tall and handsome and had a smile for everyone. I feel his loss greatly, as do we all, but I am comforted to know I will see him again in my other Father's house!



12-year-old Beth and her dad in 1978

My mission trip to Ecuador
Katie Beth Lusk

Thank you, all of you who contributed to this trip. If it were not for you I would not have been able to have this experience. On June 9 I went to the airport and met the people who were to go with me to Ecuador. After arriving, we went to the El Salvador school, which is run by Father Flavio, the rector of the Episcopal church in Ambato.

Friday we met the children and gave them school supplies we had brought for them. We also went to see the city that day. Saturday we got up early and met the youth group from the church. We rode with them to the Amazon rain forest, then rode across the Rio Verde river (in a sky-bucket) to an animal reserve.

Sunday we went to a church near Puya. The people were very friendly, and there were dogs which remained in the church during the service. After the service we went to a jean market and shopped (I actually bargained

with the vendors). Later we attended another service in Ambato. Monday and Tuesday we worked at the El Salvador school, leveling the ground in the playground area. We prepared the ground for cement, poured the cement, and put in a drainage pipe for water. Wednesday the children

presented a little ceremony to honor us and gave us small gifts. We drove to Quito for the rest of the trip; there we went to the equator, the Basilica (Catholic, we think), and an outdoor market.

The people were so kind and tried very hard to communicate with us. The youth laughed with us and welcomed us with open arms. I was sad to leave, but the trip helped me realize that not everything is as it seems, but we are living in a very blessed county. 20% of the Ecuadorian people live on less than \$1.00 a day. I also felt closer to God, and I learned to love the church I attend (we've recently changed to the Episcopal church). Now I can't wait until next year!



Katie Beth and friend



Our new focus
Keith Stovall

As many of you know, Ramie was placed in our home on March 17th, exactly one month after she was born on February 17th. She has been such a blessing to our family. Ramie is extremely active now. Highlights are her frequent smiling, laughter, sleeping through the night, and her unique vocalization. She loves bath time, song time, eating . . . *She really loves eating.* We can't wait for you all to meet her. Also, we'd love to share in greater detail the awesome testimony of how she came to be placed here with us. God was glorified through the process. We love you all.

Thanks!

Charles Hearn has completed two massive undertakings on behalf of our family. The first was converting Aubrey's 8-millimeter home movies to digital format and editing them, removing poorly lit sections and people he couldn't identify. Then he put the movies on a compact disk, with music in the background and a voice overlay identifying the people in the scenes. He shared the disks with each one of us.

The second project was collecting and scanning a number of old Hearn and Conner family photographs, enhancing them with special digital software, sorting and dating them, and putting them in scrapbook format. Lerma contributed to this project by helping to identify family members (since she knows more about the Hearn and Conner families than most of us do!), date the photos, and prepare genealogies. We are so blessed that Charles and Lerma took on these projects. We give them our heartfelt thanks.



Michael said something that made me smile the other day. He found me in the kitchen and said, very seriously, "Mom, I think we need to pray and ask God if we are supposed to live in America."

I asked him why, and he said, "Because in America they have lots and lots of Oreos."



Unnamed poem
*James Dillard**

Lovely angel,
 My precious wife;
 Crowning jewel—
 Queen of my life!
 My poems aren't famous
 Nor royal my names,
 But I married a Queen—
 So that makes me King James!

**Written in February, 1993*

Jim Dillard—good friend, good man

My father-in-law

Derek McCord

I knew Jim Dillard as a father-in-law. I have yet to see a better one. Jim, and Millie as well, had the unique ability to know when was "a time to be silent and a time to speak." They gave counsel and advice when asked and had the supreme self-control not to give any when it was not being sought from them. Jim walked the perfect balance of being involved in the lives of his adult children and grandchildren without being too involved. (I'm sure those of you who have a different type of in-law know *exactly* what I mean!) He will serve as my role model when the time comes for me to step into a new position of father-in-law to my children's spouses.

You probably noted from the obituary the listing of John and Hallie as grandchildren of Jim's. This was not necessary, nor would I have felt slighted if they were not listed. However, Jim and Millie have always accepted them as such since I have been remarried. I think this tells you a lot about the kind of people Jim and Millie were and are. They embraced all who came into their lives equally with grace and love. I deeply appreciate that about them both.

When I remember Jim, I think of Alexis de Tocqueville's famous observation after his visit to America in the 19th century. He said, "America is great because she is good. If America ceases to be good, America will cease to be great." Jim Dillard was a great man . . . because he was a good man. He will live fondly in my memories until we meet again in a better place.

Meditation

*Jim Dillard**

As I pause to meditate
Upon you, Lord—I humbly wait.
Till my will can take its flight—
To live by faith, and not by sight.

So soften now my hardened heart
And cast away that stubborn part.
Let my cares and pride recede
For Christ is all I'll ever need!

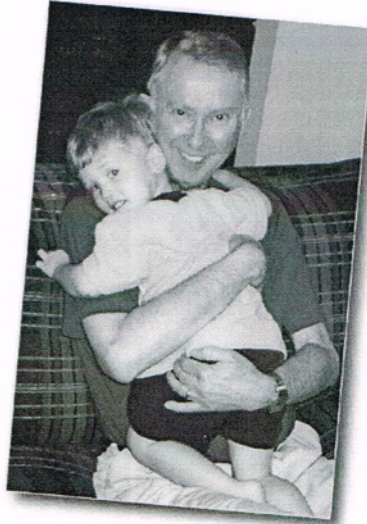
**Dated April 11, 1979*

Jim Dillard—true gentleman

Marcia Stovall

There are so many admirable qualities I could use to describe Jim Dillard. First of all, I think of Jim as being faithful. He loved the Lord and encouraged his family to love Him. He loved his church and served there faithfully for many years. Jim was

faith-



Jim with grandson Braxton

ful to Millie. He treated her with respect and kindness. He loved his children and was faithful to them as well.

Besides being faithful, Jim was an encourager to others. I met Jim at Howard College. From the start Jim treated me like a kid sister. He listened to me and made me feel I was important to him. He didn't mind telling me if he thought I was headed in the wrong direction.

Jim was also kind-hearted and a gentleman. He liked to help others whenever he could.

When I talked to Jim at Derek's home after Bonnie died, Jim comforted me instead of my comforting him.

I am sure when Jim went to heaven, the Lord said, "Well done, my good and faithful servant." I admired Jim Dillard so much and will always miss him.

Remembrances of James Dillard

Suzie Lusk

When I first met James Dillard I was about 14 years old. He was extremely tall, I thought. He was very skinny then, and I had to look up to see him. I immediately loved him because he made me feel special. Millie showed me her ring the night she got it in Nashville—what excitement!

Over the years before I married I spent a lot of time with James and Millie. One summer they let me stay with them in Oklahoma City, and I went to summer school to take American history). James was so sweet to me, and I loved playing with Brian, who was a baby then. Later, when they lived in Nashville, I spent time in their apartment, and along came Beth. James never seemed to get upset that I was staying with them so much.

In Greenville I visited many times over the years. James sold me my first life insurance policy. He was funny and easygoing. I loved being with their family, playing with Brian, Beth, and then Bonnie, and just hanging out when I wasn't in school. I have always felt that James was just another member of the Hearn family—another sibling of mine.

The last time I saw James was at a basket convention in February. Millie, James and I stayed in the same hotel room to save money (C. Aubrey's children!). We watched TV together and went out to eat at a restaurant. I asked James if his children talked back to him or were ugly to him when they were teenagers. He said he couldn't remember specifically, but generally they did not. I believe him because those three were and are the sweetest people I know!

I have never known a kinder and more considerate person than James Dillard. He treated Millie always with respect, and they had a deep and profound love for each other. I know he is missed by every member of this family, and we cherish the day we will see him again in heaven.



My friend Rosemary

Nancy Clark

Rosemary Troxler is a most phenomenal lady. She is one of the most cheerful people I know, in spite of having had many trials throughout her life. Rosemary is around 83, and she lives near Greensboro, NC.

When she was a young woman, she moved to California and played cello in an all-women symphony orchestra. Later she returned to North Carolina, met B.C. Troxler, and married. They had five children. Their oldest son was tragically killed in a fire. Another, although brilliant, has a mental disability. One of her grandsons was killed recently in a motorcycle accident.

B.C. and Rosemary were married for over 50 years. B.C. died about 10 years ago, but Rosemary is still going strong. She has played in the Philharmonia, a community orchestra of which I've been a member for over 20 years. Lately she's had pneumonia and other problems and just doesn't have the strength to play.

Rosemary has worked for a family-owned company for many years. Before B.C. died, he and Rosemary sold the company to their children, John and Rosemary. Rosemary senior still does the payroll and pays invoices, working out of her son's home office. She also goes to concerts at Elon University, does lots of volunteer work, and is a member of numerous clubs.

On one recent Saturday, I went with another friend, also a cellist, to visit Rosemary. We went out to lunch, and then we went to her house and played the card game, Spite and Malice. We had lots of fun playing. Elsewhere I've listed the rules, and I hope we can play the game at our next reunion.

Rosemary is a cut-up, and whenever I go anywhere with her, she is always friendly to strangers. She told me recently that since people are so often troubled or sad, she feels it is her job in life to bring someone a smile! I hope I can be like that when I'm 83!

Procedures for Spite and Malice*

1. Use one complete card deck for each person playing the game.
2. Shuffle all cards together.
3. Deal four cards to each person, face up.
4. Deal five cards to each person. This is his hand.
5. Deal fifteen cards to each person. All of these should be face down except the top card.
6. Place all remaining cards face down in the center of the table, in one stack.
7. The player to the left of the dealer must discard all aces and twos, face up, in the center of the table. The same is the case for all succeeding players.
8. All jokers are wild cards. These wild cards cannot be aces or twos; you cannot begin a pile with a wild card.
9. Build up each pile in the center with ace, two, three, four, etc. If a person cannot put down a succeeding card, he must discard on one of the four cards. Disregard suits.
10. There must be only four discard piles per person. You can discard on top of another card but leave the card underneath showing. Once you cover up a card, the card on top of it must be used first.
11. After each face-up pile in the center reaches king, remove it from the center and put face down on the side. Cards that accumulate in this way, may be shuffled and added to the center pile at the bottom.
12. At each turn, each person should have five cards in his hand. If you play or discard cards, then at the beginning of your next turn, draw out the appropriate number of cards from the center pile. If you use up your entire hand when you play, you may draw five more cards from the center pile.
13. The object of the game is to get rid of all the cards in the fifteen pile. The first person who does this is the winner. Keep an eye on the top card of your neighbor's fifteen pile. For instance, if your neighbor has a 10 on top of his pile, don't put a 9 down in the center. This is where the *spite* and *malice* come in.

**Doesn't this sound a lot like Flinch, the card game we played so often years ago?*

Deluxe tree trimming

Suzie Lusk

Fred had promised me that he would help trim some low limbs in the front yard this summer. Monday I asked him please to save a day next week for that purpose. Wednesday night (July 6) we went to church for a book study on *God's Politics* by Jim Wallis. We knew there was a tornado warning in neighboring counties, and it *did* get very dark and rain hard, but we weren't too concerned.

We could hardly see to drive home that night, and when we got to our street, trees were all over the street, plus one across our driveway. Because it was raining so hard we couldn't see, we waited to get out of the truck. We weren't sure if the house was even there!

The house was still standing and so was my car, but just about every tree in the yard was down. Our front and side yards really look like a war zone! We had minor damage to one

side of the house, and we lost the dog pen (fence and dog houses), but other than that we and our animals (3 adult dogs, 10 puppies, 1 pregnant female cat, and one male kitten) are okay.



Suzie and Fred's yard after the storm

I guess God was helping me out with the tree trimming! Sadly, insurance does not pay for tree removal unless the tree is directly leaning on the house.

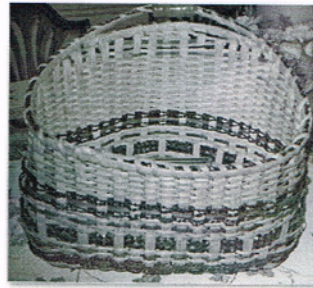


Millie, our basket lady
Mary Alice Heard

A unique basket sits in almost every room of our house. All are gifts from Millie Dillard, who never fails bring a basket when she visits. Since she began weaving baskets in 1988, Millie has taken great joy in giving gift baskets to her friends and family. She loves to try new challenges, so few of the baskets are the same ones she's made before.

Occasionally Millie has sold baskets she's made, but usually she makes them to give away. Her pleasure in crafting a lovely basket is only surpassed by the joy she receives from sharing with others. She's just completed basket number 643.

The Hearn family is blessed to have these baskets, because as years pass they will be handed down to the next generation. Our children will remember the lovely lady who shared her gifts so willingly. The baskets are part of their heritage. Thank you, Millie, for your craft skills and your generosity!



Thomas Young Conner (1845 - 1924)
Lerma Hearn

The War Between the States broke out in April, 1861. Six months later, 16-year-old Thomas Young Conner enlisted. The following year he re-enlisted, in Company D of the 2nd Georgia regiment. For a while things went exceedingly well, but during the fall Thomas was captured, and imprisoned in Louisville, Kentucky. Shuttled from one Union prison to another, including one in Cairo, Illinois, he was eventually put on a boat and sent to a prisoner exchange in Vicksburg, Mississippi.

After going home to Georgia for a few days, the 17-year-old rejoined his company at Murfreesboro, Tennessee in December of 1862—in time for the Battle of Stones River. Late the following year he fought in the Battle of Chattanooga. When the war ended a month and a half after his 20th birthday, the young veteran was free to go home to stay.

Soon, however, Thomas moved to Tuskegee, in Macon County, Alabama, and after about three years he married Mary Virginia Covington, five feet tall with gray eyes and



Thomas Young Conner, paternal grandfather of Florence Conner Hearn

brown hair. Seven inches taller than his bride, Thomas had black hair and black eyes. Over a period of 21 years, Thomas and Mary Virginia had nine

children, all of whom survived to adulthood. In fact, with the exception of one who died in an influenza epidemic and another (the father of Florence Conner Hearn) who died in a gas plant explosion, the children all survived to an average age of 84.

Thomas himself apparently had only a limited education, yet during the last twenty years of his life he gave a great deal of his time to the cause of education, being especially interested in the schools of Macon County. Of his nine children, all seven sons and at least one daughter attended college. Most, perhaps all, attended Alabama Polytechnic Institute (renamed Auburn University), as have several generations of his descendants. Many studied engineering.

By the late 1890s, Thomas owned a cottonseed oil mill in Gadsden, about 100 miles north of Tuskegee. His son Thomas Ganaway became operator of

Continued on page 6

Friend, family man, gravy master
Mary Alice Heard

We were privileged to have the Dillard's visit in our home numerous times, and we never saw Jim when he wasn't cheerful and self-effacing. As the years passed, his health deteriorated, but he never complained about being in pain. He had fun joking with our children and enjoyed the bedlam that the six cousins created.

What will we do for gibleb gravy with Jim gone? At our Thanksgiving gatherings through the years he volunteered to create it. Jim's gibleb gravy was not something to be whipped up in a few moments. He added a flour mixture to the turkey stock and stirred slowly for many minutes, gradually adding many spices from my cabinets, occasionally tasting to see if it had reached perfection. The giblets and boiled eggs were minced in tiny pieces, just the way he wanted. He also generously contributed turkey stock to the cornbread dressing, so that it too would be flavorful.

Jim's great strength was as a father. I enjoyed seeing how he disciplined Brian, Beth, and Bonnie when they were teens. He loved to tease them about their clothes, their schoolwork (or lack thereof), and their English.

Jim Dillard was a man of great inner strength. We will miss him!



Do you recognize this cutie pie? If not, find out who she is on page 7.

Thomas Young Conner (cont'd)
the mill a few years before his marriage to Lena Allen; another son, "Covey," took over the operation and moved it south to Enterprise in 1904. A third son, Herschel Henry Conner, later served as president of the Eufaula Cotton Oil Company,



The former T.Y. Conner home, Tuskegee, Alabama, now serves as the office for a realtor.

"Manufacturers and Dealers in Cotton Seed, Peanuts, and their Products." H. H. Conner became the long-term mayor of Eufaula.

In 1916 Thomas's oldest son, Robert, together with the youngest two sons, Hornady and Frank, founded Conner Brothers Construction Co. in Auburn. This company exists today. Its website, www.connerbros.com, proudly announces that it is "Celebrating 89 Years of Excellence in Institutional Construction." The site lists several multimillion-dollar projects.

Two of Thomas and Mary Virginia's grandsons, Clarence Lee Conner Atkeson and his brother John Conner Atkeson, became rear admirals in the U.S. Navy. John was awarded a Navy Cross for heroism in WW II, and Clarence (CLC) served the entire year of 1953 as base commander of Guantanamo Bay Naval Base in Cuba.

In Thomas' obituary, one of his sons wrote, "His was a quiet and unassuming character, but those who knew him best recognized him as a strong man, with an unflinching faith in God, confidence in his fellow man, rare judgment of men and things, courage of his convictions even

though he stood alone, determination to carry on in things he undertook, and patience to wait for results even though the time seemed long."

The son continued, "His children are thankful for such a father, his love, sympathy, and splendid kind advice will ever be remembered as

will also the lively interest he always felt in the care and advancement of his grandchildren, who loved him and always counted it a special privilege to be allowed to visit him because of his loving smile and unflinching kindness to them."

Through their nine children, Thomas and Mary Virginia had 54 grandchildren, of whom a very few are still living. They had

at least 94 great grandchildren, and I have 116 of their great great grandchildren in my family history database. Something I'd like to investigate is how many of these descendants entered some engineering, scientific, or technical field; so many of them, even today, seem to be following the path of those early generations.

Reunion on the way!
Suzie and Lerma are planning our next family reunion for Chattanooga in July, 2006. Mark off July 13-16 on your calendar, and expect an e-mail from Lerma soon with all the information.

Emperor Qin's army of man-sized soldiers

Mary Alice Heard

One of the most fascinating sites in China is a large pit in Xian that contains remnants of the first emperor's buried army. Emperor Qin (pronounced *Chin*) Shi Huang, the first emperor of the Qin dynasty, became king of the Qin state when he was 13. In 238 B.C., when he was 22, he seized power from regents, and by the age of 38 he had conquered the six neighboring states to unify China for the first time. Among the contributions Qin made were agricultural and political reforms, standardization of measurements, standardization of a common script, and construction of the Great Wall.

Qin was a ruthless tyrant, however, and among his evil acts was the destruction of most of the books in the country. When Confucian scholars objected, he ordered over 400 of them killed. Another 700 who refused were buried alive. He oppressed the people by imposing heavy taxes, and he conscripted thousands of people to work on the Great Wall. In the second year after he became king he began work on his mausoleum, which took 30 years and an estimated 700,000 workmen to complete.

To protect and accompany the emperor in the afterlife, he ordered the construction of a massive number of soldiers, possibly as many as 8,000, which were to be buried in battle formation near his tomb. The soldiers, some as tall as 6 feet, were made of terra cotta clay and baked in kilns. The warriors—bowmen, infantrymen, cavalrymen, and soldiers of differing ranks—were individually shaped by artisans. Their armor and clothing were painstakingly designed. Red or green paint was used to color the soldiers' uniforms; unfortunately, oxygen in the air caused the paint to fade when the soldiers were



A terra cotta archer minus his bow and arrows, which, made of wood, deteriorated over time

Magic carpet ride

Thomas K. Hearn, Jr.

My greatest concern for the best of this generation, the best of your graduates and mine, is that these students are so sophisticated, accomplished, worldly, traveled—perhaps I should say “programmed”—that they have education mastered. They have school figured out. They know where they are going and what it takes to get there. School is a game, and they are the winners. Their parents' dreams are coming true.

What is missing in this outlook is any sense of discovery, adventure, wonder, possibility, or any thought that they might find around some corner of their minds an unknown passion leading in some new direction. Aristotle said that all knowing begins in wonder, and these most successful of our students lack wonder. They are on the fast track—destinations chosen.

Each year at our convocation for entering students, I recite Shel Silverstein's marvelous little homily, “Magic Carpet.” I hope you know it. I trust you will join me in spreading its enduring lesson.

unearthed.

After farmers digging a well discovered pottery pieces in 1974, archaeologists who explored the site were amazed to see the immensity of the project. The soldiers are buried in four large pits. The first pit is larger than the length of two football fields and is half again as wide. Deep trenches between packed earth walls held the soldiers in formation. The ravages of time caused the roof, made of timber, fiber matting, and tilled earth, to disintegrate and fall in on the soldiers. Most were broken, such that workers have had to painstakingly reconstruct each soldier. The work continues very slowly.

Emperor Qin's mausoleum has yet to be unearthed. He designed it with many booby traps, including

*You have a magic carpet
That will whiz you
through the air,
To Spain or Maine or
Africa
If you just tell it where.*

*So will you let it take you
Where you've never been
before,
Or will you buy some
drapes to match
And use it
On your
Floor?*

Too many of our best and brightest students are buying drapes. They have fixed their destination. No matter how much they accomplish or how much they achieve, they may miss the joy and wonder of education and discovery. That experience is “the ride of their lives.”

We must see that the joy and discovery of some domain yet to be explored continues to surprise and delight young minds, for upon such uncharted explorations our future, their future—indeed the future of the world—depends.

**Excerpt from “Schools and American Cultural Conflict,” remarks to the Southern Association of Independent Schools, Atlanta, October 8, 2002. Used with permission.*



Tom Hearn

rivers of poisonous mercury. He was so concerned that it not be located that he ordered all artisans and workmen involved in the construction, as well as childless concubines, be interred with him when he died. Ironically, his dynasty was short lived. A peasant uprising overthrew the Qin regime just a year after his death in 207 B.C.

I hope you have a chance to visit Xian and see this army for yourself.

**My reality
check
bounced!**



the **Hearn Herald**

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FEBRUARY, 2006

**Dance of the death lilies, or
Why you shouldn't eat things that you dig
up out of your back yard**

Lisa Ragone

The last weekend of May in Hingham, Massachusetts, was really nice and warm for most of Saturday, which was wonderful since the spring had been very cold and rainy here in eastern Massachusetts. To take advantage of such a fine Memorial Day weekend, Andy and I decided to do a lot of yard work and enjoy the good weather. I wanted to extend my little raised rock garden that is right off our deck in back of the house, and Andy wanted to get the herb garden under control and do some weeding and trimming. We also went out and bought a few vegetable plants (peas, tomatoes, and peppers), herbs (basil, parsley, and peppermint) and some decorative plants to brighten things up a bit (coleus, poppies, lilies, and daisies).

While cleaning up an area near our arbor vitae tree, Andy unearthed a chivelike congregation of stalks that he thought might be wild onions. We talked about having them for dinner, along with some chickweed he had found. I had eaten things out of my lawn before on the advice of trusted sources, so this didn't seem like a very strange suggestion to me.

I went off in the truck in search of more rocks for my garden wall, and I stopped at the store to pick up some sausages to grill. When I returned Andy was about to help Dan with some computer problems via telephone, so I started the charcoal and cleaned up a handful of the onion-like plants to have with dinner.

After all the items were thoroughly

grilled, I dropped one of the smallest 'onions' through the grate as I was attempting to put it on the plate. I removed the grate and grabbed it with my tongs, because I didn't want it to go to waste. (The ten second rule still applies, doesn't it?).

I made up a plate for myself and settled down to watch the Red Sox game while I ate. I gobbled up that first little bulb that had fallen on the coals. It didn't taste good, but I thought that was just because it had been burnt. The green part of the stalk tasted just fine. After a few more bites of sausage I bit into another larger bulb. It tasted HORRIBLE so I spit it out, but for some reason I ate the greens of the other two items on my plate.

Maybe that was because I was feeling guilty about not having more vegetables with my meal, or because I was programmed as a child to finish everything on my plate so that I could have dessert.

Dessert was still cooking on the grill—a little specialty I learned from my friend Jamie called the "butt crack banana." It sounds and usually looks bad, but it tastes great!

I had walked to the convenience store while the grill was heating up looking for Smores ingredients, but they had no marshmallows so I opted for the banana delicacy mentioned above. (Recipe provided on page 4.)

I hadn't cleaned up from gardening all day, so I decided to take a nice relaxing bath. While chilling out in the warm water I started to feel a bit nauseous and began to salivate a great deal. The bath wasn't much fun any more, so I decided to get out. I felt as though I were going to get sick, but kneeling before the porcelain goddess didn't bring the desired effect. I took some Maalox and tried to lie down in bed.

continued on page 2

"Don't be TOO alarmed," he said, "but I think that what you ate was called death camas or death lilies. They are poisonous . . ."



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and more

Dance of the death lilies, cont.

I fell asleep for about 90 minutes, then woke up feeling much worse. I called to Andy for help, and he brought me a big bowl, which I filled up with the contents of my stomach. Luckily I had been drinking lots of fluids all day. Andy did some research on the computer and came back to the bedroom to share the results with me. "Don't be TOO alarmed," he said, "but I think that what you ate was called death camas or death lilies. They are poisonous, and you have six of the seven symptoms listed on the web page."

Sure enough, I had consumed a little plant called *Zigadenus venenosus*. The death camas sometimes kill sheep that are stupid enough to eat them, or women who don't use the common sense that they were supposedly born with.

Andy called the local hospital and explained the situation, and they strongly suggested that we come in and pay them a visit. In retrospect, we probably should have called the poison control center rather than the hospital, but they would have advised us to go to the emergency room as well. Death camas can have some pretty deleterious effects on your heart (one of the six symptoms that I was experiencing was an increased heart rate), and since we weren't sure how much you had to consume before that was the case, the prudent thing to do was to let the medical professionals decide.

Andy helped me get dressed and in the car, and I took a large plastic stadium cup with me (for some reason we have quite a few of these in our cupboards), just in case there was something left in my stomach that wanted to make a return trip. He also brought along the remains of the grilled but uneaten onion-like items in a plastic bag. The ten-mile ride to the South Shore Hospital didn't take very long in the middle of the night,



and we got checked in very quickly, but then we waited for almost an hour before I was able to see the doctor.

The nurses took all my vitals and listened to my silly story, then raised their eyebrows when I showed them the onion-like objects in the bag. I shudder to think how they would have reacted if I told them that we had a huge bin full of worms in our basement eating our garbage . . .

The very nice doctor gave me a similar "what in the world were you thinking?" look when it was her turn to hear the story that brought us together, and she had me hooked up to the EKG machine for half an hour to make sure that my heart was still operating properly. That turned out fine, but they still wanted to keep me the rest of the night for observation purposes, so they put me in a room and let Andy come in and visit me. I tried to tell them that I was feeling

much better and I would promise not to eat anything from my backyard that I hadn't actually planted for consumption purposes (I would later break that promise this summer with the volunteer cantaloupe, acorn squash and tomatoes that showed up in our garden, courtesy of the compost created by the aforementioned worms), but the doctor protested that she and her staff were really nice people, and they would enjoy my company until their shift was over at 7 the next morning.

They may have enjoyed my company, or were possibly just enjoying a good chuckle at my stupidity, but I certainly didn't enjoy the next part of the emergency room ritual, the dreaded IV. I've got all sorts of great veins on my right arm that the phlebotomists ooh and aah over when I give blood, but the first nurse insisted on trying to put the IV in the back of my left hand. She got it in, but when I told her that it still was

giving me quite a bit of pain 5 minutes after insertion, she took a look under the gauze and pulled it out immediately. Then she tried the back of my right hand, but I guess that didn't work either, because I soon had a bruise the size of a plum from the uncooperative vein. (When I finally got to see my left hand after I removed the gauze later that morning, I had a similar bruise on that paw.) Finally they brought in the IV veteran, and she put the dreaded thing into my left arm. It was uncomfortable, but at last effective.

I tried to get some sleep that night, but all the hustle and bustle of the emergency room, the beeping machines, the crying and moaning coming from the other patients, and the automatic blood pressure cuff that activated itself every 15 minutes without fail, prevented me from getting many winks.

Because I hadn't gotten sick since being in the emergency room, and my heart rate was back to normal, they released me in the morning into Andy's care.

I can think of better ways to spend your birthday weekend, but we did construct a very nice garden, and I also learned some valuable lessons:

1. Sometimes a U.S. Coast Guard officer is no smarter than mutton;
2. If someone is sticking a piece of metal into your body, if possible you should exercise some degree of control over where it is inserted;
3. The "butt crack banana" is just as delicious when heated up in the microwave the day after being cooked on the grill; and
4. Waste not, want not is NOT always the best aphorism by which to live your life.





Debris removed from Jenny Golemi's home after hurricane Katrina

My Katrina experience

Amy Stovall

Evacuating for a hurricane is a common practice for us New Orleans natives. When hurricane season comes, one prepares to leave at least once for an unexpected vacation. The drill goes pretty much the same way: get pictures and anything valuable, load up the car, head out of town, and then come home in a few days. The drill had become so common for me that I did not even take pictures and valuables this time. Really not taking the possibilities very seriously, Teresa and I were actually shopping on Saturday morning when we heard people talking about the hurricane and decided that we should head out. Since Keith, Teresa, and Ramie were visiting for the weekend, I decided to go home with them. I loaded up enough clothes for a few days, cleaned out my refrigerator (isn't that crazy!), and headed to Summit. I did not take pictures this time, I am not sure why. I guess that I have become so familiar with the drill that I really did not prepare properly. I only took the food from my fridge and some clothes.

After the storm, I was anxious to hear how New Orleans had fared. Keith and Teresa's electricity was out, so I had to go to the car to listen to the radio. I spent a majority of the next few days in the car. When I realized that most of New Orleans was under water, I assumed the worst. Knowing that I had not taken even one picture with me, I mourned the possible loss of everything I owned. The next month was spent in uncer-

tainty; I was not sure what the future would hold. Unable to go to New Orleans, I could only watch the news and wonder.

The day came for us to go to Metairie and see how my home had fared. I was amazed to see that there was no damage at all! No water, no broken windows, no roof blown off. I stood amazed to see that my electricity was even on.

Just a month before Katrina hit, I had moved out of my friend Jenny's home. I had lived with Jenny for a year and a half, and we had both just felt like it was time for a change. Jenny's house is located not even a mile from Seventeenth Street Canal, one of the infamous canals that broke after Katrina. Jenny's house suffered extreme damage with over ten feet of water. She lost everything that she did not take with her.

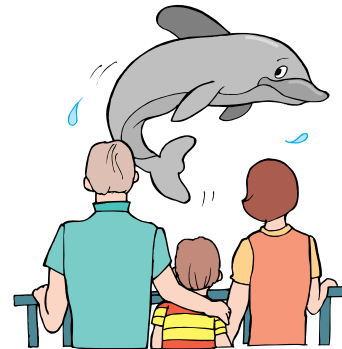
I have been amazed that my lack of preparation for Katrina turned out okay. It did not for everyone. I know many who also did not bring pictures and valuables and lost them all. Evacuation had become so common that we did not take it very seriously.

For many of us, Christianity has become the same way. It is such a common part of our lives that it loses its seriousness. I now realize how wrapped up in this world I was before Katrina. I hope that when the end of my life comes I will be prepared. I hope the same for you.

Reunion 2006—Chattanooga!

We have group reservations for Thursday, July 13, through Sunday, July 16, 2006, at the Country Inn & Suites, Chattanooga North. It's a new hotel that opened just last summer, with a big (about 800 square feet) meeting room for games, talent shows, snacking, and generally hanging out—also reserved for us.

The Inn is about a ten-minute drive from downtown Chattanooga and its attractions—Tennessee Aquarium, Creative Discovery Museum, Chattanooga Choo Choo, and the Riverwalk. Then there's Coolidge Park, the Walnut Street Walking Bridge, the Southern Belle Riverboat, and not too far away Lookout Moun-



tain with its Incline Railway, Rock City, Ruby Falls, and Civil War sites. There's so much to see and do in the area that we certainly won't exhaust our options. (Lerma has lots of info and needs a few volunteers to help plan some activities. Can we have another kids' "supersoftball" game??)

The hotel provides a free Continental breakfast that includes do-it-yourself Belgian waffles. Suzie is planning our food for lunches and suppers.

For those who choose to fly instead of driving, Chattanooga Metropolitan Airport (Lovell Field) is also about a 10-minute drive from the Inn.

If you didn't receive her recent e-mail with reservation details, Lerma asks that you get in touch with her right away.




See you in July!



My visit to the petroglyphs

Samuel Heard

Following is a story Samuel wrote about a field trip he took with his dad.

On the 20 of Nov
 we went to the Petroglifs
 they looked like this:

 And we saw a
 bereal grante we climbed
 rocks and we saw
 a rock that said
 do not climb any
 more. And we saw
 a snake sine that
 looked like this 
 that meant there
 snakes here. I will
 like to visit
 -it there again 



Joel and Samuel Heard at the site of 3000-year-old petroglyphs about 75 miles from Almaty, Kazakhstan, their home. The drawings are the work of Scythians who lived there from the 9th century B.C. until the 7th century A.D.



Hot chocolate banana split surprise

Lisa Ragone

Ingredients: Bananas, candy bar bits, aluminum foil

I personally like the darkest chocolate available, but you could use any type of chocolate, as long as you cut it into slender pieces. I've also used chocolate chips, and it turns out just fine once properly melted. You could also put some marshmallows and pieces of graham cracker in there if you want smore-ize this dessert.

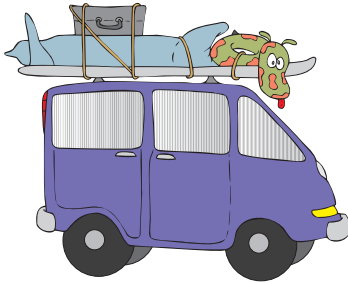
Grasp the banana so that it is curving towards you, and cut a slit down the whole length of the banana and peel, but don't cut the peel that is closest to your hand. Put your chosen chocolate into the chasm you have created (the more you put in, the better, as far as I'm concerned).



Wrap the banana in 2-3 layers of aluminum foil, and place

directly on coals, campfire, or in your oven while you are cooking other items. (I have no idea what temperature or duration to advise you, because I usually put them on the grill when I start cooking the main course and don't remove them until I'm ready to eat dessert.) Be sure that the unsliced peel is facing towards the floor/ground, or your chocolate may escape before you have a chance to enjoy it with the warm mushy banana goodness you have created.

Remove with pot holders or welder's gloves (yes, I have also tried making this in the fireplace, and it worked out just fine), place in a bowl, unwrap carefully, and enjoy as soon as possible without burning your tongue.



Hopscotch over Arkansas

What do you get when two people start out in Oklahoma, strap on two cats and a lot of junk, put on their seven-league boots, and hopscotch over Arkansas?

Look for the answer in the "Family News" section on page 7.



Olivia, explaining God to me (she had been learning about the Holy Spirit in her class at church):
 "God doesn't has any arms or legs. He doesn't has any eyes or tummy or hair. He's an *experiment*."

Emily, conversing with me about Jesus (I had been explaining Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension):
 Me: "And after Jesus appeared to many people, He ascended into heaven . . ."
 Emily (breaking in): "Jesus SINNED?"

"Since you cannot do good to all, you are to pay special attention to those who, by accidents of time, or place, or circumstance, are brought into closer connection with you."
 St. Augustine



Lummi sticks

Nancy Clark

Here is a game that Mary Alice and I learned in Girl Scouts years ago. I remember playing it a lot, and enjoying it, although it is a little tricky. Lummi Sticks is a rhythm game played by two or more persons performing various patterns of stick actions to the beat of a chant. It originated with the Lummi Indians, who are the farthest north of the Puget Sound tribes. (Lummi is generally pronounced with a short *u*, but the tribe name has a long *u* sound.) Other Polynesian and New Zealand cultures have similar games with different songs. According to an internet site, Lummi Sticks is an Americanized version of the Maori stick game "Ti Rakau."

The sticks you need for playing the game can easily be made by cutting 3/4 x 36 dowels in half. When Mary Alice and I played, we called it "limisticks," and we used broom handles cut to about 12" lengths.

You can experiment with the stick movements by first hitting the sticks on the floor 4 times, then flipping them one hand at a time 4 times, then tossing sticks to the other hand 4 times, then flipping both sticks at the same time.

Playing the game:

Learn the song first, since it is the glue that keeps everyone together. Then partners sit cross-legged facing each other no more than two stick lengths apart. Sticks are held in the thumb and fingers and at the bottom third of the stick.

- 4x (Beat 1) hit the floor
- (Beat 2) hit own sticks
- (Beat 3) hit partner's right stick
- (Beat 1) hit floor
- (Beat 2) hit own sticks
- (Beat 3) hit partner's left stick
- 4x Same as above, except hit both of partner's sticks on 3rd beat.

- 4x Same as above, except toss stick to partner on 3rd beat.
- 4x Same as above, except toss both sticks on 3rd beat.
- 4x Hit floor, own sticks, partner's right, partner's left, partner's right, partner's left.
- 4x Same as above, except toss on 3rd beat.
- 4x Hit floor, flip sticks to self, hit floor, hit own sticks, partner's right stick, partner's left stick.

This is a little hard to follow, but if you are interested, you can order a video through the internet that demonstrates the game. I have included a copy of the music, written out from memory. There are many variations, but this is the way I remember it.

Other information can be obtained from www.infolane.com/twinson/lummi.html.

Grandma stories



A grandmother was telling her little granddaughter what her own childhood was like. "We used to skate outside on a pond. I had a swing made from a tire; it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods."
 The little girl was wide-eyed, taking this in. At last she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"

When her grandson asked one grandmother how old she was, she teasingly replied, "I'm not sure."
 "Look in your underwear, Grandma," he advised. "Mine says I'm four."



Family stories impact children

Mary Alice Heard

Remember how your kids are always asking you to tell a story about something you did as a child? It turns out that relating family stories, both yours and your family's, is a healthy, beneficial activity.

Researchers have recently found that telling your children old family stories gives them a sense of history and helps to build their self-esteem and resiliency. As reported by Sue Shellenbarger in the *Wall Street Journal*, researchers at Emory University performed a two-year study of 40 Atlanta families' dinner conversations. They also quizzed the preteen children on their family history and gave the families questionnaires on the children's emotional health and behavior.

The kids who were familiar with family history had higher self-esteem and fewer emotional problems, such

as depression. Stories about their families gave them a sense of self in relation to the past, building their confidence.

Children should hear not only the funny stories but those of family suffering that led to courage or success. One woman in the study told a story of her grandmother's flight from persecution in Russia. Her hardships included hiding with her baby in an ox cart and riding in a freighter in the ship's hold. Strangers offered her comfort and food, however, and she finally was reunited with her husband in the United States. Stories like this, says Dr. McAdams of Northwestern University, teach children that suffering eventually pays off.

Researchers recommend that rather than hide negative feelings, parents should show how relatives dealt with them. In the Atlanta study, families who glossed over negative events and feelings had children with poorer classroom skills, when compared with families who talked about anger, sadness, and grief. "Explaining the emotion, not wallowing in it," seems to help children, says Dr. Fivush of Emory.



Do you recognize this cute little guy? If not, look for his identity on page 7.

One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed seven-year old Alexander standing in the foyer of the church staring up at a large plaque. It was covered with names that had small American flags mounted on either side of each name.

Alexander had been staring at the plaque for some time. The pastor walked up, stood beside the little boy, and said quietly, "Good morning, Alex."

"Good morning, Pastor," he replied, still focused on the plaque. "Pastor, what is this?" he asked.

The pastor replied, "Well, son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who have died in the service."

Soberly, they just stood together, staring at the names. Finally, little Alex's voice, barely audible and trembling with fear, asked, "Which service? The 9:45 or the 11:15?"

Submitted by Becky Burns

Casanova with feathers

Allan Heard

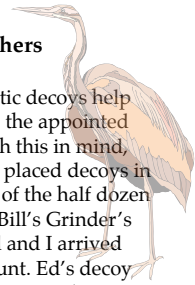
Reasonably realistic decoys help lure roaming ducks to the appointed shooting location. With this in mind, friend Ed had already placed decoys in a shallow area on one of the half dozen ponds on my brother Bill's Grinder's Switch farm when Bill and I arrived for a late-December hunt. Ed's decoy layout included a new twist. A very realistic blue heron decoy stood casually tending the flock of duck decoys. Bill told me that the heron served as a validator, making the layout more believable to overflying waterfowl.

We completed our layout by sticking bushy bamboo spears in the soft earth to form a camouflaged duck blind. Full of unwarranted optimism (not a duck in sight), we hunkered down to wait for ducks. We figured, at the very worst, a duck would get amused at the sight below and fall from the sky, delirious with laughter.

Things were slow so we recited yarns about hunts of yesteryear. In order to look at the decoys, we had to look west squarely into the waning sun. Since any respectable duck would come out of Yocona River bottom to our south, nobody wasted effort looking into the sun. I am not sure what fable we were discussing—perhaps about the time at Pecan Island when Daddy, Bill, the retriever, and I all leaned the same way at the same moment and sank the badly overloaded John boat we were in.

Suffice it to say we were momentarily distracted. Suddenly, there was a thud from the direction of the decoys—like goats butting heads. We turned toward them. We found that an amorous heron had mistakenly swooped down and tried to force his affections on the heron decoy. Needless to say, he had been soundly rebuffed. If a heron can experience chagrin, his whole demeanor expressed it as the very ruffled heron flapped his wings unsteadily into the sunset. Tears came to our eyes, we laughed so hard.

We did not have much hunting success, clearly due to the overt distraction. For sure, we know the heron is still wondering what happened to him. I'm certain that next time he will think twice before he gets fresh with a stranger.



Family news



... you end up in Tennessee!!!

Dan Clark has accepted a position as Project Coordinator at The Innovations Group, LLC in Franklin, Tenn. as of February 6th. He will be working toward his architectural license in Tennessee.

Dan and Kristen will be living in Nashville and are excited about being closer to family. "When we are actually there for a while," says Dan, "I'll fill you in on the details in the next *Hearn Herald*; those details haven't been written yet!"

Amy Stovall is now teaching first grade at Crescent City Christian School. The school's building had about five feet of water after the hurricane, but officials were able to restart school on October 10. Amy has 20 students.

Bob Hearn is planning to run in the Boston Marathon again this year. Good luck with your training, Bob!

This year's family charitable contribution, our substitute for giving each other gifts at Christmas, went to World Vision. The Hearn sisters donated a total of \$325, of which \$135 was designated to be spent toward the purchase of a wheelchair for a handicapped child. The remaining \$190 was designated for a life-changing cleft palate operation in Cambodia. Although others of you gave to World Vision, we don't have those amounts. However, we thank all of you who made a donation to World Vision this past Christmas.

The little blonde fellow on page 6 is Mark Lippard.



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Hide the tow chain!

Mary Alice Heard

It was a frigid winter Wednesday night in 1981. Snow was on the ground, and I had driven home from church after prayer meeting in our station wagon and was listening to a UK basketball game. Allan stayed behind to play basketball in the gym. He was using our Volkswagen Super Beetle because I had had trouble keeping it running when I drove to church that night.

The phone rang, and it was Allan calling with instructions. He had checked on the VW between games and found he could not get it started. He wanted me to bring a can of starter fluid and a strong chain for towing the VW, just in case he couldn't start it. I would also need to take Agnes Nelson and her two sons home, because they had asked him for a ride.

Grumbling at the thought of missing part of the game, I collected the supplies and took them to the church. I delivered the Nelsons and returned to church with hopes of helping Allan get the VW started.

Sadly, the little car was stubborn. The engine would start after a puff of the fluid but would quickly burn it up, then quit. In frustration Allan opted to keep the engine running by continuing to spray it. This worked, but after a few seconds it got more fuel than it could burn. It flooded, then backfired, belching flames out of the carburetor. Unfortunately, some of the starter fluid overspray remained on the engine, and quickly the whole engine compartment burst into flames.

Luckily we had a fire extinguisher in the station wagon, so Allan was able to snuff out the fire. Another problem then materialized: the extinguisher would not quit spraying. Fearing the fire might flare up again, he emptied the extinguisher in and around the compartment.

After the fire was out, Allan looked around and under the car to assess the damage. He saw that a small hose was hanging down beneath the gas tank—the gas line. The plastic fuel line filter at the bottom of the tank had filled with sweat from the tank, then frozen and burst. The tank drained until empty.

We had a one-sided discussion—the “I can't hear you; my mind is made up” type. One of us was sure he could easily fix the problem if he had the car in his garage.

“Why don't we get a tow truck to do this?” I asked very sensibly.

“No, I can work on it at home. I want you to drive the station wagon and pull me.”

I put up a strong argument against having to be the tow-er rather than the tow-ee, since I had never before towed a vehicle, but Allan was sure I could do it. All I had to do, he said, was keep the chain taut and occasionally check my rear view mirror to see if things were going smoothly. Very simple, he said.

Well, I thought, at least I can finish listening to the ball game on the car radio. Allan secured the chain to the bumper of the wagon and the bumper of the VW, and off we went, very slowly.



It was fortunate, in light of circumstances, that there was very little traffic on the road. I had no idea that in the little bug behind me Allan was frantic. Because the VW engine wasn't running there was no heat, and the windows were icing inside faster than his free hand could scrape. He frantically honked the feeble little horn, but I was only hearing Cawood Ledford doing the UK play-by-play.

Our first glimpse of impending danger came at a stop sign where, since no car from the left was in sight, I turned right and continued. Allan, though, expecting me to come to a full stop, had put on his brakes, so that I dragged the VW through the intersection. He told me later that this had added insult to his battle with ice on the window, which itself was

overwhelming. He said I scared the liver out of him.

A few hundred feet thereafter, we came to a cross street and a traffic light. Allan saw that the light was red, so he allowed as how when I stopped he would get out of the VW and walk up to give me a few choice words of instruction. Listening to the ball game, I didn't notice this, and when the light turned green I started on (he says I scratched off), almost running the VW over him. A driver behind us who saw Allan's dilemma pulled up and honked to get my attention, so I was able to stop. Luckily, the VW didn't crash into me.

Allan's few words to me, some of them unprintable, were indeed choice: turn off the ball game, leave your rear window open so you can hear me, and drive slowly, keeping the chain taut.

The next part of the trip was the hardest, because it involved a rather steep hill. The streets were clear of snow, and Allan assured me that the wagon was strong enough to pull the VW. Unfortunately, the Beetle showed itself to be unfit for towing, because midway up the hill its bumper came off. Actually, we stopped to get the slack out of the chain and I restarted a little too vigorously, not realizing there was too much slack in the chain. The bumper followed me, but the VW stayed more or less where it was. Allan breathed words of blasphemy at my stupidity as the two of us pushed the little car into the piled-up snow on the side of the road. Needless to say, the ride home was icy cold, and not just from the recently opened window.

We had to have the car towed after all. Allan called a service station with a mechanic to tow the VW and do the repairs. Due to carelessness, the mechanic and the wrecker operator both did harm to the little car, and it was never the same after that. Nearly two years later, the VW dealer had to redo the mechanic's sloppy work, thus bringing to a close that night's comedy of errors.

Allan says he was so mad at me that for two days he was sick from adrenalin. He has not called on me to do any more towing since that night.

the

Hearn Herald

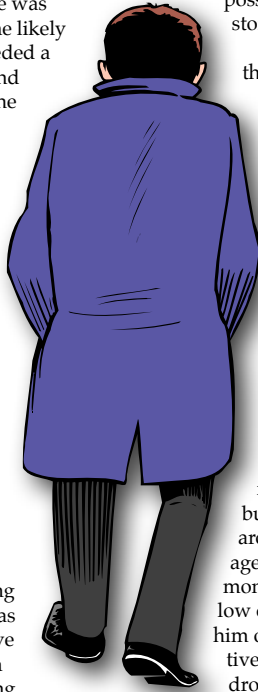
VOLUME 13, NUMBER 2

SEPTEMBER, 2006

The man up at the corner*Allan Heard*

An incident with a man up on the street corner offers an illustration of misinformation at work. The man just showed up one day, standing next to the power pole at the corner. Neighborhood kids were the main ones who noticed the guy, and, according to them, he was really tough looking. (Truthfully, he likely was dusty from dirt roads and needed a shave.) He was there for a while and seemingly just vanished. During the following months, he showed up several more times. Nobody ever seemed to see him come or go. The neighborhood kids named him "the man up at the corner." There were tales among neighborhood kids that he had a gun, that he threatened somebody, that he was probably crazy, and so forth. The victims of supposed crimes were anonymous, but the result was that all the kids were scared and suspicious of him. It seemed inevitable that evil would come from his presence.

Late one sultry Friday afternoon he appeared at the corner. Presently, a couple of brave kids walked by to look him over. They soon reported back to others, telling that he looked as fierce and mean as the devil himself. They said he gave a low growl as they passed by him and that he gave them a threatening look. He must have stood on the corner 30 minutes. During that time a rainstorm was approaching. At about the time the rain began to fall, the man ambled off up the street in the general direction of Blue Mountain. Somebody rang up a friend who lived up that way and warned her to be on the lookout for the man. After a while, the friend called back to report that the man, if he was really just a man, had not shown up.



Things must have happened fast after that. The neighborhood was abuzz. The story was out that there was a prowler in the neighborhood—likely devil-possessed. Due to the handy operator-eavesdrop feature of the phone system, an informal posse was formed at Hubbard's store in less than an hour.

I am uncertain just what the posse did or how it functioned, but, perhaps luckily, it never encountered the man. Possibly before the posse even got rolling, our neighbor who owned the pasture next to us went to his feeding shed to feed his milk cow and found our "prowler" standing in it watching the street corner across from Hubbard's store.

This neighbor learned that the man up at the corner was not a bad person at all. His home was up the road around Tippah-Union, but he worked on construction around Tupelo and only managed to come home once a month. On that weekend, a fellow construction worker dropped him off on the corner, and a relative would pick him up and drop him off near home. The guy had decided the rickety shed, not too far from the corner, was a good dry place to watch for his ride. His brief stroll down the street was to look at other possibilities. He harmed no one.

Unfounded rumor could have easily caused tragedy. It often does.

All the kids were
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It seemed
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And more



Florence in 1930 during her college years

Mile-stones*

Florence met Aubrey when she traveled with her mother and dad to Birmingham to attend the commencement exercises at Howard College for her brother Allen and for Aubrey, who was Allen's roommate. Florence knew of Aubrey, because she had sent her brother homemade candy and had received a nice thank you note from Aubrey. Florence subsequently decorated a ribbon bookmark for him at Christmas, for which he wrote a thank you note.

The date of their meeting was May 20, 1926. Florence was two months shy of 18 years old, and Aubrey was 19. Aubrey met his roommate's family at the train station before Allen's arrival, and Florence introduced herself to him. That afternoon Florence went by streetcar with Aubrey to his Aunt Lizzie's house for a visit.

It was a year later, in August, 1927, that Florence sent Aubrey a comment her brother had written to her shortly after she attended the graduation. She quoted, "Wonder if you like Aubrey. If there even was a boy I really wanted you to go with it is him. I would trust him with my dearest treasure far far away. He is pure as gold."

Nancy Clark is typing the letters Aubrey and Florence wrote to each other during their courtship. Perhaps in future issues we can share other highlights of their romance.

**Florence kept a record of the important events in their courtship. She called in "Mile-Stones." The circumstances of their first meeting are recorded there.*

The Lanyard

Billy Collins

The other day as I was ricocheting slowly off the wall of this room
Bouncing from typewriter to piano
From bookshelf to an envelope lying on the floor,
I found myself in the "L" section of the dictionary
Where my eyes fell upon the word, *Lanyard*.
No cookie nibbled by a French novelist
Could send one more suddenly into the past.
A past where I sat at a workbench at a camp by a deep Adirondack lake
Learning how to braid thin plastic strips into a lanyard.
A gift for my mother.
I had never seen anyone use a lanyard.
Or wear one, if that's what you did with them.
But that did not keep me from crossing strand over strand
Again and again until I had made a boxy, red and white lanyard for my mother.
She gave me life and milk from her breasts,
And I gave her a lanyard.
She nursed me in many a sick room, lifted teaspoons of medicine to my lips,
Set cold facecloths on my forehead,
Then let me out into the airy light and taught me to walk and swim,
And I in turn presented her with a lanyard.
"Here are thousands of meals," she said,
"and here is clothing and a good education."
"And here is your lanyard," I replied,
"which I made with a little help from a counselor."
"Here is a breathing body and beating heart,
strong legs, bones and teeth and two clear eyes to read the world," she whispered.
"And here," I said, "is the lanyard I made at camp."
"And here," I wish to say to her now,
"is a smaller gift." Not the archaic truth that you can never repay your mother,
but the rueful admission that when she took the two-toned lanyard from my hands,
I was as sure as a boy could be that this useless, worthless thing I wove out of boredom
Would be enough to make us even.



College life at Shorter

Submitted by Nancy Clark

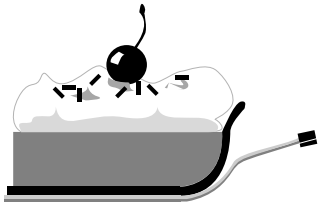
The following paragraphs, contained in a letter Florence wrote to Aubrey dated April 23, 1927, describe the follies in which she participated. Florence was a freshman that year.

"The Camerata Club", which is composed of music majors, gave their annual Follies last night. We have been working for it about two weeks. I think it was a success because every body was kept laughing the whole time they were there.

"The part I was in was the Bottle Chorus. About thirteen girls dressed up as tramps and each had a bottle with enough water in it to correspond with one note on the piano. We had a leader to point to us when she wanted us to blow. As we had all of

the notes in the scale we could play various tunes. Talk about hobos—we certainly looked like them if any body ever did. Our face was blackened to look like a beard and our noses and cheeks painted red as some men's noses are red. The music faculty dressed up and gave a stunt, and it was a scream. It was really worth seeing—even if I am a Camarata member, and I think that everybody that went enjoyed it. I do not know yet how much money we made, but I hope it was enough to buy a big Victrola for the Conservatory."

**Florence went on to become the president of the Camerata Club during her senior year.*



Diabetic lemon pie*

Submitted by Marcia Stovall

- 2 (1 oz.) sugar-free instant vanilla pudding mix
- 1 (1/2 oz.) container sugar-free Crystal Light lemonade drink mix
- 6 packages Splenda
- 2 1/4 cups fat-free milk
- 1 (8 oz.) container sugar-free whipped topping
- 2 graham cracker crusts
- Grated lemon rind (optional)

Combine pudding mix, drink mix and Splenda in a medium bowl, stirring well. Add milk, beating with a wire whisk until thickened; gently fold in whipped topping. Spoon mixture evenly into crusts. Garnish with grated lemon rind if desired. Cover and chill at least 3 hours or freeze at least 8 hours.

Pat Hinton, McComb, MS, *Today in Mississippi*, August, 2006



Do you recognize this little cutie pie? If not, find her identity on page 7.



A corner of Florence and Aubrey's library/den as it looked in 1973

Florence and Aubrey's library

Mary Alice Heard

In 1973 Aubrey had a photographer come to the house and take pictures of every room, probably for insurance purposes. As space allows we'll print one of the pictures in future issues of the *Hearn Herald* as a possible inspiration for a poem or remembrance of activities in that room.

Of all the rooms at 2115 Westwood, the library speaks to Aubrey's love of reading and Florence's joy in needlework. Of course, Aubrey also loved to watch football in this room.

Here we all gathered to watch TV, play Dictionary or Battleship, and talk. How well I remember that we sisters, when we convened in Nash

ville to help Mother thoroughly clean the house, took all the books from those shelves and dusted them. Of course, part of that time was spent remarking about the wonderful variety in Daddy's collection. Slips of paper often juttred from the books—Aubrey's filing system for keeping related material together.

Often when we convene now, some of us bring along the current book we're reading, a testimony to the importance of books in our lives. I daresay that, if we had the space, we would all have a library similar to this one.

What about it? Does this picture of Florence and Aubrey's library stir your creative juices? If so, send us your poem or essay.

The following story, in Aubrey's handwriting, was stuck inside one of his books:

A man bought an Irish sweepstakes ticket and won \$50,000. His family was afraid to tell him, that he might die of a heart attack. So they got the family minister. He led up to the subject gradually. He said, "You bought an Irish sweepstakes ticket, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What would you do if you won \$50,000?"

"Why, I would give you half of it."

The minister died of a heart attack.



Sadie McLemore and her adopted son, Joe, possibly in the 1950s

My friend, Sadie McLemore
Marcia Stovall

I have been thinking a lot lately about my friend, Sadie McLemore. Knowing that many of you never knew Sadie, I decided to add some to Millie's former article about Sadie (Feb., 1996 issue) and share a few memories I have of her.

Sadie was the Hearn children's second mom during our growing-up years. Whenever Mother went somewhere with Dad, Sadie would stay with us. She was always fun, sweet, and a firm but fair disciplinarian.

She worked at Immanuel Baptist Church for years in the kitchen. Frequently she would go as the church cook with groups from Immanuel to Ridgecrest. The trips going to and from Ridgecrest created some problems for Sadie, however. Being black, she could not use the same bathrooms or restaurants as the other people on the bus. She tried to take these events in stride, but of course they offended her. Experiences like these made me feel so sad at how unfairly Sadie was treated.

One October, Mother was gone on a trip, and Sadie was staying with us. It was Halloween, and several of us went trick-or-treating. We finished early and decided to go to a movie downtown. Sadie went with us. She could not sit on the main floor with the white people, so we all sat in the balcony with the blacks. I will always remember that experience.

I was forever getting into trouble as a child. Once I got mad at mother for some reason. Naturally, I ran away from home. (I did that several

times, I remember.) I ran straight to the corner drugstore on Hillsboro Road.

I was sitting on the floor reading comic books when Sadie came into the store. She calmly told me I had to come home. I didn't want to go, but she insisted. She escorted me back to our house on Westwood where mother was waiting for me.

Sadie was my friend for as long as I knew her. She taught me to make French toast* and squash casserole and to eat apple slices with peanut butter.

She was a dear friend to my mother and to all the Hearn children. I am so thankful for memories of my friend, Sadie McLemore.

** See Sadie's technique for French toast below.*

Sadie's French toast recipe

- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup milk (I use skim)
- dash of salt
- lots of cinnamon
- 2 Tbs. of sugar or Splenda

Mix all the above ingredients together. Dip bread in the mixture, and fry in a hot skillet. When one side is done, brown the other side. (I usually add more cinnamon to the bread in the skillet, because I really like cinnamon.) Eat with margarine and syrup. Delicious!



Aubrey and Florence with Sadie on their 1978 European trip

A tribute to Sadie
Florence Hearn

Sadie has always amazed me with her energy. But more than that is her commitment to her job and her wish to help other people.

Another thing I admire is her desire to minimize personal slights which I might blow up into something big. She has said, "No, I want to forget things that aren't important. I don't have time to keep my mind cluttered up with small things." I think that is a wonderful attitude.

I learn something every day from other people—and lots from Sadie.

** In August, 1974, Florence received a note from Mozelle Core, Director of the Donner-Belmont Child Study Center, where Sadie McLemore worked at the time. Mrs. Core related to Florence how well received Sadie had been when she taught sessions to graduate students regarding day care for latch-key children. The director said that Sadie's "humor, charm, sincerity, and energy captured the audience." Florence responded to Mrs. Core with the above tribute.*



Bob and Charles went hang-gliding off of Lookout Mountain after our reunion. Here's Bob, along with his pilot. Looks like fun!



Mercedes Lacasa-Ley and Katie Beth

Mercedes

Suzie Lusk

Katie Beth encouraged us to let a foreign student live with us during the 2006-2007 school year. We weren't too excited about it at first, but we finally agreed it was a good idea. When I saw Mercedes' application, I just knew she was the right one for us. She is from Madrid, Spain. She is Katie Beth's age (15) and very outgoing.

They are getting along so well and Mer is enjoying school, even though it is really different from school in Madrid.

Katie and Mercedes are playing lacrosse with students from her high school and other students in the Fayette County area. Katie absolutely loves this sport, which is fast paced and full of action. Katie and Mercedes make a good team.

We have had a good time learning about all the cultural differences in our two countries. We hope to do some traveling around the state while she is here, and maybe a trip to New York. She talks every day to her family using some set-up on the computer that I don't understand. I believe she will enjoy the year and I'll let you know more as the school year progresses.



Oops!

Allan Heard

On their way home from China, Peepaw and Grandma had to wait a long while in the Detroit airport before their plane to Lexington came. Grandma wanted something to read and she wandered along one side of the airport looking in shops for a book to read. Peepaw was having some trouble walking, so he stayed on the other side of the big hallway, walking slowly but keeping her in sight. After a while, she crossed back to the side of the big hallway that Peepaw was on.



He continued to follow behind Grandma, not trying to catch up with her. She turned and walked into one of the shops, so he followed her in—at least he thought it was a shop.

Suddenly he realized he was in a room full of ladies, standing at lavatories washing their hands. He quickly turned and headed out of there. At the same time, a lady said, "mister, you can't come in here." Peepaw got out of that restroom very quickly, but not before Grandma saw him.

Grandma has teased Peepaw more than one time about this little mistake.

Aubrey's famous correspondents

Mary Alice Heard

During Aubrey's writing career he had occasion to correspond with a number of prominent people. When he was doing research for his books on alcohol and smoking, if he came across a quote by an athlete or coach who spoke of the dangers of using these substances, he often wrote for permission to quote him. Sometimes, too, he sent an author a copy of his book for him to sign and return for Aubrey's collection.

A file that Aubrey kept containing some of these letters reads like a 20th century *Who's Who*. Here are the prominent people who wrote to Aubrey: Catherine Marshall, Upton Sinclair, Wm. Clyde Pyle (father of Ernie Pyle, newspaper reporter who died during WWII), Chester Swor, Thomas A. Edison (possibly a copy), J.R. Grant (president of Ouachita College), W. Pegler (syndicated columnist), Dr. Chevalier Jackson (Temple U. research consultant), Bob Feller, A.L. Crabb (novelist/historian), Lamar Alexander (governor of Tennessee), Bob Mathias, E.S. Hickey (St. Louis University), Frank Leahy (Notre Dame U.), C.B. Wilkinson (U. of Oklahoma athletic director), Bobby Dodd (football coach at Georgia Tech), Jesse Stuart, Adolph Rupp, Grantland Rice, Blair Cherry (football coach at U. of Texas), Madison Bell (football coach, S. Methodist U.), Bennie Oosterbaan (football coach, U. of Michigan), Billy Rose (Ziegfeld Theatre), Gil Dodds (competitive runner), and Connie Mack.



Conduct of the engaged couple*

Collier's Cyclopaedia of Social and Commercial Information, 1882

It is the privilege of the betrothed lover, as it is also his duty, to give advice to the fair one who now implicitly confides in him. Should he detect a fault, should he observe failings which he would wish removed or amended, let him avail himself of this season, so favorable for the frank interchange of thought between the betrothed pair, to urge their correction. He will find a ready listener; and any judicious counsel offered to her by him will now be gratefully received and remembered in after life. After marriage it may be too late; for advice on trivial points of conduct may then not improbably be resented by the wife as an unnecessary interference; now, the fair and loving creature is disposed like pliant wax in his hands to mold herself to his reasonable wishes in all things.

*Cited in *A Book of Curious Advice from Days of Yore, 2004*

Selling education

Keith Stovall

After finishing my masters in counseling, I thought I had found my niche. But after four years of working with victims of child abuse at the Southwest Mississippi Children's Advocacy Center, it became apparent that Teresa and I were being led to a different career path. But I had no idea how difficult and challenging the road would be. I had to try several different jobs before I found one that seemed to fit.

I took a few months off of work to paint our house and to pursue full time employment. I found out real quick that painting was not within my current skill set.

I took on temporary assignments with the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) and worked with employees dealing with stressful work environments. The work environment was fulfilling but the 1 hour commute to Jackson every morning was a killer. The contractual position ended and I was again looking for work.

In February, 2006, I took a temporary position as staff writer and reporter for the Daily Leader, the local newspaper in Brookhaven, MS. My only other experience as journalist was 10 years prior when I served as the sports editor of my high school newspaper. My four months at the paper were extremely positive, and I left with a renewed passion for communicating. This position helped me realize that I am more of a people person than anything else. I love communicating, relating to people, and helping others

One day, a friend called to tell me about a position opening up at a local community college. She told me the name of the contact person. Providentially, I had interviewed him shortly after beginning my work with the Daily Leader. I applied and later received a call inviting me in for an interview. During the interview, my current supervisor informed me that I would be "selling education." I never

saw myself as a salesman. But my mind rushed back to a prayer I said during my long job search. In frustration I said to God "Lord, just don't let me sell something I don't believe in."

Education has long been a core value among the Hearn clan. From law to religion to robotics to engineering, we have immersed ourselves in a love of learning. Whether we are learning the words to "Five Foot Two" or mastering the art of juggling (or in my case, learning the basics), learning seems to be of interest to this diverse group of people.

In July of this year I was awarded my current position as WIA education and training coordinator at Copiah-Lincoln Community College.



I primarily serve as a recruiter into the Career-Technical (Vo-Tech) programs. I find this position extremely interesting as it is a great blend of marketing, public relations, and career counseling. I still find occasion to write, speak, and frequently interact with instructors and students one on one.

The college atmosphere is exciting, I appreciate the opportunity to direct students to the career field that will best suit them. My primary task is working to change the perception that career-technical programs are primarily for individuals who can't cut it in academia. I've met several bright students who have found their niche in such programs as radiography, electronics, and laboratory technology.

I am finding that selling education is the right place for me. Education is a product that is easily marketable. Whether one is learning how to examine blood in a medical lab or learning to juggle on a hillside at a family reunion, it is an experience that is uniquely amazing—a process of discovery and growth that never ends. My position is a reminder that God heard my prayer and allowed me to sell not only education but dreams.

Puppy mania

Suzie Lusk



Our family has had three litters of golden retriever puppies in the past year and a half. I know that I should not have asked my female to go through all of that, but I have to say that she got pregnant each time before I realized she was in heat. So it was my fault for not protecting her more diligently.

This last time we were able to sell all the puppies but two (out of 10) before they were actually ready to leave the mother because of an ad I bought on Breeders.net. Thank goodness for that web site! People came from Florida and South Carolina to buy puppies. The last two went fairly quickly after the six-week period of keeping the puppies, but I was glad to see them go.

The last two weeks are difficult: feed the puppies three times a day and clean out the pen each evening. They are so adorable, though, that you have to enjoy them. I'm not sure if we'll have puppies again any time soon, but they do provide some needed income. One year we got to go on a cruise with puppy money!

John Island Camp, Ontario, Canada

Katie Beth Lusk



I spent 30 days (July) on an island in Lake Huron doing wilderness training. I hiked about 40 km around Big John Island. We also kayaked 70 km to the Benjamin Islands.

My favorite trip was canoeing the entire Spanish River and going through rapids and swifts. I met some people who became close friends, and I learned a lot of valuable life lessons.

Since we had no electricity, I learned how to cook over a campfire. All bathrooms were outhouses, and we took baths in the lake. I had lots of dirty clothes when I came home, but it was an experience of a lifetime!

Bustin' with pride



Bob and Liz on graduation day

Bob Hearn received his Ph.D. from M.I.T. on June 9, 2006. Bob's thesis title was "Games, Puzzles, and Computation." Congratulations, Bob, on reaching this milestone. Bob ran again this year in the Boston Marathon. His time was 3:14:19.

In February of this year Jack Burns began a new job with Apple Computer. His new title is Education Account Executive. Congratulations, Jack.

Keith Stovall recently began a new position as career counselor at Copiah Lincoln (Co-Lin) Junior College in Brookhaven, Mississippi. Way to go, Keith!

Lisa Ragone is now Chief of Fisheries Enforcement for the 17th Coast Guard District in Juneau, Alaska. Her job will require some traveling, including an upcoming trip to Russia and Poland. Let us know, Andy and Lisa, when you're ready for our visit.

For the second year in a row Hannah Heard has raised over \$100 for her favorite charity, GRRAND (Golden Retriever Rescue and Adoption of Needy Dogs). Congratulations, Hannah.

The new Hearn Herald web site address is www.hearnweb.com. Check it out.

The cute little blonde on page 3 is Teresa Stovall.



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Chattanooga Rocks Reunion 2006



Our thanks to Lerma, Charles, and Suzie for planning our reunion. We missed you, Lisa, Katie Beth and the families of Keith, Derek, Brian, Joel, and Karen. We'll see you at the 2008 reunion.



the

Hearn Herald

VOLUME 14, NUMBER 1

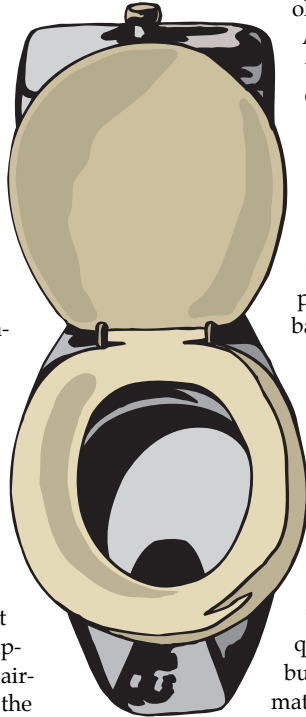
FEBRUARY, 2007

Flush with excitement*Beth Heard*

The universe is full of all kinds of mysteries, perhaps none so amazing and frightening as the self-flushing toilet—at least from the perspective of our three-year-old, whose first introduction to the spewing monster came when she least expected it. Needless to say, Emma met culture shock head-on, or should I say, “bottom on.” She now has a condition called “autoflushafobia.”

Autoflushafobia, which is probably not unheard of among three year olds in the developed world, was a new challenge for our family and our first collision with Western culture during our recent trip to the U.S. Emma happily sat on a toilet in the airport in Amsterdam, met the monster, and then refused to sit on another airport toilet for the rest of the two-day trip from Kazakhstan. It was a very long trip.

Culture shock is often referred to as “reverse culture shock” when one is returning to his home country, but for our children, who are growing up overseas, the U.S. is a foreign place. Most days it is like Disney World, full of fun and ex-



citement. But every so often they look at us with the dazed expressions of those who have ridden a little too long on the spinning teacups. Those are the moments when we have to explain why it’s okay to wear shoes on carpet in America—in the houses *and* in the restaurants. Or what broccoli is. Or why we go to church in big buildings instead of houses.

I have to be careful because I’m so tempted to laugh, when I need to be working to see life from their perspective. While we were at a basketball game, Samuel insisted he wanted to get a drink from the “water pond.” Finally I understood that he was referring to a water fountain. He never actually got a drink because he couldn’t remember how it worked. Later we gave all three children a lesson in water fountain usage and etiquette. Emma never quite got it, but at least it wasn’t an automatic fountain. She flushed her face with water all by herself (and enjoyed it immensely).

As we prepare to return to Kazakhstan, I’m contemplating remedies for autoflushafobia. I think Emma will be okay if she can trust me to cover the automatic flushing mechanism with my hand. Otherwise, her wet pants will be introduced to the automatic hand dryer. Ah, the wonders of technology!

They look at us with the dazed expressions of those who have ridden a little too long on the spinning teacups.

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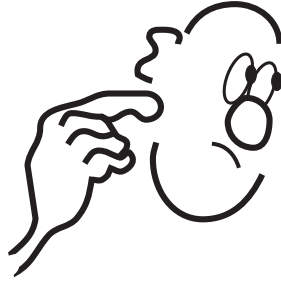
Gertrudisms

Submitted by Nancy Clark

The following are from a notebook kept by Florence Hearn which she entitled "Quotations, Poems, Inspiration." Aubrey and Florence were acquainted with a woman named Gertrude who lived in Texas. Apparently she had been married several times. I remember hearing them tell about Gertrude, but I never met her.

- "I've decided to do my apartment in French Prudential."
- "He just puts her up on a pedal." (She said this about her husbands who put her up on a pedestal.)
- "Do you have the book, *The Fat Man Speaks?* (She really wanted *Broadman Comments.*)
- "I've decided to do some knitting. I'm going to knit an African and then start on a stroll."
- "They are just ignorant ramuses."
- She saw a man standing in a window. "He was naked as a Pitts-bird."
- "I'm going to call the moral squab."

- "I was just sitting right there in the A&M corner."
- "I just stayed mutual."
- "I have a cocker spaniard. I have to put it on a leech."
- "Sometimes I get in a high tense" (She always said she was so nervous.)
- "I made a few popcorn calls."
- "Oh, walking up the hill makes me pant-less."



Gertrude and a lady friend were in a boat on the intercoastal waterway near Houston. Their boat broke down. Gertrude saw the pastor and a deacon in a boat nearby. She yelled, "Come get us out of this intercourse!"

Gertrude was talking to some new tenants who were complaining about water pressure. She said, "What's the matter here? Why there's enough water here to irritate a whole field."

A former husband of Gertrude had lunch with her one day. He was going to marry again. Gertrude said, "Don't marry that woman. Don't do it. Don't sell your soul for a mess of pottery!"

"In talking about Kennedy and Nixon, Gertrude said: "They are both low-calorie men."

The pastor's wife felt bad one day. Gertrude said she should take exercise. She advised "Why don't you walk and walk. Just be a Street Walker."

A neighbor died. Gertrude went over to call. She later told friends: "I just had to go over there and synchronize with them."

One of her husbands went to 'Lost Vegas.' She learned that he had gone to get a divorce. She said she couldn't let him do that. A friend asked what grounds he had for a

Spoonerisms—Tips of the Slung*

Mary Alice Heard

Rev. William Archibald Spooner (1844-1930), an Anglican priest and scholar, was for 60 years dean and warden of New College in Oxford, England, where he lectured on history, philosophy, and religion. An albino with a head larger than normal, he was known as a genial and kindly man, with an absent-minded professor bent. He was no lightweight, however. His brain just worked more quickly than his tongue. Dr. Spooner had a mild cerebral dysfunction that caused him make phonetic transpositions such that his name has become synonymous with linguistic flip-flops. Below are some examples of his verbal goofs.



- Once he toasted the Queen, "Three cheers for our queer old dean!"
- During a wedding ceremony, he told the groom, "Son, it is now kisstomary to cuss the bride."
- To the dean's secretary: "Is the bean dizzy?"
- "Work is the curse of the drinking classes."
- "There is no peace in a home where a dinner swells." (where a sinner dwells)
- To a lazy student: "You have tasted two worms."
- From 1 Corinthians 13: "Now we see through a dark glassly."
- To a stranger seated in the wrong pew: "I believe you are occupewing my pie. May I sew you to another sheet?"
- When talking to a group of students who were late for class, he said, "You have hissed my mystery lesson."
- After a Sunday service he turned to the congregation and said, "In the sermon I just preached, wherever I said Aristotle, I meant St. Paul."

Considering the many lapses of this brilliant man, we should accept our own verbal blunders and give thanks for the gentle man who led the way. May sod rest his goal.

*Adapted from *Readers' Digest*, 1995



Allan Heard turned 70 on December 29. Here he is wearing his new "toupee," a sheepskin hat made bu an Uzbek craftsman—a gift for the occasion from Joel, Beth, and family.

Florence and Aubrey's living room

Pictured here are two views of the living room at 2115 Westwood. It was in this room that we celebrated two weddings—those of Allan and Mary Alice in 1960 and Nancy and Ross in 1964. According to Lerma, for the latter wedding Florence made a crucial decorating change. She decided to replace the picture over the fireplace with a different picture. She thought that "Motherhood" was an inappropriate backdrop.



The Mask Room/Football Room

Dan Clark

This was probably my favorite room in the house at 2115, located right past the "hug room," where we all bunched together at the foot of the stairs when someone arrived or left.

It was my favorite room except at night, when I had to sleep there. I think I remember asking Grandmother or Granddaddy to take the African masks down so they wouldn't stare at me during the night. Of course, what I know now is that they only stared at me when I stared at them. I think that they left

the masks up. Now, I'd give a lot to see those masks again.

The room was also where Granddaddy and several others would watch football, and it seemed that he would leap out of his chair every time his team scored. So, I would get all excited seeing him get all excited. Almost every time we came at the end of the year, it seemed like it was Oklahoma vs. Nebraska.

Seeing all the books and other pieces in the room also gave me a comfortable feeling. Since I now live

in Nashville, I have had to restrain myself from going to that house and inviting myself in, and telling the owners that they have to keep the decor in that room light green, and place exotic masks up, so I can sleep there. I have a feeling though, if I tried that, my car would fall into their swimming pool in the area where there used to be a carport! We know changes happen everywhere, but we had some wonderful memories there and I still think about what went on in that house.

Favorite hymns

Nancy Clark

Do you have a favorite hymn? Listed below are some hymns that might be favored by certain profes-

sions (and by some nonprofessionals).

I found these on the Internet and wanted to share them with you.

For those of you who drive, if you must speed on the highway, please sing these:

- The dentist's hymn
- The weatherman's hymn
- The contractor's hymn
- The tailor's hymn
- The golfer's hymn
- The politician's hymn
- The optometrist's hymn
- The IRS agent's hymn
- The gossip's hymn
- The electrician's hymn
- The shopper's hymn

- "Crown Him with Many Crowns"
- "There Shall Be Showers of Blessings"
- "The Church's One Foundation"
- "Holy, Holy, Holy"
- "There Is a Green Hill Far Away"
- "Standing on the Promises"
- "Open My Eyes That I May See"
- "I Surrender All"
- "Pass It On"
- "Send Out Thy Light"
- "Sweet Bye and Bye"

- | | |
|----------|---------------------------------|
| 45 mph | "God Will Take Care of You" |
| 55 mph | "Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah" |
| 65 mph | "Nearer My God to Thee" |
| 75 mph | "Nearer Still Nearer" |
| 85 mph | "This World Is Not My Home" |
| 95 mph | "Lord, I'm Coming Home" |
| Over 100 | "Precious Memories" |

Which tastes better, munchies or Minolta?

or

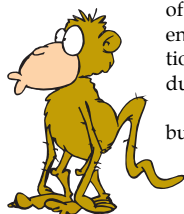
Lisa's unsettling encounters with our furry cousins

Lisa Ragone

Several years ago I had the opportunity to travel to Kenya and visit a friend I met in Virginia playing field hockey. She had grown up in Kenya with her ex-pat British parents and was working as an investigator for the Agency for International Development, ensuring that aid money sent to Africa was making it to the people who needed the help, rather than lining the pockets of corrupt government officials.

Caroline met me at the airport, and we stayed at her apartment that first night. The next day we departed on a weeklong adventure to visit the Masai Mara game park and several other smaller preserves throughout the Rift Valley. We took a small plane out to Masai Mara, and while I had traveled in small planes before, it was usually over much more populated areas, so when we started our descent and I couldn't see any air strip, I was a bit alarmed. As the pilot touched down expertly on a long stretch of level dirt "runway," I felt embarrassed to be such a spoiled westerner, expecting a huge piece of tarmac. Baboons watched us disembark from the edge of the airstrip, and the park sent a Land Cruiser to take us back to our home for the next few days.

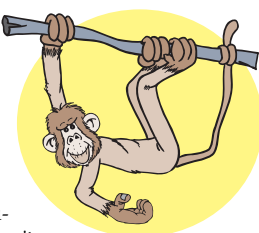
The game park was incredible! We went on excursions in the Toyota Land Cruisers every morning and had sumptuous feasts every night. I don't really remember lunch or breakfast, but I do recall going through the barbecue buffet one night and getting a big hunk of some sort of game meat from the smiling server. I couldn't quite make out what he said it was, but it smelled so good that I may have even been tempted to eat an endangered species, so as not to offend my hosts. I later discovered that it was impala, which made me think



of the 1976 metal variety that my parents used to own, which we affectionately dubbed the *maroon lemon* due to its color and unreliability.

Most nights we dined outside, but on our first night there we were inside, and I thought it was quite humorous that there was a big, black, fuzzy monkey with a long tail (probably some sort of Colobus monkey) sitting on the porch railing outside a picture window watching us eat. It felt like a reverse zoo scenario, where he was observing our habits rather than the other way around. To get back to our tent (technically it was a tent, but since it had a concrete floor and its own solar heated shower, it was more than your average tent) after dinner we had to walk on the porch past where the monkey was still keeping his vigil. Being a suburban girl with very little close contact with seemingly wild animals that weren't inside a cage, I suggested that we take a different route. Caroline would have none of that, and she started walking past the monkey with me in tow. As we got close to the monkey he jumped off the railing, darted in between us, and grabbed at her shoe before running off. That completely scared the stuffing out of me, since one of my friends had been wondering why I wanted to go to Africa—she claimed I would get bitten by a monkey and get AIDS.

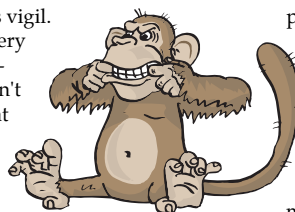
A day or two later we were sitting by the pool and sharing some crumbs from our leftover rolls from lunch with the colorful little birds who were looking for a free meal. I saw our Colobus friend lurking at the periphery of the encampment, but of course he was inside the large brick wall around the compound. We kept an eye on each other, and Caroline eventually asked me why I was so distracted. I mentioned that I was worried about another close encounter with the mischievous monkey, and she just laughed. I laughed as well, realizing how silly it was of me to be worrying about what the monkey



might do, rather than enjoying the glorious warm day.

The monkey saw his opening as I had let the roll in my hand fall onto the table next to us. He started to run toward us, and I let out a little yelp. Caroline said, "Don't worry, we don't have anything that he wants" just as I started to reach for the roll. The monkey was a bit too fast for me, and he grabbed the roll and ran back toward a gate that was left open during the day. Some of the camp workers saw what was happening and threw a few stones after the monkey, but he/she retreated with the doughy prize unharmed.

A few days later we were traveling in Caroline's car through one of the self-guided reserves closer to Nairobi. Caroline had left the car to



pay our fee at a small building about 30 feet from where the car was parked. I was looking through my camera bag to determine how many rolls of film that I had left (you can tell this was before the digital age), when I noticed some movement in my peripheral vision. I turned to the right to discover a small monkey (maybe some type of vervet) with an even smaller youngster holding on to her belly, staring at me from the driver's side seat head rest. It wasn't making any aggressive movements, but I didn't relish the idea of waiting to see what it might do. I got out of the car, but the persistent monkey followed me out the passenger door. I was hoping that it would go back out the way it came in, through the sun roof.

The monkey chased me around the car, much to the amusement of three men sitting on a log about 12 feet away. Caroline came to the rescue again, yelling at the monkey and stomping her feet. I got back in the car after ensuring that the sun roof and all windows were closed. It was quite warm in there, with no breeze coming into the car, but I preferred to swelter rather than be further terrorized by the tiny monkey and her offspring.

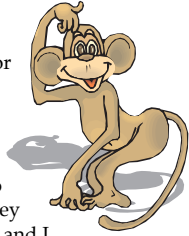
See Unsettling encounters, p. 5.

Unsettling encounters, cont.

Caroline started waving to me, and making the symbol for pressing the shutter release on a camera, and pointing upwards. I thought that she was trying to tell me that the monkey was on top of the car, and I should take a picture of it. I didn't want to get any closer to that monkey than absolutely necessary, and I thought it strange that she would suggest that I have another encounter with my furry nemesis. As I contemplated this, I thought I saw something whiz past my window and hit the ground. I looked to see what it was, and I saw a black object about the size of the top of a can of corn. Upon closer inspection, I saw the word *MINOLTA* in silver lettering across the center of the object. It was *MY LENS CAP*. Then I saw a box of film flying by across the windshield. Next a lens cloth floated down to hit the ground. That darn monkey was going through my camera case and chucking out any nonedible objects. I realized that I must have put my camera case on top of the car as the monkey chased me around the car a few minutes ago. This was just too much!

I got out of the car, ready to do battle with the nasty monkey, but luckily for me, it scampered away as Caroline ran over again, and the guys on the log decided it was time for them to help me out as well. Mother monkey ran back into the woods without getting any goodies, and the men helped me to gather up and dust off all the items that the monkey discarded as it decided that they wouldn't provide any sustenance to her or her little baby.

I saw wide variety of interesting animals during my short visit to Kenya, but none were more memorable than the monkeys who looked to me as a source of fast food. Maybe they could tell that I am a big fan of KFC and hoped that I might have some extra crispy crumbs to share.



A chivalrous letter from Aubrey to Florence

Submitted by Nancy Clark

In December, 1927, when Aubrey was 20 and Florence 19, her brother Allen (who had been Aubrey's college roommate) began to teach Aubrey to play chess. Aubrey wrote Florence a letter, as follows, telling her about their plans to play chess by mail. "Allen sent me an interesting book on 'chess' which I am studying. After I have

Castle Gallant
January 6, 1928

Dear Lady Rebecca,

The fear in my heart for the coming struggle with Sir Allen has vanished with your note of confidence with the thought that you believe my army of Knights and Pawns will win, no foe can wound, and victory is assured.

With your noble colors to inspire us, draped about my shield and your blank dispatches as messengers and thoughts of you in my heart, the army of Sir Allen will be routed, horrible

completed it we are to have a game by mail. As he said, we may be until next Christmas finishing, but that will merely add to the fun. It is typical of your Brother to make novel and interesting suggestions like that." Apparently when Aubrey had reservations about his skill in this new game and he wrote Florence telling her he feared he would lose, she replied that she was confident he would win. Aubrey wrote the following letter in reply.

though the conflict may be.

Fear not, fair Lady; knowing that Sir Allen is a kinsman of yours, I have issued orders to the effect that any knight who mortally wounds him will be shot with bow and arrow at sunrise by the most skillful archer of Castle Gallant.

The laurel wreath I desire greatly and promise faithfully not to cast eyes upon Sir Allen's Queen.

Your admiring, devoted
Sir Aubrey

Fishy

Coley Lippard

This fall, I went to my neighbor's house to fish on Lake Norman. Daddy and Braxton came too. We walked there. When we got there our neighbor, Sandy, wasn't home. But after awhile, he arrived. He has several boats and a little cage to keep fish after you catch them. He also has a big dalmation that just stared at us.



I caught two fish while we were there. It took about five tries or less. I caught one that almost broke my pole. I also caught one that broke my line! We used bread balls.

Braxton caught one small fish, and as he was reeling it in a large bass jumped up and tried to eat it. It was weird! The whole thing was a fun experience.

If a woman has to choose between catching a fly ball and saving an infant's life, she will choose to save the infant's life without even considering if there are men on base.

Dave Barry

Our first American Hearne

Lerma Hearn

About 380 years ago a baby boy was born in London, England. William Hearne was to grow up in an extremely turbulent period of English history and may have served under the controversial Oliver Cromwell (a villain to some historians, a hero to others). Soon after Cromwell's death William left London and moved to St. Christopher's, now known as St. Kitts. St. Kitts is a small island in the West Indies, with a dormant volcano and a dense rain forest—well suited to the production of sugar cane.

William may or may not have been a merchant in London, as some claim, but soon after he reached St. Christopher's he began importing useful items from England and exporting large quantities of Muscovada sugar grown on the island. During the next twenty years he developed a large and successful trade with England and the American colonies of Maryland and Delaware. Eventually, in the early 1680s, he purchased a tract of land in Maryland.

If William was married earlier, we have no record of the fact. Perhaps his life as merchant and Captain's agent made him delay marriage. But finally, at age fifty-six, he did marry, and five years later in the spring of 1688 he and his wife Mary settled on his property near the future Delaware/Maryland state line. The plantation, according to early records, was "back in the woods from Wicocomoco River and near the head of a Branch of the aforesaid River commonly called Chaldwell's Branch," near property owned by his brothers Derby and Ebenezer Hearne. William named his American property St. Kitts after his Caribbean island home.

From his new St. Kitts base, he continued his trade with England, maintaining detailed shipping records in two ledgers—one of which has just recently been relocated. The

pages, scanned onto a website, are difficult to read but are obviously the same as some reproduced in the 1907 book by William T. Hearne, *Brief History and Genealogy of the Hearne Family, from A.D. 1066 ...to 1907*.*

Although blankets don't appear in these ledgers, they must have been among the items he traded, as according to some sources, he became known as the *Blanket Merchant*.

At age sixty-one, William, finally became a father. His first son, also



Pictured at the William Hearne gravesite are Chris Hearn and his children, Annika (12), Joe (10), and Ava (4). The marker commemorates William Hearne and his wife Mary, their younger son Thomas and his wife Sally, and Thomas's son Nehemiah and his wife Bettie.

named William, was born on September 24, 1688. His second son, Thomas, was born in May, 1691, just a few months before the merchant's death. Among the unusual possessions detailed in his will were "a parcel of books."

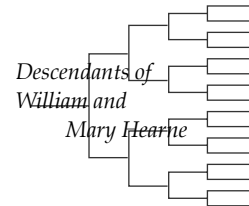
A large number of the Hearne and Hearn families in America today look to William the merchant as their immigrant ancestor. Descendants of his two sons tended to migrate along different routes. Many descendants of William, the older son, moved south through Virginia into Georgia, then westward into Alabama, Texas, and

eventually California. Many descendants of Thomas, the younger son, moved west and settled in North Carolina and Tennessee. Aubrey Hearn, although he lived in Tennessee for about 60 years, was one of the Alabama branch. The blanket merchant was Aubrey's great, great, great, great, great, great (or gggggg) grandfather.

In 1897, William T. Hearne, author of the "brief" history (generally referred to as simply *Hearne History*), visited the family burial ground, which had remained in the family for over two hundred years. He erected a granite monument naming three generations of Hearn buried there: William and Mary, Thomas and Sally, and Nehemiah and Bettie.

Last year Aubrey's nephew Chris Hearn, with his wife Susan and their children, decided to visit the area and look for the monument. Susan's account of that visit is given on page 8. Chris and children are shown in the picture at left.

* This "brief" history has merely 753 pages. (An *Addendum* was published in 1912, to which Papa Hearn, Charles Lycurgus Hearn, contributed information.)



Family tree

Many thanks to Lerma, genealogy sleuth extraordinaire, for the hours of research she spent on this article. Genealogy is a time-consuming pastime, especially if you stop to verify the truth of others' work. Lerma has provided us with charts of the Hearn and Hubbard families going back many generations. These are her gifts to future generations of Hearn. Blessings on you, Lerma. We don't ever want to take you for granted!

Family news



Congratulations to Traci Stovall and Steve Myrick, who were married on Nov. 8, 2006 in Sevierville, TN. Steve is a head nurse at Quillen Rehab Hospital in Johnson City, TN, and Traci works as an office manager for Jackson Hewitt, a tax preparation company. Traci continues to work on her medical transcription studies, hoping to work out of their home when she's passed the course. Welcome to the Hearn family, Steve.

Jack Burns had a successful year selling Apple computers, placing second on his team, despite having joined Apple after the start of the year. As a result, Jack and Becky were awarded a trip to Maui, Hawaii.

Lapsits for Early Literacy (Greenville, SC) is an organization which promotes reading to preschoolers. Jim Dillard was an enthusiastic Lapsits volunteer for several months before his death in February, 2005. In his memory and in honor of Millie, Lapsits has designated a Dillard Hispanic Outreach Fund, proceeds of which will be used to purchase bilingual books to Hispanic parents to share with their preschoolers. The Hearn siblings chose to donate their Christmas charitable gift to Lapsits this past season. Our total was \$340. For more information on Lapsits, go to the web site www.lapsits.org.



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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A visit to William Hearne's gravesite

Lerma Hearn

In late 2005, I had some correspondence with Chris Hearn (Joe Ed's son) and his wife Susan about their hopes to visit the gravesite of the family's original immigrant, William Hearne. They planned to follow directions they'd found on a website linked to our Hearn Herald website.

I wrote them a few weeks ago to see whether they'd been successful. Here's Susan's reply:

Hi Lerma,

We did find the William Hearne gravesite and it is quite a story. I have to admit, I complained a bit about spending the whole day driving through rural Delaware and Maryland, when we could have been spending the day at the Smithsonian. But, it turned out to be a great trip.

So we drove from New Hampshire to the border of Delaware and Maryland, to Delmar, Delaware, following directions from a website entry and directions dating back to the early 90's. The raised-mound gravesite was supposed to be in the middle of a soybean field. We followed the directions the best we could but there was no soybean field, so we went into an office in the general vicinity of a sod grower who provided the grass to the Baltimore Orioles. The lady at the desk didn't know what we were talking about, but called the owner of the farm and they said there was a mound out in the middle of the green, about 1000 feet from the office. So we drove out and sure enough there was William Hearne and his wife and offspring's gravesite.

We made a rubbing of the stone. It was surrounded by a very old iron fence, and the blackberry bushes and grass and weeds had been cut back. The mound is about a 20 foot raised square sitting in the middle of a sod green. William Hearne's gravestone was replaced in the 1800's and is a solid marble 3-foot-high stone.

It turned out to be a terrific memorable experience for us and our kids.

Our thanks to Susan Hearn for giving us permission to use her letter and photograph.

Cranberry cocaine

Julie Heard

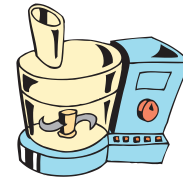
I have a confession . . . I am now a lover of cranberry salad! Yes, it's true! For years I (along with countless others) have relentlessly mocked Millie and Mary Alice for their love of cranberry relish. Recently my sister Becky made a cranberry salad. I immediately started to turn on her too and made fun of her. She twisted my arm to try it, and when I did, I LOVED it. Once addicted, I was on a quest to make it and went to several stores. But there were NO cranberries to be found! (I learned that cranberries are a very seasonal item!)

I found myself breaking into my sister's house while she was out of town to steal several of the 40 bags she had in her freezer. (Yes, actually 40 bags, and I gave her much grief about that too!) I desperately needed to get my hands on that cranberry cocaine!

Then my supplier, Tim, purchased online 10 pounds of cranberries that we froze so I can feed my addiction at any time!

My sincere apologizes to Millie and Mary Alice (and Becky too) for all those years of cranberry ridicule. I am now one of you . . . a cranberry sister!

Here's that special recipe. Save it until cranberry season in the fall.



Cranberry salad

- 1 pkg. cranberries, about 2-1/2 cups
- 2 apples- I use one green and 1 red
- 1 orange (whole)
- 1 can crushed pineapple (drained)
- 2 boxes sugar-free raspberry jello
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup sugar or Splenda

Wash cranberries, removing stems and withered berries. Do not thaw if frozen.

In food processor, chop cranberries (fine) and dump into a mixing bowl. Core apples (skins on) and process those and add to cranberries. Process the entire orange and add to other fruit. Add pineapple. To fruit add Splenda and refrigerate. Meanwhile, add hot water to jello until dissolved. Pour over fruit and mix. Refrigerate until set.

You really need a large food processor to make this. Sounds a little more complicated than it is. It really doesn't take long at all. Hope you enjoy!

Hearn-Hubbard reunion in the works



We have tentative reservations for July 20-22 (Friday-Sunday), 2007, at Guntersville (Alabama) State Park, for a Hearn-Hubbard family reunion—the first since 1992. Hearn-Hubbard reunions, generally held in Guntersville or nearby Albertville, are attended mostly by descendants of Charles Lycurgus and Della (Hubbard) Hearn, but descendants of

their siblings and cousins are also welcome and have attended past reunions.

Don Hearn (son of Glenn Hearn) and his wife Linda have just retired to Guntersville and have offered to take care of on-site details.

Watch for more information by e-mail or U.S. mail. Meanwhile, check your calendars!

the

Hearn Herald

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SEPTEMBER, 2007

Life in the Great Land: Year one in Alaska's capital city

Lisa Ragone

Andy and I haven't been very good at writing Christmas letters or generally keeping in touch, but I wanted to put a few words and graphics down on some virtual paper to give you an idea of how things are going for both of us up in Juneau, Alaska. I say "up" because that is actually latitudinally correct for most folks who would be interested in reading this story, and because there is definitely an "Alaska vs. the lower 48" attitude up here. Strange as it may seem, when you consider the temperature differences and distances, many Alaskans (especially those in Juneau) feel that they have more in common with Hawaii than with most other states. There are many reasons why this connection is so strong, but I will focus on just three.

First, both Alaska and Hawaii are volcanically active. Since July the Cleveland volcano out in the Aleutian chain on Chuginadak Island has been erupting. There aren't any active volcanoes close to where we live, but less than 100 miles from here is Sitka, and there a classic cone volcano called Mount Edgecumbe is only about 13 miles from downtown. It hasn't erupted in about 10,000 years, but while it meets the definition of "dormant," since it has not erupted in the last few hundred years, it is still not technically extinct. Gives new meaning to Johnny Cash's song "Ring of Fire."

Second, Hawaii and Alaska are both what I like to refer to as "water locked," since "land locked" is not at

all accurate and "air locked" has an entirely different connotation. While the part of Juneau that we live in is attached to the North American continent, your only connection to the road system is by putting your car on a ferry or barge and taking it down to

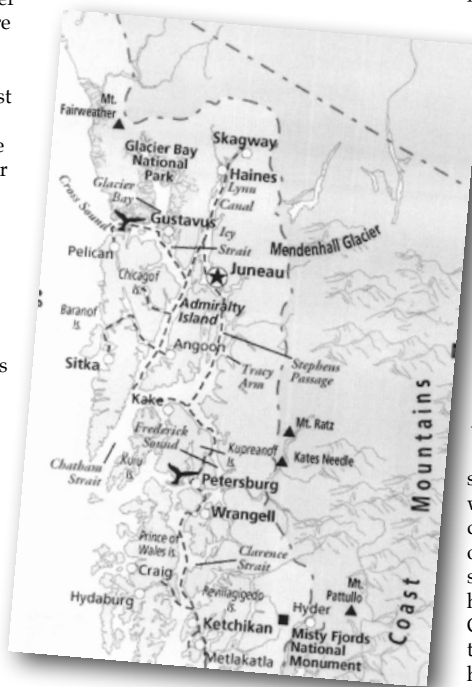
tinues down to the southeast; the gray-shaded area is Canada. We are only 33 miles from Canada, but the islands at the end of the Aleutian chain are more than 2,000 miles from Juneau.

Third, both states are very dependent on the tourism industry.

That is probably a bit more true of Hawaii than Alaska, but although a lot of the fish canneries and lumber mills have closed in some of the smaller towns in the last 20 years, it seems as though many of the medium-size towns are thriving due to the cruise ship arrivals and adventure tourism that happens during the summer. In Juneau a huge section of downtown adjacent to the cruise ship docks is virtually boarded up from October through April. The locally run businesses stay open, but there are many enterprises run by non-Alaskans who scurry back south when the weather starts to get colder.

This past winter was one of the snowiest in Juneau's history. There were almost 200 inches of snow recorded at the airport a few miles from our house. The picture on page 2 shows you the 3+ feet of snow that had piled up behind our back porch. Our home is the left half of the structure in the picture. These attached houses are called "zero lot" homes, since they usually don't have very much property surrounding them. We actually like having a nice big pond to the south of our house. That way we can always get the nice southern exposure sunshine.

I am sure that you are wondering about the lack of daylight in the win-



Prince Rupert, BC, or up to Skagway, AK, where you can drive into Canada's province of British Columbia and continue north west to get to the bigger part of Alaska's land mass. On the graphic above you can see the Canadian border represented by the dashed and dotted line that bisects the ice field north of Juneau and con-

Continued on page 2



Lisa and Andy's house as seen from the rear

ter, but to me it doesn't seem that much different from winters in other cold climates where I have lived. You leave for work and it is dark, and most of the daylight occurs while you are in your office, then it is dark again when you head home. The shortest day has less than seven hours of daylight, but you make up for that in spades once summer rolls around.

And when you get a gloriously sunny winter day, it is really hard to complain about the general lack of daylight. The previous picture and this next one were taken on the same day, and I think they illustrate that point.

Thunder Mountain is one of the smaller mountains near our home. A



Thunder Mountain as seen from the back of Lisa and Andy's house

new high school will take its name. The older school is downtown, but the bulk of the population lives up where we do, in the valley. There are enough youngsters to keep both schools full, and having two high schools will create some interesting sports and academic rivalries that won't require the teams to fly or take a ferry to compete. My cousins in Massachusetts grew up on an island,

and I think they enjoyed playing sports and visiting the mainland regularly, but the distances they had to travel were much shorter than required up here. Anchorage is the biggest city in Alaska, but at 570 miles away, the only reasonable way to get there quickly is to fly.

When you live in a rain forest, you have to get used to doing things outside, even if the weather isn't exactly perfect. Otherwise, you could be spending a lot of time in your house being very inactive. This past winter Andy and I spent a lot of time on the weekends going for snowshoe walks. We tried to avoid trails frequented by



Lisa snowshoeing on Mendenhall Lake, with the glacier in the background

cross country skiers so we wouldn't mess up their tracks, and since there are so many trails in Juneau, that's not a problem.

The preceding picture took a lot of convincing on my part to get Andy out on the lake. It is a very big lake, but after we went a few weekends and saw hundreds of people walking, skiing and snowshoeing across its surface, it was obvious that unless we had a really long stretch of warm weather, it was pretty safe to go out there.

The first time we ventured out to the face of the glacier, we encountered a sopping wet photographer tromping back to his car. Andy spoke to him for a while and found out that, attempting to get that "perfect shot," he got too close to an open fracture in the ice. He did have a life jacket on, and a nearby climber pulled him out of the water quite quickly. As I looked at his pants, I asked if he was wearing a dry suit. He said, "no, but the water

in my boots is starting to heat up now." I encouraged him to get back home and into some warm clothes as soon as possible, and Andy and I continued out to the glacier. This picture was taken on a day that we took a short walk on the lake from a location called Skater's Cabin. It is further west than the Visitor's Center vista of the glacier, so you can see a spit of land that is part of the foothills of Mount McGuiness, above which you can see the glacier reaching left to right down to where it meets with the lake.

People often go inside the ice caves inside the crevasses at the face of the glacier, but we spent our time during our first walk on the lake taking some pictures of the beautiful blue ice from a more conservative distance. It is less likely that the glacier will calve off a big iceberg during the winter but not totally outside the realm of possibility. The lake does empty out into the Mendenhall River, which travels downstream to reach the salt water system in the wetlands by the airport.

Though it may look like another winter picture, this last shot was taken just a few weeks ago when Nancy, Millie, Mary Alice, Andy and I took a trip down to Tracy Arm. There are two tidal glaciers in this



Lisa, Andy, and the South Sawyer Glacier in Tracy Arm fjord

fjord, but it is such a long trip that we were only able to see the southern one. We also saw some bears and whales and lots of eagles sitting on icebergs during the transit down to Tracy Arm.

Continued on page 3

Oil and coffee . . .

Dan Clark

. . . are one and the same! Just kidding. I don't really like coffee. Actually, these two items are not related, but they give a small picture of what I have been involved in lately. First, the oil.

Oklahoma is known as the Oil Capital of the World, and what started it all was an oil strike at the Glenn Pool (now the town of Glenpool) in 1905. I think there was continuous production at that well for about 75 years. In 2005, my former employer held an intern design competition for a centennial landmark for this oil strike. I won Best Concept. The main feature is four spotlights trained on a point high above the tree line to resemble an oil derrick, visible for miles from a nearby highway (see picture). There will also be jet fountains, a great draw for families. I am not certain if they are actually going to build the lighting feature, or if it was cut out at the last moment. When I get back to Oklahoma, I will visit and find out.

Now, the coffee. There is a new store trying to rival Starbucks (it may take a while), called Maxximo Jo's. The first store is located in Smyrna,

Tennessee. I drew the construction drawings for Maxximo Jo's and contributed some design. It is a very small place, about 500 square feet, but with big "shoulders" in the form of a roof over two drive-through lanes (see picture below). The store is drive-through only, but plans are in the making for a small amount of seating in future stores. I am too



much of a weenie to pay for cups of coffee that I may not finish, but their smoothies are very nice. They have something there called a *Gladiator* — six shots of Espresso! Wow!

At the time of writing this, I am involved in another coffee shop project, from another client, right across from where I work. It will involve a Turkish roaster at the front of the store, so customers can see how the coffee is roasted.

It seems that coffee is gradually encircling my life. Who knows, the next time you see me, I may have Gladiators in hand! (Though I hope not . . . and I have not mentioned to any of our clients that I am not a coffee drinker.) Oh, well; at least it's not oil . . . or, is it?!

Life in the Great Land, cont.



I think I can speak for Andy in saying that we are really enjoying our time here in the Great Land. The native Aleut people called the area Alyeska, which roughly translates to *great land*. I think that is pretty accurate, since the nearly half a million square miles of territory contain three million lakes and three thousand rivers. Since I am more of a water person, I will let Andy write a future article dealing with the mountains. I could go on for quite a while on the beauties of this great state, but you really should come and see it for yourself. We are currently taking bookings for the summer of 2008!



Who is this cute little dog trainer? Take a guess, then look on page 6 to confirm your answer.



Maxximo Jo's Coffee Shop, Smyrna, TN, which Dan Clark helped to design

Memories of a living room

Marcia Stovall

What wonderful times the Hearn family had in the living room at 2115 Westwood Avenue! Here are just a few of my memories.

When I was six years old there was a blizzard in Nashville. We were without electricity for a week. I remember mother cooking over the fire in the living room, and all of us wrapped up in blankets, sitting around the fire, trying to stay warm.

How our dad liked to entertain. Many times he would invite a room full of friends over. Mother would prepare a tasty meal. Afterwards, Daddy would assemble everyone in the living room. He would pass out the folk song books and everyone would request songs from the book. Mother played the piano while we all sang. Then Daddy would insist that his children entertain the guests. We sang solos, duets, and sometimes quartets. I think he was proud of us!

Many years later, my children were shocked to learn that the song "Shuckin' of the Corn" was indeed a song in the folk song book, not one I

had made up! I had sung that song with my children many times as we sat outside shucking corn.

I remember that one summer we sisters sat around the radio in the living room, knitting or crocheting. We would listen to music and sometimes sing along.



Another event which occurred in the living room: Florence and Aubrey celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, along with children, grandchildren, and special guests Bud and Mildred Hearn Walker (seated to the left of Aubrey). Florence holds a gift from the family, a painting of their house.

The living room also served as a game room during family reunions. Many were the times we would play Battleship or the Dictionary game. I must admit, it was a bit intimidating to be beaten at Dictionary by my nephews and nieces!

When I was in junior high, and later in high school, for several summers, Mother let me have slumber parties in June or July. I would invite fifteen girls, and we would sleep on the floor in the living room and dining room. We told ghost stories, walked around the neighborhood at midnight, told silly jokes, and ate snacks. Mother was so tolerant and sweet to allow all that commotion!

After graduating from high school I went with my senior class one Saturday on a swimming party at Montgomery Bell Park. My skin was fried from swimming all day. Later that night, I sat in the living room groaning from the sunburn and listening to Barbara Garrett's records.

Finally, I remember my siblings and I sitting in the living room after Mother died. We took turns choosing which furniture we wanted to keep for ourselves. Once, before Mother died, she told me she was worried that we would get into squabbles over the furniture. I told her I didn't think that would happen. I am so thankful that I was right. We didn't argue about anything that day.

These are just a few of the many memories I have of our home in Nashville. The living room was a special room in a very special home.

Living room retrospective

Nancy Clark

I remember Mother practicing on the piano - "Juba Dance" or the Grieg piano concerto. Also, all of us singing from the little books and Mother playing piano for us. When company came, Daddy made some of us perform in front of the guests. I hated that. But of course I always participated.

Mary Alice and Allan's wedding was in the living room, as was mine and Ross'. In fact, my wedding reception was in the dining room. For my wedding I had a string quartet play, including Wilda Tinsley and Steve

Smith on violin, Mrs. Withrow (my former cello teacher at Peabody College) on cello, and Betty Kay McGlothlen (now Betty Kay Wasserman) on viola. Also, Marcia sang a beautiful solo.

Then I remember having one or two Hearn reunions at the house, and Mark did his performance using fire batons. That made me a little nervous. I loved it when Traci, Gerald, Amy, and Keith sang and played, and also when Marcia and Millie sang and played their ukuleles. I felt sad when we no longer were able to use the grand old house and had to look elsewhere for a reunion site.



Florence's kitchen

Pictured above is one view of the kitchen at 2115 Westwood, as seen in 1973. Does this picture inspire you to write a remembrance of good times and good food originating in this room? If so, send us your essay or poem and we'll share it in the next issue.

A trip to Italy with the Southern Crescent chorale

Suzie Lusk

I had a whirlwind trip of ten days to Italy this summer with my chorale. While only 22 singers went, another 40 or so friends and family went just for fun, so getting in and out of hotels and onto our bus was always time consuming. We started in Venice and then went to Milan, Florence, Spoleto, Sienna, Assisi, and Rome.

Our original plan was to sing at the Music Festival in Spoleto, but we were not accepted. However, we sang seven concerts in schools and churches throughout Italy. It was a wonderful trip but very tiring. Our director, Janice Folsom, is used to taking teenagers to Europe. I think she forgot that most of us were over 50—in fact, my roommate was 80!

As a junior in college I had been through Italy as far as Rome, but that was in 1971. I knew I had seen many sites, but I couldn't remember how

the countryside looked back then. I'd venture to guess that there are thousands, maybe millions, more



visiting Italy now than in '71. The Italians are in the process of doing a lot of cleaning up and repairing,

as many structures are thousands of years old. Milan was the dirtiest city, with graffiti on almost every building, but I found out that it is one of the leading financial centers of the world.

My favorite place was Sienna, a city I had never visited. Apparently there is a huge celebration there in the fall where each district of the surrounding area enters a rider and a horse to compete in a race. Riders race around the courtyard of the city, and the people sit right up next to the racetrack. If you have time, look up Sienna on the Internet and you can see how lovely the town is. It's in Tuscany, where every town is built up on the side of a mountain and everything is picturesque.

Janice wants to take more trips to Europe, so I hope I can hold up to return in the coming years. Maybe I'll be able to persuade Fred to go with me!

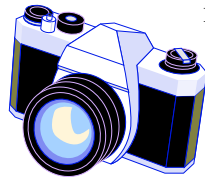
Behind me in the picture is the Trevi Fountain. Magnificent!

Let the travel bug bite!

Mary Alice Heard

Aubrey loved traveling abroad, and he delighted in sharing pictures from his trips with friends and family. Co-workers, friends from church, and acquaintances who inquired about his trip were prime targets for social evenings when he'd get out his slide projector and regale us with the highlights of his trip. A side benefit of such evenings was that the attendees might show interest in the next trip, some months down the road.

These were the days before the travel channel (and before many owned a TV), multiple travel guides, and easy access to travel information on the Internet. World travelers were relatively rare back in the 40s and 50s. Hearing first-hand about museums and tourist sites on the other side of the world was a good way to enrich our lives.



How things have changed! Thanks to an improved economy and retirement savings, many middle class retirees are able to realize dreams of seeing the world. Aubrey and Florence would have been pleased to see Charles and Lerma's pictures posted on the Internet (<http://hearnweb.com/pages/travel.html>). We don't have to experience any of the inconveniences of travel; we can sit at home and see whole tours of

Hawaii, Eastern Europe, Australia/New Zealand, and Thailand, among others, with wonderful photos and an explanation of each picture.

Aubrey took Florence and each of the children on trips abroad, some of us twice.

Obviously he wanted to broaden our view of the world. He didn't realize that he was infecting us with the travel bug. Perhaps it's genetic, this desire to see other parts of the world. At any rate, we're bitten. Thanks, Daddy!



Noah Dillard drew the above sketch of Harry Potter and Hermione Granger. According to his dad, their identity is of course obvious if you read the ancient runelike words telling us about it! And the wand that each is holding should be a dead giveaway.

The day we stole the Christmas tree—a living room reflection

Mary Alice Heard

During the Christmas season I sometimes think about the good times we had at Christmas after we children were married. We came back with spouses and children and celebrated Christmas together around a Christmas tree surrounded by an enormous pile of gifts. What a commotion we had on Christmas morning as we opened our gifts and had fun showing them off.

Back in those days our tree was usually a cedar. The aroma of the cedar tree is one of my favorite memories of Christmas. Sad to say, Daddy was reluctant to have a live tree in the house for very long because he considered it a fire hazard. For that reason, he waited until right before Christmas to put up the tree. We also had to take down the tree very soon after Christmas.

One year, when Allan and I lived in Nebraska and before we had any children, we arrived in Nashville two days before Christmas to find that Daddy had not yet purchased a tree. He told us that he was waiting for us

to pick up the tree because we had a station wagon and because he thought, having come from Nebraska where it snows a lot, we'd better be able to maneuver our car on snowy



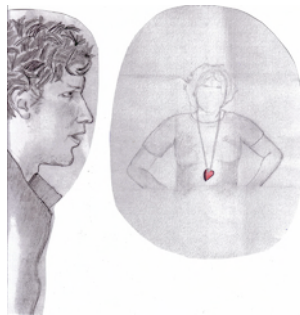
roads. (It had already snowed that year.)

Christmas eve day presented us with a white Christmas. In fact,

Nashville experienced a real blizzard, with blowing snow and icy temperatures. That afternoon Allan and I started out to find a Christmas tree lot. Sure enough, we found several, but none of them had attendants to take our money. We must have spent an hour plowing through the snow looking for a tree lot where someone would help us. We decided that either we'd have to return home empty handed or we'd just have to take a tree. We rationalized that the lot owners would be happy for us to remove a tree for them, since the trees would have no value after Christmas. We stopped at a lot, plodded through it looking for a good-sized cedar, made our selection, and loaded it in the back of the station wagon. I'm sure I craned my neck as we drove away from the lot, making sure someone wouldn't see us and catch us red handed.

Daddy was surprised when we returned and told him that we had stolen the tree. I don't believe, though, that the stolen tree, once decorated, looked any different from one honestly come by.

The mystery child , Kristen Clark, in a more recent photo below and in a drawing by her husband, Dan.



Here are the three Dillard boys, Jordan, Adam, and Noah, celebrating the 4th of July

Note from Dan: As an extra, here I am in college trying to visualize my future wife! This is a composite picture. I drew myself in 1990 and Kristen in 2007. I am available to turn your photographs into drawings. Just send me a scanned image and I will draw it for you. I do not trace! I do charge a small fee, negotiable. My favorite medium is graphite, but I can experiment with whatever medium you want.

~~~~~  
I don't know how I got over the  
hill without getting to the top!  
~~~~~




Family news

Congratulations to Bob Hearn, who completed the Boston Marathon in April on a very cold, wet, and windy day. His time was 3:13:43, just under his goal of 3 hours, 15 minutes. A few weeks later Bob also ran in the Country Music Marathon in Nashville. Because he ran in two marathons close together, he is an official member of the Marathon Maniacs Club. Way to go, Bob!

Andy Clark now works for the state of Alaska with the title of Communications Engineering Associate I. He works with microwave antennas to help law enforcement, the military, and other agencies communicate in case of emergency. Congratulations, Andy.

Amy Stovall went to England with two friends for 2-1/2 weeks. She also visited Wales and Scotland. She reports that she had an awesome time.

Brian Dillard is now working for Ricardo, Inc., an engineering services and consulting company based in the UK.

The company is historically known for powertrain designs, including gas and diesel engines. (Sir Harry Ricardo was a pioneer in the development of the internal combustion engine.) However, the company also has product groups for transmissions, hybrids, vehicle engineering, and controls and electronics. Brian is Chief Engineer, Controls & Electronics, and his boss is the VP for Ricardo globally. Although a lot of Ricardo projects are automotive, the company also provides engineering for military and commercial vehicles and even works on hybrid motor scooters. Says Brian, "We're also getting involved in alternative energy, such as wind turbines, because the actual turbines and their controls and diagnostics share characteristics of automotive systems. Right now we are doing quite well because the need for better fuel economy and alternative engines such as hybrids means that our services are in demand and will be for a long time. I interact with clients, make technical proposals and, when we win projects, have to manage them. I often have to change gears (no pun intended) multiple times per day."



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Skiff

Allan Heard

During my high school and, to some lesser degree, during my early college years, the ponds on the Porters' farm offered substantial attraction for me. One was spring-fed and clear. You could see bass in the 5-pound class just lollygagging around, ignoring all attempts to attract them.

The other pond was built downstream from farmland, some of it actively eroding. The water was always muddy red, the same as much of the exposed soil. The muddy water resisted all attempts to clarify it. Those attempts included dumping in manure scraped from the feedlots around the barn. The idea was to feed organisms that imparted a more pleasant green color and to promote flocculation and settling out of clay particles. Short-term success seemed scant.

One of the fertilizings coincided closely with Mr. Porter commissioning his son Clyde and me to pull up cotton stalks that stuck up out of the water in shallow areas of the pond. We used what had once been a fine cypress boat as a work boat to haul stalks to a central pile. Eventually, cows walked in the boat and put holes in the bottom of it.

The demise of the boat was not the worst of this venture. The worst was the smell that the manure imparted to the workers. For several days, the sour stench of feedlot manure continued to seep from my pores and follow me wherever I went.

For several years fishing was very poor. We caught at least a zillion tiny blue gills and random small bass. Mrs. Porter loved the diversion fishing provided and pole-fished with some regularity. Sadly, I was not there the day she got the big one. They said it was spectacular. When the fish hit, she started yelling and ran up the face of the dam and over the top, dragging a four-pound bass and yelling all the way.

This event caused a new wave of fishing attention, but fishing never was great. However, new sport waited just offstage. The trigger was an ad in the Tupelo Journal—"Plywood boat, \$20." By this time I was a working man, surveying property every moment I could spare, so I had the \$20. Clyde and I confirmed by phone that the boat was a handmade, marine plywood, flat-bottom john boat. What we lacked was a way to haul the boat from East Tupelo. The Porters had a pickup truck whose bed was off for repair or replacement. We decided we could probably lash the boat to the truck frame and haul it back the 15 or so miles to the farm. We hit the road for East Tupelo and found the boat easily. We did not



haggle much about the price. Although we had minor troubles with the boat wanting to get airborne, we made it to the pond intact.

We commandeered Daddy's 7-horsepower Firestone outboard motor without objection. The light, flat-bottomed boat would absolutely fly with one person and was no slouch with two people aboard.

The neatest feature was caused by the flat bottom. Since the boat had no rudder or keel, at higher speeds it hydroplaned when the motor was turned to steer. When that happened you would suddenly be flying along with boat pointing nearly at right angles to its direction of travel. The downside was that the leading side of the boat would suddenly grab the water flying under the boat, nearly stopping it, while the boat's contents (mostly me) kept going until the con-

tents were also stopped by the still water. Actually, I never got dumped, but I came oh-so-close.

One day Clyde and I were riding around the pond, maybe 30 or so feet from the shore, when a new kind of wildlife revealed itself. A very large bullfrog that was floating between us and the shore jumped/ran out of the water and out of sight up the shore. It was the only time I ever saw a frog get scared out of the water and my first realization that this muddy pond housed a colony of edible frogs. We did explore that further several times.

We devised several handy ways to transport that wonderful \$20 boat and netted lots of big bluegills and shell crackers into it. My favorite recollection in that respect involved a commercial bus driver named John L. Long, as I remember. He had driven my high school senior class to Washington, DC, on our senior trip.

New Albany was his turnaround/layover stop for a long, south Mississippi run, so I would see him roaming around town once in a while. On one such an occasion I was preparing to go to Carey's Lake near Myrtle. I invited him along and he took me up on it. We got into a huge bedded area about 6 to 8 feet deep and almost filled the boat with blue gill and shell crackers that ran about a pound on average. With light gear they are exciting, fighting to the finish.

I couldn't believe John L. He was constantly yelling and jumping around in the little boat. I never saw anybody more excited about fishing. It turned out that this man, probably 45 or more, had never been fishing. I am sure he went again, but I lost touch with him after that summer.

The \$20 boat met its end that summer too. I left it about halfway beached on the muddy pond on the Porters' farm. You can guess what happened to it. The cows walked the bottom out of it. It was the only ship I will ever memorialize.

2 0 0 8 F E B R U A R Y E D I T I O N

the Hearn Herald

VOLUME 15, NUMBER 1

FEBRUARY, 2008

Meet our newest family member, Isaac Conner Stovall

Hello family,

It's been a while since we've written anything for the Hearn Herald. Tons of changes have taken place in the past few years. Most notable is the adoption of our second child, Isaac Conner Stovall. He was born in Mississippi on November 12, 2008. We welcomed him home to our house in Wesson, Mississippi, on November 19. He was born weighing 7 lbs., 8 oz. He is now two months old and he's been with us for seven of his eight weeks. He now weighs 12 lbs., 6 oz. and is 22½ inches long.

Isaac's middle name, Conner, is Grandmother's maiden name, as you already know. We thought this name would honor Grandmother's memory in a special way. His first name, Isaac, reminded Teresa and me of God's work in our own lives. Just as Abraham surrendered his son Isaac to God, we felt called to lay aside our plans, desires, dreams, and hopes for the sake of our children. God showed us that we needed to adopt any child He brought into our home. We began to see adoption as an act of service to Him. Isaac reminds us of this, and he is truly a joy.

Isaac and Ramie are fast becoming great friends. On his first full day with us, Ramie pulled Isaac from his bouncy seat and into her lap. Teresa just so happened to spoil her attempted diaper change. Although we commend Ramie for trying to lend a helping hand, we've tried



to refocus the "little momma" to less dangerous caretaking activities.

Ramie jumped back into action a few weeks ago, however. Teresa set Isaac down in his baby bed, and he began crying. Shortly after his crying began, it stopped. Teresa became curious and peeked into Isaac's room to find "little mamma" at work again. This time, she had climbed into

Isaac's baby bed, a good four feet off of the ground, to console newest little best friend. Each morning big sister asks Teresa if Isaac can crawl yet. She eagerly awaits the day when she can interact with (or boss around) her little brother.

Teresa and I regularly correspond with Isaac's birth mother.

Our adoption is a semi-open arrangement that allows for scheduled, periodic correspondence. We have been blessed to see the hand of God during the adoption process. From start to finish God has clearly directed us. Now we are seeing how He is using our relationship with Isaac's birth mother to communicate His loving kindness. Thank you all for your thoughts, cards, prayers, and e-mails.

We love you,
Keith, Teresa, Ramie, Isaac

An interesting coincidence

Suzie Lusk

Katie Beth has just recently met her birth father. He did not communicate at all with her the first 16 years of her life, even though he lived in the same town—Calhoun, Georgia—as her birth mom. We had all pretty much assumed that he did not want to be involved and didn't try to contact him.



What a surprise when Marie (birth mom) called me up one day last April to ask if Katie would like to meet Eric. Katie said sure, and she didn't want me to go up there, she wanted to go by herself. It turns out that Eric is a really nice guy who was the second highest money winner on Jeopardy back in the 90s.

Eric is very smart, likes to sing (I always wondered why Katie enjoyed music), and is fairly well off financially. He is divorced, so he doesn't have much to do with his money!

Well, the interesting thing was that after we met Eric and talked to him a while, he told us that his mother's maiden name was—get this—Lusk! We went up to Calhoun one day and met his mother, grandmother, grandfather, uncle, and sister. We are not sure if we are related to the Lusk part of his family. Fred's family is from South Carolina, as you know, and these Lusks are from north Georgia. I thought it was really strange and the oddest occurrence ever!

That light ain't right

Allan Heard

Shortly before I had a mad-man chop off my leg and randomly glue it back, M.A. had me busy doing jobs from the eternal "long list." One was to replace two badly pitted brass porch lights.

I got on a roll one afternoon and put new light fixtures in place quite quickly. Then I reared back and proudly admired my handiwork. Immediately, I noticed a small problem. The left-hand fixture was upside down, as the included photos confirm.

"Tear down and redo" is a bitter pill to swallow.

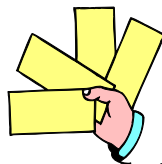


Recycle those greeting cards!

Mary Alice Heard

On Allan's 71st birthday I showered him with 15 cards, each one precious. One card was signed by his mom and dad and another by Aubrey and Florence. Some were signed (at various stages of childhood) by Tim, Joel, and Karen, and a few by some of his grandchildren. Most were rather corny, and a few were sentimental. Although he had seen them before, he dutifully opened each one and grinned at the appropriate times.

When did we start saving greeting cards and reusing them? I can't remember, but I do believe I



have the very first Valentine card that I gave Allan in February after our December 1960 wedding. I guess I found it hard to throw away a card that expressed my sentiments so well. Over the years we have presented new cards along with the used. We have a stack of cards for almost every occasion. These past few years I have seen no need to purchase another birthday card at an exorbitant price. Those used cards do quite nicely.

I guess this family tradition reveals our dearth of sentimentality. (I vividly remember sitting at the dining table in Oxford while visiting Allan's folks right before Christmas. A sudden thought

struck me: it was our 25th wedding anniversary!) But I believe I can top our card recycling with a story Mother told me about a certain unnamed couple, friends of Florence and Aubrey. When a card-giving occasion was coming up, they would go to the card store and carefully select the appropriate cards to give each other. Then, standing in the aisle, they would exchange cards, read them, and put them back on the rack.

This is just my reminder that you can save those expensive cards and reuse them. Recycling is in our genes.

Lost and found

Millie Dillard

Several months ago, I was in the kitchen at my apartment when I discovered that the diamond in my ring was missing. I had been several places that day and had no idea at what point it had fallen out. I was devastated because I felt it was the last thing of Jim's that I had. Beth and the boys came to my apartment after I called to tell her it was gone. They began to crawl all over the floor downstairs feeling for it. They didn't find it in the den, dining area, or kitchen. I thought it was hopeless.



Millie opening her ring at Christmas, with grandson Braxton looking on.

Next they moved to the steps, which are carpeted, and up to the second floor. Beth had to keep reminding the boys to go slowly, as they were anxious to be finished with this task. Then Beth searched my bedroom and Coley moved to the bathroom. After several minutes, Coley yelled, "I found it!" (for about the fifth or sixth time—he had yelled every time he saw something shiny on the floor). However, this time it was for real! I was so excited. Beth even cried. It was an amazing moment and a true answer to prayer. Beth and Mark took my ring to a jeweler, who

put the diamond in a new setting. They surprised me with it at Christmas. It is really beautiful, and I am thankful to have it back on my finger where it belongs.

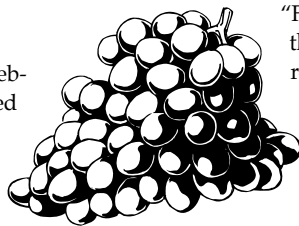


Millie enjoying Christmas day with grandsons Braxton and Coley Lippard

Wrath of grapes

Allan Heard

Four years ago (February, 2004) I recounted here an experience Mary Alice had at the deli-bar of a local grocery store. She was about to get me some chicken salad for lunch when she encountered a lady busily picking out and returning all the grapes from the salad she was about to purchase. She forgave herself aloud to MA, stating, "I don't like grapes." The net effect was an increase in grape and germ content of the remaining salad (not to mention the



"French" I applied to the situation when MA recounted the experience). To this day I refer to a chicken salad sandwich as a grape sandwich.

Lately I have grocery shopped with MA to exercise my bad leg. Fresh fruits and, particularly, grapes are my exclusive territory. It was just a matter of time until I encountered something remiss.

What I first noticed was that I could not get to the grapes. A lady was so squarely in the way that I could not reach a grape without shoving her out of the way. I

stood and watched for several minutes. In that time, I got a clear picture of her activity. There were perhaps 40 separate bags each of three varieties of grapes. Systematically, she was reaching into each bag and squeezing a grape, hard. I watched her squeeze at least a dozen grapes, blocking the way all the while. I watched until I was seething. Then I said, "Lady, why don't you make up your mind?" She ignored me and kept squeezing.

I went back later and got my grapes.

Confessions of an UNdomestic goddess

Traci Myrick

At 36 years of age I embarked on a new phase of life.
I moved to Tennessee and proudly became Steve's wife.
I had visions of grandeur of becoming the lovely caretaker of our new home.
I began to focus on this dream of mine, then encountered lots of woes!

The pretty houses I'd always seen, I realized, did not suddenly come to be!
The dust mites, loads of laundry, meals galore had to be prepared, you see!
Even at this age I had never really learned all the chores to be done.
The sweeping and mopping and scrubbing were certainly battles to be won.

I write this silly poem even as I need to clean.
I think I'll put it off and miraculously become the woman in my dreams!
I could read, or play, or chat on the phone or get to work on the things that need to be done.
Maybe with more years of practice this battle will be won. . .

Small chores, one thing at a time, I tried to refocus my thoughts.
Being proud of the small things, not getting overwhelmed is what I was being taught.
Once things are spic-and-span, it's yet time to clean again!
Can't I clean it once and let that be the end?!?!

Martha Stewart, domestic goddess, I am not and this is truthfully so.
The mop and broom and sponge and vacuum definitely are my foes.
But I'll take it in stride and continue to learn and try to have a pretty home.
Just please warn me before you come so that my skills I'll rush to hone.



Katie's adventures in Spain

Katie Beth Lusk

This past Christmas break I got the opportunity to visit Mercedes, my foreign exchange student friend from last year, in Spain. The sights and the landscapes were very beautiful and completely different from those in the U.S. They don't really have tall buildings or skyscrapers, and all of the cars are little coups or small sedans. We never ate lunch at noon, it was always served around 2 or 3, and we always ate together as a family. Dinner came even later, around 9 or 10.



Madrid is a wonderful city, and it has many historical districts that have different types of architecture ranging from Spanish to Austrian. The city was beautiful, especially at night when there were lights in the streets above the cars, hanging from invisible wire. I got a chance to see the Royal Palace and also the Prado Museum. The palace was beautiful, and at the Prado I got to see the paintings of one of my favorite artists, El Greco. The food was wonderful, especially the empanadas and bread. Spain is one of my favorite places to visit, and I would suggest it for anyone up for a change.



Do you recognize this chubby little fellow? If not, look for his identity on page six.

Climbing the Great Pyramid*

C. Aubrey Hearn

The first wonder of the ancient world was the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, often called the Great Pyramid of Cheops. It was erected about 4600 years ago and is located about ten miles west of Cairo, Egypt. It is the oldest of standing buildings and was until this century the tallest building in the world.

Many books have been written about the pyramid, and its wonders have been extolled by scholars. It covers 13 acres, being 762 feet square, and was originally 486 feet high. The cornerstone, which was at the top, has disappeared. It is built of huge sandstone blocks averaging between 2 and 2½ tons each. The building is of solid stone except for several narrow passageways.

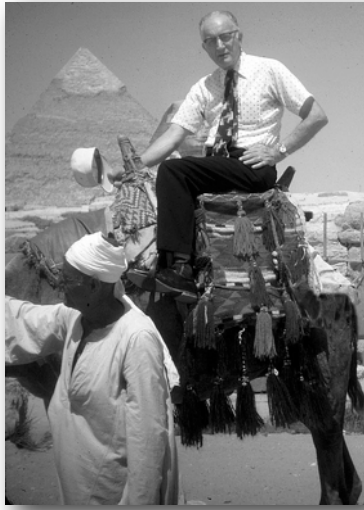
Cheops built the pyramid as a tomb for his wife and himself. Herodotus tells us that it took 100,000 slaves twenty years to build the pyramid. It is still a mystery how such huge stones could be lifted so high when there was no giant machinery in those days.

The surface of the pyramid is rough, and the climber must follow a zigzag course if he wishes to go to the top. As the climb is a bit dangerous, it is wise to hire a guide to help you make the ascent.

The guide I chose for the climb was Hefnaye Faaid, otherwise known as The Champ. Hefnaye can run to the top of the pyramid and back in 7½ minutes. This he has done many times, for the amusement and the amazement of tourists. King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia gave him £1,000 for his exhibition. Dag

Hammarskjold gave him \$50, and Nehru of India, £30.

I spent an hour talking to The Champ and learned some interesting things about him. He is 36 years of age and lives at Mena Village, near the pyramid. He has been running up the pyramid for 23 years. His fastest time is 6 minutes, and his average time, 7 minutes. When not running up the pyramid he serves as guide



This picture of Aubrey on a camel was made in 1977.

for those who wish to climb it.

The Champ began running up the pyramid when he was 13. He noticed that people who climbed the pyramid were thirsty by the time they reached the top. So he began running up with a bucket of drinking water and would beat the climbers to the top.

In 1956 Hefnaye was hired to put 7000 electric lights on the Great Pyramid. Then the lights were turned on and a picture was made by the Sylvania Company. Hefnaye was paid £20 a day for this work.

Hefnaye stopped school when he was 8. He neither reads nor writes. But he speaks five languages—German, Italian, French, English, and Arabic. The Champ says he enjoys his work but admits that he doesn't run up and down the pyramid as often now as he did when he was younger. He expects to continue running for ten years, and then devote his time to serving as guide for those who wish to climb the pyramid.

Twice I have climbed to the top of the Great Pyramid, each time with the Champ as my guide. It is a strenuous climb, but the view from the top is worth the effort required. The best reward for the climb, however, is getting to know the Champ—a unique person, the only one of his kind in the world. I do not envy him his job, but I admire him and consider myself fortunate to know him. He is truly a champion.

**This undated, unpublished manuscript is an example of Aubrey's inquisitive mind. He enjoyed meeting interesting people. Although some of the facts in this story are out of date and the guide no longer plying his trade, the depiction of the pyramid rings true.*

A grandmother was surprised by her 7-year-old grandson one morning. He had made coffee for her. She drank what was the worst cup of coffee she'd ever had. When she got to the bottom, there were three of those little green Army men in the cup. She said, "Honey, what are these Army men doing in my coffee?"

Her grandson said, "Grandma, it says on TV, 'The best part of waking up is soldiers in your cup!'"



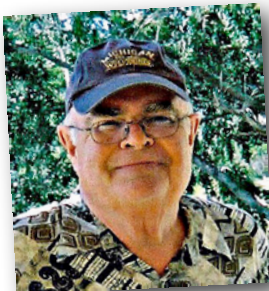
Destination question

Gerald Stovall

"Are we there yet?" is a question most parents hear over and over again.

Marcia and I certainly heard it many times. I remember a particular instance when I drove from Lafayette, Louisiana, to the New Orleans airport to pick up Millie and Bonnie. Marcia and I had just had our second baby, Amy Renee, and Millie came to help and to spend some time with us. Beth would come later, with Suzie.

The drive took about two hours, and though we were all



anxious to arrive at the Stovall house, Bonnie was more vocal about it. Millie even commented, "I am sorry you had to drive so far," which, when paraphrased, meant, "How much farther is it?"

I have thought about that incident many times and wondered how many other occasions prompted Bonnie to ask "Are we there yet?" Now Bonnie knows the answer, and so do her maternal grandparents and her daddy. Yes, Bonnie, you are indeed there, and there is no more waiting.



We received no essays about Florence's kitchen for this issue. Perhaps you'd like to write one for the September edition. Remember washing dishes while singing folk songs? Eating on the extension table? Share with us.

The mystery boy on page 4 is Allan Heard, 4 months old. The hair's about the same, but my, how he's changed!

Bethlehem Ministry

Suzie Lusk

This year the Hearn sisters gave their charitable Christmas gift to Bethlehem Ministry, a non-profit organization which benefits the children of Haiti. The Episcopal Church in Atlanta has been sponsoring this organization for many years.

As you know, Haiti is a very poor country. Through donated gifts, a school has been built for

these children, and those who can sponsor a child for about \$250 a year. We Hearn sisters were able to give over \$300, and a child will be sponsored in our name. The money will provide clothes, school supplies and anything else the child may need at school. I am very appreciative that my sisters helped a child in Haiti this year.



Nora

Family friend and neighbor Nora Padgett died January 22, 2007. An elementary school teacher before she earned her MRE degree from Southwestern Baptist Seminary, Nora came to Nashville to teach and write for teachers of preschool children at the Baptist Sunday School Board (now Lifeway). In that capacity she worked with Florence at Ridgecrest and Glorieta for many years. As a next-door neighbor,



Nora Marie Padgett - 1912-2007

Nora always greeted us warmly when any of us returned to Nashville for a visit. More often than not, she brought over some homemade goodies for us. And since she always returned to her hometown in North Carolina at Christmas, she allowed our families to use her apartment when we needed extra beds. Nora was gregarious, witty, an avid fan of Vanderbilt athletic teams, a delightful hostess, and a wonderful friend. We were blessed to have known her.



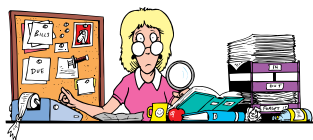
Family news

Dan Clark writes that he is working on drawings for a Living Cross that his choir will be standing on while singing for the Easter program at his church. He says, "Perhaps I will have a story on how the cross successfully stayed up (I hope) for the August edition!!"

Bob Hearn completed his eighth marathon in Portland in October, bettering his goal by 1 minute and his first marathon by 3-1/2 minutes. He was 20th among the 531 runners in his age group. He also ran in the Trail River Run 10-k race in Vancouver and surprised himself by winning. Liz ran also and was the second-place female finisher, 8 seconds behind the winner. Way to stay in shape, you two!

Suzie writes to recommend that we all read the book, *Listening Is an Act of Love*, by David Isay. This book is an outgrowth of the StoryCorp oral history project and contains 50 of the conversations recorded during the project. Suzie says, "I think everyone in our family should try to go to a StoryCorp booth at some point."

Traci Myrick has completed her online medical transcription course, having completed classes in anatomy, medical terminology, pharmacology, laboratory procedures, human diseases, medical language, and grammar. She has been hired as an independent contractor to listen to physicians' dictations and type their notes. Traci reports that she's enjoying having a flexible schedule and looks forward to years of learning more about medical technology.



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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Celebrating Christmas at the McCord house were Rachel, Hallie, Victoria, Angela, Derek II, Derek, Mikaela, and John McCord. What a handsome family! Since they're planning a trip to Brazil in July, they'll miss our upcoming reunion. Have a great trip, McCords! We hope to see you in 2010, if not before.

Reunion time again!

Yes, that time's almost here, and it looks as if this reunion just may be the best yet. Our reunion is planned for July 10-12 and will take place at Bear Creek Crossing in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee. We have reserved three 4-bedroom cabins and one 2-bedroom cabin. Among the amenities are spacious rooms, stone fireplaces, game rooms containing pool and air hockey tables, Jacuzzis, large plasma TVs, satellite TV connections and free internet access, grills, fully equipped kitchens, and privileges for use of the indoor/outdoor pool. Additionally, we'll have the exclusive use of the clubhouse on Friday and Saturday (11th and 12th).

During past reunions we have broken into small groups to do touristy things. We hope this year to have family activities that will provide fun for the children

and a chance to really visit with each other. Becky and Amy are planning the schedule, which may involve some friendly team competitions. We'll still have time for Battleship, the Dictionary game, and fun at the pool.

We won't have a caterer for this reunion. Families will be responsible for their own breakfasts in the cabins, and we'll eat together in the clubhouse for lunch and dinner. Marcia and Suzie, who are coordinating the meals, will be getting in touch with you.

Thanks to Nancy and Lerma for spending many hours trying to find the facility with the best bargain for us, then dickering with the management at Eden Crest, the rental agency, for the best combination of cabins. Don't forget to send your final payment, due March 1, to Nancy.

First Hearn-Hubbard reunion in sixteen years!

On Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, descendants of Charles Lycurgus and Della Hubbard Hearn will gather at Lake Guntersville State Park, not far from Albertville, Alabama. Of course, this is the weekend after our reunion of Aubrey and Florence Hearn's descendants, so many of us will have to miss the larger reunion. BUT if you live within easy driving distance, you might want to drive over for Saturday.

Cost: Lodge rooms (chalets already booked): \$113 including tax. Don and Linda Hearn are arranging a picnic at a lakeside pavilion, also other meals, and investigating costs for golf. You will receive further information by e-mail.

Expected number of guests: 65 to 90, including family members from the west coast.

the

Hearn Herald

VOLUME 15, NUMBER 2

SEPTEMBER, 2008

The Frolic*Karen Lee*

Living in a foreign land has its difficulties. For the kids and me, some days just going outside can be challenging. Everyone stares at us, calls "Foreigner, foreigner," and then proceeds to talk about us to whoever is nearby (thinking that we don't understand what they're saying). Our daughter Joy, a big extrovert, usually takes this in stride. She says hello to everyone and often wows them with her ability to speak their language. Our son Micaiah, on the other hand, tends to be shy. We've had to make a rule in our family that he at least needs to say hello to people who greet him. I think it's fair to say, though, that the other day he came out of his shell.

We have some local friends who like to take us out on a regular basis and show us various attractions around town. Because it's summer and very hot and humid right now, they've lately wanted to take us to museums. So the other day we went with them to a history museum, followed by an art museum. The kids and I enjoyed it, but both museums were fairly small, and we were able finish seeing both of them within only a couple of hours. Evidently, our friends felt like this was not enough and told us they were taking us to a lake with a beach where the kids could

play. Joy and Micaiah, of course, were thrilled about this.

Having not planned to go to the beach, I had not brought the kids' bathing suits, but I figured it would be okay for them to wade. There was a rope marking off the swimming area about



fifteen feet out, making the water next to the beach only about four feet deep at its deepest. So, the kids proceeded to wade. Joy had no problem keeping her clothes dry. But Micaiah had soaked his shorts within the first five minutes of being there. I took them off, thinking that surely he could keep his underwear dry. Every time he squatted down to scoop up sand, though, he'd get the bottoms of his underwear wet. Now, there is a common belief here that wearing wet clothes will cause one to catch a cold, even in the heat of the sum-

mer. Being culturally appropriate, I told Micaiah that he needed to take his underwear off. Seeing other kids playing in the water naked, and also wanting to be culturally appropriate I'm sure, Micaiah just stripped down to his birthday suit.

Micaiah is generally a pleasant boy with a happy demeanor, but that afternoon he was exuberant. Immediately upon taking off his clothes, a huge grin broke across his face. He dove down into the two-foot-deep water and began pretending to swim. Every few minutes he would jump out of the water, run up onto the beach and roll around in the sand, all the while still wearing the grin. Then, back into the water he'd go where he'd spin around in circles and splash up and down to get the sand off. Imagine, if you will, in the middle of a sea of tan-skinned people, a little buck-naked white boy running back and forth and rolling in the sand. He was a sight to see. Except for a brief interlude for sandcastle building, this continued for the remainder of our time at the beach.

We think our son is cute, and people often comment so, but on this day he was a crowd stopper. At one point he was surrounded by a group of fifteen or twenty people pointing their cell phone cameras at him. Though he normally dislikes

Continued on page 2

The Frolic, continued



having his picture taken, this day he gladly posed. And though he doesn't care much for talking to strangers, this day he politely answered questions for all the curious onlookers. For about an hour that warm summer afternoon, our shy little boy acted like a superstar.

I have yet to figure out the psychology of all this. He wears clothes and he's shy; he takes them off and he's outgoing. What is it about little boys and nakedness? Actually, though, I think he was just having so much fun in the water and the sand that he was distracted from the things around him. I don't think I've ever seen him have so much fun, and it really was a blessing to hear the giggles and see the big smile. We'll definitely be heading back to that lake again someday soon. Next time, though, I think I'll take along the swimsuits.



Who is this happy baby? Take a guess, then check your answer on page 7.

Maraschino cherry pie?

Allan Heard

Shortly before we were married, Mary Alice and I had a meaningful conversation about my mother's cooking as it related to Mary Alice's. I promised that I would never use Mother's cooking as a comparison. I then went on to say there were a few things I hoped Mary Alice would mimic—my mother's rolls and her cherry pie being the main ones. Shortly after the discussion, we enjoyed some of Mother's fried peach pies, and we both nominated those to the list.

At the time we chose to get married, December 1960, I traveled five days per week. Mary Alice was deeply entangled in graduate school and would do her grocery shopping on Friday afternoon, usually before I got back in town.

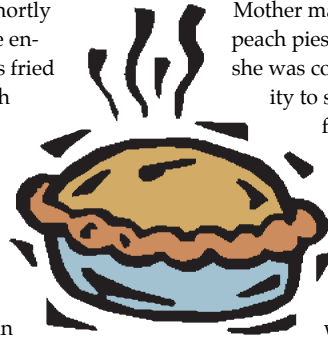
One Friday I happened to arrive as she prepared to unload the groceries from the car. She was glad to see me but was especially happy because she had bought the ingredients for a cherry pie. As I emptied the first bag, I immediately encountered two glass pint jars of maraschino cherries. After I figured out what the cherries were for, I had a big, one-sided laugh. Always a good sport, MA managed a smile after she understood the mistake, but you can be certain I soon wore out the funny part and then some. Sadly, one jar of cherries got broken before we could return it to the grocer, compounding the negative aspect of the incident.

I knew just enough about Mother's pie to know that a certain brand and type of cherries were needed. Armed with that informa-

tion and the recipe, the pie was a snap, and feelings soon improved.

Manufacture of rolls like Mother's took a little practice, but over the years Mary Alice surpassed the goal. A neighbor in Montana expanded her knowhow beyond rolls to loaves of bread that were too good to believe. There were no funny surprises along the way—just good bread.

Early on she helped Mother make a batch of fried peach pies and took notes, so she was confident in her ability to succeed with the fried pies. If it had



not been for a minor cooking weakness, she would have succeeded on first try. That weakness is to leave out or substitute for ingredients she happens not to have at cooking time. Because of this behavior, I was not surprised to hear her laughing loudly in the kitchen on the afternoon she made her initial attempt.

I rushed to the kitchen and fell to the floor laughing when I saw what she had done. She had nothing from which to make a "from scratch" crust, so she substituted Bisquick self-rising biscuit mix.

As you can imagine, the fried pies rose—and rose—and rose. They were more than an inch thick. We named them Peach Burgers. They were right tasty and filling.

There have been a few more cooking mishaps over the years, and, unfortunately, I still laugh about them. Where did you think my hair has all gone?



Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008

Lerma E. Hearn

The first reunion of the extended Hearn and Hubbard families since 1992 was a huge success. We met the third weekend in July at the newly reopened Lake Guntersville State Park Lodge in northern Alabama, about half an hour's drive from the Hearn family home in Albertville.

There were ninety-three of us, mostly descendants (and their spouses) of Charles L. and Della Hubbard Hearn ("Papa and Mama") and their siblings. Those who traveled the longest distance were Joe Ed Hearn's family from Oregon: Chris and Susan Hearn and their three children, from Ashland, and Eric Hearn with Lorraine, his bride of five months, from Beaverton. Cathy Lynch, granddaugh-



Lerma Hearn standing behind the Hearn gravestone in Memory Hill Cemetery

ter of Dr. T. O. Hearn ("Uncle Oscar"), attended and brought some of her grandparents' memorabilia.

Friday evening we got reacquainted with relatives, and studied a huge table-top genealogical chart that helped identify cousins and their children and grandchildren. We also had a slideshow running on a laptop, with many of the photos now available in a photo gallery on the family website, www.hearnweb.com. Saturday was the big day, with many Alabama residents driving over just for the day. We had a catered BBQ lunch in the beach pavilion, and spent our time talking, eating, swimming, talking, eating,

watching children play, talking. . . The genealogical chart was heavily used. All 93 of us gathered for a group photo. That evening, after a really good buffet dinner in the Lodge's Goldenrod Room, Joel Hearn shared memories of Papa and Mama Hearn and each of their eight children.

The reunion officially ended Sunday morning. However, many people drove over to visit "the Albertville House," now

owned by Kermit Hearn's daughter Mary Jane Scott, who sheltered there for about six months after Hurricane Katrina. Some visited the Hearn and Hubbard plots at the nearby Memory Hill Cemetery. The earliest Hearn buried there was Mary Ann Hipp Hearn, Aubrey



Charlie Walker, son of Bud and Mildred Hearn Walker, and Kathryn Hearn, formerly wife of Glenn Hearn, brother of Aubrey

Hearn's grandmother; the earliest Hubbard was Dolly Hanes Hubbard, Aubrey Hearn's great grandmother.

What's next: We're talking vigorously about having the next reunion in five years (same place, probably about the same time). **SAVE THE DATE!**



Beautiful Butterflies*

Kelsey Heard



Beautiful butterflies
Up in the sky
fling by

As gorgesous as a rainbow
Everywhere I look
you are there
they watch me
They look different
clawds danst around them
As pretty as the morning sky
I smel the fresh air

This poem, was recently selected for publication in the anthology, A Celebration of Poets. Kelsey was one of only ten kindergarteners among hundreds whose poems were submitted, and she received a \$50 savings bond as a prize.

Broccoli potato soup

Shared by Beth Lippard

- 1½ cups chopped onions
- 2½ cups diced potatoes
- 4 chicken bouillon cubes
- 2 boxes of chopped frozen broccoli
- 2 cans cream of chicken soup
- 1 16-oz. box of Velveeta cheese, cut in



small pieces.

Add chopped onions and diced potatoes to 1 quart cold water. Bring to a boil and boil 5 minutes.

Add chicken bouillon cubes and chopped frozen broccoli. Cover and cook 20 minutes. Add cream of chicken soup and Velveeta cheese .

When cheese melts, munch out!

Experiencing a God moment in Scotland

Nancy Clark

My choir was beginning to get excited about our trip to Scotland. We were to leave Friday, June 13, from Charlotte, NC. Jimmy, our young choir director and organist, had borrowed a cello shipping case from a friend in New York. I had been practicing hard for three weeks, because I was to play in an ensemble involving violin, saxophone, piano, and cello. We were scheduled to play at the beginning of some of the concerts. There were also violin solos and several vocal solos to enhance the choir concerts.

On the day of departure, the chamber group got together to practice at 11:30 a.m. We went over our piece, then I went to put my cello in the special case. I planned to leave my hard cello case at the church.

We left on a bus from the church with our sack lunches and arrived at the Charlotte airport, then we got on our flight. We flew first to Philadelphia, then headed for Glasgow, Scotland, a six-hour trip. In Glasgow, we immediately began touring the city.

The first choir concert was set for Sunday morning at St. Mary's church, Haddington, where we were to participate in their 11:00 service and sing two anthems (along with five hymns). One of the anthems involved cello and violin. I went to get the cello out of the case. Much to my dismay, I discovered the cello bow was missing!

Jimmy told me not to worry. Another choir member (also a cellist), talked to the violinist, Corine, who had brought along a second bow, so I played with that. Although a violin bow is much longer than a cello bow, I was able to play.

After the service, I went into the church's gift shop (most of the Church of Scotland churches have gift shops). A lady in the shop named Nancy Jones, a member of the church, found out about my predicament. She offered to try to find a bow that I could borrow. She wouldn't promise, but she said if she found one, she would come to our next concert (that same evening) and bring it to me.



That evening here came Nancy with a bow wrapped in bubble wrap! She had found one owned by a lady named Janice. She even said I could use the bow all week, and she promised to come to our final concert, which was nearby, to retrieve the bow.

We had an inspiring week singing four concerts, and we got a good response from the people who attended. At the final concert at Culross Abbey near Stirling, there were Nancy and a friend. Afterward, I gave Nancy the bow, which she wrapped again in bubble wrap. I had written a thank-you note for Janice, and Nancy promised to give that to her along with the bow. She was so gracious and did not seem to mind a bit. I wondered if the same generosity of spirit would have occurred in the United States! I consider the whole experience to be one of those "God moments"!

One final note—on our arrival at Charlotte on Saturday, June 21, the cello and several bags had not arrived. I was a little concerned, but I felt that the cello would show up eventually. And it did, on Sunday the 22nd around 3:15 p.m. It was delivered by US Airways.

Sister Song

*Mary Alice Heard**

I sing a song of sisters,
Of sisters kind and fair
With laughter on their faces
And sunlight in their hair.

I sing a song of Nancy,
So selfless in her way.
Melodies of kindnesses
Compose her song each day.

And next I sing of Mildred,
Whose unaffected ways
Remind one of a minstrel's
Song, his lovely, lyric lays.

The music of my Marcia
Is always gay and bright.
A cheerful song of runs and trills
That brings me rapt delight.

Of smiling, golden Suzie
I sing in lyric clear
Her tune is light and happy
And I find it always dear.

I likewise sing of Lerma,
Whose notes ring clear and
free.
Her melodies and steady beat
Mean oh, so much to me.

How happy are my sisters,
How sunny is my song.
It echoes in my memory
And cheers me all day long.

**I wrote this during my college days, when I was missing the commotion and the music of the Hearn house. Though the sisters and their music have changed somewhat over these 50 years since I wrote it, they are still precious to me. Obviously, the Lerma stanza was added after she became a sister.*

If you are all wrapped up in yourself, you are way overdressed.

Jane Ann Clark

Memories of Florence's kitchen



Florence's kitchen

Arlena Smith Hasel

What memories came to my mind when I saw a picture of Florence's kitchen in the Hearn Herald! I must have washed a thousand or more dishes in their kitchen back in '45 and '46. It seemed each new person or family who boarded at their home meant more and more dishes to wash and dry. (I washed the dinner dishes to save money to send my parents for some of what they spent on me at Blue Mountain College.)

It was here that Florence gave me my first taste of chocolate chips. It was here that Aubrey's younger brother [Joe Ed] dried dishes for me while I washed them, which I appreciated. I saw Florence get upset when Aubrey brought home some peaches for her to peel and use in a pie. She had so little time to do this kind of job.

We had a lot of good conversation when we worked together. Later, she gave me a kitchen bridal shower of small, helpful items such as a potato peeler for John's and my wedding on September 10, 1947. The Hearn's were very good friends and very special people. They enriched my life in so many ways.

Four things I remember about the kitchen

Nancy Clark

❑ I remember the old piece of furniture there. It was painted white, with a ceramic shelf that could be pulled out; also it had a flour sifter built in.

❑ One of my earliest memories happened when I turned five years old. I remember walking into the kitchen and seeing five objects (I think they were canning jars) and saying to Mother, "there are five jars—and I'm five years old!"

❑ I remember when Mary Alice and I used to wash and dry the dishes, and sing. That is one of my fondest memories

❑ The sweetest memory I have of the kitchen is sitting at the little table by the window, and having a good talk with Mother. This happened many times.

Epitaph seen in a churchyard cemetery, Luss, Scotland

Submitted by Nancy Clark

If tears could make a stairway
And memories a lane
I'd walk right up to heaven
And bring you home again.

Fond memories of the kitchen

Suzie Lusk

Before mom died Katie Beth and I went to see her, around July 15th or so, and we were there for her birthday. Katie was about 3, and we had a great time getting a cake and singing happy birthday to Grandma. I have a picture of mom and Katie around that tiny table that was in front of the window beside the oven. I miss Mom and Dad so much. Many of my memories are centered in that kitchen, even though I don't think Mom cooked all the time for us.

The kitchen at 2109 Westwood

Mary Alice Heard

I remember Arlena and Mary Ruth Smith, sisters who boarded with the family back in the 40s, drying the dishes together. Having grown up in a large family themselves and practiced at doing dishes, they were fast and efficient. Mother didn't have a dishwasher in those days. After the Smiths left, Nancy and I often had the job of washing dishes. We relieved the boredom by singing duets—"Side by Side," "Arkansas Traveler," and other folk songs.

Continued on page 6



Hello, family

Derek McCord

The picture shows us at the top of Corcodova in front of Christ the Redeemer, the Third Wonder of the World according to New Open World Corporation's New Seven Wonders of the World. It would definitely make our list! We were in Brazil for two weeks and enjoyed it very much. It was great to visit with Angela's parents and extended family and to see where she grew up.

A few weeks after we returned we went to North Carolina to visit with Millie and the Lippards. We have seen Millie, Beth, and the boys every year, but it had been quite a while since we had seen Mark. It was great to catch-up with everyone.

The kitchen, continued

What wonderful food that kitchen produced. During the years when Mother cooked for boarders, she was responsible for cooking for them as well as for her growing family. Sometimes she had the help of Sadie McLemore, but more often she did all the cooking herself.

I remember that there was a time when Charles refused to eat with the rest of the family. We sisters were just too silly for him.

Another Hearn educator

Dear Family,

I hear you all had a wonderful time at the reunion. I hate that we couldn't make it, and I missed visiting with you all.



In June I accepted a teaching position with the community college where I've been working for the past two years. I will be teaching psychology and sociology. I'm grateful for this opportunity, as it is the realization of a dream. I can joyfully report that God has again directed our steps all the way through this transition, and I have no doubt that His purpose will continue to unfold as the years go by.

Isaac and Ramie are both doing very well. My update is perfectly timed, as you will be among the first to hear great news. Isaac began crawling today, and we are already very tired from chasing him around. As you can see from the attached picture he is quite a big fellow. At his last checkup, he was in the 90th percentile in weight—24 pounds.

Ramie has adjusted well to Isaac's arrival, and the sibling ri-

valry seems to have settled down.

Since Isaac is only a few pounds lighter than her 30 pounds, it seems she is preparing for a much larger little brother. At any rate, the two spark plugs (along with summer preparations for the fall semester) have kept



Teresa and me very busy.

School begins this Monday and I will join a long line of Hearn educators. I trust God will continue to lead me and enable me to be an exceptional teacher.

Keith



There Was a Big Caterpillar

Braxton Lippard

One day we found a big green caterpillar. We cept him four one day. The next day he was in a cocoon. My mom picked it up and I saw his face in the cocoon. In a month he will probly turn into a butterfly.

Family news

Bob Hearn has run four marathons this year, including the USATF 50-mile trail endurance run in Washington state near Mt. Rainier. He finished in 11 hours, 47 minutes, 32 seconds. Way to hang in there, Bob!



Tim Heard now works for Humana Military Healthcare Services as a corporate recruiter.

Software that Bob Hearn authored, a game called Subway Shuffle, is now available for downloading onto your iPhone. This is a collection of puzzles set in a subway system, and your goal is to move your car from its starting point to the exit station, avoiding the other subway cars that are in your way. The game has over 50 different layouts, from easy to challenging. Way to go, Bob!

The smiling baby on page 3 is Lisa Ragone.

We have just learned of the death on August 18 of Tom Hearn, son of Kermit Hearn, Aubrey's brother. For 22 years Tom was president at Wake Forest University. He was a brilliant man and an exceptional leader. He will be missed.



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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If my nose was running money, honey, I'd blow it all on you.



the

Hearn Herald

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FEBRUARY, 2009

Minka and the globe

Becky Burns

Today the kids made a new discovery: Dogs can recognize shapes!

First, a bit of background information . . . Emily received a gerbil for her birthday in March. Minka, our dog, completely ignored this new member of our household. She didn't know the gerbil existed. We even had the gerbil rolling around down on the floor in a little exercise ball, with no reaction from the dog . . . for months. One day the gerbil rolled the ball right into Minka's nose and sat there for several moments. Minka must have finally caught a whiff of "small rodent," because

she suddenly jumped up and became extremely interested in the ball, following it around with perked ears. Soon after, she somehow realized that the gerbil resides in a cage on top of Emily's dresser. Minka began spending time in Emily's room sitting at the foot of the dresser. Now, anytime we are in the room looking at the gerbil, Minka becomes very agitated and barks and whines until I pick her up so she can see into

the cage. It's really pretty funny. Minka is getting up in years, and it's about the only time she truly perks up.

So, what does all this have to do with dogs recognizing shapes? Today, as I was giving a little lesson in geography, I grabbed our globe to point out some places. The kids and I were sitting on the couch and the globe was in my lap. Minka came up and jumped on me, sniffing the globe like crazy and acting very agitated. I didn't know why she was acting



so weird until Ian said, "She thinks the globe is the gerbil ball!" Surely not. But the more we observed her, the more we realized it was true. Ian put the globe on the floor and rolled it around . . . Minka chased it. Mind you, this is a dog that has NEVER chased a ball in her life (she just won't!).

At first, I thought that we must have the dumbest dog in the world. Then I realized that the only possible reason she could mistake the globe for the gerbil ball was because of its shape. She

had actually recognized a sphere! So we had discovered something about dogs that we never knew. After doing a little poking around online, I realized that this is already a well-known scientific fact. But it was fun learning it for ourselves.

Of course, it could be that our dog is actually a genius and just has an unusual interest in geography . . .

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and more . . .



Memories of a happy childhood

Marcia Stovall

When I think about my childhood, I am grateful for my parents, my siblings, and my childhood home. I have many memories about the schools I attended.

Mother took me to Eakin Elementary my first day of the first grade. She had to leave early, however. When all the other children went into the school, I remained sitting outside by myself on the steps. Finally, a teacher inside saw me and came to escort me to my first grade room. I remember Mrs. Wade, my fourth grade teacher, who was very creative. We made puppets and performed a play for our parents. Mrs. Hallie, my seventh grade English teacher, was my favorite teacher. I worked hard to please her; in the process I learned to love English.

Summers were special for the Hearn household. Each year we made the long trip to Glorieta and then to Ridgcrest. Dad would drive for hours, only stopping so Mom could buy groceries for our lunch. We would eat in the car as we continued our trek out west.

At Glorieta, Millie and I would attend classes for a week. Then Dad would take us daily to a dude ranch, where we went on trail rides with the campers. Riding in the mountains around Glorieta was such a treat!

Back in Nashville, Charles would entertain us girls with his magic tricks. We'd beg him to tell us how the tricks worked, but he would never tell his secrets.

Time spent with my sisters provides so many memories. We would walk on stilts outside, play limsticks, and do weekly chores for Mother and Dad. We'd sing together as we worked. During the summer we would sit around the radio, knitting or crocheting. One night we stayed up late watching the old movie, "Imitation of Life." After it was over, we sat around crying for what seemed like thirty minutes!

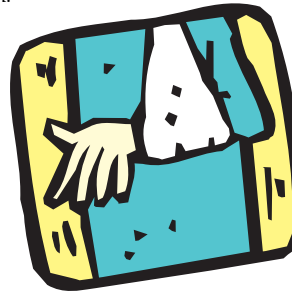
When Mary Alice and Nancy left for college, the rest of us would visit them when possible. We visited Mary

Our freak accident

Suzie Lusk

I recently broke both my right elbow and my left wrist in an accident in my driveway. As many of you know, Katie Beth was backing up as I walked across the driveway at the same instant. Neither of us saw the other, and I was pushing a lawnmower, which hid the sound of the car. As soon as it happened I knew two things were certain: this was going to cost a fortune and my daughter was going to hold herself responsible, even though it was probably more my fault than hers.

Sure enough, the hospital bill came in at \$76,000, not including any fees from doctors, emergency room, or ambulance service. For some unknown reason, the actual cost will be much less due to some formula the hospital uses to collect from those of us who have insurance. Fred is keeping up with the barrage of mail that comes in each day from the various insurance companies (car and health) and with all the bills and phone calls. It will be a miracle if we can figure out exactly what and to whom we owe money.



The people in my church were so kind—they brought me food, cards, and flowers for several weeks. Fred was the one who prepared the plates for our meals. He did a good job until I could get back in the kitchen. He even washed my hair for me!

I now have plates in both my right elbow and left wrist, which tend to ache at different times—sometimes in the gym when I'm trying to build back any strength I lost. I also discovered while visiting my surgeon after the accident that my thumbs are messed up due to arthritis. I need to have surgery on them, because I can't seem to hold onto anything anymore.

This is an experience that I would not like to repeat, but given all the kindness shown me (one neighbor mowed our grass three times and spread a huge pile of wood chips for us, plus gave us meals each week), I am happy that it happened when it did (summer) and that everyone was so helpful. I also got a visit from Nancy and Millie, and that was an unexpected pleasure.



Evil barbarians

Samuel Heard,
age 10

Barbarians were very violent and cruel They kept on charging like lots of fuel

There were Huns and Visigoths,
Franks, too
I think people said, "What shall we do?"

But there's one guy who held him off
It's not a chicken, not a moth

It was Justinian, yes, it's he
Who led the Romans to victory

So let's sing for joy and give a shout
And let the barbarians give a pout.

Papa's parents: Samuel Columbus and Mary Ann (Hipp) Hearn

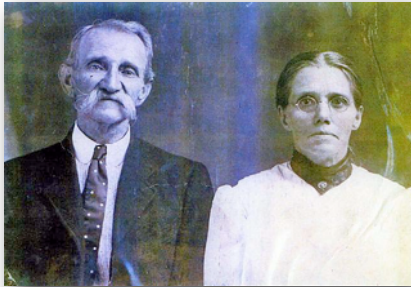
Lerma Hearn

When she was a little girl in North Carolina, Mary Ann Hipp used to gather chestnuts near the French Broad River, close to Asheville. She must have loved "the rugged mountains and the crooked roads that wound about and over them" near the family farm, for some ninety years later her son Charlie described them to his son Aubrey. Charlie—known to us as Papa Hearn—also remembered her vivid description of wild bears, of the neighbor who was attacked by one, and of the brave wife who shot and killed it.

By 1856, when she was nine, Mary Ann had moved to north Georgia with her parents, her big brother Lycurgus, a sister, and two or three younger brothers. A few years later the growing family moved again, to a section of land in Blount County, Alabama, near Brooksville. There they cleared a farm, built a large log home, and joined others in establishing a "splendid community life."

Meanwhile, a boy named Columbus was growing up in Georgia not far from Atlanta. His father was a teacher who also knew music and farming. Soon after the Civil War, the teenaged Columbus moved with his parents, two brothers, and three sisters to a Blount County farm near Royal and Liberty, not far from Brooksville.

Several things happened in the next few years: two more brothers were born, his oldest brother Richard moved to Texas, and his three sisters—Amanda, Malissa, and Ella—all got married. Most importantly, Samuel Columbus Hearn met Mary Ann Hipp and married her in 1872. The fact that he was four years younger than his wife seems not to have been a problem. They settled on a farm in



Samuel Columbus Hearn and Mary Ann Hipp Hearn. date unknown

the area and began to raise food and children.

Sometime before June of 1880, when the next census was taken, Columbus' father Ferdinand died, leaving his widow Adecia (or Daisy, as she was known) with three sons under twenty. That census shows that

Daisy and a sixteen-year-old son were living with her oldest daughter Amanda Hearn Rose, already a widow herself with three young boys; nineteen-year-old Charles Fuller was doing farm labor for his sister Malissa

and her husband James Machan; and twelve-year-old Quincy was living on another farm with Columbus, Mary Ann, and their first four children.

These four were Fannie Laura, Lawrence Levi, Thomas Oscar, and Wiley Columbus. Sadly, little Wiley died later that month, not quite a year old. But in October of the following year, Charles Lycurgus (named for his parents' brothers) was born. By 1887 the family was complete, with Mary Caroline, who lived only 4 months, Fletcher Ernest, and Josephine Effie.

The family's income was modest. They owned their own farm, where among other things they raised vegetables, fruit, corn, and cotton. They had plenty to live on but not much left over.

Looking back on his parents' lives, Charles Lycurgus (Papa) said that his father "had a kind, sweet disposition. He was a good citizen and obeyed the laws of God and man. He walked uprightly and had the esteem and respect of all who knew him." Of his mother, he said she was firm in her convictions, was good to her children, and taught them by example. "She was a true companion and loved us all and we all loved her."



Three stories by Braxton, 7 years old

This is the best family ever

Braxton Lippard

The people in my family are Coley, Dad and Mom. We have fun together. We play outside. We build my toys. We juggle in are juggling room. My family is special to me because I love

them and they love me.

That is why my family is the best.

Columbus sailed the sea's

Columbus sailed the sea's really long. Columbus was on the Santa Maria until October 12, 1492. It's important because he got to land. He was really happy. He thought he found the Indies, but it was America. That is how Columbus got back and became famous.

I'm running for president

I'm running for President because it might be fun. I will be a good person. I will work hard. As president, I will make [print] money. I will do paper's. I will make stuff for people. I will learn a little bit. I will take lessons. I will ask people how to do it. That is how I'm going to run for president.



Who is this lovely little lady? Take a guess, then find her identity on page 7.

Little kid memories

Allan Heard

My memories begin with living at 553 Iowa. This was not in a very ritzy neighborhood. Our house was a little brick veneer structure with a flat-topped frame add-on. All other houses in our immediate neighborhood (in sight of our house) were frame construction in varied size and style. In joining blocks were a red brick elementary school and some nicer brick houses (mixed middle- and upper-crust). The street in front of us was concrete; the one in back was dirt.

Remember the book, *A River Ran Through It*? Our neighborhood was similar to that. There was an intermittent small stream, and cesspools ran through it. That's where I met my first girlfriend, Martha Wilson, at the ditch beside her house. We probably were about four or five. We spent hours and days probing for crayfish.

I was fascinated by crayfishes' adaptations to life's realities. They walk slowly forward searching for food and grazing at their pleasure. When they encounter trouble, they race backward at an amazing clip. Our favorite game was to stir them up with a stick to see them race away, leaving a mud-clouded plume where they traveled. Now and then, we would catch one with our bare hands, but that was risky. Even the small guys have wicked pincers. They are not at all timid about using them.

My romance with Martha more or less ended when my family moved out of the neighborhood, but not before it nearly cost me my life. We spent many hours riding our tricycles up and down the sidewalk along Iowa. One day we got into a race and I was winning handily. I was looking back gloating when I hit Charlie Neighbors' driveway. The incline funneled me out into the street. I didn't see it coming, but I collided with a tired old 30s-vintage Chevy that was ambling down the street. The car's left front wheel swallowed the tricycle, and my forehead collided with the fender. Almost instantly there was a huge knot across my forehead.



Rare steak and Amish buggies

Dan Clark

My dad Ross came for a short but eventful visit over the weekend after New Year's. Kristen and I had just come back from Christmas in Tulsa and so were wiped out. But I thought we could do a few low-key things together (normally if Dad and I had the energy and time, we would probably go bowling all day if we could). Kristen had to rest the entire weekend, and I sure don't blame her.

On Friday, the 2nd, we ate at a pizza place and saw a very interesting end to the Kentucky Wildcats vs. East Carolina game, and that was a great segue to coming to Charles and Lerma's to see them and also Mary Alice and Allan while they were there. We discussed the game in passing but mostly just caught up, as my dad had not seen Mary Alice and Allan in a while and had not seen Charles and Lerma in nearly 30 years!

The next day, Dad, Kristen, and I had lunch at a Mexican restaurant where we discussed several interesting topics, including cats (inevitably), the movie industry, politics, and the profundity of the Johnny Cash song, "I've Been Everywhere." Then very soon after, Dad and I traveled (in his very cool Toyota Prius) to my work

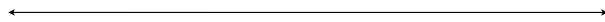
place and had a cup o' joe at a nearby coffee shop that my company designed, and then from there to Florence, Alabama, where a popular middle Tennessee restaurant, Demos' (of Greek origin), has expanded. In 2007 I drew the project for the contractors and then, with help from my coworkers, designed most of the exterior. En



The new Demos' restaurant in Florence, Alabama, for which Dan designed much of the exterior.

rior. En route, in the town of Ethridge, Tennessee, we encountered a few Amish buggies traveling next to the highway. At Demos' I heard a lot of buzz about how nice the outside and inside looked. And the food was excellent! The steak was so perfect, you could cut it with a fork!

On the way back we had a meaningful conversation about science and the Christian life, and how they are in harmony, much closer than many people believe. I decided not to push anything, but just let the Lord lead my conversation. I also kept thinking of the simplicity of the old-order Amish and how their lifestyle must be. I know I need to treasure all the time I have with my loved ones and be intentional about my relationships with them, and with all that I meet. A great way to begin 2009!



Mother was excited—but she was not nearly as excited as I was scared. The driver of the offending car drove Mother and me to the hospital. There was a doctor present, a rarity during the World War II years. He looked at the knot on my head and declared that he believed I would live.

Mother and I started to walk home, but the driver of the Chevy insisted on delivering us. It was a long while before I admitted that he was a pretty decent person and was

not the one who caused the accident.

Two other times in my early years I got tagged by a car, neither time very severely. Looking back, I think they should have put me on a leash when I was out of the house.





Charles recently sold Aubrey's 8-mm cartoons on eBay. Perhaps someone today will enjoy seeing them as much as we did many years ago.

Our two cartoons

Mary Alice Heard

When we Hearn children were growing up we occasionally had an evening when Daddy would show old family movies—the pictures of us children taken on such occasions as birthdays, trips, and Christmas holidays. Seeing our younger selves was lots of fun, but there was always another treat that we yearned for—the cartoons. Along the way Daddy had purchased two short cartoons, and we didn't mind seeing them again and again. This was before the days of cartoons on TV—before we even had a TV. (I first saw a television when I was in the 5th or 6th grade. Nancy and I traveled to Chicago with Daddy, and we saw "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie" on a TV in the window of a department store.)

What is there about cartoons that fascinates children? Those two cartoons that we saw were crude in comparison to today's offerings, but we thought they were marvelous. How we would have loved the highly detailed monsters, the special effects, the humor, the recognizable voices of Hollywood stars, and the improbable situations that children can see today just about any day of the week. Cartoon movies appeal to both adults and children today both because of their fantastic animation and because they don't have the sordid themes and bad language of many Hollywood movies.

Even at 71 I still enjoy a good cartoon, so I guess I'm a child at heart. May today's wholesome cartoons feed the imaginations of our offspring. But may cartoons never replace books as the children's first choice for lifelong sustenance.



Beth Lippard

One night, the boys were racing to see who could get their pajamas on first. Coley walked slowly up the stairs and said, "I'll walk and STILL beat Braxton." Sure enough, about 60 seconds later, Coley came rushing into my room with his pajamas on. He said, "See. I told you I'd beat him. And I even stopped to pick my nose!"



Do you recognize someone you know on the cover of this magazine? If not, find his identity on page 7.

Family news

Mildred Dillard has accomplished her personal goal of completing 800 baskets. Working with her hands has given Millie pleasure throughout her life, and she's hoping that now she can find another fulfilling pastime. Millie asks her siblings to bequeath the baskets she has made for them to their grandchildren. Because she has made a great variety, the baskets will be treasured by family members for many generations. Thank you, Millie.



In May Brian Dillard began working for ArvinMeritor, a company based in Troy, Michigan. This company is currently dividing into two divisions, one for commercial vehicles and one for light. Brian's position is with the light vehicle division, which will become Arvin Innovation. Brian's job is Director, Advanced Engineering and Core Electronics. Brian writes, "I am responsible for developing new, disruptive technologies [those that are innovative and game-changing] outside of those we currently work on. We are developing electric drives for hybrid vehicles that package with suspension components inside the wheel. I also help develop electronic products that are part of our body and chassis systems businesses. As such I have groups in Troy, in France, and also in India. I'll be visiting the workers in France and India periodically."

Katie Beth Lusk is headed for the University of Georgia in the fall.

Traci Myrick writes, "I'm now working full-time at Bristol Regional Medical Center in the Radiology Medical Transcription department. I'm working second shift (3-11), which I LOVE! I'm a night owl, so it's perfect for me. I work predominantly out of the hospital but do also have the capabilities of working from home, which is nice for extra money on the weekends or if the weather is bad. I work with a wonderful bunch of ladies and eight WONDERFUL radiologists. The work is challenging but I'm good at it, and that feels good! I love, love, love my new career and am so blessed."

Our surprise guest on a historic evening

In May, 1961, James Meredith, a black Air Force veteran who had been refused admission to the University of Mississippi (Ole Miss), with the help of Thurgood Marshall of the NAACP, went to court to secure permission to enter the University. The Supreme Court on September 10, 1962, ordered Ole Miss to accept Meredith as a student. Mississippi Gov. Ross Barnett defied this ruling, saying that no school would be integrated in Mississippi while he was governor. He called for the resignation of police officers who refused to stand with him. Barnett called this stand a "righteous cause." Another vocal opponent was retired general Edwin Walker, a right-wing activist who fought integration and who called for those who agreed with him to go to Oxford to protect the University. President John F. Kennedy and his attorney general, Robert Kennedy, called in 120 federal marshals to help Meredith register.

On the night of Sep. 30, hundreds of angry students and outsiders protesting the integration threw bottles, tossed bricks, and set several cars on fire. Over 30,000 National Guardsmen and other federal troops were on hand with tear gas to quell the protest. By the end of the night, two men had died and over 300 people were wounded; 200 were arrested.

Reunion feedback

Family, let's have some feedback regarding last summer's reunion arrangements. Send your comments regarding activities, food, or location to Mary Alice, Nancy, Marcia, Suzie, and Lerma. Most important, if you are willing to pitch in and take on selecting our next location or planning games or meals, please make yourself known. It's not too early to be thinking of our 2010 reunion.

Intruder in the night

*Mary Alice Heard**

It was late Sunday evening, September 30, 1962. Allan and I were living in Oxford, Mississippi, on South Lamar Blvd., one of the town's main thoroughfares. Our apartment was one of four in a stately old house that had been subdivided into apartments. A wide hall separated the two downstairs apartments, and the owners left a light on in the hall.

must have gone upstairs to look for a place to sleep. Since both upstairs families had recently moved out, we weren't concerned that the intruder would do any harm. Half asleep, we went back to bed.

Later we heard a voice call out, "Can I get a room?" Allan looked again and this time he found our man—a rather dazed and shaken fellow who thought he was in a rooming house. He had a big cut on



The house in which Allan and I lived in Oxford, Mississippi, in 1962

We were aware that James Meredith had secured permission to become a student at Ole Miss and that federal marshals had come to town to make sure that he enrolled. Although Allan stayed up quite late trying to hear news reports on the radio, we didn't realize the gravity of the situation on the campus. We went to bed, exhausted from worry.

At about 4 in the morning we were startled from our sleep by the sound of a man's voice shouting, "Hello, hello." It seemed to come from the hallway outside our door. Allan checked our apartment thoroughly, then with his gun and a flashlight went out into the hall. Our neighbor Dorothy had also heard the sounds, and she met us in the hall and watched Allan shine his light around. We decided that our visitor

his forehead. He had run all the way from the edge of the campus (he claimed never to have gotten on it) and was afraid some of the people in the mob were chasing him. Allan's flashlight had frightened him even more, and he hid behind one of the great front doors of the house. He told Allan that he had been hitchhiking for several days from his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, responding to Gen. Walker's invitation.

When we took him into the apartment and gave him some coffee, he told us a little of his story. In Cincinnati his three sons had been sent to

**Allan and I recently related the following to Tim's family. I was surprised to hear Tim say that he had never heard this story. We hope U.S. citizens will never again see rioting in the streets of an American town.*



Beautiful girl
Traci Myrick

beautiful girl
hold your head up high

don't believe their lies
the hurtful words they speak

your value, your worth
is more than gold

you are precious
unlike any other

so many gifts to give
to share with the world

hold your head high
be proud of who you are

speak the truth
of the value inside

don't let them tear you down
or wound the precious girl inside

be brave
be strong

rejoice in all that you are

beautiful girl

be strong
be brave

you are unlike any other,
beautiful girl

The little lady on page 3 is Beth Heard, and the second runner on the magazine cover is Bob Hearn.

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These distinguished-looking gentlemen and lady are the 1932 senior law students at Vanderbilt University, each holding the cane awarded to graduating students. Aubrey Hearn is fourth from the right on the back row. Standing to his left is his good friend, a native of South Dakota, George Kunkle. The statue in the background depicts Cornelius Vanderbilt, founder of Vanderbilt University.

Intruder - Continued from page 6

a school that was 89% black, and when he tried to move them he became involved in a court order. He lost his job as an insurance salesman because of the publicity. It was for this reason that he had come to Oxford to fight integration. He met some fellows at a service station, and they walked toward the campus. When he argued with them that violence wasn't the solution, they turned on him. Someone had thrown an object that hit him in the head, so he ran as fast as he could in the other direction, carrying his small suitcase all the while. He showed us a realistic toy gun that was in his suitcase, and Allan persuaded him to leave it with us.

We fed the man breakfast that morning, and Allan took him to a dropping off place. Traffic was bumper-to-bumper on South Lamar and in several other strategic locations. People had gathered on the square to throw stones at outsiders'

cars. Even Lafayette County cars were hit. Allan's early morning trip through the square was frightening. Those who tried to go through town had to get a pass.

At nine that morning a convoy of five large Army trucks pulled up in front of our house. Similar convoys were stationed all over town. The windows and windshields of the trucks were cracked, so I knew they'd driven through the square. There were about 50 soldiers in the trucks, and they stayed in front of our house all day long. Helicopters buzzed overhead all day, sometimes as many as 12 flying together. Federal marshals took over some of the government buildings to use as posts and a prison. Army troops moved in on the airport and set up tents. Oxford was like a war zone for several weeks.

That night, and for several days thereafter, Allan and I had surreal entertainment—watching U.S. soldiers patrol our street. We sat on our front porch and watched the soldiers,

about ten in a line, walk single file down the sidewalks on both sides of South Lamar. No words were spoken, and the only sounds we could hear were the shuffle of their feet and occasional clicking of a gun. The men would disappear from sight, then return about 15 minutes later. Several officers remained at the trucks with a short wave radio.

Before several weeks had ended Oxford returned to a modicum of normalcy, though the road to integration on the campus was not smooth for many years. Allan and I took away from those days a fervent hope—that we would never again see soldiers patrolling the streets of a U.S. city because of unrest.



the Hearn Herald

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SEPTEMBER, 2009

Then and now

Suzie Lusk

Most of you know that Katie Beth, now 18, is off to college next week. It's been quite an experience for me to see the differences between college then, when I attended, and college now.



Then: I was driven to Mississippi College by Marcia and Gerald because I had stayed with them for a few weeks right before school started. I had very little to take but clothes.

Now: Katie is driving to UGA in her "new" car, and Fred and I are hauling all of her stuff up there for her.

Then: I had no idea what to take to college except sheets and towels. My college roommate furnished a curtain and two bedspreads.

Now: You would not believe everything we bought for her room:

TV, new sheets, comforter, pads for the bed, towels, a refrigerator, boxes for storage, and more and more...

Then: I did not know what to register for because my advisor was new to MC also and said, "I don't really know what to tell you." I stood in line for hours to register, and when I got to the front of the line all the classes I wanted were closed.



Katie in her new (used) MINI Cooper

without a computer!

Then: If I got sick I was on my own as far as getting well, although I think there was a clinic on campus but I can't remember ever going there.

Now: The medical center at UGA rivals the medical center in Fayetteville. There are hundreds of doctors and you can get eye exams and anything else you need there.

Then: I ate all my meals in the cafeteria, and there were only certain hours I could eat (6:30 to 8:30 a.m., for example).

Now: Katie can eat virtually any time and out of five cafeterias at UGA; one is open 24 hours a day.

Well, all in all, life has certainly changed since 1971! I am more amazed each day with every new development.

Now: Everything is on line and Katie can pretty much pick whatever she wants to take. She registers on line, pays for everything on line, buys a parking permit on line, takes a "drinking" course on line (to tell you the penalties of underage drinking)—you couldn't live

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and more. . .

Passengers, brace yourself for impact

*Beth Lippard**

US Airways flight 1549 went down safely into the Hudson River this week. The media interviewed multiple passengers, and one of them told how scary it was when the pilot announced, "PASSENGERS, BRACE YOURSELF FOR IMPACT." I realized then that I could make an analogy between that experience and my life. In a way, back in 2000, God was lovingly whispering to me, "Beth, brace yourself for impact." He knew what was to come over the next few years and he wanted me to be prepared.

I have been a Christian since I was eight years old and early on had led a pretty boring life. I guess you could say I was cruising at a safe altitude; no major turbulence was present. I got married, had a baby—life was good! However, in 2000 things changed. My younger sister, Bonnie, was diagnosed with breast cancer and died nine months later. She was my best friend. The crash landing had begun. In 2005, my dad died unexpectedly of a heart attack. We were very close, and it was a tough time for me and my family. Nine months after that, my mom was diagnosed with Alzheimer's. Last week, I had to move her into assisted living. She's only 67.

Since 2000 I have felt like I was in one loooong crash landing, often wondering when it was going to come to an end. But here's the thing. When I decided to trust in Jesus at age eight, he began teaching me how to live, including how to deal with sadness, disappointment, tragedy. Those passengers on the US Airways flight didn't know what the outcome was going to be in their crash landing. But I have always known the outcome of my tough times. No, it wasn't my choice to lose loved ones. But through it all, I have had a hope that comes from God's promise never to leave me. He promises to be right there with me through the good and bad. It's that hope and peace that keep me looking to the future with excitement and not dread.



God never promised me that I would have a smooth ride the rest of my life as a Christian. Bad things happen. But, I do know that I have been promised the ultimate MIRACLE LANDING because I get to spend eternity with Him in heaven. How can I be sad about that?

I can honestly testify that in the midst of my intense grief, God has spoken to me and reminded me of that ultimate goal. It's what has made the difference between my feeling despair or hope. I am so thankful that I can trust Him to follow through with what He promises. I know where I'm going, even if I don't know the path I'll have to take to get there. There is turbulence along the way, maybe even a few crash landings, but I have already won because God has saved me.

**I shared my testimony at halftime of Upward basketball games one Saturday. These were my notes. I think everyone can probably relate.*



23rd Psalm, Japanese version

Submitted by Nancy Clark

The Lord is my pace setter, I shall not rush.
 He makes me stop and rest for quiet intervals;
 He provides me with images of stillness which restore my serenity.
 He leads me in the ways of efficiency through calmness of mind, and his guidance is my peace.
 Even though I have a great many things to accomplish each day, I will not fret, for his presence is here.
 His timelessness, his all-importance, will keep me in balance.
 He prepares refreshment and renewal in the midst of my activity, by anointing my mind with his oils of tranquility.
 My cup of joyous energy overflows. Surely harmony and effectiveness shall be the fruits of my hours, for I shall walk in the pace of my Lord and dwell in his house forever.

On the cutting edge

Gerald Stovall

One of the recent developments in treatments for Parkinson's disease is Deep Brain Stimulation (DBS). The procedure involves implanting a "stimulator" in the chest. During surgery the surgeon places a helmet-like device on the patient's head and inserts screws that are tightened so the helmet cannot move. It reminds me of fastening a tree on a Christmas tree stand. The surgeon's next step is to drill a hole into the skull. The assisting neurologist locates the exact place to connect the electrodes. Wires are run from the brain to the stimulator. The stimulator sends electrical impulses to the brain, and the brain functions as it would if it were still producing dopamine.

Since Parkinson's tremors stop when one is sleeping, it is necessary for the patient to stay awake during the surgery. The procedure takes several hours and requires several follow-up visits. The stimulator has to be programmed and is turned on about a week after the surgery.

I am scheduled to have DBS surgery on September 30, 2009, at the University of Florida Medical Center in Gainesville. There are many medical centers that offer DBS surgery, but UF is in the top four, and I have complete confidence in the team that will be performing my surgery.

It is my understanding that the first surgery will be used to attach leads to the brain. During a second surgery wires will be run to the chest and the neurostimulator installed. I have to go back a week later to have the stimulator activated. There is a lot of programming to be done. I will have to go to Gainesville at least once a month for six months.



*Thumbs up,
 Gerald!
 Go for it!*

"Where DID those photos come from?"

Lerma Hearn

She was doing some research on "Great Uncle Oscar Hearn" when she found our website. She had inherited her grandmother's trunk and discovered some "Oscar and Lizzie" items she wanted to contribute to the archival department at Samford University, which has a substantial collection of Oscar Hearn memorabilia. She recognized family when she found it.

Her grandmother was Fannie Laura (Hearn) Boyd, oldest sister of both Thomas Oscar Hearn and Charles Lycurgus "Papa" Hearn, making our correspondent, Alice (Weaver) Owens, a second cousin of Charles and his sisters. To make a small world smaller, Alice's husband Bob reminded her that he'd served on the staff at Ridgecrest with Charles in 1952. She said that Aubrey had been one of her mother's favorite Hearn cousins, and Alice remembered visiting Aubrey and Florence in Nashville in the 1980s, together with her husband and two aunts. (We found them in the guest book.)

But the newspaper story and other items about the early twentieth century Hearn missionaries to China



Mary Ann's black bonnet

were only part of the collection Alice found in the trunk, which had originally belonged to Fannie's mother, Mary Ann (Hipp) Hearn. There was a large-brimmed black bonnet worn by Mary Ann, who lived from 1849 to 1914. There were letters. And there were pictures—lots of pictures. Some

were identified, some were not. Most could be scanned and e-mailed to us.

Would we like to have them? We would. Would we like to have some information about Fannie and John Boyd and their descendants? We would. Could we help her with some Hearn family history? We could.

About 24 hours after we first heard from her, Alice sent us the pictures* of Papa's parents, Samuel Columbus and Mary Ann Hearn.

These were not just any old family pictures. These were, as far as we know, the *first and only* photographs that Aubrey's children, Mildred's children, or Kermit's children had ever seen of their Hearn great-grandparents. *Thank you, Alice!*

**Shown on page 3 of the February 2009 Hearn Herald with the article "Papa's Parents: Samuel Columbus and Mary Ann (Hipp) Hearn"*



Ian recently caught his first fish during a father and son outing

Since undergoing bariatric surgery last July, Traci Myrick has lost 130 pounds! You can see the metamorphosis in the before and after pictures below. Way to go, Traci!



REUNION REMINDER

There are a few people who haven't yet been able to say whether they can attend the next Aubrey Hearn family reunion, July 15-18, 2010, at Walden Lodge Resort near Pigeon Forge, TN. If you discover that you *will* be able to attend, please let Lerma know as soon as you decide, and she'll try to increase the space we've reserved. We currently have the 7 BR Lodge, one 5 BR cabin, and one 1 BR cabin. The combination sleeps 32 people—last year we had 38. It would be nice if some of those who missed last year could come in 2010.

Our deposits (50% of total) are due by January 2010. Sometime in the fall Lerma will calculate exact lodging cost per family (\$365 or slightly less, half that for single adults) and send emails to everyone. Meals should run about \$5 per lunch and supper for adults and teenagers, \$4 per meal for children 12 and under.

We need a few volunteers: one or more people in the "cousins generation" to plan activities (lots of outdoor possibilities) and someone to coordinate the meals. Lerma has detailed meal planning records from last year and will gladly share.

Whale jumping

Lisa Ragone

A few weeks ago I was out for a ride on my jet ski, and I wasn't able to find the friend that I



was trying to meet up with to go halibut fishing. I put Wasabi in the water at the Auke Bay ramp and headed up the coast toward Amalga Harbor. The salmon were jumping all around me, and I stopped a few places to try and tempt them to bite my lures. No luck.

As I neared Lena Point, I saw a few whales heading northward. I turned off the engine and could hear them exhaling as they came up to breathe. Up by Amalga a few sea lions were checking me out, surfacing

on one side of the jetski, then the other.



Lisa on her beloved Wasabi

When I got back to Auke Bay, I pulled up by the floating pier where some colleagues of mine were running a weigh station for a US Coast Guard fishing

derby that was going on that weekend. A National Oceanic & Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) enforcement officer that I know walked up and asked to see my license and boat registration. I thought maybe he didn't recognize me at first and thought I might have some fish he could check.

Then he started asking me questions about where I had been that day and whether I had seen any whales. I said I had seen some whales near Lena Point, and he told me that someone had called 911 with a report of a jet skier meeting my description jumping over whales.

"Jumping over whales!?", I repeated. I just started laughing and almost fell off Wasabi and into the

Continued on p. 6

James Abston, a pastor, schoolteacher, and reporter, wrote this article for the *Red Bay News* of Red Bay, Alabama, shortly after Aubrey died in 1991.



Family togetherness enriches our lives

James Abston

Last Tuesday, we were discussing the high cost of attending college. The topic was a real problem for my friends, since several of them have, or soon will have, offspring in college. The discussion reminded me of an old friend who solved the problem of educating a large family on a small salary. His wife was a big factor in his success, but the tale will be told as his story.

Mr. H. became a member of my boyhood church in 1942, so long ago I can't remember not knowing him. Memory may have distorted some of the facts, but the story is as true as memory will allow.

He was tall and slender, often pale. More than once, I have seen him use a fountain pen to color threadbare spots in his dark blue suit so he would be neat enough for church. He worked hard to promote Sunday evening church services. He was particularly interested in the graduated classes which met before evening worship. Mr. H. asked everyone in church to come. He asked visitors to attend. He helped organize children's classes. He tried to make sure we kids enjoyed the meetings and benefited from the programs. He always gave a devotional, or made a report, or had some part on the program.

Charles, his oldest son, was my age. The rest of the children were girls. Stairsteps in age, they all were tall and serious like their father.

Like Henry David Thoreau, Mr. H. led his clan to hear and march to a different drum beat than the rest of us did. Others bought cars, but his family rode the city bus. When other people went to movies or ball games, or to public places of paid amusement, Mr. H. and his clan would gather round the family piano and sing. They might play word games, they might enjoy any one of a number of other family activities. We

pitted them. We thought they never had any fun. "What will become of them," we wondered?

A few years later, we had our answer. Mr. and Mrs. H. were gifted people. Each of their children were so well trained musically that most, if not all, spent a season or two with the Nashville Youth Sym-

phony. Charles became a competent magician and even acted in the Nashville Children's Theater. He served as a page in the United States House of Representatives.

Mr. H. led tours of Europe each summer. He, of course, went free and earned free trips according to the number of participants. By the time they enrolled in college, each child was a veteran world traveler.

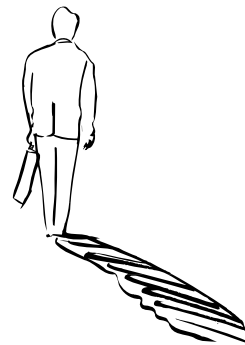
Each child graduated from college. Each attended on academic scholarships. Most earned graduate degrees. Charles graduated from Vanderbilt and later earned a Ph.D.

On the day I told my friends about Mr. H., the mail contained a bulletin from my home church telling of his death.

Sleep was slow in coming that night. These and other memories of this brilliant man and family came to mind.

"Lula," I said, "we used to feel sorry for those kids because they didn't get to do everything we did. Looking back, they were richer than us all.

"I wish I could tell that to Mr. H.," I thought.



Extended pleasure

Allan Heard

Several places we lived during our 48 years together had special recreational appeal to me, but the place with the highest success rate was Oxford, MS, and, more specifically, nearby Sardis lake. Mary Alice and I both enjoyed fishing, especially for bluegill. The lake was teeming with large bluegill that seemed always to be hungry. To rush to the lake after work and land 100 fish by dark was no great feat.

On one occasion we were blessed with a carload of visiting Hearn sisters, who spent the weekend fishing with us and my friend Pete Bennett. Their code for a potty break was *Deuteronomy*. Those in the boat with Pete were in some agony before they figured out that Pete did not know the code. Eventually, the problem got solved okay.

Mary Alice liked most aspects of fishing, but not the snakes. I thought she was going to walk on water one day when I pointed out that she had been fishing quite a while with her float about six inches from a large moccasin. She moved pronto.

One of my favorite spots was around the outer edge of an expansive beaver lodge. I would get out of the boat and walk/stand fishing from the lodge.



One afternoon I had been on the lodge a long time and found my exit blocked by about a



dozen large water moccasins. I scared them as much as they did me, but that is viewed in retrospect. Pete

and I kept a 100-yard-long trot line, baited for catfish, sunk near the beaver dam. This is a long rope with short hook/line assemblies hanging from it. One night I made a serious error regarding the trotline. I went to the line alone and gathered the fish and refreshed the bait. As I was lowering the line back into the water, a gust of wind jerked it from my hand and stuck a hook firmly in my knee. I had some scary moments getting control of the boat and cutting myself free. Had I not had an open knife in reach you and I might never have met again on this side of Glory.

The potential for some winter duck hunting made Sardis lake even more appealing to me, but I must confess that I often did not even see a duck. That is not a fatal flaw, though. The biggest duck hunting thrill I can remember was a flock of Canada geese landing at dusk with my pre-teen kids and me right in the middle of them. The geese sat and discussed us for about five minutes, then left. This was exciting—and we didn't even have a gun along. I will enjoy this again tomorrow.

Imagination

Emily Burns, age 12



I look out the window
Into the grassy yard,
I see cars passing by
And people on walks.
But that's all I see.

My friend sees woods
and a small rocky trail,
with creatures I've never
seen before,
a small little cottage,
she even saw more.

Over the woods she saw a
volcano,
lava oozing down its side,
On the other side of the
volcano a treasure chest
enticed,
"We have to get it!" says my
friend.

I opened the window.
I strained my eyes,
No volcano or cottage,
No path, wood, or creature
And we couldn't claim the
treasure.

Because my imagination
doesn't go that far.



Aubrey's prayer for his sweetheart

Submitted by Nancy Clark

Daddy included the following poem (original or perhaps copied) in a letter to Mother on January 2, 1929. He was 21 and she, 20. Aubrey and Florence were sweethearts for seven years before they married.

Sweetheart, I thought you would like to know
That someone's thoughts go where you go;
That someone can never forget
The hours we spent since first we met,
That life is richer, sweeter far
For such a sweetheart as you are.
And now my constant prayer will be
That God may keep you safe for me.



Humor for lexophiles

The roundest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Cumference.

A will is a dead giveaway.

A chicken crossing the road: poultry in motion.

When you've seen one shopping center you've seen a mall.

When she saw her first strands of gray hair, she thought she'd dye.

New life for our rusty porch chair

Mary Alice Heard

"Allan," I said with surprise, "someone carried off our chair from the trash pile! It must have been too dark for him to see all the rust spots." I'd had reservations about giving up the chair, which sat on the porch at 2115 Westwood for many years before coming with us to Lexington. At one point, when the sisters were helping Mother clean house in Nashville, we took all the chairs out into the yard and scrubbed then painted them, trying to eliminate the rust spots. But we couldn't take the chairs apart, so the rust remained.

After Allan and I brought the chair to Lexington, he spray-painted it again and we put it under our first story deck. Many times Allan relaxed in the chair after a tiring mowing session or while grilling hamburgers. We must have had the chair for ten years. Now, however, we were getting ready to move. Our deck would look out over a small back yard into a neighbor's, and I had to admit that the chair was a real eyesore. Not only was rust underneath the chair breaking off in little pieces and falling onto the concrete, the seat had developed a



brown rust patch where water ponded during a heavy rain. We set it out on the street for the trash men to pick up, agreeing that it had seen its last days in these parts.

When we woke the next morning and the chair was gone, I felt sorry for the fellow who had carried it off without realizing its condition. Later that morning, though, I saw Amy, our neighbor, and remarked to her that our old chair had been picked up by a nighttime scrounger.

"It's on our front porch," said Amy. "Quinn and I talked about that chair when we saw it. Both of us thought of our grandparents, and we decided that we could use it. Quinn likes to sit out and watch the cars go by. The chair is perfect for that."

"But Amy, it looks so bad," I said.

"On the porch it's in a shaded area. You can't see it from the street. Come over and look at it. It's just perfect."

And so it was. Though showing the years of much use, the chair looked rather grand sitting on another porch. Which goes to show that usually if we think we're beyond use, there's still a place for us in this life.



Coming soon...

Beth Heard

We are excited to announce the publication of *Along the Silk Road*, a beautiful book of photography and stories about the peoples of Central Asia. Joel and I were both privileged to contribute to the book; I wrote most of the feature stories, and Joel contributed several photos. *Along the Silk Road* gives a glimpse into the lives of the people we love—their traditions, beliefs, struggles and dreams. Here is the official promotional information:

Along the Silk Road: Stories, reflections & photography by Christians traveling ancient routes in a modern world

Afghanistan, Turkey, Iran: Just the names of these countries strike an emotional response in most Americans who have been bombarded by negative press about the region. But what do you really know about the peoples who live in these Central Asian countries? *Along the Silk Road* is a collection of more than 200 color photographs, along with eyewitness commentary, that presents a gentler, more reflective portrait of the peoples living along this ancient trade route. To order your copy, call (800) 999-3113 or visit www.alongthesilkroad.org. A six-week study guide for small groups is included.

Note: The book will go on sale October 1. The website should go live at the beginning of September.

Whale jumping, cont'd

water. Once I sort of regained my composure, I told the NOAA officer that I didn't get closer than 75-100 yards from any of the whales I saw during my ride. He asked if I had seen any other jet skis during my ride. I said I hadn't even seen any other boats within several miles when I saw the whales.

I asked where the people were located who made the report, and he told me they were on shore somewhere near Lena Point. After a little more discussion, we realized that the people who reported my supposed "whale jumping" must have been several miles away and looking



through a spotting scope or some high-power binoculars. They probably had no idea of the actual depth perception of what they were looking at.

They may have seen me speeding off and creating a wake, and then saw some whales surfacing behind me, but there was no way I was hurtling through the air (on a jet ski that weighs 1,000 pounds including me and fishing gear) on an extremely calm day. I may never have taken physics, but I know that I could not have jumped over the whales on that day given the prevailing weather conditions.

Of course, now people at work call me the Whale Jumper.

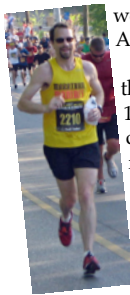


Family news



Amy Stovall has begun working toward a reading specialist degree at the University of Tennessee. She will have classes Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and is hoping to find a tutoring job in the local Christian schools.

Tim Heard has launched his new recruiting company, eSearch Associates. The company will focus on locating legal technology and information technology professionals as well as project managers and senior level executives. See the company web site at www.eSearchAssociates.com.



Bob Hearn, our "marathon maniac," has completed 16 marathons this year, including the Boston, which he ran in under three hours, a long-term goal of his. Bob and Liz are temporarily living in Menlo Park, California, during the year of Liz's sabbatical.

Just before moving to Qatar, Lerma purchased "Reunion," a genealogy program for the Macintosh. Over the years she's transferred her files on a few hundred people to the database and added scores of names and dates. Now, 13½ years later, she has 4088 people in the database, including 2911 people related to Charles.

Charles reports that soon after it was put on the market, the house at 2115 Westwood Avenue in Nashville sold for \$613,000.



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.

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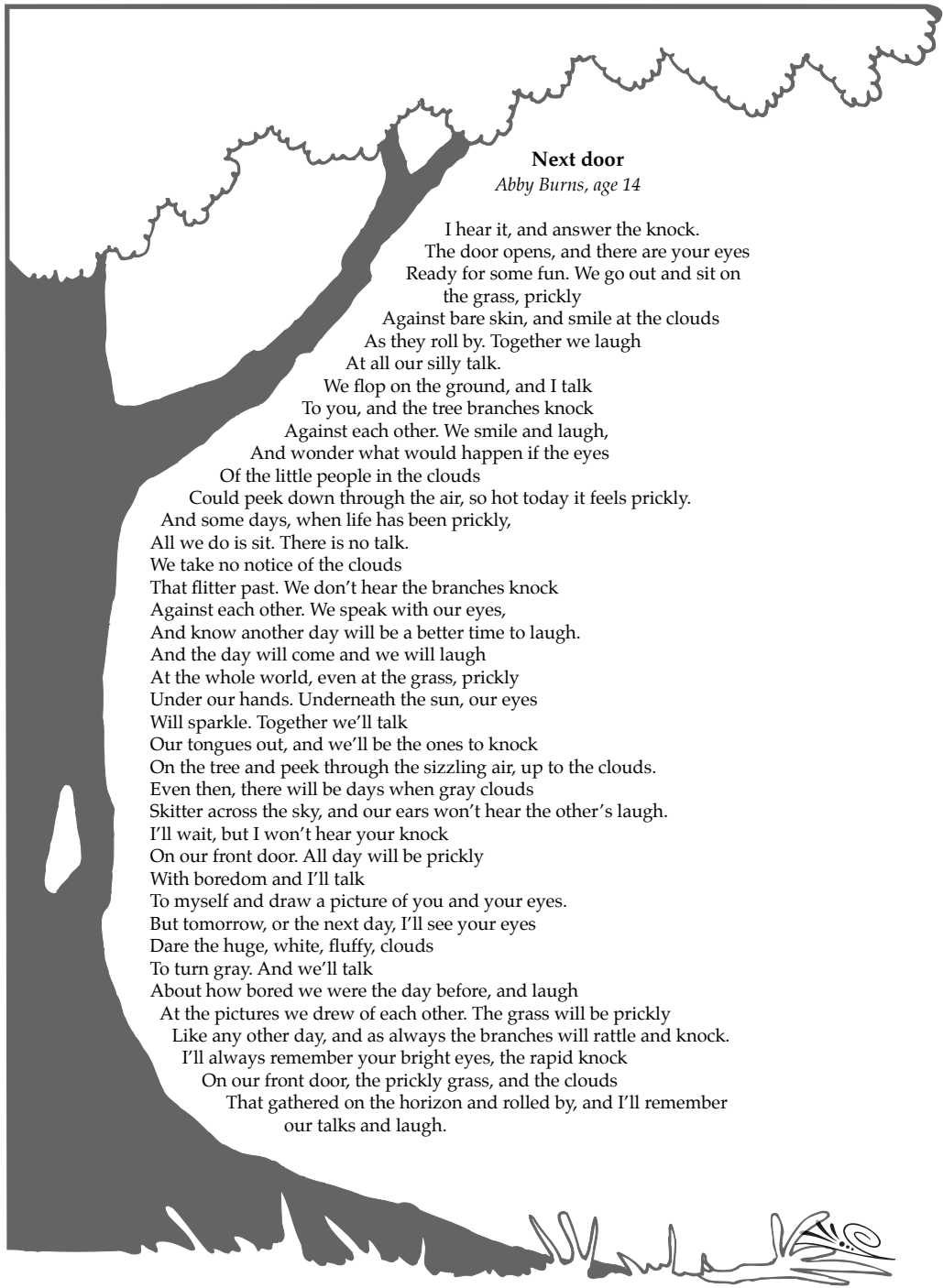
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Next door

Abby Burns, age 14

I hear it, and answer the knock.
The door opens, and there are your eyes
Ready for some fun. We go out and sit on
the grass, prickly
Against bare skin, and smile at the clouds
As they roll by. Together we laugh
At all our silly talk.
We flop on the ground, and I talk
To you, and the tree branches knock
Against each other. We smile and laugh,
And wonder what would happen if the eyes
Of the little people in the clouds
Could peek down through the air, so hot today it feels prickly.
And some days, when life has been prickly,
All we do is sit. There is no talk.
We take no notice of the clouds
That flutter past. We don't hear the branches knock
Against each other. We speak with our eyes,
And know another day will be a better time to laugh.
And the day will come and we will laugh
At the whole world, even at the grass, prickly
Under our hands. Underneath the sun, our eyes
Will sparkle. Together we'll talk
Our tongues out, and we'll be the ones to knock
On the tree and peek through the sizzling air, up to the clouds.
Even then, there will be days when gray clouds
Skitter across the sky, and our ears won't hear the other's laugh.
I'll wait, but I won't hear your knock
On our front door. All day will be prickly
With boredom and I'll talk
To myself and draw a picture of you and your eyes.
But tomorrow, or the next day, I'll see your eyes
Dare the huge, white, fluffy, clouds
To turn gray. And we'll talk
About how bored we were the day before, and laugh
At the pictures we drew of each other. The grass will be prickly
Like any other day, and as always the branches will rattle and knock.
I'll always remember your bright eyes, the rapid knock
On our front door, the prickly grass, and the clouds
That gathered on the horizon and rolled by, and I'll remember
our talks and laugh.

the

Hearn Herald

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FEBRUARY, 2010

Excerpted from a letter Joel wrote in February, 1992

Dating, Kazakh style

Dear Mom and Dad,

Next on the agenda of news . . . involves my social life. This week I had not one but two *dates!* With a girl! Amazing, isn't it? Well, I'm amazed at least. . . At this point I'm trying not to speculate (without much success) about the future of this. Now, Mom and Dad, I don't really remember hearing much about your courtship, and I'm not sure that they even had cars or movies back then, but I'm sure it could not have been nearly as difficult as it's looking like this is going to be. Dating here is a challenge! A typical date for your reading enjoyment—

You agree to pick her up at 6:00. This means you leave home at 5:15 if you want to take a bus or 5:30 if you're lazy and/or extravagant and prefer a taxi. You're lazy. Of course, it is "invisible day" (meaning it is impossible for any taxi drivers to see you, possibly due to a combination of smog, a drop in barometric pressure, and the bright red coat you're wearing, or maybe they're just ignoring you). At last one accidentally stops. No, he's not going

your way—not for 25 rubles, not for 50, not for nothing. At last you flag somebody down who consents to take you where you want to go for a price that you are ashamed to write.



there it goes. Apparently the bus driver didn't feel like stopping anywhere today. At long last another bus comes along that stops 5 blocks from where you're going. You climb aboard. So do 75 other people. This is the first advantage of dating in Kazakhstan. You are immediately allowed to get "up close and personal" with your date. Actually, her nose is embedded in your shoulder. Intimacy at its best.

You arrive only 30 minutes late. You should have taken the bus.

First on the agenda is dinner. You suggest that you take a bus (not wanting to appear too extravagant). She consents. You wait at the bus stop for 15 minutes. No bus. 10 more minutes. Here comes a bus. Your bus, even. And

The bus stops at your stop. You can't move. The bus leaves your stop. At the next stop you are both able to pry your way out of the bus. Now you're only 7 blocks away from your destination. You should have walked.

At long last you arrive at your restaurant of choice. It is closed. You remind yourselves of what a joy it is to be a child of God and quote some scripture about suffering to know Him better. At this point we will skip the two more restaurants (one of which refused to seat you for an unstated reason and the other which had no food) and the transportation in between. You quote more scripture. The second advantage of dating in Kazakhstan—scripture memory.

At last you arrive back at her place—battered, bruised, and very hungry. You eat cold, leftover chicken. It's 10:45 p.m. and you both have to work tomorrow, so you bid each other adieu and you head home. Taxi.

Well, perhaps there's a brief exaggeration in the above story, but I promise that all of the above incidents have happened to me at one time or another. So anyway, it proves to be a challenge. It would be my guess that by the time you read this we will have had the "define the relationship" talk in which we decide if we are "dating" or "just friends." These talks are the scariest thing on the face of the earth for a poor, innocent soul such as myself. Combined with the stress of everything else I'm into I may have a nervous breakdown before it's all said and done with. I'm not complaining, though. I'm at the particular stage where you walk

Continued on p. 2

Lost language

Lisa Ragone

Native American code talkers have been used in foreign wars since the early part of the 20th century to help the armed forces of the United States confound enemy forces from decoding tactical messages. The picture to the right is of Chocktaw code talkers who contributed to the Allied victory in WWI. Navajo code talkers are commonly known to have fulfilled the same role in WWII.

We had a Native American pot luck last week at work, and I wanted to make my favorite Italian American dish, sausage and peppers.* I knew this wasn't very Native American, so I asked a Tlingit lady at work if she could translate the name of the dish for me. She didn't speak Tlingit, but she knew someone down at the Bureau of Indian Affairs who might be able to help me. I went down to the third floor of my building and found this woman, who didn't speak Tlingit, but she thought she knew several other people who did. After another 10 minutes of traveling around in cubicle land and asking her co-workers if they could translate something for me, we found one man who could speak Tlingit but couldn't write it. Later that day as I drove home I thought about how the important role

**See recipe in column at right.*



which the code talkers had played in past wars would now not be possible—not simply because the skills aren't available, but because the internet has made information so accessible in the early part of the 21st century that the valuable skills of the code talkers have become obsolete in less than a century.

I did find some on-line dictionaries for some other Native Alaskan languages, but nothing to help me out with my sausage and pepper translation. Made me think that I should learn one of the languages in my heritage. I think Italian is the one that I will choose. It sounds so beautiful, and it may not be as useful as German, but being a Latin language, it will be easier for me than Norwegian.

Ciao!

Sausage and peppers

Lisa Ragone

Handed down from Clara Dazzo Ragone, my great-grandmother

About 2 Italian sausages per person, mild or hot (pork, traditional, or chicken)

2-4 bell peppers (I like to mix red/green/orange/yellow)

1 large yellow onion (or scallions, if you prefer)

1-2 tablespoons minced garlic

1-2 15-oz. cans of diced tomato
Oregano, salt & pepper to taste

Instructions

Start browning the sausages with the garlic in a large saucepan. If you are using chicken sausage, you may need to add some olive oil so they do not stick. Turn the sausages every once in a while as you chop up the onions and peppers. I like nice big chunks of both, but the size and shape doesn't really matter. Once the sausages have been cooking for about 10 minutes, I like to slice them into about six pieces each. Put them back in the pan, and add the cut vegetables and canned tomatoes. Cook at least another 15 minutes so that the onions and peppers are tender, but still crisp. Add salt, pepper and oregano before your last stir, then serve with a piece or two of bread (perfect for sopping up juices).

Dating, Kazakh style, cont'd

around with a goofy grin on your face and say dumb things like, "My, don't the clouds look particularly fluffy today" and everyone wants to punch you in the face. I'll enjoy it while it lasts. Her name is Beth Sammons. She's from Texas most recently. Majored in journalism. Does most of the press releases, etc. about what's going on here. She's got an awesome walk with God and really challenges me. She's cool.*

Joel

**Joel and Beth became engaged the next summer and married September 4, 1993. We believe he married up.*

4-Leaf clover

Ella Higginson

*Contributed by Nancy Clark**



I know a place where the sun
is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with
snow,
And down underneath is the love-
liest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for **HOPE**, and one is for
FAITH,
And one is for **LOVE**, you know,
And God put another in for **LUCK**,
—If you search, you will find where
they grow.

But you must have **HOPE**, and you
must have **FAITH**,
You must **LOVE** and be strong - and
so -
If you work, if you wait, you will
find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

**I found out about this poem from an elderly black woman named Nanny Bridges. She needed a ride to the doctor, and I am a volunteer for Senior Wheels. She is a very intelligent lady who went to NC A&T University. Her husband just died this past August. While on the ride, she quoted this poem to me and I was amazed at her memory (she memorized it in high school, I believe).*

Hearn Academy

Mary Alice Heard

While Nancy was typing correspondence between Aubrey and Florence, she came across a paragraph in a letter from Aubrey written Feb. 10, 1929:

"We reached the little church where H.S. [Aubrey's friend, H.S. Sauls] announced the Sunday school revival, at 10:15 this morning. On the way back, we stopped at Cave Spring and saw Hearn Academy. There is only one building, a wooden

federate securities, were lost. However, the Hearn endowment of \$12,000, held in the hands of the Georgia Baptist Convention, remained, as well as the 40 to 50 acres of land.

In 1903 the Georgia Baptist Convention reorganized the school and named it Hearn Academy, intending that it be a prep school for future college students. A fire destroyed the original building, which was replaced in 1920. Although the school closed in 1925, today the building is used for



Hearn Academy with class on lawn, Cave Spring, Floyd County, Georgia, 1910. Courtesy, Georgia Archives, Vanishing Georgia Collection, fl0150. Photographer: King

structure. It is rather old and is being used now only as a Sunday school building of a nearby church. The grounds are beautiful."

Hearn Academy is an outgrowth of the Manual Labor School established by Cave Spring* Baptist Church to teach boys farming and other skills. The town's famous cave and spring were part of the school grounds. The school's first classroom and six small cottage/dormitories were built in 1839.

In 1846 the school received an endowment from Lott Hearn, and in gratitude its name was changed to Lott Hearn Manual Labor School. During the Civil War years, when some of the older pupils and teachers joined the Confederate Army, classes were suspended and the remaining pupils attended Cave Spring Female School.

The buildings were damaged during the war, and the funds of the school, having been invested in Con-

special events. Nearby is the Hearn Inn, built by Georgia Baptists as a dormitory for Manual Labor School. This building, restored in 1980-81, is a bed and breakfast and is also rented for social functions.

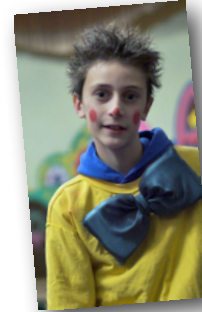
According to Lerma, Lott Hearn was the great-uncle of Ferdinand Lawrence Hearn, Aubrey's great-grandfather, and thus Aubrey's great-great-great uncle. It's possible that Ferdinand taught at Hearn Academy, or he may have taught at the Hearnville Academy in Putnam County, Georgia.

**Cave Spring is located about 15 miles southwest of Rome, Georgia.*

Our acting debut

Samuel Heard

December 4-6 Michael and I performed in the play, "How the Grinch Stole Christmas," which was presented by the Kazakhstan English Language Theater (KELT). We played the part of Whos, and Michael also played a mouse in one scene.



Samuel Who

On the 4th we had the smallest

audience—about 200. On the 5th there were about 400 people, and on the 6th there was an overcrowded house of 500 people.

What I loved about the play was how funny we made it. We started in September with a short script, and our director let the whole cast help to create more scenes and a bigger show. It was the biggest KELT production ever and a lot of fun!



Michael Who



Son, if you really want something in this life, you have to work for it. Now quiet! They're about to announce the lottery numbers.

Homer Simpson

The roof of the world

Beth Heard

In early January an earthquake devastated the city of Vanj in the Pamir Mountains of southern Tajikistan. Though nothing like the destruction that recently hit Haiti, the disaster has left hundreds of families without shelter during the bitterly cold winter season. In early February Joel is hoping to travel to Vanj to help with relief efforts, which will include coal distribution and the rebuilding of at least 100 homes.

*Last year I had the opportunity to travel to the Pamir Mountains while I was doing research for *Along the Silk Road*, a book of photography of the region. Here is an excerpt about this little known part of the world.*

The Pamir Highway is littered with stories—battered cars rest upside-down like forgotten toys at the bottom of hairpin turns; signs show what happens to the legs of people who wander up hillsides into landmines. There is reason few people make the journey to what is called the “roof of the world.”

Making the journey is worth the view, though not without risk. Breathtaking vistas and harrowing twists and turns mark the Pamir Highway as it winds from Dushanbe, Tajikistan’s capital, to the city of Khorog in the heart of the Pamir mountains.

For at least half the trip, the Panj River runs parallel to the road. It separates Tajikistan from Afghanistan. Tajiks travel on partially paved roads, while across the river Afghans walk on narrow dirt paths carved into the steep mountainsides. Occasionally a group of men can be seen using dynamite to create a new path after landslides have stolen the old one. Windowless shacks dot the far hillside, witness to lives too difficult to imagine.

While the Soviet-Afghan war is well known, Tajikistan’s five-year civil war after the fall of the Soviet Union in the early 1990s is less known. Rusted tanks along the highway’s edge and landmine signs



memorialize it. The war left its mark in even the most remote outposts of Tajikistan, and Khorog feels as remote as they come. To reach it is a 16-hour drive on the patched pavement of a two-lane highway that gives way to a single-lane dirt track that hugs mountains chiseled by time and nature.

Landslides, avalanches, floods, earthquakes—none of the

stories told by this landscape seem happy.

When

least expected, a valley opens up, and its welcoming beauty draws the weary traveler in. Marco Polo claimed time in the Pamirs cured him of illness. Who could such beauty not heal?

The stories of the Pamir Mountains are mostly un-

told, or at least unnoticed. They are stories of beauty and pain, hunger and thirst, unsung heroes and shadowy villains.

Weary from the tense, bone-jarring drive to Khorog, a man named Merzad stops for a break in a little village on the banks of the Panj. As he stretches his legs, he points to one of the trees lining the rocky street. These were once covered with silkworms, he says. The trees were brought from China, and women harvested the cocoons, unwound them, and made beautiful silk.

Times have changed—the economic system has changed—and silkworms are no longer a source of

livelihood. Yet, change comes slowly in this region. The Pamiri know that their survival often depends on the success of their children who move out of the mountains and earn money to send home.

Merzad is one of those people who have returned home after studying and working in Dushanbe. He doesn’t carry with him much money, but he has a wealth of hope. He has walked from village to village, trying to understand and speak to the needs of his people.

Merzad believes there are new stories yet to be written in the Pamir Mountains. Humanitarian aid organizations are multiplying possibilities as they help supply water to remote villages and provide educational opportunities. Silk Road trading opportunities are expanding. With strength of character forged through disaster and conflict, the Pamiri peoples look forward with determination. And if their ability to adapt and survive against the powerful forces of nature is any indication, their story has only just begun.



Reminiscences about the basement at 2115 Westwood

Basement pit

Charles Hearn

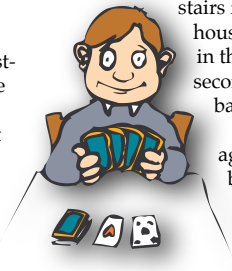
The basement at 2115 Westwood was basically a pit in the ground with concrete bottom and sides. The depth of the pit was around 10 feet from the basement floor to the bottom of the house. The pit covered about half of the floor area of the house, mostly in the rear portion. Around the edges of the pit there was a dirt crawl space, mostly under the front part of the house, with about two feet of headroom. This was always a very mysterious place, since from the basement you couldn't see into the depths of the crawl space very well. In the pit area wooden posts (basically tree trunks without bark), supported the house.

When we moved to 2115 (at that time it was 2109) Westwood in 1942, there was a coal furnace to the right of the basement stairs (going down). The furnace was fed by a coal stoker,



a hopper with a screw feed at the bottom that fed coal into the furnace. The stoker had to be filled by hand from a coal bin, which was to the left of the stairs. The coal bin was enclosed by wooden boards nailed to the house support posts. Coal was delivered through a chute which opened on the driveway side of the house.

When natural gas became available in the neighborhood, the coal furnace was replaced with a gas furnace. (I don't know when that was, possibly in the late 1940s.) The wooden boards enclosing the coal bin were then removed. The coal bin was a fun place to play, although dirty. In addition to the wooden basement



stairs from the interior of the house, there was a trap door in the back porch floor, with a second set of stairs into the basement.

Because of poor drainage around the house, the basement often flooded during heavy rains. I remember waist-deep water, although I believe it was usually only a few inches deep. When the washer and dryer were installed in the basement, they were supported on a concrete base a foot or so off the floor. Eventually a sump pump was installed in a corner of the basement. This greatly reduced the flooding, although there was always worry that the pump wouldn't work due to electricity going out during a storm.

Basement diversions

Suzie Lusk

I remember roller skating in the basement with those roller skates that fit onto your shoes. I tried to climb up and down the coal bin but it didn't have any coal in it by the time I was around. When the basement flooded we couldn't go down to wash clothes. We had to wait until the water drained out—I'm not sure how it did drain out, really. I also remember that Daddy put all his plants on the stairs going to the back porch during the winter. I'm not sure how they survived without any light, but they always did.

I remember playing with friends in the basement because there were a lot of places to hide even though it was filthy dirty. Daddy stored all his old paint down there too. (I'm sure it was a fire hazard.)



Basement memories

Mary Alice Heard

After Allan and I moved into our house last June we were surprised when Hannah and Kelsey, on their first visit, discovered our roomy basement. They vowed to bring skateboards and scooters on their next visit. I mused, why should I be surprised that the children like our basement? Growing up we Hearn children spent many happy hours playing in the basement. Mother must have enjoyed the peace and quiet afforded by our times down there.

Granted, the basement was poorly lit, dirty, and cramped. And granted there were times when it flooded, sometimes as much as four feet deep. On those occasions Mother had to call Mr. Abston, our plumber friend, to come over and unclog the drain. Still, we enjoyed playing Pit and Flinch there. We skated. We argued and laughed. I think we even put on a play or two.

One memory I have of the basement is that Suzie, trying to get down the stairs to Mother, pushed her walker over the top of the stairs and tumbled down to the bottom. Ouch!



Childhood remembered

*Betsy Duncan Webb**

My life has continued to be influenced in large and small ways by my childhood with Mildred. I have very few memories that don't include her, and I often think that I recognized what I needed in a life's partner (Johnny) because of the fact that life was always easy with Mildred. . . . Being a student of personality development, I recognize that they share a similar personality type. . . . We have had 46 easy years together. Thanks, Mildred, for your great example.

Often, I feel sad for children today who have so little time to play in the neighborhood . . . to walk themselves to the drugstore, Woolworth's, the Saturday matinee, down the alley to Hugh's back yard, back to the Hearn's front porch for Fruit Basket Turn Over, down the Pig Trail to play in the creek, and each day, a fun walk to school where they can sing with each other, as did Mildred and I. NO ONE, not my wonderful parents, nor my siblings, witnessed as much of the



Mildred and Betsy leaving for their first day at Eakin Elementary. That's Millie on the left.

most fun part of my childhood as Mildred! I will always love her and want her to be safe.

If "Mildew" has a personal telephone number, I would like it. . . . We enjoy talking about the past together. My online photo file is my screensaver, so I always love it when the childhood pictures pop up. I have very few pictures with Mildred, and I realize that is because most of the time we were together, it was just us, or us with a bunch of other kids. The other picture I love to see pop

up is the one of your family when you were young.

**Betsy Webb now lives in Tullahoma, TN. She retired in 2000 from a position as Director of Adult and Children's Education Services for Save the Family Foundation, which serves homeless families, in Mesa, AZ. She has also taught developmental psychology on the college level.*

Medical update

Gerald Stovall

I am pleased to report that I have finished my deep brain stimulation (DBS) surgeries, and everything went well.



Marcia and I spent a lot of time in Gainesville, Florida, and I still have to go back once a month for six months to have the neurostimulator adjusted. This device is similar to a pacemaker and is made by Medtronic, the same company that makes pacemakers. It is placed in the chest and sends electrical impulses to the brain. DBS is particularly suited for Parkinson's patients who have tremor and rigidity. There are other PD symptoms that make the disease difficult to treat.

I have found that it's important for Parkinson's patients to take control of their health and not rely solely on their doctors. Joining a support group and reading about the disease helped me to cope.

When my family learned I have Parkinson's they were anxious to help. Amy heard about a New Orleans walkathon to support PD, and we all decided to take part. I had a great time. I met Michelle Lane, who was 34 and a Parkinson's patient. She had organized and recruited help for the walkathon.

Although I have not enjoyed having Parkinson's, I have a feeling of accomplishment in helping others find the way to a better life.

America the beautiful

Tim Heard

Meager Mouthfuls from the Pious,
 Given to large-bloated stomachs
 And hollow eyes.
 Drops to put out a raging fire.
 Band-aids given to stop the bleeding
 Of a severed leg.
 Then the rich,
 the pious,
 the content,
 Close their eyes
 and turn
 away.



Family news

Brian Dillard has accepted a position with Johnson Controls as their Director of Engineering & Product Planning for Hybrid Electronics. It's a global position, and he leads groups in Michigan, France, and also Bulgaria (the company's software engineering tech center). Brian had hoped to attend the family reunion in late July, but that may be impossible. He writes, "We have our very first Battery Management System product launch in France around that time, and I am responsible for the group there, so I may end up taking everyone with me to France for a month." We don't blame you, Brian.

Lisa Ragone and Andy Clark have received tentative orders to move to the Detroit area, probably in the summer.

The charity supported by the Hearn sisters this past Christmas is Homes of Hope for Children, a shelter being built in Hattiesburg, MS, for abused and neglected children. Our donation totaled \$350.

Be sure to make your reservation for our family reunion this summer. It will be July 15-18 at Walden Lodge Resort in Sevierville, TN, close to Pigeon Forge. We're hoping some of you will volunteer to plan activities and children's crafts. Check out the web site at www.bluffmountainrentals.com/WaldenLodge.html.



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The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 682 Brookgreen Lane, Lexington, KY 40509.
 Editor: Mary Alice Heard
 Printer's Devil: Allan Heard

Watermelon vengeance

Allan Heard

From about age 12 I had a handful of close friends—three in particular—with whom I spent most of my free waking hours and lots of my sleeping hours as well. I guess that, by a hair, Clyde Porter was my best friend. His family owned the rundown farm that was my paradise found. One summer Clyde and I, with lots of help, built a 20- by 40-foot, tin-roofed house, complete with a center post for swinging our hammocks and with a small wood cookstove. We roughed it there lots of winter days and nights, harassing squirrels with shotguns and foxes with steel traps.

One summer we had a beautiful watermelon patch. We carried buckets of water to the plants daily. But we made the mistake of telling our friends about them. One night before the watermelons were quite ripe enough to eat, someone raided the patch and pretty much destroyed it. We were pretty sure who the culprits were, but not positive. We looked forward to vengeance.



A week or so later at a drive-in we overheard our buddy, Guy, and another fellow, Bobby Joe, discussing taking their dates to steal a watermelon. We were not positive, but we figured the patch they had in mind was John Littlejohn's. His farm was across the road from the Porters'.

Since that was our only remaining source of melons, we decided it would be worthwhile to scare the living wits out of our friends if they did in fact try to steal Mr. John's mel-



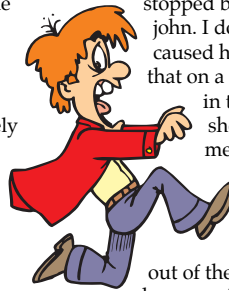
ons. We raced to the farm as fast as the old GMC pickup would carry us and parked it out of sight.

We were barely in position across the road from one end of the patch when we heard a car crunching along the gravel road, headed our way. It stopped perhaps 75 yards away, and we soon heard and saw two people crunching along the road coming toward us. We marveled at their total lack of stealth. We figured that had he been mindful, Mr. John could have heard them at his house several hundred yards in the opposite direction, but he always went to bed with the chickens, as the saying goes.

For the event that was about to happen we had armed ourselves with a cherry bomb. Cherry bombs had a louder noise than a shotgun blast, but we figured that in the confusion that would not matter.

As the two figures mounted the bank and stepped into the edge of the patch, their backs were to us. One of us lit the bomb. We could hardly control our mirth as the dynamite-type fuse spewed. At the same millisecond the cherry bomb exploded, the two figures broke the sound barrier heading back whence they came. At almost the same instant, the engine of the car fired up, and it sped past us. We heard the two guys yelling at the car, but it kept rolling.

We rolled on the ground laughing. Eventually, the fellows realized what had happened and came back to where we were. Bobby Joe normally had a very minor stuttering problem, but that night he could not get beyond the syllable level. The girls finally came back hunting the fellows. They had been so scared they had not recognized the guys, they said. We all had another laugh and headed our separate ways.



It was a week or so later that we stopped by to chat with Mr. Littlejohn. I don't remember what caused him to tell us, but he said that on a recent night he had been in the melon patch with his shotgun, guarding the melons. He said he fell

asleep, and when he woke up somebody was shooting at him. He decided he'd best get out of there, so he ran to his house and went to bed.

We never told him what really happened, but after careful evaluation we decided we would pass up the opportunity for free melons for the rest of the summer.



Scripture verses for the guidance of the Hearn's in the years ahead*

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Psalm 90:12

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10:31

"No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Psalm 84:11

"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth." Isaiah 58:14

**Aubrey saved these, along with several other favorite verses, with the above title.*



the **Hearn Herald**

VOLUME 17, NUMBER 2

www.hearnweb.com

SEPTEMBER, 2010

Feb. 25, 1990

Dear Children,

You have all heard of how the McGlothlens chose cards for one another. . . How they would go to the card shop and each choose the card he/she would like to receive for a birthday or other special day. After choosing they would exchange cards, read them, and then put them back on the card rack.

Dad and I have had lots of fun with our cards for several years. I bought an expensive card for Dad's birthday several years ago (\$3.00). It had picture after picture and rhyme after rhyme telling how great and wonderful he is. I signed it and gave it to him about four years ago on his birthday. After displaying it for a week I put it away. Then the next year I gave it to him again. That's been his main card every year since and will be this year too. He would not have known the difference except I told him!

Now let me tell you what he did to me on Feb. 14! Right after breakfast, before I had time to get my card

to him out, he handed me a card for Valentine's Day. I noticed it was not in an envelope, but began reading it. He stood watching. That card said lots of nice things about what a good wife I am. After the last statement and picture (which were near the top



right hand corner of the last page) Dad signed his name. I thanked him for the lovely Valentine. Then I glanced down at the bottom of the last page and saw in a strange handwriting, "Happy birthday, Joe."

Dad probably had not seen that, but he knew I would guess it came from a garage sale. We enjoyed laughing. Why should I care when he had already bought in my name 100 shares of a very good stock!

Lots of love,
Mother

P.S. On looking at my Valentine card again, the words written at the bottom of the last page were, "Happy Mother's day, Joe"! Guess I'll save it and let Dad give it to me again on Mother's Day!

Why should I care when he had already bought in my name 100 shares of a very good stock!

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and more. . .

Hearnvil Cemetery cleanup

Charles and Lerma Hearn

The Hearnvil Cemetery dates from the mid-1800s. It was near the town of Hearnvil, Georgia, which no longer exists. The cemetery is now located about nine miles outside of Eatonton, Georgia on the road to Godfrey, Georgia. The site is a forested area owned by the University of Georgia and is heavily overgrown



The damaged stone of Capt. William Hearn

with trees and underbrush. The grave markers are in very poor condition due to age and possible vandalism. Brothers Lot and William Hearn are buried here, together with several members of their extended families. According to speculation, their parents Jonathan and Rhoda may also be buried here. Several burials in the cemetery are apparently not related to the Hearn family. Several small unidentified stones may have marked the graves of slaves.

In March, 2010, twelve Hearn relatives—among them Charles and

Minor correction: Lott Hearn was Ferdinand Lawrence Hearn's uncle, not his great-uncle, as reported in the February, 2010 Hearn Herald.



Some of the Hearn relatives who worked to clean up the Hearnvil Cemetery site

Lerma Hearn, Nancy Clark, and Suzie Lusk—gathered to remove underbrush and generally clean up the site. No effort was made to restore upset or broken grave markers, many of which are beyond repair. However, the Hearnvil Cemetery Project, initiated by William Hearn, has collected funds for possible stabilization of some of the gravestones (especially the Lot and William box tombs) and erection of a historic marker.

While researching the cemetery Lerma discovered that the cemetery is also of interest to another family member. Listed among those buried there are Benjamin Franklin Sammons and his wife Emmaline Sawyer Sammons, the great-great-grandparents of Beth Sammons Heard. B.F. Sammons was the nephew of Betsy Sammons Hearn and first cousin of Ferdinand Lawrence Hearn, Aubrey's great-grandfather.



The headstones of Emmaline and Franklin Sammons

To see more pictures of the cemetery cleanup, go to www.hearnweb.com/hearnville_cemetery.



Mother Heard's candied apples

Mary Alice Heard

My family loves these treats any time, but they're especially nice on the table at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Purchase a bag of cooking apples. Golden Delicious are good ones. Core and peel the apples. Divide

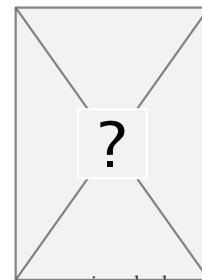


apples into halves perpendicular to the core.

In a deep pot mix sugar and water in the following proportions: 3/4 cup water and 1-1/2 cup sugar. Add cinnamon candies* (Red Hots), about 1/4 cup, and a few drops of red food coloring. Bring syrup mixture to a soft boil, then add apples, standing them on their sides. Continue cooking the apples, rotating gradually so that every side is cooked in the sugary liquid. This should take about 20 minutes.

When apples have reached a soft red color, remove and let dry on a rack.

**Cinnamon candies are sometimes difficult to find. Lately I have bought them in the candy section at Walgreens.*



The economy is so bad . . .

Congress says they are looking into this Bernard Madoff scandal. Hey, neat . . . the guy who made \$50 billion disappear is being investigated by the people who made \$750 billion disappear.

Accolades for Aubrey

Following is part of a letter written by Florence on August 23, 1991, to her grandchildren. The letter accompanied two articles on managing money.

Granddad and I would have been married 58 years on September 2, 1991. The more I think about his life before we married and through the many “lean” years after 1933, I am amazed at all he did to bring in extra money for a growing family. Recently as I learned about hundreds of articles he had written and had published, I wrote down: To think Dad did all of this without a secretary or a computer!

Although all eight of the Hearn children from Albertville graduated from college, Granddad—the eldest—was the only one to pay his own expenses through high school and college. He found jobs whether working on a newspaper or selling hamburgers at the County Fair. He worked and saved and was careful in spending.

Believe me, I’m going to try to follow the words of wisdom he saved by clipping [articles related to money management]. I hope you will practice them too.



Fathers Day greetings from Mary Alice on June 11, 1985:

I hope you know how much I appreciate your example and your hard work. There are probably many qualities you’ve passed on to your children that we don’t even recognize as having come from you. Some I *am* aware of are:

- a love of reading
- an appreciation of music
- a strong bent for economizing,
- an interest in history and travel,
- devotion to God and your church,
- a philosophy of industry and integrity,
- service to others, and
- attention to the needs of your family.

You are well rounded and interesting. I appreciate your zest for living, and I hope eventually to develop some of your skills in a small measure. (Though I must say, I have absolutely no interest in developing the garage sale habit!)

Thanks for being such a super person. I am fortunate to call you mine!



Medical chart surprises

Traci Myrick

Here are some statements from actual medical charts. Enjoy!

- *The baby was delivered, the cord clamped and cut and handed to the pediatrician, who breathed and cried immediately.
- *The skin was moist and dry.
- *She stated that she had been constipated for most of her life until 1989 when she got a divorce.
- * The patient was in his usual state of good health until his airplane ran out of gas and crashed.
- *The patient lives at home with his mother, father, and pet turtle, who is presently enrolled in day care three times a week.
- *She is numb from her toes down.
- *While in the emergency room, she was examined, X-rated and sent home.
- *The patient was to have a bowel resection. However he took a job as a stockbroker instead.
- *Occasional, constant, infrequent headaches . . .
- *Patient was alert and unresponsive.
- *When she fainted, her eyes rolled around the room.



Hearn siblings Marcia Stovall, Mary Alice Heard, Charles Hearn, Nancy Clark, Millie Dillard, and Suzie Lusk - July 31, 2010



Reflections on moving

Mary Alice Heard

Allan and I moved from one apartment to another just a few months after we married, and then we moved again a year later. Reflecting on these moves, I came up with the following packing suggestions, the first set preliminary and the second post mortem after a very stressful move. Having made six moves since that time, I believe there's no way to make moving easy.



Jan. 20, 1963
Lincoln, NE

Rules for packing and moving

►Take an inventory of all items, being careful to note what goes into each box. This will be invaluable in case any box gets lost.

►Pack the main items first—linens, books, etc.—because they're easiest. Little doodads can be stuffed anywhere later on.

►Don't get rushed; be relaxed. After all, there are friends to wish goodbye.

►Try to run out of kitchen food methodically. This especially applies to things in the refrigerator.

Revised rules for packing and moving

►Who cares about inventory? Throw things in as fast as you can, or you won't be ready when the mover comes.

►Put those items you need most at the bottom of boxes. That way you'll have the pleasure and exercise of searching through the boxes to find the needed objects. Once arrived at destination lose inventory list several times.

►Wrap every object in the same kind of paper that you use for padding (preferably newspaper, which rubs off). That way you get to inspect every wad of paper when unpacking.

►Running out of food methodically gets you in trouble. Beware if you have no catsup and pickles for the hamburgers.

►Have fun staying up until 4 a.m. the morning before the movers come—packing little doodads. Grim experience teaches that it's the little non-essentials that take longest to pack.



My budding film career

Joel Heard

Several weeks ago I got a phone call from the producers of a new movie being made locally. They were looking for a Russian-speaking American. It seems they had cast a local actor in the role of an American with the hopes that he could pull off a convincing American accent. Apparently he wasn't convincing, so they brought me in to dub my voice over his. I spent two days trying to get my tongue around all of his lines. Russian is not an easy language in general, but trying to match the speed and inflections of a native speaker is a tall challenge indeed.

The film is called "The Missing Link" (or something similar). It is about four hunters who are out in the mountains of Central Asia hunting for a yeti. My character is one of the four leads and the chief villain of the film. The director is hoping to dub the entire film into English for an upcoming film festival, so there's a good chance I will be busy with this film for some time to come, both voice acting and editing the script.

Coming soon to theaters everywhere. (Well, maybe not everywhere.)

Reminders of war

C. Aubrey Hearn

In July and August, 1947, Aubrey went on a tour of Europe, his chief destination being Copenhagen, Denmark, the site of a Baptist World Alliance meeting. His journal of that trip contains incidental remarks about the aftermath of World War II.

From Brussels, Belgium, July 26

One of the worst bombed small cities we saw today was Houffalize. It was destroyed in World War I, rebuilt, and destroyed again in the recent war. Bastogne has no drinking water 2-1/2 years after the fighting, and bread is baked in a community baking house.



The Reichstag in Berlin after the war

From Germany, August 4

Soon after entering Germany we began to see the destruction brought by war. It grew progressively worse, especially as we approached the cities. Sometimes we would see blocks of rubble, shells of buildings, and ruins. It was indescribable.

Lt. Col. C.R. Hill, of Knoxville, joined our group and told us much about conditions in Germany. The food situation is serious and is not getting any better. It is particularly bad in the Russian zone. Speaking of America he said, "We are in the position of a person who having killed a vicious dog keeps beating the dog when a bear is nearby waiting to jump on him." He said conditions in Germany are much like those in the South after the Civil War, only worse.

From Frankfurt, August 5

At Frankfurt we saw almost utter destruction for block after block. . .Typical of destruction in this area was Darmstadt, a city of almost 100,000. On a September night in 1944 this city was 90% destroyed in 40 minutes. The people were taken by surprise, and 10,000 lost their lives, with 6,000 missing. Many of the bodies were still under debris. Nearly every station we passed through was badly damaged.

Catfish catastrophe

Allan Heard

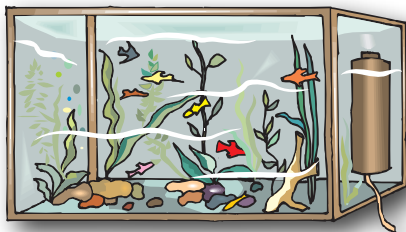
One Sunday afternoon my buddy Ken Aycock called and invited me to go to Columbus, Georgia, to check out the tropical fish store. While there he introduced me to the tropical albino catfish that were busily cleaning the bottom of the tank. He commented that you could get rich if you could just get albinos to lay eggs. I was getting into the tropical fish business, so I loaded up on seven albinos.

Over the following weeks the fish grew rapidly, without population increase.

An unplanned personal event interrupted my fish project.

After a checkup, the doctor advised me that I had colon cancer. I had three days to get my business in order before big time surgery. That included consolidating my fish into two modestly equipped tanks. Mary Alice was given the job of feeding the fish and overseeing the tanks.

The operation was long and thorough. I was in the hospital most of a week. Once I got home, one of my first chores was to check my fish. I was astounded. Somehow one of the filters had been disconnected. The water in the catfish tank was ugly, brown muck. I started to reattach the pump and filter when I realized that there were hundreds of eggs attached to the wall of that aquarium. The



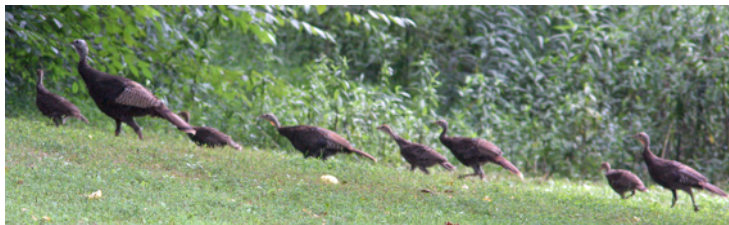
walls were covered almost completely with what proved to be albino catfish eggs. What had happened was that an air line had been knocked loose, so the filter system wasn't working. The trauma had started the two females and five males on a frenzy of perpetuating their species.

Overnight, with the airline hooked up, the water became sparkling. I called in Ken, who did a thorough egg count. He concluded that the total was over 800 eggs. We quickly removed the adult fish from contact with the eggs, lest they eat them.

I had to increase our aquarium capacity. We did this with half a dozen Styrofoam coolers. A local pharmacist sold me antibiotic to ward off infection.

I had few losses.

One Sunday about 6 a.m. a rough-looking couple rang the doorbell. They wanted to buy me out. They had found us through our friend Ken. They had driven nearly 100 miles before daylight and offered 50 cents each. I had to tell them that within six weeks of the eggs' hatching I had sold all survivors to a local pet store at 35 cents a head. Although I did not get close to the million dollars Ken had foretold, my profits from the sale of the albino catfish paid several years' worth of exotic fish and aquarium supplies.



This flock of wild turkeys ambled across the lawn right outside Walden Lodge during our reunion. Charles snapped the picture.

International travel, marathons, and a puzzle party

Mary Alice Heard

After attending a conference (for Liz) in Vienna, visiting Prague, and (Bob) running in the Prague marathon, Bob flew on to Osaka and Hakone, Japan, for the 2010 International Puzzle Party. Bob was able to show off his icosahedron twisty puzzle, one of only two in existence.



Bob first created it on his computer, ordered the pieces from a company that cast them, then, when the parts arrived, laboriously put it together. The last step was adding the color tiles. Bob showed his icosahedron puzzle as well as some other unique twist puzzles at the family reunion.

When Bob was a teenager he taught himself to do the Rubik's cube twisty puzzle in seconds. At the reunion he patiently showed Katie Beth Lusk the steps in doing the puzzle. He's just now learning to twist his new puzzle so that colors



match. Perhaps he'll give us a demonstration at the next reunion.

We had a chance to see a new version of Bob's iPhone app, Subway Shuffle. It is being marketed by Popular Playthings as a board game called



Athena. Instead of moving subway cars, the player moves archaeologists to restore the top of a statue of Athena to its base. Some of our group found the game challenging and fun. Congratulations, Bob.

Side by side

Marcia Stovall

Throughout our lives together in the Hearn household, Millie and I have been close. We were most often roommates and buddies. However, we certainly could argue and fight.



Marcia and Millie in 1959

We argued about space in our closet, clothes, friends, lights left on or off at night, and who stole most of the nightly covers.

We shared great times growing up—playing in the back yard, singing, and even doing chores together. We played games on our long trips out west. At Glorieta we would attend classes for the first week. Then for the next two weeks Dad would take Millie and me to a dude ranch. We had a great time saddling our horses, racing across the plains, and going on rides up the mountain trails.

Millie and I loved to sing together. We played our ukuleles and sang at Glorieta, Ridgecrest, Howard College, and at our home church. We even had fun singing together as we washed and dried dishes at 2115 Westwood Avenue.

After Millie left home to attend Howard College, she changed a great deal. When she returned home for a visit she wouldn't argue with me any more! She was very sweet and patient with her pesky younger sister.

Millie encouraged me to go to Howard. She was active in the Baptist Student Union, and she sang in the BSU choir and the a cappella choir. Millie particularly loved the a cappella choir, and she wanted me to audition. When the choir sang at our home church in Nashville I did audition and was accepted.

I attended Howard when Millie was a junior. She was a tremendous help to me throughout my college days. She and a friend selected a roommate for my freshman year. She advised me, counseled me, helped me make friends, and helped me find

a church home in Birmingham. She was an inspiration.

After Millie married James Dillard I called them frequently and shared my life and prayer concerns. When Millie and James lost Bonnie, they were both uplifting and encouraging to me in spite of their great loss.

I am so thankful for my sweet sister Millie. I thank God for her every day.



And today

Computer literal

Lerma Hearn



That's *literal*, not *literate*. As in interpreting something literally, in computer-related terms, when it has nothing to do with computers.

I just read a title on cnn.com, "Mouse virus and chronic fatigue linked." My first thought was—"mouse virus? How can using your mouse cause chronic fatigue? And I don't remember hearing about a computer virus that infects the mouse." I laughed out loud when I clicked on the title and saw the accompanying photo—three white mice of the four-legged variety!

I got to thinking of other mistakenly "literal" interpretations. Soon after I became computer literate I was in a grocery store and noticed a bottle of soda pop which I read mentally as "Hi-Res," computerese for "high resolution." Then I realized it was good old Hires root beer!



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Family news

Joel Heard has taken a new interest in photography. Recently he entered an on-line contest offered by the Digital Photography School. The assignment was "10 minutes from home," and Joel's picture of a worker at a body shop won first place in the contest. To see Joel's winning photo go to digital-photographyschool.com/this-week-in-the-digital-photography-school-forums-25-apr-1-may-10.



Lisa Ragone has been promoted to Chief of Response, sector Detroit, for the U.S. Coast Guard. She will oversee nine small boat stations on lakes Lanier, Huron, and Erie in matters of national security, water activities, accidents, and search and rescue. Congratulations, Lisa.

Traci Myrick began a new job in February as medical transcriptionist with Webmedx. She writes, "Vail is my primary account, although it is fairly slow when skiing isn't going on! One of my favorite things about being an MT is learning new words every day. The Vail account allows me to learn new types of nonmedical words each day like moguls, arriving at altitude, acute mountain sickness, etc." Traci's other account is emergency rooms in Las Vegas; perhaps those are sometimes a little more interesting than the ski accidents at Vail.

Amy Stovall is now a graduate assistant in the Admissions Office at the University of Tennessee. She will work with student recruiters while continuing her course work, along with tutoring on the side. She expects to get her Education Specialist degree with a major in reading in the spring.



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509.

Editor: Mary Alice Heard
Printer's Devil: Allan Heard



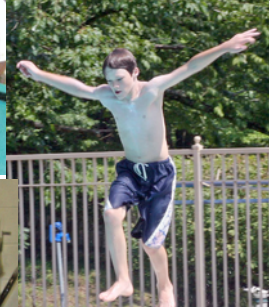
Brian Dillard writes that his family had a terrific time visiting in France this past summer. He promises to send pictures and to tell us about it. We can print some in the next edition. Meanwhile, here is a picture from Adam's 5th grade graduation. Brian and Sharon are standing behind (from left) Jordan (9), Adam (11), and Noah (7).

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- Joel, Beth, Samuel, Michael, and Emma Heard, SENIM/ Attn: Joel and Beth Heard, 30 Klochkov St., KB89, Almaty 050008, Kazakhstan; 011-7-7272-71-97-17 (do not dial 1; 11-hour time difference from Eastern Standard Time)
- Tim, Julie, Hannah, and Kelsey Heard, 11317 Cottage View Court, Louisville, KY 40299, 502-263-7865
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- Traci Myrick, 293 Austin Springs Rd. #79, Johnson City, TN 37601, 423-276-4177 (cell)
- Gerald and Marcia Stovall, 47 Deerfield, Hattiesburg, MS 39402, 601-261-3291
- Keith, Teresa, Ramie, and Isaac Stovall, 53 Sunview Lane SE, Brookhaven, MS 39601, cell: 601-551-3458
- *Amy Stovall, 1153 Snyder Ridge Lane, Knoxville, TN 37932, cell: 504-919-0525
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Reunion reminiscences

The 2010 Hearn family reunion at Walden Lodge Resort, Pigeon Forge, TN, in late July was a fun and fulfilling gathering. Those of you unable to come missed a good time. Our thanks to Lerma Hearn for her reminders, meal planning, driving directions, and organization of cabin arrangements. Lerma, we couldn't have done it without you. Let's do it again in 2012!



2 0 1 1 F E B R U A R Y E D I T I O N

the **Hearn Herald**

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Up, up, and away

Katie Beth Lusk

This past summer I had the opportunity of a lifetime. I traveled over 36 hours, with an unexpected stop in Australia, to get to my final destination—New Zealand. I went with 30 other students from the University of Georgia and a forestry professor from



the University. I went to study New Zealand's governmental structure as well as environmental and tourism sustainability.

This study abroad program specializes in field study and service projects, so we traveled around the southern island of New Zealand to see several different national parks and world heritage sights. During these excursions I got to swim with over 400 Dusky Dolphins of the northern coast in the town of Kaikoura, hiked up a river to see hundreds of baby New Zealand fur seals swimming in a pool under a 50 foot waterfall, and helped clear out invasive species from several nature pre-

serves. During my only "free" day I got to go bungee jumping off the very first bungee site on the Kawarau Bridge. This trip opened my eyes to how many possibilities there are in the world and how much I have yet to learn.

This March for Spring Break I will be traveling to Quito, Ecuador,

for the second time. I'm going with a volunteer organization called Manna Project International along with 13 other University of Georgia students (including four of my sorority sisters). We will be working on a sustainable agriculture project that will provide a poor community with jobs as well as resources and nutrition. I'm hoping to get more involved with this program so that when I graduate I can be a project leader and live in Ecuador for 13 months before continuing on to either graduate or law school.

As for my summer plans, I am applying to study abroad at St. Johns University in Paris, France, as well as

Oxford University in Oxford, England, through University of Georgia programs. I'll be studying comparative politics, Parisian culture and symbols, British common law, and international conflict. At the Oxford program I will get to study with Oxford professors instead of UGA personnel. Both programs are highly competitive, so prayers are greatly appreciated!

I'm hoping to make a blog about my travels to keep people up to date on the adventures and studies I encounter.

In this issue—

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and more. . .



A gift twice passed on

Lerma Hearn

Ruth and John Daves traveled with Florence and Aubrey on a number of trips. The couples became fast friends. In March, 1991, Florence presented them with the Love Stamp needlework that she had made for Aubrey in 1985. Her note to them read as follows:

"For our dear, dear friends Ruth and John Daves: I searched for another kit so I could make one like this for you. I want you to have this in memory of Aubrey, and to partially thank you for everything. It comes with much love, as you can see at least 20¢'s worth!"

Becky Burns is now the proud owner of the Love Stamp needlework, John Daves having gifted it to her. Becky traveled with the Daves on a tour of Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land that Aubrey conducted in 1986.



Joel experienced this wipeout during a sledding outing in December.

Family roots

Mary Alice Heard

As roots anchor the stately spruce
to keep it stable,
So you anchor me.
As roots provide nourishment for the
mighty oak,
You feed my spirit.
As roots help the glorious maple
weather life's storms,
You see me through dark days.

The shallow roots of the giant redwood
stretch out,
Interweaving with roots of neighboring
trees,
So the great trees can soar to the sky.
Bound together beneath the soil,
the roots hold the redwoods upright.

Brothers, sisters, parents, cousins, sons,
daughters—
Like roots you anchor, stabilize,
nourish our family,
Interweaving lives, providing strength,
So we too can soar.



Pirate party smiles

Beth Heard, in an e-mail dated Sep. 20, 2003

Tonight we had a pirate party to celebrate International Talk-Like-a-Pirate Day (Sep. 19). We invited our team over and had lots of games for the kids, including a cannonball (water balloon) toss and a treasure hunt. We all had a good time. A couple of Kazakhs dropped by at one point, but they turned down our invitations to come in—they heard all the whooping and hollering and decided they felt safer outside the gate. No telling what they thought.

Someone had made two signs for Hannah (the other 5-year-old and only girl m.k. other than Emma) to wear—the one on her back said, "I'm a buxom wench," and the one on the front was a translation into Kazakh that basically said, "I'm a big-boobed pirate."

Yes, Hannah happened to greet our drop-in guests, and they



Beth holding Emma, all dressed for the pirate party - September, 2003

had very puzzled looks on their faces when they read the sign. I didn't know how to explain that away, so I just told Hannah to get back to the games—quickly.

So, happy Talk-Like-A-Pirate Day! Maybe next year we can celebrate in Lexington.

Homage to my husband

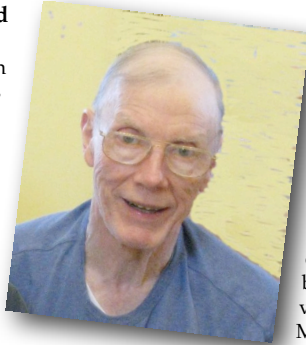
Mary Alice Heard

On December 20 Allan and I celebrated fifty years of marriage. He's not a sentimental guy. Once when living in Nebraska and nearing our second anniversary, he helped me choose a pair of boots so I could hunt pheasants with him. He asked, "Would you like for those to be your anniversary present?" Surprised, I nodded—my big mistake. Subsequent anniversaries were often frenzied as we drove to visit our families for the holidays. Anniversaries just haven't been highly romantic occasions.

Still, fifty years deserve some accolades. How should I respond? I am a compulsive freak married to Mr. Careless, who leaves dresser drawers and cabinet doors open. He is a man with a quirky sense of humor unfortunately wedded to a humorless woman. The children, too, often rolled their eyes when his jokes fell flat, as sometimes they did.

On the other hand, he learned to sew when he was a Boy Scout. He took pleasure in mending the boys' jeans, and after Tim's marriage he sometimes did a mending job for Julie. In the not too distant past Hannah told her mother, "Mom, my pants have a split at the bottom. Let's take them to Peepaw so he can fix them." He re-upholstered a rocking chair that has held up well over the years.

He is also Mr. Fix-It at our house. When we lived in Auburn he took an old washing machine tank and made a septic tank for our dog run, which he also built. He strung a cable in the yard from one tree to another so the



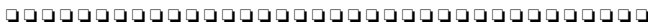
children could ride on a cable seat that he made. He also hung a swing and put together both a jungle gym and a 4-seat carousel rider. As you can imagine, the neighborhood children loved our backyard. When we visited Nashville Mother usually had several odd jobs for

him to do. She appreciated his skills, as did I.

As a dad Allan is devoted to his children. When they were young he took them on numerous hunting and fishing jaunts just to be with them. I cringed when he insisted on taking Tim, then just three years old, on frog hunting trips to a lake late into the night. Tim loved it; he curled up in the boat to sleep when he tired of watching for frogs.

Allan volunteered weekly at our church recreation center for years, opening and closing the gym. He made sure that the basketball games were clean—no cursing and bad sportsmanship allowed. After he retired from SCS and before being hired by the city of Lexington in the construction division, he came with me to help out at the Clothes Closet, our Baptist association's clothing distribution center. He was good help with the occasional drunk who came in for a change of clothes, and without being asked to he always cleaned our two restrooms, something we other volunteers had neither time nor inclination to do.

These have been wonderful fifty years. Thank you, Allan, for taking me along for the ride.



Jim Dillard's bran muffin recipe*

- 3 cups plain flour
- ½ tsp. plus 1 tsp. baking soda
- 5 cups bran flakes (any brand)
- 1 generous cup raisins
- 1 generous cup chopped dates
- 1 cup chopped nuts (pecans and raw sunflower nuts)
- 2 beaten eggs
- ½ cup cooking oil
- 5 cups buttermilk, more or less as needed

Mix dry ingredients. Add buttermilk mixed with oil and beaten eggs. Bake about 18 minutes at 400 degrees in a preheated oven. Yield: approx. 2 dozen muffins.

**This recipe is Jim's adaptation of his earlier recipe that made many more muffins and that kept for weeks in the refrigerator.*

How to treat your pets to a first-class airline vacation

Andy Clark

Has it ever occurred to you that your pets need a vacation even more than you do? In our case, Lisa and I recently thought that our pets might enjoy living closer to the center of Detroit, Michigan, than near the wide and vastly empty Alaskan wilderness. We asked Joey and Mittens about this, but being shy they only demurred by eliciting several purrs and plaintive cries for canned meat. We asked our turtles, Nacho and Libre, but they only expressed excitement about the upcoming water change, as they nipped at treats offered from our fingers. Nonetheless, each of them did get their extended (i.e., permanent) vacation, later in the fall of 2010.

The only problems with providing each of them a high-quality vacation of this type were those pesky, human rules. For example, did you know that cats actually have to ride an airplane *while confined in a cage*?! Adding insult to injury, those pesky humans at Alaska Airline Cargo insisted on attaching documents to said cages, and going through a security screening process. Wait—this sounds rather familiar, even for the humans among us . . .

Being rather private cats, Joey and Mittens each decided at the last minute that the planned vacation was not for them after all, and promptly hid. With the help of a friend (acting as a cat herder) I was actually able to frighten them into running practically into the necessary cages. And believe it or not, they still speak to me. Prior to this incident, I had actually spent three hours, consuming almost two complete rolls of packing tape, converting a three-cubic-foot box into a



continued on page 5

A tribute to my sister

Suzie Lusk

I have been thinking a lot in the past few months about my sister Millie. I have been trying to throw out a lot of stuff over the Christmas holidays, and part of that was going through the basket materials I got from Millie when she moved to be near Beth.

I started making baskets after Millie invited me to a basket workshop at her church. She was making a market basket, and I went and made one along with the ladies in the



church. Then, a few months later, she came to Nashville and did a similar workshop at my house for some people I taught with. That was so much fun, and the teachers loved doing it. After a while I asked her to do the same workshop in my church, and several women there decided to go with us to the basket convention in Atlanta.

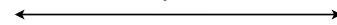
Millie wanted me to go to the convention in North Carolina, but that one was always expensive and in the middle of the week when I couldn't take off. But the one in Atlanta started on Friday and went through Sunday. You could make three baskets, one each day. We did this for several years, and then James came along on one occasion and we stayed in the same hotel room! It was at that convention that I realized that Millie was having trouble with a pattern in the basket she was making. She had done several rows and kept taking them out. I asked her if she needed help, and what I did was read the pattern to her while she did it row by row. It was tedious, but she finally got the basket made!*

The last convention we went

How to treat your pets, *cont'd*

temporary cat-trapping device, in case I had to take them out of their cages at the cargo terminal for the aforementioned security check. As it turned out, the kind humans behind the counter waived the security check (a glance underneath a small blanket underneath each furry animal) once they saw the terror on my face that my cats would escape onto the tarmac, never to be captured again (a distinct possibility).

The turtles did not seem so inclined to run away— at least not as



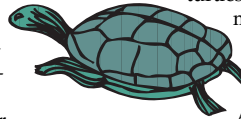
to Marcia came along, because I was worried about leaving Millie alone in a group; I thought Marcia could sit with her and help her. It was a tough time but fun being with my sisters, and we all got to go swimming in the heated pool.

Millie is such a creative person. Remember the children's book she made with a friend? It was page after page of things a toddler could do like button buttons, zip a zipper, and feel-rough and soft things. She made a lot of those books, and she and her partner sold them to friends and anyone who would buy one. I bought one and used it with Katie Beth. Millie also crocheted a lovely shawl for me during the years she crocheted before making baskets. She taught me how to crochet that year, and I made a vest for Fred for his birthday.

Millie also introduced me to the author Catherine Cookson, and I have loved reading her books. I started buying them whenever we went to book sales, and I now have about 25 of her books. Cookson wrote children's as well as adult books. I'm sad that Millie can't read now because she loved these books as much as I do.

Even though Millie won't know I wrote this, I want to say that she had a big influence on my life. I think the fact that I still enjoy making baskets, knitting and other "crafty" things is directly linked to all the time Millie spent with me. I love all my sisters, but I want to pay this tribute to Millie.

*Millie was diagnosed with Alzheimer's in 2005.



fast. The main trouble with shipping turtles turns out to be humans, or, rather, human rules and regulations.

The IATA (International Air Transport Association) *Live Animal Regulations Manual* 'suggests' that turtles require a waterproof box for transport, dimensioned to preclude animals from overturning if the box is tipped, and with air holes and a heat source. Insulation and padding are also required, along with preparing the turtles by smearing them with vaseline to prevent excess evaporation.

Along with the specific container instructions faxed to me by the airline cargo associates were pen-and-ink drawings of a couple of sample turtle shipping containers that would be acceptable. Being under great pressure of time, I immediately purchased a 50-gallon cooler at the local Fred Meyer for this purpose. I was preparing to drill holes in the edifice and add semi-permanent padding when I received a call from Delta Cargo that they would *only* consider valid a shipping container looking exactly like the one pictured in the pen-and-ink drawing, i.e., a wooden crate with the features I mentioned above!

Thus it was that I spent the last three days of the year that I'd have access to my table saw, prior to movers packing it (and all the rest of the tools) away, building a beautiful, custom, lightweight, IATA-regulation turtle-shipping crate, complete with insulation, air holes, padding, heat reservoirs, and an easy-to-release wing-nut-fastened top, rather than actually preparing for said movers. I had already realized earlier that week that I'd chosen the wrong profession when the veterinarians charged me an extra \$55 per turtle, since turtles are considered exotic species, while filling out the in-good-health forms.

The cats and turtles are currently enjoying their extended vacation.

And did you know that you can express-mail your fish? But that is another story.





.Daddy*
Kelsey Heard

Snuggles Buggles
Zurburts me goodnight
Hugs and kisses me
Holds me tight
Not describing a ladybug
Not describing a light
I'm describing my daddy
Who is just right
Comforts me in every way
Like a light in darkness
Or a blanket in the winter
Just right in every way
Brightens up my day
Can't be any better
Because he's my daddy
And I like him that way

**Kelsey wrote this poem as a Christmas gift for her dad.*



Discuss with your child:

If you were to write new messages to put on candy hearts, what would they say?

"One Link"

Joel Heard

Back in the summer I got a phone call from a lady who works for a film director looking for a Russian-speaking American. He was shooting a film in which one of the lead roles was supposed to be an American. The Russian actor playing the role tried to use an American accent, but the director wasn't impressed. So he invited me to come and do voice-overs.

I spent several days reading, re-reading, and rereading some more. My Russian is not bad, but I cannot speak at the pace of a native speaker. So it was quite a workout to get my tongue around so many lightning-fast lines. In contrast, there were a couple of scenes that were played in English. The Russian actor (Oleg Selezvov)

speaks no English, so all of his line reading was dreadfully slow and strongly accented. The challenge for me was to match my words (in English) with his lips. It was quite an experience.

The movie is called "One Link." It is about four hunters in search of a Yeti. It focuses on the histories of each character so is more of a drama than an action film. But in the tradition of Russian culture, literature, and film everybody dies in the end.

The director is now preparing the film for an international film festival. Later this week I will be helping him with English subtitles. Hopefully the DVD will be out soon. Somehow, though, I doubt that you will find it on Netflix.



These gentlemen are two of the lead actors in the play. Joel was the voice of the man on the right.

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Family news

Becky and Jack Burns once again earned a vacation trip, thanks to Jack's hard work with his company. In past years they have traveled twice to Grand Cayman and twice to Hawaii. Congratulations, you two!



Ross Clark, Dan and Andy's dad, is writing a book for the American-Bonsai Society. In addition to writing, Ross has taken most of the pictures, and the book is being formatted as he writes. So far he's written 12 of 15 chapters of *Native American Plants for Bonsai*. Congratulations, Ross.

Dr. Barbara Ann Garrett, a family friend during our growing-up years, is the author of a manual for caregivers, *Nonverbal Interaction with Adult Clients*. This book should be helpful for those working with the elderly. Way to go, Barbara.

Correction: Florence and Aubrey's wedding anniversary was September 1st, not 2nd, as reported in the last *Hearn Herald* edition on page 3.



Life preservers*

Ivan J. Collins

Though children present us
More woes than we need,
They also prevent us
From going to seed.

**This jingle was on Florence's desk when she died.*



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509.

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- Allan/Mary Alice Heard, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509,
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011-7-7272-71-97-17 (do not dial 1; 11-hour time difference from Eastern
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6015 Boulder Bluff Drive, Cumming GA 30040, 770-205-6544
- Traci Myrick, 293 Austin Springs Rd. #79, Johnson City, TN 37601, 423-276-4177 (cell)
- Gerald and Marcia Stovall, 47 Deerfield, Hattiesburg, MS 39402,
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**Address changed or corrected from previous list*



With help from grandparents Charles and Lerma Hearn, the Burns kids—Abby, Emily, Ian, and Olivia—created this fancy gingerbread house this past Christmas. It looks too luscious to eat.



Allan, about 7, wearing some of his plunder

My neighborhood
Allan Heard

Much of my preteen/early teen childhood was driven by a small chunk of neighborhood that enclosed "downtown." It included on the north end the Army Surplus store just a few blocks from our house. This was like having my own museum next door. I came into ownership of lots of plunder there. Now, more than 50 years later, I still identify a two-foot-long tempered-steel machete in our garage as deriving from that source.

I once hung myself up in a tree by jumping up and taking a whack at a limb with the machete blade. I had the machete secured to my wrist with a leather thong. The blade cut the limb so deeply that I was left hanging by my wrist. Luckily, my squirming caused the strap to break after some frightening swinging in the air.

Our family did not own a TV until I was almost out of high school. This did not deprive me. During most of this time any night I could go a block up the street and join a group watching TV in front of an electronics store.

The City Hall/Police Department was about a block from home. I would sometimes eavesdrop on bull sessions that were usually going full steam. I cultivated a friendship with the night shift and would occasionally ride around the downtown with them. One night they got a call from a downtown honky tonk. An inebriated woman was causing a disturbance. They arrested her, and I had to walk back to the station. I arrived there in time to see them put her in a cell. The lady resisted and managed to get whacked in the head with a flashlight. After I described this experience at home I got new marching orders.

Our house was across the railroad track from a large tract used for carnivals. Typically these were noisy

Family ties

Nancy Clark and Suzie Lusk

In mid-January Nancy and Suzie, while attending a knitting retreat at Kanuga Conference Center, enjoyed a visit with Catherine Lynch of Hendersonville,



NC. Cathy is the daughter of Nancy Clark, Cathy Lynch, Suzie Lusk - January, 2011 Joy Bear, Aubrey's first

cousin, and therefore Suzie and Nancy's second cousin. Cathy's great-grandparents were Mary Ann Hipp and Samuel Columbus Hearn, our common ancestors. Her grandparents were Lizzy Maud Penn and Thomas Oscar Hearn, who spent 14 years serving as missionaries in China. Cathy has an older sister, Jane Bear, who lives primarily in California.

Cathy told Nancy and Suzie that many letters and pictures from her grandparents' time as missionaries are located in the archive of Alabama Baptist History housed at Samford University in Birmingham. Cathy said her grandmother carefully labeled each photo on the back, making the photos more valuable for research. Cathy shared pictures of her sister, mother, father and grandparents from an old photo album.

Uncle Oscar and Aunt Lizzie returned from missionary service in

1925 and settled in Birmingham. Their daughter Joy, Cathy's mom, became a commercial artist. She graduated from Tulane University and married Frank Bear. Joy had Alzheimer's disease during the last 12 years of her life.

Cathy lived on Long Island until four years ago, when she moved to Hendersonville. While living on Long Island she served as a social worker. She works now as a social worker with Hospice and is often on call to respond to the needs of patients' families.

The three had a delightful visit. Suzie told Cathy that her middle name, Joy, was given to her in honor of Cathy's mom.

Cathy has visited the Hearn Academy at Cave Springs, Alabama. She also expressed the desire to participate in a Hearnville Cemetery clean-up should another one be scheduled.

and not good neighbors. One night during such an affair, a buddy and I saw an opportunity for devilment. Several people were standing on the tracks trying to decide whether to pay the admission. One was a large lady who posed a good target. The first shot from a BB gun was a perfect hit. In response, she turned and slugged the guy next to her. She knocked him cold. After a moment of consultation, the group left. That guy was still out cold.

These little tidbits are typical of my childhood. If I could change them, I wouldn't touch a thing.



World's best hiccup cure

Cure hiccups with sugar. Swallowing a teaspoon of sugar almost always does the trick. In a study published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, sugar worked in 19 out of 20 people—some of whom had been hiccupping for as long as six weeks!

Don Powell, PhD, president and founder of the American Institute for Preventive Medicine, Farmington Hills, Michigan.

the

Hearn Herald

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Through the eyes of TCKs

Beth Heard, with help from Joel, Samuel, Michael, and Emma



Third-culture kids, or TCKs, are people who have spent their developmental years in a culture that is different from their parents' culture. They don't quite feel at home in their parents' culture, nor in the culture(s) where they are growing up, and that's why it's said they have their own unique third culture. Get a bunch of TCKs together and you can see the third culture most clearly. They "click" with other kids who have a similar growing up experience, even if they haven't lived in the same place as one another.

Part of the fun of raising TCKs, and I would imagine of being a TCK, is getting to experience the U.S. from an outsider's perspective. When we spend time in the States, it is mostly a ton of fun for our kids. They get to experience tastes, smells, sights, and sounds that they've only heard about. They get to visit with people who are dear to us, and those snatches of time, however brief, make a big impact.

In light of this, we thought we would share with you a list of things that have been most memorable for us—and particularly for our TCKs—during our past five months in the States.

1. Nature walks: seeing lizards, snakes, tropical birds, jellyfish, and crabs on walks during our vacation to Florida.
2. Free refills. What a concept!

3. Dr. Pepper, Mountain Dew, Root Beer, DQ Blizzards
4. Big cheeseburgers.
5. "We can actually understand what they're saying!" Eavesdropping has moved to a whole new level.
6. Customer service and the general kindness and warmth of most Americans to strangers.



Michael and Samuel enjoy a Cardinals game with their granddad, Doug Sammons.

7. Playing Little League baseball in Texas, as well as getting to watch the major leaguers play in Texas and St. Louis.
8. Swimming (and, for Emma, learning to swim).
9. Getting to wear shoes indoors.
10. Flying kites in a warm Texas breeze.
11. Listening to a brass band concert and catching fireflies on a Kentucky summer night.
12. Fishing ... and actually catching a fish.
13. Squirrels!
14. Pizza, pizza, pizza.
15. Field trips to museums, parks, and campgrounds.
16. Clean air.

17. Getting to ride a roller coaster for the first time.
18. Climbing trees (and Mom not worrying about whether the ER will be equipped to handle an injury).
19. How quiet the traffic is. (Don't you know the horn is a very useful means of communication?)
20. FAMILY. Making memories with cousins, siblings, parents, and friends—celebrating birthdays



Emma caught the only fish on this outing

and anniversaries, playing and laughing together, catching up after three years away.

We wouldn't trade these past five months for anything. Thanks to all of you who helped to make this time very special for us and for our children. The food has been good and we've enjoyed lots of adventures, but the best thing has been seeing YOU. We can't wait to do it again in 2013!

My summer of studies abroad

Katie Beth Lusk

This past summer I had the opportunity of a lifetime: I got to study abroad in Paris, France, as well as Oxford, England. In the city of lights and love I studied Human Geography as well as Comparative Politics. We also got to explore the French Riviera, the Loire Valley, Normadie, Amsterdam, Brussels, and Barcelona. It was an unforgettable experience and a nice vacation before the start of



Katie and a friend at Stonehenge

the hardest courses I've taken since I've been in University.

In Oxford, I stayed at Trinity College, one of the 38 colleges of Oxford University. I took a tutorial on International Conflict and another in British Common Law. Much unlike the frivolous time I spent jaunting around Paris and continental Europe, I spent many days trapped in the



View at Trinity College

Trinity library writing 10-page papers for each class each week. Although the workload was much more strenuous, my time in Oxford was one of the best experiences of my life, both scholarly and in general. I was taught under the direction of professors who are the best of their field in the world. I got to see the English countryside as well as venture over the pond to Ireland for a weekend. This has by far been the best summer of my life. I learned so much about myself as well as about the world around me. This experience has opened my mind, made me closer to the Lord, and given me some amazing friends whom I will keep in touch with for the rest of my life.

Five tips for a woman . . .



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1. It is important that a man helps you around the house and has a job.
2. It is important that a man makes you laugh.
3. It is important to find a man you can count on! One who doesn't lie to you.
4. It is important that a man loves you and spoils you.
5. It is important that these four men don't know each other.

Trials with dogs

Allan Heard



The most important member of many families is the family pet. In my case, the pet has usually been a dog. Dogs have the highest potential of all petdom for raw danger. Our "Old Cajun" has been discussed here as absolutely the world's smartest. He proved the point by swallowing part of a length of nylon clothesline, only to subsequently discover that "swallowed" describes a pretty permanent state of affairs. Fortunately, a gentle tug extracted the cord from his plumbing.

Ropes are not the only threat. When I was around 12, my collie Prince, browsing in a grocer's garbage, got a wad of ham wrapper lodged in his throat. He died from the resulting infection.

This started out to be about Riley, an acquaintance's pet. He swallowed a section of rope and it required surgical removal. He apparently will survive, but just barely.

Rufus and the show and tell

Mary Alice Heard

Joel, a second grader, was waiting at the bus stop with his friend Freddy Molz and several other neighborhood kids. It was almost time for the bus to arrive when Joel and Freddy came running to the house. Freddy was in tears.

"Rufus got my show and tell!" he wailed. "My daddy made it for me."

I called Rufus, corralled him, and tried to see what he had in his mouth. With some difficulty I managed to retrieve the item, which was covered with drool. It was a chicken thigh that Freddy's dad had split horizontally so that the marrow showed. He had drilled a hole through the bone halves, then held them together with a short screw and a nut.

Fortunately there was no real damage to the bone. I washed it thoroughly, gave it to Freddy, and sent him on his way. Mental note: don't let Rufus out until the kids have gotten on the school bus.

Write Grandma a what?

Mary Alice Heard

How long has it been since you looked in your mailbox and found a handwritten letter? For me it has been months. The rise of e-mail in the 1990s sparked the demise of written correspondence. For today's young people, the correspondences of choice are text messaging and instant messages. One day our grandchildren may not know how to craft a letter.

The demise of expository writing is very sad. Writing letters to loved ones not only allowed correspondents in days past to detail the important events in their lives, it gave them a chance to verbalize the ideas that were important to them. We see these elements in the letters of Lena Allen and Thomas Ganaway Conner and those that Florence and Aubrey wrote to each other during their long courtship. Florence and Aubrey continued to write during the period of the early 40s when Aubrey was traveling and Florence was tied down with three young children. In those days mail was delivered twice a day!

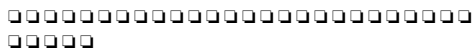
Granted, e-mail is faster, much more efficient, and less costly. However, our busy lives have constrained us to break computer correspondence down to those facts most pertinent. Karen has been known to say to me,



"Mother, your letters are too long." She's saying: just write the facts so I can get on to my other e-mails. She's right, of course. I'm a holdout from the generation of those who thought personal letters (even e-mails) were a means of staying in touch.

Nowadays teens post messages on their social networking sites. They're more comfortable texting friends on their iPods in abbreviated jargon. Who knows if their spelling habits will be affected by their constant texting.

Child education expert Sue Palmer believes that the demise of the art of letter writing is very sad. "If children do not write or receive letters, they miss out on key developmental benefits. Handwritten letters are much more personal than electronic communication." When a writer goes to the trouble of physically committing words on paper, she says, he is investing time and effort in a relationship. Handwritten letters have the advantage that they can be read more than once. Often those are letters that are saved. Children, handwritten letters are wonderful, but I do also love newsy e-mails. Take your pick!



Middle age texting codes

ATD	at the doctor
BFF	best friend fell
BTW	bring the wheelchair
BYOT	bring your own teeth
FWIW	forgot where I was
GGPBL	gotta go, pacemaker battery low
GHA	got heartburn again
IMHAO	is my hearing aid on?
LMDO	laughing my dentures out
OMMR	on my massage recliner
ROFLACGU	rolling on floor laughing and can't get up
TTYL	talk to you louder



TRDMC (Tears running down my cheeks)

Mary Alice Heard

I praise the handwritten letter
So lovingly crafted in days of yore,
When friends used form and syntax
To share views by the score.

Along came electronic messages
Sending letters to their doom
E-mail became the means of choice
For keeping friendships in bloom.

The language, now sapped, regresses
To abbreviated text
With OMG and LOL as comments
I'm sure to stay perplexed.



Why are you capable of imagining a world without letters? Without good souls who write letters, without other souls who read and enjoy them, without those third-party souls who take them from this person to that person—that is, a world without senders, addresses, and letter-carriers? A universe in which all is said dryly, in abbreviated fashion, hurriedly and on the run, without art and without grace?

Pedro Salinas



The house that Papa built

*Joel Patton Hearn, as told to
Lerma E. Hearn*

Note from Lerma: When Joel—son of Kermit and Louise Hearn—sent e-mails telling how the Hearn house had survived last year’s tornado (see “Survivor: the Albertville House,” in the February 2011 Hearn Herald) he gave me so much background on the house itself, and the families that called it home, that I spliced together his comments to produce this memoir.

During the 1908 tornado Albertville was pretty much wiped out and hundreds were killed. This time (April 24, 2011, 102 years later) with modern forecasting and warning systems and the fact the tornado did not touch down, there was no loss of life. Thus Mama and Papa’s old house has survived. And I think it is a blessing that this home is still in our family. As I said at the reunion in 2008, we are fortunate that Mary Jane has been willing to assume the financial and



Papa Hearn sitting at his desk in the front room

administrative responsibility for maintaining this property. Initially at Louise’s death I was skeptical that keeping it would be feasible. It has worked out however, and beautifully. I think Charlie and Della would be pleased to know that their descendants still enjoy gathering in the old house and in part as a result of these gatherings have perpetuated what is I think the most wonderful of our family traditions: the joy of knowing and loving your aunts, uncles, and cousins.

I presume you and Charles know the basic history of the house. If not, this is what I know:

It was built in 1923 with the family moving in around Christmas. (The



Papa and Mama (Charles Lycurgus and Della) Hearn, undated photo

prior home on the site had burned while the family was in Birmingham as Papa attempted to enter medical school. The school was moved to Mobile, Charlie abandoned that plan, and the family returned to Albertville.) The upstairs bathroom was added in the '30s when they began having boarders in the bedrooms upstairs. The boarders were usually teachers at the District Agricultural School, now Albertville High School.

One former boarder introduced himself to me after I had spoken at Aunt Mildred’s funeral. He had very fond memories of living there—especially of the food. I don’t think the boarders continued after WW II. Also in that period people “took meals” at the house. Mama was famous for her cooking, and she was in fact a professional.

Significant events in the house

include: the births of Jack (1923) and Mary Jane (1933) and the wedding of Mary Nell and Charley Beasley in the parlor in 1942.

Earlier that same year Grandpa Hubbard died, according to Joe Ed, in the downstairs front bedroom. Della died in the downstairs back bedroom in 1966, and Louise passed away in the same room in 1999. Also I think Joe Ed told me that Tom Hubbard lay in state in the house. He, as



Mama Hearn preparing one of her famous meals with the help of her daughter Mildred and Florence Conner



Papa and Mama’s house as it looked in the 1940s

you probably know, was killed in a car wreck in (I think) 1941.

In the '20s and '30s there was a clay tennis court in the backyard. Some of the boys became quite good players. Kermit won the county championship in about 1927 or '28.

I thought about another aspect of the house, that being the big Sunday gatherings of extended family that occurred there over many years: '30s through '60s. Mama and Papa’s siblings, nieces and nephews were often in attendance and in later years of course their children and grandchildren. What wonderful times they were: visiting and interesting conversation, sometimes political in nature (mostly FDR Demos in those days, but a few Republicans and some arguing and betting on elections). There were games such as carroms (Jack was almost unbeatable), cards (poker if Papa wasn’t looking), and touch football in the yard. There was laughter in the house, especially if Joe Ed

or Glenn was around, and of course wonderful and plentiful food. I remember being so excited to get there and to see my cousins and so sad to leave at the end of the day. We always begged our parents for just a little more time to play together. Sometimes in summer I would be allowed to stay a few days or go

home with Don, Charlie, or Sally, or one of them would come to Birmingham with us. At the 2008 reunion Ed Thompson related to me that one memorable Sunday proved not to be so happy as the family gathered at

Continued on p. 5

The house that Papa built, *cont'd*

200 Baltimore Ave. on Dec. 7, 1941.

A few more notes on the house: water in the basement has always been a problem. My dad told me that often the water would be a foot or two deep, and he and Glenn would get into one of Mama's big tubs and float around. A few years ago Mary Jane engaged a company in Gadsden that did considerable work to diminish water leakage into the basement and installed a more advanced sump pump system. The basement has been consistently dry since that project. I am convinced that the house was built over a spring, for the effluent water from the pump is crystal clear.

The view from the back of the house reminds me of the story that Glenn and Mary Nell used to slip out of those upstairs windows and head out to unauthorized social functions. Of course, Papa did not allow attendance at any party not held at the church. I think as long as Mildred was at home she would cover for them and let them back in, but there was often conflict between Papa and Mary Nell and Glenn over such functions and contacts. Papa ran the household firmly and could be imperious, authoritarian, and even tyrannical. I think Mary Nell and Glenn were the only ones to challenge him on these issues during that period. Fortunately Papa mellowed considerably over the years, and I remember that as teenagers when our group of cousins would stay there we had quite an active social experience.

Mama was no slouch as a disciplinarian either. I remember as a child being jerked around a bit by her. Running in the house and not putting up the blocks after we played with them were her pet peeves.

I lived there with Mama the summers of 1965 and '66, as I had college summer jobs. In '65 Uncle Aubrey came for a weekend and he



The kitchen as lovingly renovated by Kermit and Louise Hearn

and I painted the barn and the front porch. It was quite an enjoyable project and by far my most extensive visit with my Dad's older brother. Mama enjoyed his visit and kept us well fed during the weekend, and we sat with her in the evenings. That is a nice memory and I'm sure it was one of his last extended visits with Mama.

I became quite close to Mama during those last summers. She was a kind and loving person, and although she had what seems

to me a difficult life marked primarily by hard work around that place, I never heard her complain. She was blessed by the love of her children and grandchildren and took great pride in them (us). I think she was fundamentally happy. I think of her often.

When Della died Kermit and Louise bought out the other heirs. The house rented intermittently from 1967 to 1978. Mom and Dad spent some summers there, but the place got in pretty rough shape during that era. In '78, at Dad's retirement, Mom and Dad moved to Albertville from St. Petersburg, Florida. They did extensive remodeling creating a more open floor plan downstairs, and the house was made beautiful inside and out with tasteful interior design and much landscaping and planting on the grounds. Mother loved the house and lived there happily until her death in 1999. (Kermit had died in 1989.) She was adamant about staying there until the end and leaving "feet first." Della had felt the same way, and both were successful.



Abby with a new friend, a college student

My trip to East Asia

Abby Burns

I had the amazing opportunity this summer to travel to East Asia with my youth group. Few outsiders will ever see the small town in which we stayed, and few of the residents of that town had ever seen people like us. Between the squatty potties, dirt roads, yak butter tea, and the constant chorus of "hellos," this town never bored us. The people were friendly, welcoming, and eager to practice their English. Every meal was a new experience, and I ate everything from elegant eggplant to street-side, barbecued chicken intestine disguised as yak. We all found great amusement in the nonsense English printed everywhere (my favorite was, "My name is Francesco Barelli. I live in the jungle. I am so gorgeous all the time."), and in the young man who asked whether or not we believed in Frisbees (he meant UFOs).

Even with these and other "cultural experiences," God did not let me forget the real reason I went on this trip. Despite the gorgeous scenery that surrounded us, He chose to reveal His power in a small, shabby room in the middle of a poor building complex on an even poorer side street. There I had the chance to meet with an underground church. Even as we walked up we could hear the small group singing. Inside the little room, the pastor, who couldn't speak any English, told us through a translator that he and his congregation would pray for us and exhorted us to pray for them. As he continued speaking, I began to understand a little more the wonderfulness of

continued on p. 8

Silicon Valley here I come

Brian Dillard



I took a position in mid-May for a start-up company called Sinoev Technologies. My title is Vice President of Engineering. Sinoev has about 50 employees and is growing rapidly, with headquarters in Sunnyvale, CA and two offices in China. We develop electric vehicle powertrains (battery packs, electric motors, primarily). We've been fortunate to recruit top talent from the automotive industry, from electric vehicle companies, from electronics manufacturing firms, and from Silicon Valley.

We have customers in China—a top-10 vehicle manufacturer and both the #1 and the #2 Chinese vehicle manufacturers. We also have several customers in the US, and we're starting to work with one of the Big Three, possibly to supply the company with battery packs for their cars to be sold in China.

We have wholly owned subsidiaries in both the U.S. and China, and we are unique because we can serve both markets as a domestic supplier. We partner with multiple-cell (battery) suppliers globally. We design and manufacture the battery packs but not the batteries themselves.

We are funded by Kleiner-Perkins, the company that created Google, and a whole host of other successful Silicon Valley start-ups.

I have rented a home at 1405 Wendy Way, Menlo Park, CA 94025. What we are still deciding is whether the entire family will move out there for a couple of years or whether I'll work from there and travel back and forth. We are keeping our home at 1255 Bird Ave, Birmingham, MI no matter what.

←
God has promised forgiveness to your repentance, but He has not promised tomorrow to your procrastination.
→

Augustine

A concert with the flies

Lisa Ragone, excerpted from her blog*

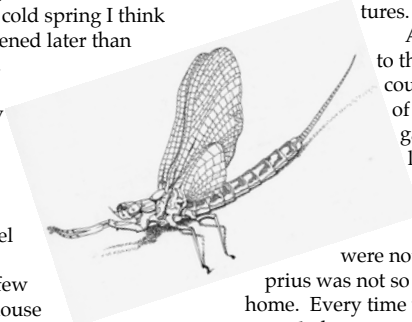
Another interesting critter I have learned about since moving to Michigan about a year ago is the fellow pictured below, who is called a fish fly or may fly. They normally come out in the spring, but since we had such a wretched cold spring I think their hatch happened later than normal this year.

I took my smooch to a very cool Detroit Symphony Orchestra (DSO) event out at the Eleanor and Edsel Ford House this weekend, just a few miles from our house on Lake Saint Clair. The DSO was on strike most of the time since we moved here, so this was the first time we had seen them in concert. I chose the Louis Armstrong Tribute they were doing last weekend with following fireworks.

We were chilling on the grass listening to the great music, but as the sun went down the may flies started swarming around the lights. The vocalists were obviously consuming the rather large critters as they tried to perform, because I heard a few

chokes during one of the numbers.

They turned all the lights off up on the stage, and then the guest musicians were having some trouble reading the music. They soldiered through it all, and made a few jokes, but I was glad I wasn't getting bombarded by the little chitinous creatures.



As we walked back to the parking lot, you could see thousands of may flies congregated around each light post. Luckily the lights were about 25 feet off the ground, so we were not impacted. The prius was not so lucky on the drive home. Every time we got close to a street light, we smacked into several dozen of the critters that were way down at street level. You could hear them crash into the windshield.

The next morning there were horse flies all over the car eating the remains of the may flies. Circle of life, I guess.

*Find Lisa's interesting blog at aquagal-ak.blogspot.com.



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Family news



Ian Burns' travel baseball team, RBA American, became the #1 team in the nation for one week in June. Way to go, Ian and gang!

Congratulations to Amy Stovall who graduated in May with an education specialist degree in reading. Amy and Paul Cox who were united in marriage in Knoxville, TN on May 27. They are exploring job opportunities and waiting for doors to open.

Marcia Stovall writes, "I want to thank all of you for your great support for Amy and Paul. They are very happy. It was wonderful seeing several of you at the wedding. I thought everything went smoothly. We were praying for a beautiful day, as it rained all day the day before. (We had to reschedule the rehearsal for the afternoon of the wedding!) The day was just perfect. Thank you again."

Allan and Mary Alice Heard belatedly celebrated their 50th anniversary (which actually occurred on Dec. 20, 2010) with a family party in Lexington, KY on July 16. Among the guests were the Mark Lippards, Andy Clark, Dan and Kristen Clark, and Mary Alice's siblings Marcia Stovall, Suzie Lusk, and Nancy Clark. In addition to toasts and roasts, music, and a talk by Tim Heard, we were treated to a video prepared by Tim. You can see it on YouTube at facebook.com/video/video.php?v=2284419428889&comments.

Lisa Ragone wrote a chapter for the recently published book, *North by 2020: Perspectives on Alaska's Changing Social-Ecological Systems*. The book addresses many current concerns regarding the ecology and rapid changes in the arctic. Way to go, Lisa!

Gerald Stovall's deep brain stimulation surgeries are set for September 21 and October 21. Tim Heard's surgery to fuse two vertebrae is scheduled for September 27. We'll be praying for you both. Keep us posted!

Correction: The Hearn Academy was in Cave Springs, Georgia, not Alabama, as reported in the last issue of the Hearn Herald on page 8.

Snail mail . . .

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 Brian, Sharon, Adam, Jordan, and Noah Dillard, 1255 Bird Ave., Birmingham, MI 48009, 248-593-1336; Brian's cell: 248-819-1901
 * CA address: 1405 Wendy Way, Menlo Park CA 94025
 Millie Dillard, Summit Place of Mooresville, 128 Brawley School Rd., Room 222, Mooresville, NC 28117, 704-660-9584
 Allan/Mary Alice Heard, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509, 859-263-3516
 Joel, Beth, Samuel, Michael, and Emma Heard, SENIM/Attn: Joel and Beth Heard, 30 Klochkov St., KB89, Almaty 050008, Kazakhstan; 011-7-7272-71-97-17 (do not dial 1; 11-hour time difference from Eastern Standard Time)
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 Mark, Beth, Coley, and Braxton Lippard, 2695 Lakeshore Rd., S., Denver, NC 28037, 704-483-6001
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 Derek, Angela, Mikaela, Rachel, Victoria, John, Hallie, and Derek McCord, 6015 Boulder Bluff Drive, Cumming GA 30040, 770-205-6544
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 Keith, Teresa, Ramie, and Isaac Stovall, 53 Sunview Lane SE, Brookhaven, MS 39601, cell: 601-551-3458
 *Address changed or corrected from previous list



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509.

Editor: Mary Alice Heard
 Printer's Devil: Allan Heard



Once again the Hearn sisters are going to make a Christmas donation to a charity. Since it's Millie's year to choose, we're going to give to the national Alzheimer's Association. If you would like to join us in this effort, make your checks out to the Alzheimer's Association and send them to Beth Lippard by November 15. She will let us know the final amount, and she'll make sure that you receive a charitable donation notice.

Love those blueberries

Marcia Stovall

This is a wonderful time of the year for an abundance of fresh fruit. I love fresh fruit, especially blueberries.

I teach a Sunday School class of elderly ladies. One of them has many blueberry bushes. She always lets me go pick them to my heart's content. Friday morning Lorene told me that I'd better come pick soon, as they were about gone. I got up early, trying to beat the heat (our summer temperature averages 100 degrees) and began picking. I was able to pick around nine quart bags of berries. Today I made blueberry crunch, one of my favorite desserts. I'm happy to share the recipe with you.



Blueberry crunch

Marcia Stovall

1 20-ounce can of crushed pineapple with juice
2 cups fresh blueberries, washed and drained
1 box of yellow cake mix
½ cup chopped pecans
About ½ cup low-calorie margarine, melted

Spread the crushed pineapple into a large pyrex baking dish. Sprinkle Splenda or sugar over the pineapple. Cover with blueberries. Spread the cake mix over the fruit. (If you like, use just half the box.) Melt margarine and spread over cake mix (using a fork to mix margarine into mix), then sprinkle chopped pecans over that.

Bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees. When done, cut into 15 squares (only 4 Weight Watchers points per square). I usually top it off with some Cool Whip.

Blueberry crisp

Suzie Lusk

5 cups blueberries (for a pan 8-½ inch square I used 4 cups)
4 T sugar
3 T flour
Mix these together and put at the bottom of the pan.

Mix 1 cup brown sugar
¼ cup flour
¼ tsp nutmeg
¼ tsp cinnamon
½ cup margarine, cut up
½ cup chopped nuts

Put this mixture on top of blueberries and bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes. Serve warm with a little ice cream. Yummy!

Quiche

Mary Alice Heard

4 slices bacon
3 eggs
½ cup Bisquick
1/3 cup melted butter
1½ cups milk
1/8 tsp. salt
dash of pepper
2 cups shredded cheese (sharp cheddar is good)

Fry bacon in microwave until crisp; drain and crumble. Beat eggs, biscuit mix, butter, milk, salt, and pepper until smooth. Pour into greased 9-inch pie plate. Sprinkle crumbled bacon and cheese over top. Press gently. Bake at 350 degrees for 35-40 minutes.

Alternative to bacon: use chopped ham or 1 cup cooked spinach, drained.



Introducing Paul

Amy Cox

After many years of praying and waiting, I finally found him! I would like to introduce you all to my husband, Paul Cox. Paul is originally from South Carolina, in the



Greenville *Sporty Paul in his Bob the area. After Tomato hat*

serving time as a Marine, Paul pursued a career in construction/labor until he felt the Lord calling him to missions in 2006. He began taking short-term missions trips, one of them a trip to Brazil with Overland Missions. He immediately felt at home on the Amazon and committed to joining Overland in full time missions.

Paul joined Overland Missions full time in 2008, part of his duties including managing the Overland base in Zambia. After training and a time of service, he returned to the States to raise his funds and wound up with a wife and now a baby on the way! Our plan now is to take some time to raise our funds and then return to Brazil as missionaries with Overland Missions.

My trip to East Asia, cont'd

Christ, the beauty of His undeserved grace, and the unity of the church. This group regularly share the Gospel with others, even in the face of persecution. I'll never forget singing "Amazing Grace" in mingled languages.

Without a doubt every moment I spent in East Asia, every new face I saw, and every strange food I tasted made the trip an adventure. God repeatedly touched my heart and did amazing things there, and even if I had to eat the stinky, fermented tofu, I would go back in an instant.



The art of being wise is knowing what to overlook.
William James

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the Hearn Herald

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Always passport ready

Katie Beth Lusk

This upcoming summer I will yet again have the opportunity of a lifetime. I will be studying abroad for half of the summer, then I will be working at a children’s summer camp abroad for the month of July.

My study abroad will be held in **South Africa**, and we will be learning about the politics of development and the effects of globalization on the working class. The courses are set up differently than normal college courses because we will be getting service-learning credit by helping members of Kaya-mandi, an impoverished neighborhood. We will take what we learn from class and apply it to help members of the community by teaching the children English and teaching the adults how to use certain computer programs. After five weeks of working with the community and taking courses, our study abroad group will travel to **Botswana** and take a safari through the Chobe National Park, and then we depart for **Zimbabwe** to visit Victoria Falls.

After about 10 days in the States I’ll embark on my next journey—to Krakatau, **Indonesia**. I’m taking four 11-year-old students from Atlanta to a CISV (Children’s International Summer Villages) village. We will be representing the U.S., and child delegations from 11 other countries throughout the world will also be represented. We will work on making friendships with the children from

the different countries and teach them about America and our culture. My four delegates are all amazing children and very excited to go meet new people and visit a new part of the world. I’m really looking forward to seeing the kids grow and learn about other cultures, and I am excited to learn about these cultures as well.

The next school year will be exciting and demanding for me. I am one of 12 students chosen to participate in the selective leadership program of the Center for International Trade and Security at the University of Georgia. This two-semester program of classes and internships will teach us about weapons of mass destruction and nuclear proliferation. I am also president of the Campus Kitchens Project, which is an organization that rescues perfectly good

food that would be wasted and redistributes it throughout the community to hungry residents, and am vice president for community service for Sigma Alpha Lambda, a national leadership and honors society. As you can see, my plate is full, but I’m enjoying campus life and trying to make the most of my opportunities.



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Hair

Allan Heard

I was always a hair person. Hair was always important. When I was small, my parents allowed my hair to grow quite long and very curly, though that was not the style, because I was so pretty. (I once took a photograph of me as a two-year-old to an office party for a game. Everybody brought a picture.



The idea was to guess who the baby in the picture was. Almost everybody there guessed my picture to be that of the prettiest woman on our staff.) This long-hair episode ended because my brother kept getting into fights with buddies who referred to me as his sister. But all through my younger years my wavy hair got lots of compliments.

A Christmas poem

Beth Lippard, age 12



Fall is over
Winter is nigh.
Snow is falling
From the sky.

The snow is like
A sheet on the ground.
You can see it
All around.

Wreaths and holly
Hanging on doors.
People shopping
In the stores.

One morning in the late sixties I arrived at church early on Sunday morning. As I walked in the basement doorway, I ran headlong into a large, unguarded light bulb that hung from the low ceiling. It broke in a seemingly harmless fashion, and I started down the hallway to get a broom. I was almost immediately distracted from this mission by a horrible odor, which I thought was coming from an adjacent restroom. Then for some reason I ran my hand through my hair. To my surprise, the hot filament of the light bulb had set my hair afire. I was smelling charred hair.



So help me, Charles and Gerald, that's what happened to my hair. What happened to yours?



Encouraging note for Beth Lippard from her dad Jim, written in the 80s when she was studying for exams

Dear Bat*:
You'll do well, 'cause you studied hard.
You git some rest so you won't be tard.
In years to come, you'll look back and tell
How you went fer larning and done so well!
Love, Mom and Dad

**Jim's nickname for Beth; she used to say her name like that when she was really little.*



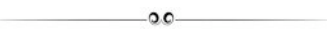
Reminder from Lerma: CAH family reunion 2012

Soon after Charles and I realized that the next Aubrey Hearn family reunion would coincide with our 50th wedding anniversary (July 21, 2012) we decided we'd like to celebrate by footing the bill for the reunion, and scheduling it for the same place as the 2010 reunion: Walden Lodge Resort, near Pigeon Forge, TN.

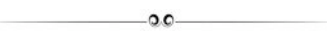
We checked with family members, then reserved the 7-bedroom lodge, a 5-bedroom cabin, and three 1-bedroom cabins, for arrival Thursday July 19 and departure Sunday, July 22.



Remember: Charles and I plan to cover all of the lodging cost for those who can attend, and at least some of the food. Bob and Liz and Becky and Jack will coordinate the meals. We're looking forward to seeing everyone—and to welcoming new family members!



When you sing your own
praise you are always out of
tune.





Cinci-what-i? what-innati?

Dan Clark

I love traveling. Road trips, especially. All the stuff to see. In the midst of high gas prices, my conscience eased by renting a very efficient and cool-looking Hyundai Sonata, my lovely wife and I were looking forward to seeing new country on the way up to Detroit to visit Andy, Lisa, and Mom. It was all going to be perfect. We even had XM radio!

Kristen had never been to Michigan, or even Ohio. It had been a while for me, and I was looking forward to seeing a lot of neat buildings as we drove up, and also getting to our destination without a hitch.

Just a couple of miles past a very impressive river skyline and other structures spread out over several hills, at around 3 PM EST on November 23rd, if you were a fly in the car (assuming I had not swatted you yet) you might have heard something kind of like this:

Person A: "Man, I'm glad I can finally hear you . . . that Kroger was a total zoo! Talk about stress."

Person B: "Well at any rate [Person B says this a lot], Dan, I have an app that can locate better routes for you to go; have you really been stuck on I-75 for two hours?"

Person C: "****SSNOOOOORE****"

Person A: "It was this bad even in northern Kentucky. And it wasn't even rush hour! Hold on, let me draw a map from what you find out from your phone. . . I'm happy to see Cincinnati, but I don't want to make a career of it."

Person C: "****SSNOOOOORE****"

Or something along those lines. Person C's lines are all I can remember

verbatim; there may have been an extra "S." Note the career bit for later.

We did not even get to Dayton until around 6, and there were never even any accidents that I could see. The ironic thing is—after hearing and drawing out Andy's route from his app, going through a particularly gritty gray industrial area of town (I never knew there were such things as boxing or kick-boxing "stores"), and getting back on the interstate—traffic was still very slow! Thanks, technology! To be fair, I saw his app when I finally did see Andy, and am very impressed.

I wish I could tell you how wonderful the visit was in as much detail as above, but I still have a Cincinnati bone to pick, and I have to stay on point.



needed to be traveling! I stayed part of that day at work and finalized the Cincinnati drawings, finally leaving town at a late 2:09 PM.

It's clear now that Cincinnati has a kind of remote-control hold on me; for one thing it makes me late for stuff. Upon reflection, I am aware that two out of the three pastors of our church are from the Cincinnati area. My bank and my grocery store are headquartered in Cincinnati. And somewhere in the house, I'm sure I have something made by Proctor & Gamble.

It's a good thing I'm not a conspiracy theorist. . . Listen . . . they're coming in through the back door! I have to talk to the President! What are all you people staring at?!

Cincinnati, I like you anyhow.



Cincinnati used to just evoke pleasant "WKRP" rerun memories for me, and I really did enjoy seeing the buildings on our

Thanksgiving trip. One building in particular that I have been intimately acquainted with is not one that exists yet—the Tin Roof Bar in downtown Cincinnati. Our company, The Innovations Group, has the contract to design and draw it, and it opens this year. I have drawn eight of these restaurants—located throughout the South—in the past three years. I had even started the Cincinnati Tin Roof job before I left for Thanksgiving. I had asked my manager if he wanted me to stop and measure anything, but he did not need me to. Looking back, that would have turned my four-hour stay into six or seven hours!

Cinci had another trick up its sleeve when, during the afternoon before our Christmas trip to see Mom in North Carolina, I came to the realization that our engineer was not going to be done with the final drawings until the next day—the day I

Small town kid

Allan Heard

My childhood was a mixed bag regarding freedom or restriction. Take guns, for example. Following WWII we kids continued fighting the Germans for several years. I had a substantial arsenal, which included a war surplus dummy M1. But we had strict rules on shooting people. We absolutely could not pretend to shoot anybody on Sunday. That is a hard way to win a war.

I got into scouting at age 12, and my area of travel grew geometrically in the next two years. I had three close buddies with whom I camped, hiked, and hunted. Two of us made a 30-mile round trip to Blue Mountain and vicinity as a warmup for hiking in the mountains of New Mexico. We took lots of shorter trips with loaded backpacks. My favorite arrival was at the Paul Rainey estate one hog killing day in time to see outrider Scott Ratliff cooking off a batch of cracklings in a huge steel pot sitting in an open fire. We devoted much of the day to exploration of a dump containing mostly antique wine and whiskey bottles. Most were broken.



continued on p. 6

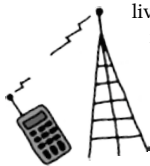
Blown away by technology

Mary Alice Heard

Back in 1991 when Joel first went to Kazakhstan, telephone communication was primitive. He had to schedule phone calls to us by making an appointment with an operator, and often the phone line would be busy. In those days the telephone cables were laid on the ocean floor. When we occasionally got to talk to Joel, his voice echoed as if he were at the end of a long tunnel. Our conversations were constantly interrupted by the echoes.

How far technology has brought us! Using a software program called Skype and computers equipped with mikes and cameras, we can talk to family members on the other side of the world while looking them in the eye.

So many other innovations have made our lives easier. Wireless connections using cell phone towers and satellites have enabled much of the world to connect via cell phones. Smart phones provide users with ability to take pictures, access the internet, and send text messages. The influence of this technology on users in the Middle East helped to bring about



Arab Spring. Citizens living in repressive regimes were able to document incidents of police brutality and share them on social networks. Facebook became more than just a

way to hook up with friends; in some cases it was a lifeline.

Allan and I are proud owners of a new flat-screen TV, thanks to our



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three children. We are amazed at the way skycams bring football action right up close. Those cameras have made changes in many sports, enabling referees to review decisions and make corrections.

Several years ago we were introduced to another technological wonder when Joel visited us briefly, having come to the States to attend a meeting. He dropped in for a few days, and while he was here he bought Slingbox, software that, when installed correctly on our cable box, would allow him to watch on his computer programs we have access to on our TV. That was definitely a boon for his family, since most programs on their TV were in Russian.

I had not quite understood the ramifications of this technology when one night I was watching a college football game. I believe Auburn, a team we like to follow, was playing. All of a sudden the channel switched to an NFL game. Thinking our remote had a weak battery, I switched back to the Auburn game. Soon the same thing happened, leaving me quite perplexed. I had been fighting this battle for five minutes when the phone rang. A very curt voice from afar spoke to me with no "how are things?" or "good to hear you." The voice said, "Mom, go watch TV in another room!"

What will technology do to us next? Whatever it is, it should be exciting.

Aubrey's lamp collection

Suzie Lusk



Well, after much prayer and long talks with myself, I decided to sell Daddy's lamp collection. I had had it since 1991, and it basically sat in my house all these years gathering dust. I had hoped to donate the collection to either Belmont or Samford, but neither school was interested.

It took years to finally find someone who might help me. I found a doctor in Ohio who is very knowledgeable about lamps. He got in touch with an auction company in



Aubrey's collection of ancient lamps displayed in a candy case inherited from Fred's dad's filling station

Pennsylvania that came and packed up the lamps and took them away. I had been told by Dr. Miller and the auction owner that the lamps were not worth too much. I thought about that, but decided that someone who loved lamps might enjoy the lamps more than I did. I am really not selling them for the money.

So far I haven't heard anything from the auction company. I was just planning to email them today, as a matter of fact. I'll keep everyone posted on the outcome.

Conversation posted on Karen Lee's Facebook site after two hours of helping Micaiah clean his room—

Karen: Micaiah, don't you like your room better clean?
 Micaiah: Not really.
 Karen: Why?
 Micaiah: Because now all my (toy) soldiers don't have anywhere to hide from the enemy.



Our vacation trip to Cappadocia



Samuel Heard

Cappadocia, an old, not very populated state in Turkey, is quite fascinating to say the least. On both your right and left you can see hundreds of manmade caves built into the sides of rocks. There is amazing food, wonderful sights, you get to sleep in a cave (who doesn't like that?) and, my favorite, pure adventure. Most of the rocks in the sides of cliffs have been untouched by people for many, many years. There aren't many boundaries in Cappadocia.



Emma Grace Heard

What I liked about Cappadocia is all the caves and fairy chimneys. Because people live and lived in them. It's also interesting to find out cool things on the internet about the caves. In one of the caves I saw a Turkish carpet and a sleeping bag. I think there is someone camping there. One of the fairy chimneys I saw was gimongus! I think that other people should go there.

Michael Heard

Visiting Cappadocia was a very fun experience that I might never feel again. My favorite part was going to the old, old churches and seeing the paintings. All of the paintings had the same style. Seeing the churches built into the rock hills was so cool! It made me think of how they stood around the church and prayed and read the Bible. Cappadocia is a place I will never forget.



Useful web sites

Nancy Clark has suggested that we recommend web sites that we often go to. Here are some that family members have mentioned:

webmd.com	Excellent information on medical issues
npr.org	Use to reread segments you heard on NPR
marketplace.org	Marketplace Money gives good financial advice.
factcheck.org	Use to check the validity of statements by various politicians
time.com	Good news magazine
hearnweb.com	Hearn Herald web page
Wikipedia	Wealth of information about many subjects—a virtual encyclopedia
Pandora.com	Internet radio that plays music in the style that you choose
bing.com	Free clip art; you can suggest a subject, and dozens of clip art pictures will display.

From Dan Clark:

The internet movie database, www.imdb.com, is a great resource to see who played in what movie, all cast and crew, other information. To my knowledge no movies can be downloaded,

but you can watch trailers and other clips. The addicting thing about it is, you could start by looking up an actor's name, then go to one of the movies he was in, then go to another person's name from that movie, etc.!

From Lisa Ragone:

Here is some software I just started using, and one tool that goes along with it that I really enjoy. The tool is a livescribe digital pen. You have to use special paper to get the full benefit of it, but it allows you to take notes and record at the same time. It also has a bunch of apps that it can do that are kind of neat. You can draw a small piano keyboard in your notebook, then use the pen to play the keys. The speaker in the pen plays the notes that you touch. It can speak Chinese, or at least it claims to. My mandarin is a little rusty, so I'm not sure if it works or not. The software, Evernote, can be used with the pen or independently. It works across multiple operating systems: Microsoft Windows, Apple, Android, etc. If you have a computer and a smart phone, there are apps for both of those, so notes that you take on one will show up on the other.

Small town kid *cont.*

When I was pretty young, we had a feisty dog named Toughie. Toughie bit me pretty severely for messing with his food while he was wolfing it down. We did not have Toughie very long and never dealt with small, fractious dogs again. We had two collies while I was still a kid—Prince for about 12 years and then Duke, who lasted only a few years. Duke’s dealings with fences were awesome. He picked a spot to jump/climb out over. Ultimately, I built the area up to 12 feet vertical, and he still went over it. Ironically, he could have stood on his house at the other end of the pen and stepped out of the dog yard, but he never figured that out.

Like many of our neighbors, we raised chickens in part of our yard



until I was about 12 years old. I’m guessing that commercial growers got rolling about that time. Anyhow, one day a stray chicken showed up in the yard. He was what we called a banty (bantam). He was missing one wing and looked hungry, so I fed him. I had an immediate friend for life. In honor of a comic book chicken, I named him Charlie. When I would walk out the back door, he dropped in a few chicken steps behind me. He spent nights in the fork of our pecan tree for a year or so. Then one morning we found a bunch of feathers around the pecan tree. A night predator, probably an owl, had gotten him.

I think I understand the difference between life in a city and life in a small town. In a city you are insulated from most that goes on because of the size of the city. In a small town there is little insulation—all experience is personal, but it is personal to everybody else too.

More about “The house that Papa built,” which appeared in the Sept. 2011 *Hearn Herald*.

Joel Hearn* wrote to thank us for sending him the September newsletter. Here are some of his comments about the house.

“Incidentally, Mary Jane [Joel’s sister] tells me that Tom Hubbard definitely lay in state in the parlor, and she vividly remembers staying in the house and being terrified. Also, she says the picture on Papa’s desk is of Mary Nell [one of Aubrey’s sisters]. I love the picture of Mama, Florence,† and Mildred cooking. I have seen that before and noted by the calendar in the background that it was taken in 1946. It is interesting because Mama had a reputation for not allowing helpers in the kitchen to do much of consequence. It is also interesting to compare the kitchen then and now. Actually, the kitchen was redone subsequent to that photo. I presume sometime in the late 40s the area was enlarged, the wood stove was removed, and Mama got an electric range



Joel Hearn of Florence, AL

and fridge. That is the way I remember it as a child, and it remained unchanged until ’78, when that entire area was opened up.

The house is looking fine. Don, Linda, Daryl, and I went up there this weekend, had dinner and watched the Alabama - Vanderbilt football game. We had fun, and it is always great to be there. Again, thanks

to you and MA for a nice job and I hope all of the *Herald* readers enjoyed it. My best regards to all. Joel”

** Joel is Aubrey’s nephew, son of Aubrey’s brother Karmit and thus first cousin to the Hearn siblings.*

†Editor’s correction: If the picture in the kitchen was taken in 1946, Florence was Florence Hearn, not Conner. Since Florence boarded in the house before she and Aubrey married, we assumed that the picture was taken before their marriage.



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Family news

Lilya Hearn is the widow of Joe Ed Hearn, Aubrey's brother. Her Christmas message this year contained the following: "As a recognition of my gift of my Writing and Printing collection to the Hannon Library at Southern Oregon University (about 17 pieces, one a 4000-year-old Sumerian cuneiform clay tablet), I was honored two or three times. The first major recognition featured my 'cutting the ribbon on the collection,' and the second was the University President's Recognition Dinner 'recognizing our generous friends.'"



Congratulations to Traci Stovall and Tom Sinks, who were married Dec. 31, 2011. What a wonderful way to start the new year. Welcome, Tom and John Sinks, to the Hearn family.



Katie Beth Lusk learned recently that a paper she submitted to the Southeastern Women Studies Association was approved for presentation at the SEWSA 2012 conference, which will be held March 29-31 in Fairfax, VA. Katie's subject: "The Help: Hindering the Feminist Cause?" Sounds interesting, Katie! Congratulations!

Cathy Lynch, daughter of Joy Hearn Bear, recently married Bill Elder, also of Hendersonville, NC. Best wishes, Bill and Cathy.



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509.

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- Paul and Amy Cox, 1123 Galewood Rd., Knoxville, TN 37919
- Brian, Sharon, Adam, Jordan, and Noah Dillard, 1255 Bird Ave.,
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CA address: 1405 Wendy Way, Menlo Park CA 94025
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- Allan/Mary Alice Heard, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509,
859-263-3516
- Joel, Beth, Samuel, Michael, and Emma Heard, SENIM/ Attn: Joel and
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011-7-7272-71-97-17 (do not dial 1; 11-hour time difference from Eastern
Standard Time)
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The Hearn sisters gave \$325 to the Alzheimer's Association last Christmas in lieu of gifts to each other. Each year one of the sisters selects the cause, and the sisters and spouses make a donation equaling what they would spend on a sibling and spouse. This year was Millie's year to choose, so of course we gave to Alzheimer's. The causes to which we've donated include World Vision, American Diabetes Association, Heifer International, the Grameen Foundation, and Bethlehem Ministries, among others. We did not record the total amount donated in 2002, the first year of our joint donations. Since that time they have added up to \$3,070. Wow!

Chicken bones and cigarette stubs

Lisa Ragone

I followed one older small sedan for a few miles, and I noticed them throwing small items out of the driver's side window periodically. The first thing that flew out I assumed was a cigarette butt, as people don't often consider them garbage (one of those great mysteries I don't understand. . .maybe it has something to do with not being a smoker).

It seemed rather larger than your normal cigarette butt, and it did not have the nice glowing ember aspect they normally have. A few blocks later, something else flew out the window, which I thought might be a crumpled up dollar bill (and yes, I thought about pulling over, but there were several cars behind me, and as Michiganders tend to tailgate relentlessly, that did not seem like the best idea).



At the next stop light I was now close enough to see what the projectile thrown out of the window actually was: a chicken bone.

This person was driving around, by himself, eating chicken and throwing the bones out into the street. This is

wrong on SO MANY levels.

First of all, chicken is something to be shared, not eaten all alone. [Our cats will attest to that truism.]

Secondly, we have too many smushed squirrels and pigeons in the street already; we don't need to encourage small hungry critters to dash into the road for a chicken tidbit.

And finally, even though my husband says I should not be everyone's moral policewoman, I will continue to do it anyway!

Wacky warning labels

- Michigan Lawsuit Abuse Watch began a contest in 1997 to show how frivolous lawsuits have led to a new cultural phenomenon: *wacky warning labels*. Following are some labels that have been submitted.
- A label on a baby stroller: "Remove child before folding."
- A label on an electric drill: "This product not intended for use as a dental drill."
- A bottle of prescription sleeping pills says, "Warning: May cause drowsiness."
- A warning on a bottle of drain cleaner: "If you do not understand, or cannot read, all directions, cautions, and warnings, do not use this product."
- Warning on a snow sled: "Beware: sled may develop high speed under certain snow conditions."
- Warning on a 12-inch-high CD storage rack: "Do not use as a ladder."
- Warning on a container of underarm deodorant: "Caution: Do not spray in eyes."
- Warning on a 5-inch fishing lure with three nasty steel hooks: "Harmful if swallowed."
- A cartridge for a laser printer warns: "Do not eat toner."



A mother's prayer*

Bless this house, O Lord, I pray,
Keep it noisy every day—
With the sounds of cries and shouts,
Running ins and running outs—

Let its character implore
Baseball shoes on the foyer
floor—
Let its major décor themes,
Be football, cleats, and dirty
jeans—

And some rock with acid sounds,
From a room where a teen
abounds—
Where records and phone amid the
mess,
Lie on the floor on a party
dress—

Bless this room still filled with toys,
With hamster, dolls, and such
sweet joys—
That speak to all of little girls,
And things that make their
special worlds—

Bless this house, O Lord, I pray,
Keep it noisy every day—
Bless these children as they grow,
And, Lord, please Lord, let them
grow slow.

Raye Brooks

**Aubrey typed this poem and kept it with other poems of motherhood in a book of poetry. Wonder what Florence would have said about the poem?*

**New seatbelt design:
45% less car accidents!!**



the Hearn Herald

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www.hearnweb.com

. SEPTEMBER, 2012

The view from the porch

Beth Lippard

Last August we bought a house. This January we burned it down. Maybe I should start at the beginning. . .



For the last ten or 12 years the view from our front porch has been a disappointment. When we first built our house, all was good. The house across the street was a rental and was well maintained. It was a nice little house on a well-landscaped lake lot. However, the house quickly went into a downhill slide when renters moved out and it remained empty. Apparently the two septic tanks were causing major problems, and subsequent attempts at repairs became more than the out-of-town owner wanted to deal with. No one ever lived in that house again.

Mark started talking years ago about how nice it would be to own that lot. It was not to be, though, because the owner—a real estate broker herself—continued to quote us an outrageous price. Over the years we would contact her periodically about selling, and she would give us a ridiculous amount. We felt a shift occur when, about two years ago, a For Sale sign went up. The price had come down substantially but was still not where we felt it should be. After all, the house had been empty for over ten years and was an eyesore. It was full of black mold and asbestos and would have to be torn down.

In August 2011, after quite a few months of negotiating, we were so thankful that the owner of the house

accepted the offer we felt comfortable with. Next came the asbestos removal. Afterwards, we donated the house to the fire department, and they conducted multiple training exercises inside the house. There was much red tape to be gone through in order to get the permits necessary for the controlled burn. At last we got the final confirmation from the fire chief that permits were in hand, and the burn was scheduled for a Saturday in January.

On the big day fire trucks started rolling into the neighborhood around 8:00 in the morning. There were probably five or six fire trucks from fire departments all over the area, along with 40+ firefighters from several area departments. They even brought a fire department boat that shoots lake water directly onto a fire. There was a lot of excitement in the air. It's not every day the firemen get to practice on a real, live house fire! We, our friends, families of firefighters, neighbors, passers-by and many others were there to watch, with lawn chairs at the ready.

The fire department did multiple training exercises to help rookies get a real feel for fighting a house fire. They started small fires inside and sent in

firefighters to put them out. They practiced escape routes, fighting fires from the roof, jumping out of a two-story window, and rescue techniques. Around 2:00 p.m. they set the final blaze that burned for several hours,

and by sup-
per-time,
the house
was re-
duced to a
still-
standing
chimney,
charred
bricks, the
block
foundation
and lots of
burning
ash! The
fire trucks
stayed un-
til the fire



was under control.

This was truly one of the most fun days ever! We have thoroughly enjoyed having a lake lot across the street. The view from the front porch is no longer a disappointment but a joy.

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and more. . .

Children's day
Beth and Emma Heard

Women's Day, March 8th, is a really big deal in the former Soviet Union. After nearly 20 years here we still don't quite comprehend its significance. As opposed to certain holidays in the States that seem driven primarily by commercialism, Women's Day is driven entirely by the will of the women. I was reminded of this during a conversation with my Russian teacher, who told me that it's not enough for a woman to just get a card. She must get a card, chocolates, flowers, and a present. Whew. The guys here have a lot to live up to. And believe me, I don't doubt that they pay the consequences if they don't deliver.

With this in mind, I got a good laugh this morning as I sorted through Emma's schoolwork and came across this letter:



Dear God,

I think we should have a children's day. Because, the grownups get all the holidays for example Mother's day and Father's day. We don't have a children's day. Children don't get enough presents, and we don't get enough holidays. Children have to wait a long time to get presents. We want more candy. Because, we love candy. It makes us feel good. It makes us brush our teeth more often. It makes us tired after a while.

Your daughter,
Emma

For the record, Emma's daddy brought her some beautiful tulips for Women's Day. But, alas, he didn't bring a card... or a present... or candy. I'm not sure what he was thinking. Doesn't he believe in good oral hygiene?



New directions for Linguaserve
Joel Heard

Our life in Kazakhstan constantly presents us with unique opportunities to meet new people and try new things. In 2010 I had the chance to do the voice of the lead character in a local film. A local actor was playing a Russian-speaking American, but since his accent wasn't convincing they dubbed my voice over his. That contact has opened several new doors for us.

In early spring we received a call asking if we would be interested in translating the Disney film *Brave* into Kazakh. It was a major opportunity for the company that I run here. We gave the script to a local English/Kazakh translator who works with us. He produced a first draft. Then we brought together a team of English-Kazakh speakers and began to work through the draft. Our selling point is that, as native English speakers, we can understand humor and subtleties that most local translators will miss. And so our team sat down and worked through the script, line by line. We had a preliminary copy of the video that allowed us to think about lip-synching and syllable counts, but our main focus was making sure that every line was clearly translated. Once we finished we had to wait for multiple script revisions. It was a three-month process from start to finish and a whole lot of work.

Because *Brave* went so well we were also invited to translate the movie *Men in Black 3* into Kazakh. That project was a bit different because we only had one week to do it! It was a high-stress week, but we got it done. We were told that the quality of our Kazakh translation was better than the Russian version done in Moscow. So we are off to a good start. We have been told that there will be more projects next year.



Five Hearn siblings enjoying the 2012 Hearn family reunion at Walden Lodge: left to right, Marcia Stovall, Nancy Clark, Charles Hearn, Mary Alice Heard, and Suzie Lusk. Millie Dillard was unable to attend.

Marathon maniac strikes again

Mary Alice Heard

Bob Hearn enjoys participating in marathons, and as of this writing he has completed 80 marathons and ultramarathons. Despite the benefits to his health, running has become a little boring to him. It is for this reason that Bob pushes himself to run even further and faster. Such was the impetus for his entering his name in the lottery to run in the Western States Endurance Run. Because only 400 runners can participate in this race, the organizers must hold a lottery to select the participants, and only one in ten is chosen. Fortunately, Bob's name was chosen on his first try.

The Western States course covers 100 miles. It starts at Squaw Valley, CA (elevation 6200 feet) and climbs to Emigrant Pass (elevation 8750 feet) in the first 4-1/2 miles. The route follows the trails originally used by gold and silver miners in the 1850s. Runners continue west and climb another 15,400 feet, then descend 22,970 feet before reaching Auburn, CA, the final destination. The trail passes through very rugged territory, mostly accessible only to horses and hikers.

To prepare for the race Bob entered several 50-k races, then ran a 100-mile race in November. Preparation for this 100-mile race is very important because of the high elevation and the length. The run begins at 5 a.m. one day, and runners must finish before 11 a.m. the next morning in order to be eligible for an award. There are checkpoints throughout the race



Bob's bronze buckle



where volunteers provide hydration and check the runners' vital signs.

Of his race Bob writes, "Conditions were almost perfect (except for the first 35 miles of cold, wind, rain/sleet/hail!). I thought I was in shape to run under 24 hours, for the coveted silver buckle. I don't really know what went wrong. I think I paced well, and managed my nutrition and hydration well. But I kept falling farther and farther behind 24-hour pace. A nasty blister on the bottom of my heel didn't help, but wasn't enough by itself to do me in."

"When I picked up my pacer at Foresthill (mile 62), I was almost two hours behind 24-hour pace. But I left Foresthill running well, and my pacer said, 'How bad do you want that silver buckle? Because I think I can bring you in.' So of course I went for it. We flew through the next 8 miles, but after that it was clear that I couldn't keep the necessary pace the rest of the way."

"The last 30 miles were very tough; I'd used up most of the reserve I'd saved. But I ran what I could, and managed a nice kick around the track at the end, finishing in 27:17."

"I have an immense new respect for what it takes to earn a bronze buckle. This was maybe the hardest

thing I've ever done. I didn't get the silver, but I am extremely proud of finishing, and I will treasure my buckle."

Congratulations, Charles and Lerma!



Charles and Lerma Hearn with children Bob Hearn and Becky Burns, July 20, 2012. Their 50th anniversary was actually July 21.

Charles and Lerma Hearn celebrated their 50th anniversary at Walden Lodge, Sevierville, TN, on July 20. The family celebrated with them during our biennial family reunion. Charles and Lerma have been instrumental in planning our reunions over the years. In addition, they maintain the family web site, have tracked the Hearn/Conner genealogies for twelve generations, and catalogued/digitized old movies and family photographs. They have opened their home to any of us who passed through Nashville. Every family needs a Charles and Lerma! They're tops.





Book report

Kelsey Heard, 10 years old

In my book, *Percy Jackson the Olympian*, Percy is wondering who or what he is. I can relate to that not being a master but a child.

Many times when children are growing up they are trying to find they're identity not finding out who they are but it's almost like who they want to be. Many times I'm asked the question what do you want to be when you grow up. I simply answer I don't know. I can't determine every last detail of my life. But as I was writing this I was thinking it's not a job I want to do when I grow up, it's the person I want to be.



Derek McCord sends his greetings and this picture of the children: John, 18; Mikaela, 17; Rachel, 15; Hallie, 15; Victoria, 13; and Derek, 8. Derek still works in healthcare IT sales, and Angela runs a cleaning business.

Aubrey's lamps: a report

Suzie Lusk

As you read in the last *Hearn Herald*, I decided to sell the lamps that Daddy had given me before he died. I was sad to see them go, but I hoped someone would purchase the set who valued lamps more than I did. The gentleman from Ohio who helped arrange the sale put me in touch with an auction company that sent someone to pack the lamps and transport them to the company. I had to give them a few other items—a few older pictures I had bought when we first got married and a wash bowl and pitcher set, once owned by Sadie, that Mother had given me.

It was a long time later that I finally received a check. It was about \$1800, much more than I expected (of course, the auction company got 30%). I put the money in the bank! Here's a picture of some of the lamps



and a picture of the cabinet (once owned by Fred's dad) which I had stored them in but which is now filled with china. I hope other people are enjoying the lamps as much as I did when I had them.



Above is the cabinet that Fred inherited from his father. Suzie used it to display the lamps she inherited from Aubrey. We misidentified the display case in the previous Hearn Herald as this one.

Conversation from 2005

Beth Heard

Michael (age 5) found me in the kitchen and said, very seriously, "Mom, I think we need to pray and ask God if we are supposed to live in America."

I asked him why, and he said, "Because in America they have lots and lots of oreos."



My spectacular summer

Katie Beh Lusk

Every summer I try to broaden my horizons and travel or study abroad. This past summer was no exception! I studied abroad in Stellenbosch, South Africa and then traveled to Jakarta, Indonesia to be a camp counselor.

My South Africa program, where I studied political development and globalization's effects on labor, mostly focused on Service-Learning. This is why I chose to do this program in the first place; Service-Learning takes the theory you learn in the classroom and applies it to social and community development. Throughout our time in South Africa my fellow students and I worked with adults from Kayamandi, the local township, and taught them how to use Microsoft Word, Microsoft Excel, and setting up an e-mail and typing. It was a rewarding process because at the beginning of the week our students (ages 20-45) couldn't double-click on an icon, and by the end of the week they were typing their resumes.

The second half of the trip we worked at the Lynedoch school with kindergarten students from rural, low-income colored communities. I had three little girls, Jamie Lee, Amy and Latasha, whom I mentored for the week and played with or helped out during activities. This was my favorite part of the trip. After our final exams we got to spend the last five days in Botswana and Zimbabwe going on safaris and bungee jumping in front of Victoria Falls.

Indonesia was a much different experience—I took four eleven-year-old children from Atlanta to Jakarta for an international camp with CISV (Children's International Summer Villages). The kids got to go on two different home-stays, exploring Jakarta and the surrounding areas, and I visited a nearby city, Bandung, as well



as traveled to Central Java's major city, Jogjakarta, to visit the temples of Borobudur and Prambanan. Although the sightseeing was amazing and a once-in-a-lifetime experience, the best part of camp was getting to know kids from 13 different countries. We had delegations from

Canada, Egypt, Colombia, Brazil, Mexico, Guatemala, Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Denmark, China, Philippines, Thailand, India, Indonesia, and of course the USA! The leaders from each country and the junior counselors (JCs) worked to plan fun, educational activities throughout the month we were at camp.

Throughout this experience I made some of the best friends I could ask for, and some of them are only 11!

If you ever want your kids to have an international experience where they get to meet

like-minded children from around the world working towards global friendship, definitely check out Children's International Summer Villages. It's an awesome experience for kids aged 11-18 and helps them become active global citizens. Feel free to ask me about CISV and more about our camp experience!



Suzie Lusk knitted this sweater for Katie Beth's new half brother, whose name is Knox Floyd. He's now about a year old.



Drummer boy

Braxton Lippard

I have a passion to play drums. Two Christmases ago I decided I wanted a drum set. On Christmas Day our family came over. We ate a big meal and then we opened presents. Everyone told me I had one more gift. Then they told me to go upstairs to my room. When they called me back down there was a snare drum in the living room. Then I looked into the dining room area and there was the rest of the drum set. I was really excited!

Ever since two years ago, I have been improving in drums. I also take private drum lessons. I hope to be a professional drummer one day!



Recipe for misery

Take one small worry.
Pat it, cherish it, feed it,
And watch it grow.
It soon will be the
Biggest thing in your life.

Malice in Blunderland

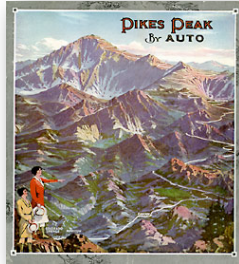
An Aubrey story*

Trip up Pikes Peak

Mildred Dillard

How well I remember one of our western jaunts many years ago. This year (around 1953-54) we were traveling in an old wood-paneled station wagon, and it was packed to the brim.

We were in Colorado, and Daddy decided that we should travel to the top of Pikes Peak. We started up (in the car, of course) and did pretty well until we were about ½ mile from the top. The car went slower and slower until finally it stopped and wouldn't budge another inch. Daddy said, "Oh dear! What's the matter with this car?" So he got out, raised the hood, and looked underneath. This looked encouraging to us, even though we all knew that Daddy didn't know a thing about fixing cars. So he decided to



stop another car and ask for help.

He took out his handkerchief and waved it at the first car that passed; whereupon everyone in the other car waved back and smiled. We all laughed and said, "Use your thumb, Daddy!" But he wouldn't, so car after car passed and must have thought what friendly people we were.

Finally Daddy took our suggestion and used his thumb. The first car stopped, and a man yelled out the window, "It's probably vapor lock" and drove on. Dad yelled his thanks and then gave us a bewildered look. "What's vapor lock?" We all roared.

Finally someone stopped and was able to show us what was wrong, and we proceeded to the top of Pikes Peak. There we had fun throwing snowballs at each other.

Catfish capture

Coley Lippard

One day last week my dad and I decided to go swimming. It was early evening, and it looked like it was about to rain. My dad suggested that we bring some fishing rods down to the lake with us. I didn't really want to, but I did anyway.



When we got down to the dock I put my bait on. I wanted to cast my rod at one place, but it was a bad cast and went in the opposite direction. About six seconds later, even before my dad had gotten his rod in the water, he said, "You got one!" I checked and saw that I did!

When I grabbed the rod I could feel how big a fish it was. That's when it started splashing out of the water. When I finally got the fish up on the dock it was a big catfish. We weighed it, and it was a little over six pounds. We took a couple of photos (which was hard because the fish was slick and heavy), then we let it go. After that we went swimming. That was also fun because it started pouring down rain while we were swimming. Another thing to check off my bucket list!

*In 1968 on the occasion of Florence and Aubrey's 35th anniversary, the children wrote essays about their childhood and gave them as an anniversary gift. This story is part of the collection.

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*Address changed or corrected from previous list

The 2013 Hearn Hubbard Family reunion is set for Lake Guntersville (Alabama) State Park for the first weekend in August, NEXT year, 2013 (August 2-4, 2013: arriving on Friday Aug 2, departing Sunday AM, August 4). Linda Hearn, wife of Glenn Hearn's son Don, has made the arrangements, reserving several chalets and hotel rooms. Here's the park website: www.alapark.com/lakeguntersville. Mark your calendar if you think you can attend.

Family news

Congratulations to Paul and Amy Cox on the birth of Chloe Isabel, who was born March 16.

Chloe weighed just 2 pounds, 13 ounces when she was born. Amy spent five weeks in the hospital before Chloe's birth, and little Chloe was in the neonatal ICU for three and one-half weeks before being able to join Paul and Amy at home. As those of us who held her at the reunion can attest, she is a beautiful young lady.

Suzie Lusk has retired after teaching 34 years in the Fayette County, Georgia, public school system. Suzie hopes to teach math on line with Educate On-Line. She has been teaching math part time this summer at Clayton State University in Morrow, Georgia, and will continue to teach there in the fall.

Gerald and Marcia Stovall enjoyed an Alaskan cruise June 29 through July 7 to Ketchikan, Juneau, and Anchorage, Alaska. They were also able to see the Hubbard glacier and the Hoonah Indian reserve.

Bob and Liz Hearn are now living in Palo Alto, California, where Liz will soon start contract work for the U.S. Geological Survey. Her job will be developing numerical models of faults in the central California coast region to better assess seismic hazard in the vicinity of the Diablo canyon nuclear plant. Bob continues working with his startup company, which is based in Portland.

Nancy Clark, who retired in July, 2011, is enjoying doing volunteer work for several organizations. She works at the Shepherd's Center, the Greensboro, NC Historical Museum, Senior Resources of Guilford, and her church.

Brian Dillard writes that his startup company, Sinoev Technologies, is just about to launch its battery packs and expects to produce between 1000 and 1500 packs in 2012. Each pack is large enough to fill a dining room table and will power a compact car for 100 miles. Part of the pack fits in the trunk and part under the rear seat. Sharon and the boys have moved to be with him in Palo Alto.

**Snail mail . . .**

- Jack, Becky, Abby, Emily, Ian, and Olivia Burns,
9563 Fawn Park Ln., Mechanicsville, VA 23116, 804-723-5448;
Becky's cell: (804) 214-5555; Jack's cell: (804) 615-1209
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313-926-6295
Dan/Kristen Clark, 1503 Franklin Rd., Brentwood, TN 37027, 615-530-6557;
Dan's cell: 615-336-0775
Nancy Clark, 1304 McDowell Dr., Greensboro, NC 27408-5217, 336-292-0188
• Paul and Amy Cox, 1830 Meadowland Lane, Apt. E, Louisville, TN 37777; cell:
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* Brian, Sharon, Adam, Jordan, and Noah Dillard, 70 Kirby Place.,
Palo Alto, CA 94301 ; Brian's cell: 248-819-1901
Millie Dillard, Summit Place of Mooresville, 128 Brawley School Rd., Room 222,
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Allan/Mary Alice Heard, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509,
859-263-3516
Joel, Beth, Samuel, Michael, and Emma Heard, SENIM/ Attn: Joel and
Beth Heard, 30 Klochkov St., KB89, Almaty 050008, Kazakhstan;
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Standard Time)
Tim, Julie, Hannah, and Kelsey Heard, 11317 Cottage View Court,
Louisville, KY 40299, 502-263-7865
Charles and Lerma Hearn, 406 Prestwick Ct., Nashville, TN 37205,
615-292-0697; FAX, 615-298-1305; cell: 615-892-9729
* Bob and Liz Hearn, 1136 Webster St., Palo Alto, CA 94301; cells:
Bob, 603-738-3306, Liz, 603-286-0196
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Mark, Beth, Coley, and Braxton Lippard, 2695 Lakeshore Rd., S.,
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Katie Beth Lusk has applied for a Fulbright fellowship to Indonesia, where she hopes to have an English teaching assistantship. Good luck, Katie!

Joe Ed Hearn, Aubrey's brother, has been elected to the Albertville HS Distinguished Alumni Hall of Fame and will be inducted on Oct 26. It turns out that he is the only Fulbright scholar in the history of AHS. Annika Hearn will be spending the fall semester at the U of Alabama on an exchange program with the University of Oregon, where she is a student, and will attend the induction of her late grandfather.



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509.

Editor: Mary Alice Heard
Printer's Devil: Allan Heard

Reunion time!

We celebrated our biennial Hearn family reunion July 19 to 22 at Walden Lodge Resort outside of Sevierville, TN with 35 family members present. Charles and Lerma, whose 50th wedding anniversary occurred that weekend, celebrated the occasion by paying for everyone's lodging. Becky Burns and Bob Hearn sweetened the pot by providing all the food, most of it prepared by Becky. What a glorious occasion, and how fortunate for us all that Charles and Lerma chose to celebrate this way. As an added touch, Bob surprised his parents by engaging the services of a bluegrass band, Buncombe Turnpike, to entertain us for several hours. What a delightful occasion! Congratulations, Charles and Lerma, and thank you for the wonderful weekend.



the Hearn Herald

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In 1960, Kermit and Joe Ed Hearn conducted an oral history interview of their father, Charles Lycurgus Hearn — known to his children and grandchildren as Papa Hearn. Papa was about 79; Kermit's 14-year-old son Joel Hearn manned the tape recorder. Years later Joel transferred the tape recording to a CD and gave a copy to Charles and Lerma. Recently Lerma and Nancy have begun to transcribe the interview. Here's an excerpt, discussing life in rural Alabama in the late 1800s.



Papa's wedding portrait, 1906; he was 25 years old

Reconstruction remembered

Joe Ed: Do you remember your mother ever saying anything about the hard times during the Reconstruction period? Do you remember anything she said about that period?

Papa: Yes, I do; I've heard her tell us a many times; that they went out and pulled . . . some kind of greens, that grew up wild, for salad. And they had to



put the ashes, save all the ashes, and put water in the hopper, and run it through to get lye, and they'd save the grease from the hogs, and make all their lye soap they used in laundry work. And 'bout clothing, they were hard to get; they had looms and they made—they made their own clothes.

My mother had a loom, and I used to help run the shuttles back and forth with her a little and make cloth; I got to where I could make it,

or even run it myself. And I enjoyed it; it was interesting to me to watch her make cloth, jeans cloth.

Then we'd take this jeans cloth, and we'd dye it with hulls off of walnuts. Make it a kind of a brown color, and we made suits, we made coats and we had a regular suit and they were strong, and they were warm. They had very nice clothes to wear in those days.

But I never did have but one pair of shoes in a year; that was in the wintertime. I had shoes with brass on the toe; sometimes I'd get a pair of boots, with red tops—and of course, they were beautiful. And the first pair of dress shoes I ever wore, I was around 12 or 13 years old, and I thought so much of 'em I'd carry 'em under my arm 'til I got nearly to the church house, then I'd put 'em on.

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and more . . .

Indomitable Uncle Dan

Chris Hearn

My dad was Joe Ed Hearn (February 28, 1920 - February 24, 1994). He was Aubrey Hearn's younger brother.

Joe Ed loved to tell stories. He was such a student of stories, in fact, that he received his Ph.D. in history from U.S.C. in 1954 and spent 30 years as a college history professor. That vocation could not have suited him better!

He taught a large number of college-level American history courses over the years, but no discussion of the American Civil War was complete until he had related some of the actual battle stories told to him as a young boy by his own "Uncle Dan." The hook in these stories was that Uncle Dan would peel back his hair and have Joe Ed (age 8 or 9 at the time)

inspect and feel of the silver dollar grafted into Uncle Dan's scalp to cover his head wound received at the end of the first day of the Battle of Gettysburg—July 1, 1863.

Needless to say, this experience made a lasting impression on the young Joe Ed. Somehow, actually touching the silver dollar in Uncle Dan's scalp gave my dad a personal connection to the Civil War that he never forgot. He loved to start with the question: "Did I ever tell you about Uncle Dan and the silver dollar they grafted into his head after the Battle of Gettysburg?" Answer: "Yes, Dad, about a million times!" The response never thwarted another telling of the tale.

The story was that Uncle Dan, who was barely 15 years old at the outbreak of the Civil War (April, 1861), immediately joined up with the 10th Georgia Volunteer Infantry Regi-



ment at its formation in May of 1861 and was assigned to Company E (later known as The Clayton Sharpshooters and The Benjamin Brigade). Uncle Dan and the Clayton Sharpshooters were

assigned to the Army of North Virginia under General Robert E. Lee. However, prior to the Battle of Gettysburg in July of 1863, Uncle Dan was apparently not considered the sharpest tool in the shed by the folks back home. He was not considered particularly bright, at least before the battle.

During the second day of the Battle of Gettysburg, Uncle Dan was shot in the head by a musket ball and appeared mortally wounded. He lay unconscious on the battlefield for three days, presumed by both comrades and the enemy to be dead. The battle over, Uncle Dan then miraculously regained consciousness, staggered to the rear lines, and found the Confederate Army. He was checked out by a medic of some sort, who

apparently expressed surprise that he was alive after sustaining such a head wound (his brain being exposed), and told his officers he was mortally wounded and would be dead within a few days. Being then considered of no further use to the army, he was given furlough home to Atlanta, having still not received medical attention.

Apparently, after his arrival home in the Atlanta area, and awaiting his impending death, he made his way to the Atlanta Fair Grounds, which had



Dan Walden, March 1862, Williamsburg, VA

been converted into a huge makeshift "hospital" to treat the thousands of Confederate wounded. (I believe the movie "Gone With The Wind" has a scene in which the reborn Scarlet O'Hara volunteers at the Atlanta Fairgrounds Confederate "hospital" and is unable to believe what she witnesses there.) God is with Uncle Dan. The Fair-

grounds Chief of Staff happens to be one Dr. George Crawford, who happens to have previously been Uncle Dan's Captain when he first joined the Clayton Sharpshooters (Company E, 10th Georgia Regiment). Dr. Crawford orders the surgeons to immediately operate on Uncle Dan. They graft the silver dollar into his head.

Uncle Dan apparently thereafter made a miraculous recovery and was therefore recommissioned and sent back to his unit, only to be wounded again (less seriously) at the Battle of the Wilderness in Virginia in 1864. He remained in active service until the surrender.

Somehow, so the family story goes, after the silver dollar was grafted into Uncle Dan's head he became "brilliant." After the war he became a schoolteacher and wrote astounding poetry!

I always took Dad's story with a grain of salt. However, after Joe Ed died I was going through his papers, and found an article in an old issue of *Confederate Veteran*, published in November of 1930, after Uncle Dan's death at the Confederate Home of

Georgia on September 1, 1930 (age 89). The article not only describes Uncle Dan as a "brilliant writer," but also,



Drawing of a confederate hospital

cont. on page 3

Uncle Dan, *cont. from page 2*

ironically, says that on the date of his death he was one of two known surviving members of Company E, 10th Georgia Regiment, Clayton Sharpshooters.

I cross-referenced Uncle Dan's service record with the Georgia archives and found the information there to be corroborative (although the archives show Uncle Dan's date of birth as June 3, 1847). The official Georgia archives reflect that he was just 15 years old at the time he enlisted in the Confederate Army on July 9, 1861. The official records also corroborate that Uncle Dan's company Captain was initially one George Gilmore Crawford, who apparently later interceded to save his life by ordering the surgery at the Atlanta Fairgrounds following the Battle of Gettysburg.

I also attach a photo of Uncle Dan taken at Williamsburg, VA, in March of 1863, four months before the Battle of Gettysburg.



Pitts Winn's brownies*

Mix by hand:

- 4 semisweet chocolates
- 2 sticks butter

Melt in pan on stove, then set aside to cool.

In large bowl mix:

- 1-3/4 (scant) cups sugar
- 1 cup flour

Add chocolate, butter mixture, then add:

- 1 tsp vanilla
- 4 beaten eggs
- 1 cup pecans (crunchy size)

Use cupcake cups. Makes about 16. Bake at 325 for 25 minutes; will not look cooked but don't overcook. Brownies freeze well.

**Editor's note: My friend Pitts brought her special brownies as part of a meal she prepared for us after my recent surgery. Nancy took the recipe home and tried it herself. Yum!*

Uncle Dan was already an old man when Joe Ed knew him, and he died when Joe Ed was ten. But Dan's grown daughter Nannie was one of Mama Hearn's favorite cousins, and two years after he died she rode with Papa, Mama, Joe Ed, and his sister Mary Nell when they traveled to Texas to visit relatives. Looking back from the ripe old age of 24, Joe Ed wrote a hilarious account of that trip as part of an autobiographical essay of his early years.

A trip I will always remember

Joe Ed Hearn

My high school days officially began in September, 1932, but in the summer of that year, my father, mother, my sister Mary Nell, and cousin Nannie (my Mother's cousin from Atlanta) and I went on an exciting "expedition" to Texas. We were gone for several weeks and had interesting stops in Jackson, Mississippi where we saw a burning gas well that lighted the night for miles; Vicksburg, where we spent the night in a hotel on the banks of the Mississippi and next day visited the Confederate Cemetery; Shreveport, Louisiana, and finally Mesquite, Tex., where we spent several days with some of our strange and unfamiliar relatives, and finally to Dallas, where we had a very interesting tour of the city.



From Dallas we went to Grand Prairie, where we saw more relatives, to Ft. Worth, where we went through a large slaughter house at the stockyards, north to Denton, where I acquired some horned toads, and then turned south to return home by the southern route.

There were many small incidences about the trip that happened at this time. One was when Cousin Nannie and I spent the night on a sheep ranch, where the food was terrible, where Aunt Nancy (my grandmother's sister) was insane, and where the house was large and strange. I awoke the next morning to find a chicken standing on my bed staring at me, after I had had a nightmare.



Joe Ed Hearn, about 8 years old

On our trip south, through some of the wastelands of East Texas the horned toads I had acquired, and had kept in a matchbox in the back of the car, slipped out of the box, and one of them crawled up my cousin's leg, causing her to scream. My father almost had a wreck. He stopped the car so quickly, and she jumped out and proceeded to disrobe herself. That is one experience I shall never forget.

We visited relatives in Italy and Hearne, Texas and finally reached Houston, a city I thought very beautiful. We turned east there and passing through Lake Charles, La. (where I remember exclaiming, "This reminds me of South America") to New Orleans. We stayed in the St. Charles Hotel there and spent three days, seeing the French Quarter and many historic places. We returned to Alabama through Mobile and Montgomery, having stopped for several hours in both places. Thus we completed a trip, which I took at the age of 12 but one that I will always remember.



Volunteering is the best!

Nancy Clark

I have always loved working. When I retired from General Dynamics in 2001 after 20 years, I didn't know what to do with myself. So I found two part-time jobs, one after another, but stopped altogether in July 2011.

Why did I stop? Well, after all, I had just turned 73 and decided enough was enough. Since then I have found many more rewarding ways to spend my "free" time. Here are some of my rewarding volunteer jobs—

At the Shepherd's Center of Greensboro many programs are designed to help senior adults. I have been working in the office and also participating in "Shepherd's Wheels," which is a program that provides nonmedical transportation to deserving seniors age 60+.

In this way I have learned so much about other peoples' views of the world and their personal struggles. I have learned to be a good listener.

For several years I have driven for "Senior Wheels" through my church and through Senior Resources of Guilford. This program is intended for seniors who need medical transportation. Seniors must be 55 or older. Beginning in August of 2012 I became a "team captain" of my church's team of about 14 drivers. My job is to find drivers from among my team for five seniors needing rides. This isn't too taxing since it only occurs once per month. (This program is not the same as Meals on Wheels, although some people get the two mixed up).

As a member of my church choir I was aware of the sorry state of our music library. In the spring of 2012 a simple database was developed by a contractor, and I volunteered to help catalog the music by entering the title, composer/arranger, publisher, etc. for



each item. I have seen some music from back in the '60's and on up to the present. We have a new, 23-year old choir director/organist, and he has been very helpful in deciding how to organize the library. Even after 8+ months I am not finished with the task but have gotten about 2/3 of the way through.

A very interesting opportunity came my way early in 2012. My good friend Rosemary, former cello player and very active elder (age 93) was volunteering at the Greensboro Historical Museum. She worked as a greeter and also sorted old photographs. She convinced me to contact the volunteer manager there. As a result, I've been helping the Collections Manager with whatever she needs. The museum is using a very elaborate database, and I have been allowed to enter data for each artifact

such as name, category, description, and historical significance. I have read descriptions of items such as shrapnel and medals from World War I, antique toys, items of clothing, signs, and old books, among other things.

The downside of volunteering? I admit it used to be nice having a bit of earned income, and sometimes my budget has to be pared down a little—but at some point people want to start getting rid of their possessions instead of acquiring them. I have also been reminded that possessing things does not necessarily make a person happy. I recommend volunteering to anyone. Even if you are working, you can do a small amount, and I guarantee you'll be richly rewarded.

I don't know what your destiny will be, but the one thing I know; the only ones among you who will be really happy are those who will have sought and found how to serve.

Albert Schweitzer

Put some pun in your life

*Shared by Jim Hearn**



A midget fortune-teller escaped from jail. The headline in the newspaper read *Small Medium at Large*.

Shotgun wedding: a case of wife or death.

Does the name Pavlov ring a bell? Definition of a will: it's a dead giveaway.

A chicken crossing the road is poultry in motion.

The man who fell into an upholstery machine is fully recovered.

A lot of money is tainted; it taint yours and it taint mine.

When fish are in schools they sometimes take debate.

With her marriage she got a new name . . . and a dress.

When you've seen one shopping center you've seen a mall.

When she saw her first strands of gray hair she thought she'd dye.

Show me a piano falling down a mine shaft and I'll show you . . . A-flat miner.

**Jim is not the brother of Mary Jane and Joel (children of Kermit, Aubrey's brother). He is James Allen Hearn, age 85, the grandson of Charles Fuller Hearn, Papa Hearn's uncle. He lives in Texas and hopes to attend the Hearn-Hubbard reunion this summer.*

An exclamatory essay

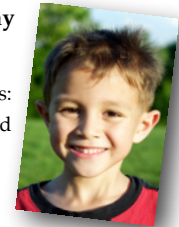
May 22, 2012

Dear Mr. For Pete Sakes:

My Lego Ninjago sword of fire broke! It broke when I came home from school! It costed my whole account! I cried and cried till my home was one inch full of tears! I like it so much because I've never had a Ninjago sword of fire!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! !!!!!!!!!!!!!

Sincerely,
Micaiah (age 8, 1st grade)

P.S. Give me a new one or I'll break your cash register!



A Father's Day tribute

June 17, 2012

Dad,

I was just driving along the other day reflecting on the lives of several guys I knew in high school, and it occurred to me what an impact their fathers had on their lives.

● Bryant's dad remarried and had a kid after Bryant's mom died in a car wreck, and they learned about it by finding the marriage certificate in his car. Shortly after that he left them.

● Ed's dad left them when he was young. He ended up doing the same to his wife and kids.

● John's dad had an affair and left him. John is a great guy, but I know it impacted him.

● Pat's father left his mom when he was a little kid. Pat didn't get married until much later than the rest of us, I think in part because of painful lessons learned from that experience.

Aside from some of the other guys I knew at church, only Richard had a dad who was present, involved, and worked hard to make sure he grew up to be the type of man he should be.

I just e-mailed Rick to comment on how lucky we were. Not that you or Rick's dad were perfect, but you hung in there and tried hard. And I think that if you look at me, Joel, Karen, and our kids, it's pretty safe to say that you and Mom did a great job.

Thanks for hanging in there through the tough times. . . I know that while I was a blessing almost all the time, Joel and Karen must have made you feel like throwing in the towel at times.

Thanks, and happy Father's Day.

Love,
Tim



Food for thought

The values that we instill in our children are the values by which they will raise their families. And so the life of our investment is not just one generation, it is generation after generation. The key issue is not only what our children are now, but what they will become after internalizing the values we have passed on to them. And the clearest evidence of what they have internalized is what they pass on to their own children. A parent's influence on his child will have a long-term, lasting impact. Just as a seed takes time to germinate in the ground and bring forth fruit, so our teaching and influence on our children takes time to bear fruit as well. But it will bear fruit, for better or worse.

James Polnick, Pastor's Blog,
April 17, 2012

Books we're reading



Dan: *Out of the Silent Planet*, by C.S. Lewis (I have read it about 4 times now.)

Beth Lippard: *Maximum Ride* by James Patterson

Nancy: *Flowers for Her Grave* by Judy Clemens and *A Place of Secrets* by Rachel Hore

Suzie: I just finished re-reading *The Hobbit*. But now I'm reading a children's book called: *The Incurable Children of Ashton Place: Book 1*, by Maryrose Wood. I also read my book club pick, *Dark Places* by Gillian Flynn

Derek: I am currently finishing up *War & Peace* and about to begin *Lincoln on Leadership*.

Lisa: Hilary Mantel's *Wolf Hall* is my fun reading, and Rachel Maddow's *Drift* is for more serious studies

Joel: *Mad Ship* by Robin Hobb

Marcia: *Sweetwater Gap* by Denise Hunter

Mary Alice: Patricia Cornwell's new Scarpetta novel, *Bone Bed*

Amy: *Grace: God's Unmerited Favor* by C.H. Spurgeon



Chloe

Amy Cox

I can't believe that it has almost been a year since that doctor visit. Mom and Dad were up for a visit to deliver a truckload of baby items. Mom had gone with me to the doctor that day when concern began to arise about my blood pressure and the lack of growth of the little one I was carrying. After a couple of doctor visits with no improvement, the doctor determined that I would be hospitalized for the remainder of my pregnancy. Mom was such a support for me as I settled into my new "home" for the next five weeks.

Paul and I would soon become accustomed to our new routine. He would stay at the hospital with me every night, waking after the first round of doctors came through to leave for work. He would then return about five or six that evening to settle down with me for the night. My amazing husband kept this up for five weeks, never missing a night with me at the hospital.



So, after five weeks, we were informed that our little girl was no longer growing and that my symptoms had become severe enough to require delivery. On March 16, 2012, our little 2 lb. 13 oz. miracle was brought into the world, making her presence very known. She was

quickly brought to the NICU for assessments and care. All of the doctors and nurses were amazed at her strength and determination. It is common for babies in the NICU to

experience setbacks. This time is often referred to as a rollercoaster. But Chloe experienced one success after another. We were hopeful but still a little guarded.

After a mere 3 ½ weeks, we were able to take our sweet girl home. She was still too small to fit in a car seat at a mere 3 lb. 15 oz., so we had to put her in a special car bed designed for premature babies. Once she got home, she never looked back. At three months she weighed 6 lb., four

months 9 lb., six months 16 lb., and at her nine month check up she weighed 20 lb. 10 oz., was officially completely off of the premie chart, and well on her way up the normal growth chart. She has amazed us with her growth and her continued determination. I cannot believe that in a couple of months Chloe will be one. She is cuddly, sweet, very expressive, and still as determined as ever. Her favorite "toys" are her books. She is more of a blessing than I ever dreamed. Paul and I celebrate God's goodness to us as she reaches each milestone.

Unexpected people

Kelsey Heard, 11

Elizabeth was a small girl living in a small town. She was fairly normal and like the others except she was deaf. When she was at church



she could only rejoice in the praises, not hear them yet she always loved praising God in her thoughts. On the church ceremony on Christmas Day while everyone was taking a moment of silence Elizabeth felt something. The feeling was indescribable; it was amazing, wonderful, and magical. She all the sudden began to sing in the absolute silence, in a room packed with people to express this feeling. The others all turned to her, even the children were staring. They mumbled things to each other like, "Perfect pitch and key, this has to be a joke she hasn't even heard singing before!" others just gawked at her their gaze not breaking but their jaws getting lower and lower by the second. Then they felt and heard it too. It was beautiful. The Lord messiah himself had entered every single one of them and changed them forever.

This shows how even the smallest and unexpected people can be first. Elizabeth was small and deaf but didn't let that stop her from praising God. Remember there's no excuse to stop or not praise God, he is using you in ways you can't even imagine. Even if you're just 'normal' you are still a part of God's big plan and you are needed.

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**Address changed or corrected from previous list*

Reunion on the way!



It is time to mark your calendar for our Hearn/Hubbard Reunion 2013, Aug 2-4, 2013, held at the Lake Guntersville State Park in Guntersville, AL!

We have reservations at the lodge as well as the chalets. This year we hope to have a "best ball golf tournament" at the State Park's golf course on Friday, August 2nd and registration and appetizers at the piano area. On Saturday, August 3rd, we look forward to a catered lunch and games at the pavilion by the beach plus our traditional "family picture," followed by a wonderful dinner at the lodge with Joel's updated family speech plus Lerma's wonderful display of our "family tree"!

If you would like to make your reservations now, please call 256-571-5440 or 1-800-548-4553. Please identify yourself as "the Hearn/Hubbard Family Reunion market #2835." The bluff-side rooms with two queen beds are \$110 a night plus tax. If you prefer king suites with one king and sofa sleeper to hold 4 persons or queen suites with 2 queen beds and sofa sleeper to hold up to 6 persons you can request at time of your reservation. The chalets with 2 bedrooms and one bath hold up to 6 persons are \$125 a night plus tax. We will send a "package price" for the meals, rental for equipment and banquet room, picture, pavilion cost and prizes at a later date. Here are two links: <http://www.alapark.com/LakeGuntersville/> (about the Park) and http://www.hearnweb.com/hearn-hubbard_reunion/ (pics from the 2008 HH reunion).

Snail mail . . .

- Jack, Becky, Abby, Emily, Ian, and Olivia Burns,
9563 Fawn Park Ln., Mechanicsville, VA 23116, 804-723-5448;
Becky's cell: (804) 214-5555; Jack's cell: (804) 615-1209
 - Andy Clark and Lisa Ragone, 794 Pemberton Rd., Grosse Pointe Park, MI 48230-1716,
313-926-6295
 - Dan/Kristen Clark, 1503 Franklin Rd., Brentwood, TN 37027, 615-530-6557;
Dan's cell: 615-336-0775
 - Nancy Clark, 1304 McDowell Dr., Greensboro, NC 27408-5217, 336-292-0188
 - Paul and Amy Cox, 1830 Meadowland Lane, Apt. E, Louisville, TN 37777; cell:
504-919-0525
 - * Brian, Sharon, Adam, Jordan, and Noah Dillard, 70 Kirby Place.,
Palo Alto, CA 94301 ; Brian's cell: 248-819-1901
 - Millie Dillard, Summit Place of Mooresville, 128 Brawley School Rd., Room 222,
Mooresville, NC 28117, 704-660-9584
 - Allan/Mary Alice Heard, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509,
859-263-3516
 - Joel, Beth, Samuel, Michael, and Emma Heard, SENIM/ Attn: Joel and
Beth Heard, 30 Klochkov St., KB89, Almaty 050008, Kazakhstan;
011-7-7272-71-97-17 (do not dial 1; 11-hour time difference from Eastern
Standard Time)
 - Tim, Julie, Hannah, and Kelsey Heard, 11317 Cottage View Court,
Louisville, KY 40299, 502-263-7865
 - Charles and Lerma Hearn, 406 Prestwick Ct., Nashville, TN 37205,
615-292-0697; FAX, 615-298-1305; cell: 615-892-9729
 - * Bob and Liz Hearn, 21 Valley Oak St., Portola Valley, CA 94028; cells:
Bob, 603-738-3306, Liz, 603-286-0196
 - Karen, Hoover, Joy, and Micaiah Lee, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509,
859-263-3516
 - Mark, Beth, Coley, and Braxton Lippard, 2695 Lakeshore Rd., S.,
Denver, NC 28037, 704-483-6001
 - Fred and Suzie Lusk, 445 Merrydale Dr., Fayetteville, GA
30215, 770-461-6338
 - Katie Beth Lusk, 419 S. Milledge Ave., Apt. 9, Athens, GA 30605, cell:
678-457-1519
 - Derek, Angela, Mikaela, Rachel, Victoria, John, Hallie, and Derek McCord,
6015 Boulder Bluff Drive, Cumming GA 30040, 770-205-6544
 - Traci and Tom Sinks, 118 Billwest Rd., Limestone, TN 37681, 423-276-4177 (cell)
 - Gerald and Marcia Stovall, 47 Deerfield, Hattiesburg, MS 39402,
601-261-3291
 - Keith, Teresa, Ramie, and Isaac Stovall, 53 Sunview Lane SE, Brookhaven, MS
39601, cell: 601-551-3458
- *Address changed or corrected from previous list*

Family news

In October Bob Hearn participated in the Autumn Leaves 50K race. He beat last year's time by 2 minutes, finishing in just under 3 hours, 57 minutes. He won first place for males for the second year in a row. Way to go, Bob.

Our thanks to Joel Hearn, Lerma Hearn, Christian Hearn, and Nancy Clark for delving into Hearn family history. The stories/interviews they provided will show up on the family web site for others to see.



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509.

Editor: Mary Alice Heard
Printer's Devil: Allan Heard

Hero for life

Allan Heard (written in 1991)

The summer after I was 12 years old, I found myself suddenly spirited away to Boy Scout camp—Camp Yocona as a matter of fact. Because I was one of the younger guys and totally new to scouting, I was in the tent with our scoutmaster, Bill Lowrey. Because New Albany was a small town, I sort of knew who he was but in the most general meaning of "knew." He was also new to scouting, at least as a leader. But he was a natural leader of boys. That means he had great patience, endless energy, and willingness to give unselfishly of himself and his time.

Thus began a six- or seven-year love affair with camping, hiking, and generally roughing it in the outdoors. But for the first two years of those years in particular I spent lots of hours at the knee of Bill Lowrey— learning, practicing, and reciting the skills of scouting. I and others would go to his family's dry goods store and sit in the four theater seats that constituted the shoe department. Between customers he worked with us. I imagine, looking back, the he really worked with us instead of with customers.

Several weeks ago the Immanuel choir practiced what I would class musically as a corny anthem but one with a piercing message on the import of things we do in God's name. It was supposedly about something happening in heaven. A man stopped another and thanked him "for giving to the Lord." He explained to the man whom he had stopped that when he was eight the man was his Sunday School teacher and had led him to Christ. There were other thank yous in the song for various aspects of service— for giving to the Lord. All at once my mind focused on a picture I have carried in my billfold since 1951. My eyes filled with tears and I choked, unable to sing the words.

The United States entered the Korean War in September, 1950. My friend Bill Lowrey was called into active duty and was in action in a matter of a few weeks. In practically no time, almost before we realized he

had left, word came that he was dead. I can still remember my shock and disbelief. I went that night to the Lowreys' home to share in their grief. My mother tried to console me, but I remember that I cried openly, as we should in grief.

As I have continued to think about Bill recently, I have wondered just what it was that led me to carry his picture for 40 years. I have come up with several reasons. First, he was a good and giving person. I remember on that night 40 years ago my mother lamented that God seems to take the "good ones." That's not really true, but we are more shocked and concerned when he takes a "good one" that we know. That really shouldn't be true. We should be concerned that he will take the bad ones before they become truly his. I think he is concerned about the bad ones too.



Second, I think Bill was a Pied Piper for good, because he had a knack of drawing people to him.

That is a trait which some seem to be born with and can use either for good or for bad. I have always wanted to have more of that kind of ability.

Third, I think I used him, as I did while he was alive, as a sort of sounding board. I found myself at times wondering what Bill would think about something or how he would handle something. He was a target to shoot for in many respects, somebody I measured myself by.

Finally, I have continued to carry the picture as an inward act of appreciation for the influence he had on both my spiritual being and my total person during that short time when he had influence on me. I know that I might never have fully recognized his impact had he not died in Korea. There were several others who had significant influences. I recognize them but not in such great degree.

You will be somebody's lifetime idol. You probably already are. It's an awesome responsibility. Somebody will look up to your image for a whole lifetime.

Jordan and Jeffrey

Suzie Lusk



As many of you know I teach part time in colleges since I retired (and before, also). I have thoroughly enjoyed this year with some down time between semesters and extra time mornings and late afternoons.

I wanted to tell you about Jordan, a student at Gordon State College. He was in my Math 1111 (college algebra) class all semester and was a fair student, making C's. During the final exam I noticed that he wasn't there, so I e-mailed him and said, "Where are you?" He e-mailed me that he had overslept. So I said CALL ME in order to find a time he could take the exam. He didn't call me that day or the next, so I called a home number and talked to his mother. He still didn't call. After three or four days I gave up. He got a zero on his exam and failed the class.

In contrast, I had another student in that same class, Jeffrey, who has a nine-year-old daughter. He was about 31, I guess. He told me he wanted to be a middle school math teacher. He worked very hard and made an A. But he confessed that when he got out of high school his mom made him go to college and he did but failed everything. So now his GPA is awful and he has to redo a lot of the classes to try and get his average back up. These were two very different students, and I wish all of mine were more like Jeffrey. I am still teaching Math 1111, and my classes are full: 35 and 36. I don't know if they all will make it, but I'm going to try to keep them working.

It's a chore that I thoroughly enjoy!

There's no use doing a kindness if you do it a day too late.

-- Charles Kingsley

the Hearn Herald

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A Hearn family retrospective

Excerpts from a speech delivered on Aug. 3, 2013, at the Hearn/Hubbard family reunion, Lake Guntersville State Park, Guntersville, Ala.

Joel Hearn

I will talk about the Hearn-Hubbard family as it has existed and developed over the last 107 years—about my grandparents, Charles Lycurgus Hearn and Della Jane Hubbard Hearn; each of their eight children; and some of the factors, traditions, and history that have led us to this reunion.

Charlie and Della Hubbard were born in 1881 and 1884 respectively. They came to Albertville in 1901 and 1903 respectively. They met in Sunday School at the First Baptist Church and married on May 9, 1906.

They worked very hard to raise a remarkable family in a period of history that included two world wars and the Great Depression. They lived in Albertville their entire lives together except for 1912-1919, when they lived in Birmingham.

As a young man Papa was a school teacher in Blount County. In Albertville he worked in the mercantile business as a bookkeeper, buyer, and salesman, at which he excelled. He worked as a rural mail carrier and postal clerk until 1919, when the family returned from Birmingham. He then became a partner in the Albertville Trading Company, which was a thriving business operated by Mama's father, I. E. Hubbard. In



1929 he sold his shares and that store failed in the Depression. As an ace salesman he was a rep for two flour companies and sold insurance.

Della was a homemaker who had an ever growing family to care for plus boarders (usually teachers at the Seventh District Agricultural School, now Albertville High School), which they began having in the thirties. Townspeople also "took meals" there during that period. So Mama was a professional cook and innkeeper.

And she kept having babies—eight of them. Their children would produce 26 grandchildren: the Hearn-Walker-Beasley cousins. I think it would be interesting to us and

our descendants to talk briefly about each of the eight. **Charles Aubrey** (1907) was bright scholarly, personable and conscientious.

Aubrey lived life on the straight and narrow but was outstanding academically and in his several careers. He was an honor student at Howard College (now Samford University) and earned a law degree from Vanderbilt.

For many years he was a senior executive at the Baptist Sunday School Board. Aubrey was an author and was ahead of his time, publishing books on the detrimental effects of smoking and alcohol. Some of his siblings would have been well served to have read those books! He also became an exceptional seller of church bonds and amassed a large real estate portfolio.

He was a highly successful and accomplished man. In 1933 he married the also multitasking Florence Conner in a large wedding in Andalusia, Alabama. They would have six children.

Mildred Della (1908) was beautiful, sweet, and smart. She was an honor student and beauty at Howard, and was also athletic, playing and later coaching basketball and tennis. She was also musical, playing the piano.

She shared with Aubrey an interest in history and literature and eventually became a librarian and long-time chair of the board of the Attalla Public Library. She excelled in leadership positions in many civic, community, and church-related activities, and in about 1955 was named by the *Birmingham News* as one of the outstanding women in Alabama. In 1931 she and Bud Walker eloped to Birmingham, marrying suddenly at the urging of friends. Aunt Mildred and Uncle Bud would have four children.

Thomas Kermit (1910) was bright and a good student. He graduated from the University of Alabama in 1931 and before the war worked as a teacher and principal. He served in the Navy in the South Pacific in World War II. After the war he found success in the book business, excelling in sales and management. Retiring from that career in 1962, he returned to the U. of Alabama, obtaining a doctorate and finishing his working life in academia. In 1932 he married Louise Patton as they eloped to Bowling Green, Kentucky. Kermit and Louise had four children.

Fred Wilson (1912) was born just before the move to Birmingham.



Mama and Papa, around 1940

continued on p. 2

Uncle Fred was kind, stable, and solid. He had the respect of his siblings and as a man's man, was a favorite of his brothers.

But Fred was a terror on the football field and one of the greatest players in the history of SDAS (now Albertville High). He attended the U. of Alabama, where he also played football and was a member of the 1933 undefeated team with Dixie Howell, Don Hutson, and Bear Bryant. He later played for the Washington Redskins but injured his back, ending his football career.

He was a major in World War II, serving in Alaska. After the war he had a successful career in banking and finance. He excelled at cards and was known for his poker prowess. He once won a car—a big Imperial—in a poker game. Fred married Frances Nelson in 1942. They had one child.

Glenn Hubbard (1914) grew up to be charismatic with movie star looks. He had a great sense of humor, a hearty laugh, and a healthy dose of vanity and ego. He had personality and charm and was, in today's language, the coolest guy I ever knew.

He too was athletic and was also one of the greatest players in the history of AHS. He starred for three seasons on the Howard football team at tailback. He also place kicked, punted, and returned kicks. In 1935 he played in one of the greatest upsets in college football history as his Howard team tied the Alabama Crimson Tide.

During the war Glenn began what would be a distinguished career in the FBI. Documents found by Chris Hearn associate Glenn with Operation Paperclip, which was a top secret program that involved assimilating and protecting the Nazi rocket scientists who surrendered to the Allies at the end of the war. In the process Glenn became friend and neighbor to Wernher von Braun.

After retiring from the Bureau, Glenn entered politics. He was elected mayor of Huntsville, served in the Alabama legislature, and was director of HR for Madison County. In 1937 he married Kathryn King and they had three children.

Mary Nell (1915) grew to be a beautiful woman, and she was independent and a bit rebellious in her youth. Mary Nell and Glenn were known to slip out of the upstairs back windows and attend unauthorized social functions. Of course, Papa did not allow attendance at any party not held at First Baptist Church. Mildred acted as peacemaker and would cover for them and let them back in, but there was often conflict because Papa was domineering, imperious, and strict, while Mary Nell and Glenn were all about having fun.



Papa and Mama Hearn in Albertville in the 1940s with their children, standing in birth order from right to left, oldest to youngest: Aubrey, Mildred, Kermit, Fred, Glenn, Mary Nell, Joe Ed, and Jack

Mary Nell was a beauty queen at AHS and attended Howard. She became a homemaker, mother, great cook, and seamstress. She was a favorite of the cousins because she was sweet, fun, and understanding. She was very good at dealing with and talking to young people and took interest in our activities in high school and college.

In 1942 she married Charlie Beasley in the parlor of the Albertville House. Aunt Mary Nell and Uncle Charlie had four children.

Joe Ed (1920) is remembered as charismatic, energetic, and fun. Like Aubrey, Mildred and Kermit, he was interested in scholarly pursuits and was an excellent student. He graduated from the University of Alabama and was vice president of the class of 1942.

Joe Ed had a great sense of humor and was a gifted storyteller, a combination which made him a great source of laughter and levity in the family. Although he lived most of his life in Southern California he never lost his

love for his hometown and family. He consistently returned for summer visits and he would light up the house with stories and laughter.

I think Joe Ed was one of the happiest and best adjusted of the eight. He had exactly the kind of life and career that he had desired. He earned a PhD from the University of Southern California and became a renowned scholar of African history. His academic schedule allowed him to do what he really loved: traveling, which he did to over 100 countries, and collecting. He amassed collections of primitive African art, ancient artifacts, and rare books. His collections are now in museums.

Recent revelations by his son Chris indicate that Joe Ed had a clandestine involvement with the CIA. He had worked for the State Department before the war, in intelligence during the war, and as a consultant on Africa matters to the State Department after the war. Apparently he was involved in surveillance and espionage in Africa over the years.

In 1953 Joe Ed married the lovely Lilya Christianson in Birmingham. Uncle Joe Ed and Aunt Lily had two children.

Jack Carey (1924) was very fun loving. He excelled at games, including bridge where apparently he and Mary Nell were the best players around town. At 6'4" he was also very athletic and played on the freshman football team at Alabama. He wound up at Howard and became a pharmacist.

Sadly, Jack was a casualty of the Korean War, having lost his legs as a result of that conflict. In 1943 he married Loyle Collins. They had one child.

Thus I have talked about eight interesting and diverse individuals. We cousins (their children, nieces and nephews) are grateful for them, and to them. They raised us, provided for us, educated us and instilled in us their values. They taught us to emphasize education as a path to success, and the value of work. They also got us all together as often as possible and enabled us to have a lot of fun together over the years. For that also I am grateful to all of them.

Time has made a change

Joel Hearn, excerpted from his speech on Aug. 3, 2013

I can't speak about the Charlie Hearn family without talking about their home at 200 Baltimore Ave. in Albertville. When the family moved back from Birmingham in 1919 a prior house on this site had burned. They lived in two other locations until this house was built in 1923. Sometimes when I am in the house I imagine what a raucous, even frenetic, environment it was in the 20s when they were all still living there. I visualize that it was very lively and generally a lot of fun. I'm certain, however, that there were hectic and chaotic times. with Papa being the dictatorial enforcer, Mary Nell and Glenn challenging him, and sibling rivalries being played and acted out in the competitive games they loved. Remember, in the 30s they began having boarders, and townspeople taking meals, which certainly must have added to the maelstrom.

Sundays became particularly festive as Charlie and Della's became the place to be for many of their relatives. These gatherings occurred from the 30s through the 60s. In the early years Mama and Papa's siblings, nieces, and nephews would attend and the children would enjoy the company of their Hearn and Hubbard cousins. In later years Charlie and Della's children, grandchildren, and even great grandchildren would return.

What Sundays and what fun days they were. There was visiting, talk, and interesting conversation—sometimes concerning events and politics. Often there were a lot of smart people on that front porch. There were games such as caroms, poker (with match sticks if Papa was around), and touch football in the yard.

Of course there was wonderful and plentiful food. One of my strongest and fondest olfactory memories is the sweet, steamy smell of Mama's cooking when you walked in that back door. You could tell when she had made one or two of her famous caramel cakes, and you would hope for a



House at 200 Baltimore in the 40s chance to lick the spoon!

Sometimes there would be music and singing. If Joe Ed was there he enjoyed loading his nieces and nephews in the big front porch swing and leading us in songs sung at maximum volume—sometimes to Mama's dismay. We learned camp songs from Ridgecrest and the AHS alma mater, which he always loved to sing.

Papa often sang as well. Of course, his offerings were always hymns and gospel songs. He loved to



Joe Ed Hearn pretending to play the piano. This piano, which Papa loved to play, is now in the home of Joel Hearn.

play the piano in the parlor. Papa famously played loudly and hard. My mother Louise recalled that as she was giving birth to Mary Jane in the upstairs front room, Charlie was pounding out a rendition of "Little Brown Church in the Vale."

One sacred song Papa loved is called, "Time Has Made a Change." It is sort of a sad song about growing old, but I have loved it over the years. The chorus is:

*Time has made a change
In the old home place.
Time has made a change
In each smiling face.
And I know my friends
Can plainly see
Time has made a change
In me.*

Each year at Thanksgiving the Kermit branch of the family gathers there, sometimes joined by others. The old house again bulges at the seams with activity and commotion, the sweet smell of cooking, and the laughter and the running of children. Charlie and Della would have loved it.

Mama Hearn's caramel cake

Shared by Mary Jane Scott



Mama in her kitchen

Mix
2 cups sugar
3 eggs
½ cup shortening
(or ¾ cup butter,
1-1/2 sticks)

Sift
2 cups all purpose flour
1 tsp cinnamon
½ tsp ground cloves
2 tsp cocoa

Add
1 cup buttermilk (whole, not low-fat)
1 tsp baking soda; dissolve in buttermilk
1 tsp vanilla

Grease two 9" round or square pans well and dust with flour. Mix batter and cook at 375 degrees for 35 minutes. Test with toothpick or fork.

Icing

Make at least two batches of icing per cake.

Mix together
1 cup buttermilk with 1 tsp soda dissolved
2 cups sugar
1 stick butter

Boil and cook, stirring constantly. Cook until icing makes a soft ball when dropped in cold water. The icing turns a caramel color.

Take off the stove and add 1 tsp vanilla. Beat until it begins to harden.

Joel writes about Mama's cake: She was the inventor of the recipe and won awards for it at competitions. Of course, as you know, she was a professional. She made two of those cakes every Sunday for the family and boarders. I think this tradition is so pervasive in our branch of the family because Mother (Louise) learned directly from Mama. Anyway, it is yummy!

Sadie

Beth Lippard

There is a Sadie back in the family! But this one has four furry legs, floppy ears and eats dirt (and bugs and sticks—the list goes on!). Sadie is our new puppy and we are already in love with her. Our boys, especially Braxton, have been begging for a dog for many years. We finally felt like they were old enough to be responsible for and help take care of a dog. We had just begun to think about what kind of dog we wanted when I received a text from a friend. She knew we had been considering a dog and wanted to let me know that her neighbor had puppies. I've had several friends and family members over the last few years send me photos of cute dogs that someone was giving away or selling. None of them seemed right for us. Something told me, though, that these puppies were different.



her. Sadie will be an outdoor dog, but we hope to house train her anyway for those times when weather makes it impossible for her to be outside.

One of the funniest things is her love for monkey grass. There's just something about it that makes her want to frolic! She runs through the monkey grass, then throws herself down on top of it and chews on the grass or eats the purple flowers. She hasn't met a bug she doesn't like, but brooms are a different story. I believe she thinks they are alive and barks at them vigorously when we are sweeping.



Braxton and Coley Lippard with Sadie

My friend put me in touch with her neighbor. I found out that the puppies belonged to a friend of hers in Lincolnton and were seven weeks old. She had been promised the second and third pick of the litter, and since the two people she was getting them for were no longer interested, she told me we were welcome to have one. They were lab/golden retriever mix and, best of all, FREE! She sent me a photo of the puppies at a few weeks old, and the boys were so excited at the prospect of owning one. There were nine puppies in all, including chocolate, black, and a few blonde. We had our mind set on a blonde female, and that is exactly what we got.

Sadie has brought us so much joy in just the few weeks we have had her. Since our family has never owned a dog there is a lot to learn! We have crate-trained her, so she sleeps inside at night. We have a playpen set up on our back patio (in the shade and under cover), and she hangs out there during the day when we are not playing with

Sadie is currently enrolled in a six-week puppy class, but she seems to be at the bottom of the class. While learning puppy massage techniques I glanced around at the other pups, and they were all melting into their owners' laps as the trainer said they would. Sadie, however, was barking like crazy and refused to relax. I guess we will continue to work on that one!

The boys and I took Sadie last week to see Mom. She sat in Mom's lap for a little while and allowed Mom to pat her and pull on her ears. It was hard to gauge what Mom thought about her. She never directly looked at Sadie, and she can't communicate any more, but she seemed content to have a puppy in her lap. Hopefully, we can do that again soon. Sadie brought joy to other residents in the nursing home as well.

I have asked Braxton several times if he is glad to finally have a puppy and he answers every time with a resounding, "Yes!"



Our jungle journey

Paul Cox

For most of you July 11, 2013, was just a normal summer day. But for the Cox family (Paul, Amy, and Chloe) it began a 12-hour, 3-airport journey to the heart of the Amazon Basin in Brazil. For the next 20 days we were pulled from our comfort zone and had our eyes opened to a lot God can do, wants to do, will do, and is doing in some of the most remote areas in the world. We not only saw lives touched and changed in those we came to serve but in the lives of our teammates as well. It was challenging enough being older on a boat of 20-somethings, but throw in a 16-month-old toddler, it's like throwing a wolverine in a hen house. Even so, it was a blessing to see everyone's response to Chloe, our *boneca* (doll).

When asked if I thought our trip was productive or not, I believe that if only one seed was planted, then the whole trip was a success. Just to put it in terms we can see: we saw nine villages in ten days, 72 salvations and two rededications, two new villages added to the family, and 20 lives on the boat changed forever.

Kid's Sayings

Out of the mouths of babes. . .

Facebook notes from Karen Lee



This morning before leaving for school my son gave me a hug and wouldn't let go. Then he looked up at me and said, "I'm a barnacle."

We recently bought a piano so we can teach the kids to play. The first time Micaiah sat down to play he said, "I really like the way this feels—it massages my brain."

Our Millie

Millie was a delight to be around. She loved to laugh and to talk about her three children. Her devotion to them, though, did not prevent her from filling her life with other things she loved—making baskets, singing in the church choir, preparing adults to take the GED, and working in the yard. Millie was devoted to her husband Jim. His death in 2005 was a crushing blow to her, as was the death of their daughter Bonnie in 2000. I remember how Millie and Jim traveled down to Georgia to take care of their daughter Bonnie and her daughters when Bonnie was diagnosed with breast cancer. They stayed as long as Derek needed them.

Generosity is a characteristic that defined Millie. She could have sold her beautifully crafted baskets. Instead, she gave them to her friends and family as gifts. The baskets are wonderful reminders of Millie's generosity and love.

Millie was a credit to her family and her Savior. I am blessed to have called her sister. *
Mary Alice

I remember going to live with Millie and Jim in Oklahoma when Brian was just a baby. I went to summer school there right before my senior year in high school and had a great summer.

I remember Millie saying that she had lost something important (a small item) and she prayed that God would help her find it, and she did. That made a big impression on me. I still pray about small things all the time, because I do believe that God is listening.

After Millie and Jim moved to Greenville I went to see them pretty often. It was there that Millie started making baskets. She took me to one session where I made a basket and loved it, so I started going more often to see her and to make baskets. We attended basket conventions together

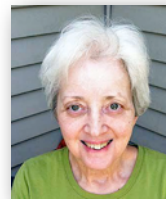


Mildred Hearn Dillard was found to have Alzheimer's in November, 2005. This diagnosis was a shock her family, because Millie had done all the things we read that one is supposed to do to prevent mental deterioration. She walked two miles almost every day. She worked crossword puzzles. She led an active life. Seeing her decline has caused deep sadness among us, and we salute her daughter Beth for being a conscientious caregiver. Millie died August 29, 2013.

in Atlanta.

I called Millie a lot for recipe information and just to talk when I was blue. She has been a great friend and a good listener over the years. I guess that's the part I miss the most—just getting to call her up and talk when I need someone to talk to. I loved being at her house with those three wonderful children and helping out when I could. I am thankful for all my sisters and for this special one who taught me so much. *
Suzie

Millie went to the same college as *Millie before her death*



During her final years she was helpless, but I know that her essential sweet nature remained! * *Nancy*

Millie and I have shared many wonderful memories together. Before Millie left for Samford, she and I shared a room at home. As children we fought and argued about important issues, such as whether to leave the night light on or off or how to arrange clothes in our huge closet. However, after Millie left for college she refused to argue with me.

Millie loved Samford and the A Cappella Choir. She didn't have to convince me to audition when the choir sang in Nashville at Immanuel. I was thrilled to be accepted into the choir. Before registration every summer Millie and I would go to choir camp. As a freshman this was a great way for me to meet other Samford students before school even started.

Millie helped me so much when I was a freshman. One night I wanted to stay up all night to study for a biology test. Millie said, "No way!" She was my sounding board and was a great encourager to me for the two years we were at Samford together. We sang together on campus and at our church, Shades Mountain. We sang together in the A Cappella Choir and in the BSU Choir.

After Millie and James were married, I would call them often for advice about guys, or just to express my frustrations about life. Millie was patient with me. When she disagreed with me, she would tell my why with kindness.

I could name many other special times with Millie. I miss my sweet sister. I am reassured that one day she will be whole again. She will know all of us who love her. I am so thankful for my sister Millie. * *Marcia*



her, but she was a little shy. After they finally dated a while he asked to marry her, but she wasn't sure. Then after graduation she did marry James and they started their little family. They were very loving parents.

After Millie worked some as a secretary, she went back to school and got a teaching certificate. She ended up teaching for over 30 years. By the time she retired, she had taught kindergarten, various grades, and Reading Recovery. Later she taught adults, and during seven years' time she helped 51 to get their GEDs. Millie went all out with her students and loved them mightily. She took them camping and taught them crafts such as making baskets. They all loved her.

Updates from California
Bob Hearn

Most of you know we've left Vancouver and bought a house in California (Portola Valley). After Liz's sabbatical here in 2009/2010, we both decided that the Bay Area is where we really wanted to live. Liz left her faculty position at UBC and is consulting for the U.S. Geological Survey in Menlo Park. We were lucky to have Brian and Sharon and family as neighbors for a while, though we didn't spend enough time together—I hope they come back soon!

I'm currently part of H3 Labs, a small software company I started with Scott Holdaway, and Bruce Hammond, in order to pursue some ideas that I have been thinking about since the days of ClarisWorks and have worked on on my own from time to time. In a nutshell, I guess, we hope to be able to do for the Internet what ClarisWorks did for the desktop. We want to make it easy to bring together data from any number of different sources, consolidate it, organize it, and share it, in ways that are more flexible than what



is possible now. Users and other developers will be able to easily build custom interfaces, toys, serious applications, you name it. We have a lot of code and technology we've built up, but we still have a fair amount of work left before we can ship a product. We are getting to the point where we will likely hire more engineers soon, and we may

seek venture capital for additional resources. Though we are still very small, we actually have offices in both Portland and Palo Alto. I know, this is the last *Hearn Herald*, but when we are about to make a splash I will be sure to let you all know!

On another front, Mary Alice pointed out that this is the last opportunity for her to harass me about my running exploits. OK, here is my running status. Counting marathons and ultramarathons, I'm getting close to 100 now. Three of those are 100-mile races. I'm very fortunate to have gotten entry into next year's Western States Endurance Run 100-mile race. I ran Western States in 2012 but did not do as well as I had hoped. It's very difficult even to get in—qualified run

ners enter a lottery, with about a 7% chance any given year. So I'm thrilled to have another shot at it next year. The goal is to earn the coveted silver buckle, which requires finishing in under 24 hours.

I've also been fortunate to still be improving my speed as I get older; I ran a PR (personal record) marathon at Boston this year (2:58) at age 47. Of course, the time will come when I can't run PRs anymore, but that time is not here yet. Well, I think. Actually, I am now injured, with some significant hamstring tendon damage, and it's not clear how long recovery will take. Running has become an important part of my life, as I guess you can tell, and not running is tough. But I am optimistic I will get over this and get back on the trails, stronger than ever. Next year will also be my 10th Boston Marathon, and it should be a race with extra significance because of the tragic events at this year's race. At the other extreme—some of you may have heard about my adventures at the Bay to Breakers race the past couple of years, but, well, this is a family newsletter, so I think I will leave it at that.

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Goodbye,
Hearn Herald

Mary Alice Heard
 The Hearn

Herald, begun in February, 1994, was an attempt to bring together all the members of our diverging family—the children of Aubrey and Florence Hearn and our offspring. Over the years you have documented moves across the country and the world, additions to your families, the loss of loved ones, and colorful and not-so-colorful incidents in your lives. In the process we have learned historical facts about our family and the values that drive us. This has been lots of fun and a glorious experience. Thank you each one for your contributions. Perhaps someone else will take up the challenge of “publishing” the *Hearn Herald*. If not, we have a collection of stories that we can pass on to our children. They need to have a sense of the history of our family, a foundation they can stand on. Every family should be so fortunate.





Family news

The retirement ceremony for Commander **Lisa A. Ragone**, U.S. Coast Guard, took place on July 19, 2013, at Tompkins Community Center, Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan. The ceremony was well attended by military and civilian personnel. Captain Jeffrey Ogden, Commander, Sector Detroit, made extensive comments about Lisa's career and achievements. Lisa was presented with many awards, certificates, and gifts. Andy was also presented with a certificate of appreciation for being a supportive spouse. At the beginning of the ceremony Marcia, Suzie, and Nancy offered an unaccompanied trio of "The Star Spangled Banner," arranged by Nancy. It was evident to all present that Lisa's career in the Coast Guard was a job well done.



Katie Beth Lusk is going to teach English in Cambodia this year. She left July 26 to go to the Philippines for two weeks, during which she visited friends from the camp she attended in Indonesia last summer. After that she flew to Vietnam and toured famous sites. Then she rode by bus to Cambodia for a four-week training course. Language Corps, her sponsors, helped her find a job. She is teaching preschool and primary English at Appletree International School in Phnom Penh. The plan is for Katie to teach for one year, then return home to go to graduate school. She'll get a modest salary (about \$1100 a month) that should pay for room and board and give her some spending money. The program gives a year of medical insurance. You can follow Katie's experience by checking her blog, bewelcomed@blogspot.com.

Amy Cox is teaching reading and language arts to grades 3, 4, and 5 at Beaumont Elementary, Beaumont, MS. Amy heard one of her students say, "Last year I didn't like reading. This year I love it." Way to go, Amy!

Snail mail . . .

- Jack, Becky, Abby, Emily, Ian, and Olivia Burns, 9563 Fawn Park Ln., Mechanicsville, VA 23116, 804-723-5448; Becky's cell: (804) 214-5555; Jack's cell: (804) 615-1209
- Andy Clark and Lisa Ragone, 794 Pemberton Rd., Grosse Pointe Park, MI 48230-1716, 313-926-6295
- *Dan/Kristen Clark, 1503 Franklin Rd., Brentwood, TN 37027, 615-530-6557; Dan's cell: 615-631-9983
- Nancy Clark, 1304 McDowell Dr., Greensboro, NC 27408-5217, 336-292-0188
- Paul and Amy Cox, 47 Deerfield, Hattiesburg, MS 39402.; cell: 504-919-0525
- *Brian, Sharon, Adam, Jordan, and Noah Dillard, 2036 N. Prospect, #1607, Milwaukee, WI 53202; Brian's cell: 248-819-1901
- Allan/Mary Alice Heard, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509, 859-263-3516
- Joel, Beth, Samuel, Michael, and Emma Heard, SENIM/Attn: Joel and Beth Heard, 30 Klochkov St., KB89, Almaty 050008, Kazakhstan; 011-7-7272-71-97-17 (do not dial 1; 11-hour time difference from EST)
- Tim, Julie, Hannah, and Kelsey Heard, 11317 Cottage View Court, Louisville, KY 40299, 502-263-7865
- Charles and Lerma Hearn, 406 Prestwick Ct., Nashville, TN 37205, 615-292-0697; FAX, 615-298-1305; cell: 615-892-9729
- Bob and Liz Hearn, 21 Valley Oak St., Portola Valley, CA 94028; cells: Bob, 603-738-3306, Liz, 603-286-0196
- Karen, Hoover, Joy, and Micaiah Lee, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509, 859-263-3516
- Mark, Beth, Coley, and Braxton Lippard, 2695 Lakeshore Rd., S., Denver, NC 28037, 704-483-6001
- Fred and Suzie Lusk, 445 Merrydale Dr., Fayetteville, GA 30215, 770-461-6338
- *Katie Beth Lusk, 445 Merrydale Dr., Fayetteville, GA 30215: for calling instruction see family column.
- Derek, Angela, Mikaela, Rachel, Victoria, John, Hallie, and Derek McCord, 6015 Boulder Bluff Drive, Cumming GA 30040, 770-205-6544
- Traci and Tom Sinks, 118 Billwest Rd., Limestone, TN 37681, 423-276-4177 (cell) 601-261-3291
- Gerald and Marcia Stovall, 47 Deerfield, Hattiesburg, MS 39402, 601-261-3291
- Keith, Teresa, Ramie, and Isaac Stovall, 53 Sunview Lane SE, Brookhaven, MS 39601, cell: 601-551-3458

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In August **Brian Dillard** returned to Johnson Controls, a company for which he previously worked. He left his most recent company, Sinoev Technologies, in good hands and doing well. At Johnson Controls he is one of four individuals launching a new business unit to provide energy storage for the grid and microgrids. This brings his most recent experience developing lithium ion battery systems into play, but this job enables new opportunities to learn about utilities, the grid, and renewable energy sources. Brian's role is that of Chief Technology Officer for the fledgling business within Johnson Controls.

Brian, Sharon, and their sons are now living temporarily in an apartment in downtown Milwaukee, the headquarters for Johnson Controls.

The boys—Adam (14), Jordan (12), and Noah (10)—are attending University School in Milwaukee. Congratulations, Brian, and good luck with your new position.



The Hearn Herald, published twice yearly, has the purpose of fostering strong ties among the children and grandchildren of Florence and Aubrey Hearn. Articles should be submitted during the months of January and August. Send your article to: The Hearn Herald Editors, 3765 Ridge View Way, Lexington, KY 40509.

Editor: Mary Alice Heard
Printer's Devil: Allan Heard

Two elderly neighbors

Allan Heard (essay written in the 90s)

When I left Sunday School for choir last Sunday the discussion had been dealing with how we as Christians are supposed to live—and why. Later in the week I was meditating on this theological issue when I had a flashback to my childhood.

I suppose we never see people more idealistically than when we are children. We see at the surface level but are also often able to see beyond the superficial. We gauge and value people by their behavior; we are innocent of the reasons behind the behavior. We gradually learn that there are complex reasons why people behave as they do, but initially we take people at face value. We neither judge nor justify. We like them or we don't. We learn to dodge some and to idolize others.

It was with such a value system that I was cast into a new world—a new neighborhood—when I was about eight or nine. Two of our back door neighbors were ladies of mature age. Both were, without doubt, Christians. I have never for a second doubted that.

One of the ladies was a devout Baptist. The doors of the church seldom opened that they did not open on her. She taught in what was then called the Junior Department. She preached a stern,

demanding Christianity and seemingly practiced what she preached. She was very pious and very unpleasant for me to be around. One of my weekly or semiweekly undertakings for several summers was to mow the

grass in her one plus acre pecan grove yard—a lot of grass for an old-fashioned push mower. I did it because I needed the \$1.50 and because my mother said I should. I cringed at the thought of each weekly encounter because she was so harshly demanding. I had other exposure to her, but my times with her were all much alike. I was a child. Children need very stern discipline and harsh talk.



The other lady was Velma Coker. Miss Velma was badly deformed, perhaps from polio. She was short and hunchbacked with one leg much shorter than the other. Getting around was difficult for her, but complaining was not her game. Her worldly means were meager,

but she made the most of what she did have. She sewed at the local shirt factory, but her main occupation was loving her neighbors. She put much of herself into the flowers in her yard, which she generously shared with the sick

and with neighbors. She reached my heart with the delicious bread she regularly baked and gave to



neighbors and more so with words of kindness—the only type of words I ever heard in the ten or so years I spent as her neighbor. She told people that she loved them with her words and with her actions.

I have tried to contrast these two neighbors to make a point. I believe that the first lady tried diligently to live by the letter of the law. She somehow was bound by the law, and a kind of legalism permeated all that she did. The other lady was literally compelled by God's love to live a loving life. She lived a life that conformed to the law but not because of the law. She was not constrained by shalls and shall nots—just by love.

If we live a life trying to conform to a code, the outcome may be a morally good person. If we live a life constrained by love, the result will be an abundant life. Remember, Christ said, "by their fruits you will recognize them."



Those Albertville Hearns

Lerma Hearn

What was life like in the rural South during Reconstruction? Why was Charlie Hearn so proud of getting a rural mail delivery route? How did he meet Della Hubbard? Why did they choose the names they did for their eight children? Why did Papa give up that mail route and move the family to Birmingham for a few years? How did they celebrate the end of World War I? Which 5-year-old's "breeches" caught fire when a coal from the fireplace popped onto his lap? Which 16-year-old was carried on his classmates' shoulders to celebrate his victory—in an annual *debate* contest? What was it like for 24-year-old Joe Ed to run into his big brother Kermit in the South Pacific during World War II?

Near the end of WWII Aubrey Hearn asked his brothers Kermit (Navy, South Pacific), Glenn (FBI, New York), and Joe Ed (Army, South Pacific) to write autobiographies. He himself had done something similar a few years earlier as a graduate English class assignment. He saved their responses and soon added one from his father, Charles Lycurgus ("Papa") Hearn. Joe Ed, back home after the war, wrote a biographical sketch of "Mama"—Della Jane Hubbard Hearn.

In 1960 14-year-old Joel Hearn recorded a "life history" interview of Papa by Kermit and Joe Ed, together with a shorter interview of Mama. Nancy and I have been working to transcribe those interviews.

I've decided to compile all of these first-person stories, along with some 1940s letters from Fred (or his wife Frances), Jack, Mildred, and Mary Nell, add some "grandkid" reminiscences about the Albertville house—soon to be 91 years old—and cap them off with a transcript of the family review speech Joel Hearn delivered at the recent Hearn-Hubbard family reunion.

I hope to publish the collection, illustrated with family photos, as a softback book sometime in the next year. I'll try to notify family members by e-mail ahead of time.



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	The Hearns	Sep.2002	09	2
Clark, Andrew Edgar "Andy"	Congratulations (Sep. 1994)	Sep.1994	01	2
	Congratulations (Feb. 1996)	Feb.1996	03	1
	In my ideal life	Feb.1998	05	1
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Congratulations (Sep. 1999)	Sep.1999	06	2
	Of love and asteroids	Feb.2002	09	1
	Dear family	Feb.2002	09	1
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2002)	Sep.2002	09	2
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2002)	Sep.2002	09	2
	Lessons in the golden rule	Feb.2003	10	1
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2003)	Sep.2003	10	2
	Family news	Sep.2007	14	2
	Family news	Feb.2010	17	1
	How to treat your pets to a first class airline vacation	Feb.2011	18	1
Clark, Beavis (cat)	My favorites	Sep.1998	05	2
Clark, Daniel Oliver "Dan"	Congratulations (Feb. 1994)	Feb.1994	01	1
	This 'n that	Feb.1994	01	1
	News from Oklahoma	Sep.1994	01	2
	Congratulations (Feb. 1995)	Feb.1995	02	1
	VBS vibes	Sep.1995	02	2
	Mawwaige ("The Princess Bride")	Feb.1996	03	1
	Congratulations (Feb. 1996)	Feb.1996	03	1
	True story (about the Hearn Reunion)	Sep.1996	03	2
	Congratulations (Sep. 1996)	Sep.1996	03	2
	Our daughter, the cat	Feb.1997	04	1
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	The fire	Sep.1998	05	2
	Brain food	Sep.1998	05	2
	Brain food (answer)	Feb.1999	06	1
	Pet peeves	Feb.1999	06	1
	Our reassurance	Feb.2001	08	1
	Saying goodbye to Beavis	Sep.2001	08	2
	Hole-istic thinking	Sep.2002	09	2
	DK Drafting & Design	Feb.2004	11	1
	Unusual signs	Feb.2004	11	1
	Comet	Feb.2004	11	1
	Family news	Feb.2006	13	1
	The mask room/football room	Feb.2007	14	1
	Oil and coffee	Sep.2007	14	2
	Family news	Feb.2008	15	1
	Rare steak and Amish buggies	Feb.2009	16	1

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	Cinci-what-i? what-inatti?	Feb, 2012	19	1
Clark, Kristen Kaye (Ragsdale) "Kristen"	Congratulations (Sep. 1996)	Sep.1996	03	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	A dinosaur dream	Sep.1998	05	2
	Hole-istic thinking	Sep.2002	09	2
	Rare steak and Amish buggies	Sep.2009	16	1
Clark, Nancy Conner (Hearn) "Nancy"	The Hearn family quilt	Feb.1994	01	1
	Name that tune	Sep.1997	04	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Bonnie's philosophy	Feb.2001	08	1
	My short career in the pit	Sep.2001	08	2
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2001)	Sep.2001	08	2
	My friend Rosemary	Sep.2005	12	2
	Procedures for Spite and Malice	Sep.2005	12	2
	Lummi sticks	Feb.2006	13	1
	College life at Shorter	Sep.2006	13	2
	Gertrudisms	Feb.2007	14	1
	Favorite hymns	Feb.2007	14	1
	Living room retrospective	Sep.2007	14	2
	Experiencing a God moment in Scotland	Sep.2008	15	2
	Four things I remember about Florence's kitchen	Sep.2008	15	2
	Aubrey's prayer for his sweetheart	Sep.2009	16	2
	Hearnville Cemetery cleanup	Sep.2010	17	2
	Family ties	Feb.2011	18	1
	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
	Volunteering is the best	Feb.2013	20	1
	Family news	Feb.2013	20	1
	Our Millie	Sep.2013	20	2
Clark/Ragone family	Useful web sites	Feb.2012	19	1
Clark, Ross	Rare steak and Amish buggies	Feb.2009	16	1
	Family news	Feb.2011	18	1
Conner, Florence Rebecca	An artistic event (Florence recital/Shorter College)	Feb.1995	02	1
	HIStory--Florence Hearn's recollection of a courtship	Sep.1997	04	2
	Unnamed sonnet	Feb.1999	06	1
	Florence's siblings	Sep.2004	11	2
	Mile-stones	Sep.2006	13	2
	College life at Shorter	Sep.2006	13	2
Conner, Lena (Allen)	A tragic accident	Sep.1996	03	2
	Horeb Church	Sep.1998	05	2
	Cooking spinach (how to)	Feb.1999	06	1
	A century-old courtship	Sept.1999	06	2
	Florence	Feb.2001	08	1
	Florence's siblings	Sep.2004	11	2
Conner, Lewis Gill	Florence's siblings	Sep.2004	11	2
Conner, Marshall Eady	Florence's siblings	Sep.2004	11	2

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Conner, Thomas Ganaway Sr	Granddaddy Conner	Sep.1996	03	2
	A tragic accident	Sep.1996	03	2
	A century-old courtship	Sept.1999	06	2
	Florence's siblings	Sep.2004	11	2
Conner, Thomas Ganaway Jr	Florence's siblings	Sep.2004	11	2
Conner, Thomas Young	Florence's siblings	Sep.2004	11	2
	Thomas Young Conner (1845-1924)	Sep.2005	12	2
Conner, Walter Ivy	Florence's siblings	Sep.2004	11	2
Conner, William Allen	Florence's siblings	Sep.2004	11	2
Cox, Amy René (Stovall) "Amy"	Introducing Paul	Sep.2011	18	2
	Family news	Sep.2011	18	2
	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
	Chloe	Feb.2013	20	1
	Family news	Sep.2013	20	2
Cox, Chloe Isabel "Chloe"	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
	Chloe	Feb.2013	20	1
Cox, Grace	Messages from friends	Feb.1996	03	1
Cox, Paul Stuart "Paul"	Family news	Sep.2011	18	2
	Introducing Paul	Sep.2011	18	2
	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
	Chloe	Feb.2013	20	1
	Our jungle journey	Sep.2013	20	2
Dillard, Adam Michael "Adam"	New baby	Sep.1999	06	2
	Family news	Sep.2013	20	2
Dillard, Brian Keith "Brian"	Congratulations (Sep. 1996)	Sep.1996	03	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Congratulations (Feb. 1998)	Feb.1998	05	1
	Family news	Sep.2007	14	2
	Family news	Feb.2009	16	1
	Family news	Feb.2010	17	1
	Silicon Valley here I come	Sep.2011	18	2
	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
	Family news	Sep.2013	20	2
Dillard, James Borden "Jim", "James"	Candy treats (poem)	Sep.1996	03	2
	Congratulations (Sep. 1996)	Sep.1996	03	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Just remembering	Feb.2004	11	1
	Unnamed poem	Sep.2005	12	2
	In memoriam - James B. Dillard (10/7/37-2/15/05)	Sep.2005	12	2
	Daddy's girl	Sep.2005	12	2
	My father-in-law	Sep.2005	12	2
	Jim Dillard--tru gentleman	Sep.2005	12	2
	Remembrances of Jim Dillard	Sep.2005	12	2
	Friend, family man, gravy master	Sep.2005	12	2
	Encouraging note for Beth Lippard	Feb.2012	19	1

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Dillard, Jordan Matthew "Jordan"	New baby	Sep.2001	08	2
	Family news	Sep.2013	20	2
Dillard, Ina Mildred Hearn "Millie"	I remember	Feb.1995	02	1
	Sadie	Feb.1996	03	1
	Playing with Mikaela	Sep.1997	04	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Claudia - enthusiasm personified	Sep.1998	05	2
	Visiting Brewton, Alabama	Sep.1999	06	2
	An update on Claudia	Sep.1999	06	2
	What a day!	Sep.2000	07	2
	Congratulations! (Feb. 2001)	Feb.2001	08	1
	Queen for a day	Sep.2001	08	2
	Lost and found	Feb.2008	15	1
	Family news	Feb.2009	16	1
	Side by side	Sep.2010	17	2
Dillard, Noah Pierce "Noah"	A tribute to my sister	Feb.2011	18	1
	A trip up Pike's Peak	Sep.2012	19	2
	Our Millie	Sep.2013	20	2
	New baby	Feb.2003	10	1
	Sketch of Harry Potter and Hermione Granger	Sep.2007	14	2
Dillard, Sharon (McDonald)	Family news	Sep.2013	20	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Congratulations (Feb. 1998)	Feb.1998	05	1
Fallis, William	Family news	Sep.2013	20	2
	Messages from friends	Feb.1996	03	1
Family	Books we're reading	Feb.2013	20	1
Garrett, Barbara Ann	Family news	Feb.2011	18	1
Goodrich, Jack	Kind words from friends	Sep.1995	02	2
Hasel, Arlena Smith	Down memory lane	Feb.1995	02	1
	A Tribute to Florence Hearn	Sep.1995	02	2
	God bless us everyone! (puzzle)	Feb.1996	03	1
	Fifty Signers of the Declaration of Independence (puzzle)	Sep.1997	04	2
	Book review--For the Sake of the Sheepskin	Sep.2000	07	2
Heard family, Joel	Florence's kitchen	Sep.2008	15	2
	Through the eyes of TCKs	Sep.2011	18	2
Heard, Elizabeth A. (Sammons) "Beth"	Our vacation trip to Cappadocia	Feb.2012	19	1
	Congratulations (Sep. 1994)	Sep.1994	01	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	A trip across the desert	Feb.2001	08	1
	Hardly a dull moment	Feb.2003	10	1
	Rare or well done?	Feb.2004	11	1
	Simple moments and sacred remembering	Sep.2004	11	2
	Getting better all the time	Feb.2005	12	1
	Flush with excitement	Feb.2007	14	1
	Coming soon . . . <i>Along the Silk Road</i>	Sep.2009	16	2

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	Hearnville Cemetery cleanup	Sep.2010	17	2
	Pirate party smiles	Feb.2011	18	1
	Children's day	Sep.2012	19	2
Heard, Dorothy	Kind words from friends	Sep.1995	02	2
Heard, Emma Grace "Emma"	New baby	Feb.2003	10	1
	Children's day	Sep.2012	19	2
Heard, Hannah Marie "Hanna"	New baby	Sep.1998	05	2
	My first day of school	Feb.2003	10	1
	Family news	Sep.2006	13	2
Heard, Joel Douglas "Joel"	Granddaddy's legacy	Sep.1995	02	2
	Congratulations (Feb. 1997)	Feb.1997	04	1
	How to make me into a monster	Feb.1997	04	1
	Back to Kazakstan	Feb.1997	04	1
	Latest language blunder	Feb.1998	05	1
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	A Kazak amenity	Feb.1998	05	1
	Simple moments and sacred remembering	Sep.2004	11	2
	Dating, Kazakh style	Feb.2010	17	1
	My budding film career	Sep.2010	17	2
	Family news	Sep.2010	17	2
	"One Link"	Feb.2011	18	1
	New directions for Linguaserve	Sep.2012	19	2
Heard, Julie Lafond (Eckler) "Julie"	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Congratulations (Sep.1998)	Sep.1998	05	2
	Cranberry cocaine (includes recipe)	Feb.2007	14	1
Heard, Karen Elizabeth "Karen"	Congratulations (Sep. 1995)	Sep.1995	02	2
	Karen and the Birkenstock sandal	Sep.1996	03	2
	Congratulations (Sep. 1996)	Sep.1996	03	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Oops!	Sep.2003	10	2
Heard, Kelsey Elizabeth "Kelsey"	New baby	Feb.2002	09	1
	Beautiful butterflys	Sep.2008	15	2
	Daddy	Feb.2011	18	1
	Book report	Sep.2012	19	2
	Unexpected people	Feb.2013	20	1
Heard, Mary Alice (Hearn) "Mary Alice"	Daddy's diaries	Feb.1994	01	1
	Fictionary dictionary (poem)	Sep.1994	01	2
	Papa Hearn	Feb.1995	02	1
	It's in the genes	Sep.1996	03	2
	Aubrey's books	Feb.1997	04	1
	My best Christmas gift ever	Feb.1997	04	1
	My dictionary (poem)	Feb.1997	04	1
	Reflections upon the occasion of dividing the Hearn family property, July 1997	Sep.1997	04	2
	Keep your strawberries fresh!	Feb.1998	05	1

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	Mother's sewing	Feb.1998	05	1
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	A woman's work	Feb.1999	06	1
	A century-old courtship	Sep.1999	06	2
	A man ahead of the times	Sep.1999	06	2
	Aubrey leads the way	Feb.2000	07	1
	Aubrey, supersalesman	Sep.2000	07	2
	Parenting 102: Theme parks	Feb.2001	08	1
	An example for all of us	Feb.2001	08	1
	Flower man	Feb.2001	08	1
	Joy Hearn Bear (7/8/1911-1/19/2001)	Feb.2001	08	1
	Family members we wish we'd known— Sarah Allen and Ernest Wright Allen	Sep.2001	08	2
	A mother's treasure	Sep.2001	08	2
	Uncle Oscar and Aunt Lizzie	Sep.2001	08	2
	Parenting 102: Déjà vu all over again, or, Forget the small stuff	Sep.2001	08	2
	Juggler extraordinaire	Feb.2002	09	1
	Birds at our doorstep	Sep.2002	09	2
	Ocean plunder	Feb.2003	10	1
	Parenting 102: Comics— visual junk food?	Feb.2004	11	1
	Aubrey's siblings	Feb.2004	11	1
	Florence's siblings	Sep.2004	11	2
	Papa Hearn's fasola music	Sep.2004	11	2
	Florence's "units"	Feb.2005	12	1
	Hong Kong thumbnail	Feb.2005	12	1
	Millie, our basket lady	Sep.2005	12	2
	Friend, family man, gravy master	Sep.2005	12	2
	Emperor Qin's army of man-sized soldiers	Sep.2005	12	2
	Family stories impact children	Feb.2006	13	1
	Hide the tow chain	Feb.2006	13	1
	Florence and Aubrey's library	Sep.2006	13	2
	Aubrey's famous correspondents	Sep.2006	13	2
	Spoonerisms— tips of the slung	Feb.2007	14	1
	Florence and Aubrey's living room	Feb.2007	14	1
	Let the travel bug bite!	Sep.2007	14	2
	The day we stole the Christmas tree—a living room reflection	Sep.2007	14	2
	Recycle those greeting cards	Feb.2008	15	1
	Nora (Nora Padgett, 1912 – 2007)	Feb.2008	15	1
	Sister song	Sep.2008	15	2
	The kitchen at 2109 Westwood	Sep.2008	15	2
	Four things I remember about Florence's kitchen	Sep.2008	15	2
	Our two cartoons	Feb.2009	16	1
	Intruder in the night	Feb.2009	16	1
	Rare steak and Amish buggies	Feb.2009	16	1

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	New life for our rusty porch chair	Sep.2009	16	2
	Hearn Academy	Feb.2010	17	1
	Basement memories	Feb.2010	17	1
	Fathers Day greetings	Sep.2010	17	2
	Reflections on moving	Sep.2010	17	2
	International travel, marathons, and a puzzle party	Sep.2010	17	2
	Family roots	Feb.2011	18	1
	Homage to my husband	Feb.2011	18	1
	Rufus and the show and tell	Sep.2011	18	2
	Write Grandma a what?	Sep.2011	18	2
	TRDMC (tears running down my cheeks)	Sep.2011	18	2
	Family news	Sep.2011	18	2
	Blown away by technology	Feb.2012	19	1
	Marathon maniac strikes again	Sep.2012	19	2
	Congratulations, Charles and Lerma	Sep.2012	19	2
	Our Millie	Sep.2013	20	2
	Goodbye, Hearn Herald	Sep.2013	20	2
Heard, John Michael "Michael"	New baby	Feb.2000	07	1
	Messages from two soldiers of fortune	Sep.2004	11	2
	Simple moments and sacred remembering	Sep.2004	11	2
Heard, Samuel Conner "Samuel"	New baby	Sep.1998	05	2
	Messages from two soldiers of fortune	Sep.2004	11	2
	Simple moments and sacred remembering	Sep.2004	11	2
	My visit to the petroglyphs	Feb.2006	13	1
	Evil barbarians	Feb.2009	16	1
	Our acting debut	Feb.2010	17	1
Heard, Thomas Allan "Allan"	Hair	Sep.1994	01	2
	Aubrey's frugality	Sep.1994	01	2
	Congratulations (Feb. 1995)	Feb.1995	02	1
	A virgin shall contrive	Feb.1995	02	1
	Sixth grade	Feb.1995	02	1
	Congratulations (Sep. 1995)	Sep.1995	02	2
	Cajun	Sep.1995	02	2
	Sunday red dot	Feb.1997	04	1
	Duck eggs	Feb.1997	04	1
	Pig's delight	Sep.1997	04	2
	One man's treasure...	Feb.1998	05	1
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Blackjack Sunday	Sep.1998	05	2
	Model A	Feb.1999	06	1
	Watermelon vengeance	Sep.1999	06	2
	Mouth watering	Feb.2000	07	1
	Shoo fly pie	Feb.2000	07	1
	George Washington Carver	Sep.2000	07	2
	Little pig	Sep.2000	07	2
	Chewin' and spittin'	Sep.2000	07	2

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	Two bodies on the bed and one on the floor	Feb.2001	08	1
	Blue flames	Sep.2001	08	2
	A black, feathery friend (by Peepaw)	Sep.2002	09	2
	The artesian well	Sep.2002	09	2
	Cabinet ventilator award conferred	Feb.2003	10	1
	Shooter on the loose	Feb.2003	10	1
	Boyhood paradise	Feb.2003	10	1
	A tasty combination	Feb.2004	11	1
	Family news	Sep.2004	11	2
	Deer camp	Sep.2004	11	2
	553 Iowa	Feb.2005	12	1
	Casanova with feathers	Feb.2006	13	1
	The man up at the corner	Sep.2006	13	2
	Oops!	Sep.2006	13	2
	Skiff	Sep.2007	14	2
	That light ain't right	Feb.2008	15	1
	Wrath of grapes	Feb.2008	15	1
	Maraschino cherry pie	Sep.2008	15	2
	Little kid memories	Feb.2009	16	1
	Rare steak and Amish buggies	Feb.2009	16	1
	Extended pleasure	Sep.2009	16	2
	Watermelon vengeance	Feb.2010	17	1
	Catfish catastrophe	Sep.2010	17	2
	My neighborhood	Feb.2011	18	1
	Trials with dogs	Sep.2011	18	2
	Family news	Sep.2011	18	2
	Hair	Feb.2012	19	1
	Small town kid	Feb.2012	19	1
	Hero for life	Feb.2013	20	1
	Two elderly neighbors	Sep.2013	20	2
Heard, Timothy Allan "Tim"	Congratulations (Sep. 1994)	Sep.1994	01	2
	Congratulations (Feb. 1996)	Feb.1996	03	1
	Introducing the latest Heard (Bailey)	Sep.1997	04	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Congratulations (Sep.1998)	Sep.1998	05	2
	Parenting 102: About buffaloes	Sep.1999	06	2
	Congratulations (Feb. 2002)	Feb.2002	09	1
	Family news	Sep.2005	12	2
	Family news	Sep.2009	16	2
	America the beautiful	Feb.2010	17	1
	A Father's Day tribute	Feb.2013	20	1
Hearn sisters	Family news	Feb.2006	13	1
	Family news	Feb.2010	17	1
	Our Millie	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Adecia "Daisy"	Papa's parents	Feb.2009	16	1
Hearn, Charles Aubrey "Aubrey"	Aubrey Hearn's New Year's resolutions, 1925	Feb.1994	01	1

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	Old times remembered (letter excerpts)	Feb.1995	02	1
	Old times remembered (letter excerpts)	Sep.1995	02	2
	Old times remembered (letter excerpts)	Feb.1996	03	1
	Old times remembered (letter excerpts)	Sep.1996	03	2
	HIStory--Florence Hearn's recollection of a courtship	Sep.1997	04	2
	Self-expression through hobbies	Sep.1997	04	2
	The trials of an editor (letters)	Feb.1998	05	1
	Memories from C. Aubrey Hearn	Sep.1998	05	2
	What is your motto?	Sep.1998	05	2
	A man ahead of the times	Sep.1999	06	2
	Two interesting customers	Sep.2000	07	2
	Isaac Edward Hubbard	Feb.2002	09	1
	Parenting 102: Parents, check those purses for contraband	Feb.2002	09	1
	Aubrey's first European tour, 1937	Feb.2003	10	1
	Plight of the Arab refugees	Feb.2003	10	1
	Mile-stones	Sep.2006	13	2
	Florence and Aubrey's library	Sep.2006	13	2
	Aubrey's famous correspondents	Sep.2006	13	2
	A chivalrous letter from Aubrey to Florence	Feb.2007	14	1
	Our first American Hearne	Feb.2007	14	1
	Let the travel bug bite!	Sep.2007	14	2
	Climbing the Great Pyramid	Feb.2008	15	1
	Florence's kitchen	Sep.2008	15	2
	Hearn Academy	Feb.2010	17	1
	Scripture verses for the guidance of the Hearn's in the years ahead	Feb.2010	17	1
	Accolades for Aubrey	Sep.2010	17	2
	Reminders of war	Sep.2010	17	2
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
	Aubrey's lamp collection	Feb.2012	19	1
	Aubrey's lamps: a report	Sep.2012	19	2
	A Hearn family retrospective	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Charles Fuller	Put some pun in your life	Feb.2012	20	1
Hearn, Charles Lycurgus "Charlie"	Papa Hearn's fasola music	Sep.2004	11	2
	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
	Survivor: the Albertville house	Feb.2011	18	1
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
	Reconstruction remembered	Feb.2013	20	1
	A Hearn family retrospective	Sep.2013	20	2
	Time has made a change (house on Baltimore Ave.)	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Charles Lee "Charles"	Life in Qatar	Sep.1995	02	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Aubrey Hearn and the stock market	Sep.1999	06	2

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	Check out our web site!	Feb.2000	07	1
	Rare steak and Amish buggies	Feb.2009	16	1
	Family news	Sep.2009	16	2
	Basement pit	Feb.2010	17	1
	Hearnville Cemetery cleanup	Sep.2010	17	2
	Family news (congratulations)	Sep.2012	19	2
Hearn, Christian Edward "Chris"	Our first American Hearne	Feb.2007	14	1
	A visit to William Hearne's grave site	Feb.2007	14	1
	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep. 2008	15	2
	Indomitable Uncle Dan	Feb.2013	20	1
	Family news	Feb.2013	20	1
Hearn, Della Jane (Hubbard) "Della"	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
	Survivor: the Albertville house	Feb.2011	18	1
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
	A Hearn family retrospective	Sep.2013	20	2
	Time has made a change (house on Baltimore Ave.)	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Don Edward Sr.	Survivor: the Albertville house	Feb.2011	18	1
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
Hearn, Elizabeth (Harding) "Liz"	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Congratulations (Sep.1998)	Sep.1998	05	2
	My new postdoc	Feb.1999	06	1
	Congratulations (Feb. 1999)	Feb.1999	06	1
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2002)	Sep.2002	09	2
	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
	Updates from California	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Ferdinand Lawrence	Papa's parents	Feb.2009	16	1
	Hearn Academy	Feb.2010	17	1
	Hearnville Cemetery cleanup	Sep.2010	17	2
Hearn, Florence Rebecca (Conner) "Florence"	Grandma is shrinking (stuck in garage)	Feb.1994	01	1
	A surprise "Thank You"	Sep.1994	01	2
	Old times remembered (letter excerpts)	Sep.1994	01	2
	Sweetheart forever (Florence's scrapbook)	Feb.1995	02	1
	Old times remembered (letter excerpts)	Feb.1995	02	1
	In Memoriam - Florence Conner Hearn	Sep.1995	02	2
	Prayer for parents (quote from Florence)	Sep.1995	02	2
	Old times remembered (letter excerpts)	Sep.1995	02	2
	A recycled card	Feb.1996	03	1
	Old times remembered (letter excerpts)	Feb.1996	03	1
	Old times remembered (letter excerpts)	Sep.1996	03	2
	Flonnie	Feb.1997	04	1
	Florence's Shorter notebook	Sep.1997	04	2
	Mother's sewing	Feb.1998	05	1
	My house	Sep.2002	09	2
	A tribute to Sadie	Sep.2006	13	2
	College life at Shorter	Sep.2006	13	2
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	Memories of a living room	Sep.2007	14	2
	Let the travel bug bite!	Sep.2007	14	2
	Florence's kitchen	Sep.2008	15	2
	Hearn Academy	Feb.2010	17	1
	Dear children	Sep.2010	17	2
	Accolades for Aubrey	Sep.2010	17	2
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
Hearn, Fred Wilson	A Hearn family retrospective	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Glenn Hubbard	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
	A Hearn family retrospective	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Ina Mildred	Childhood remembered	Feb.2010	17	1
Hearn, Jack Carey	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
	A Hearn family retrospective	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, James Allen "Jim"	Put some pun in your life	Feb.2013	20	1
Hearn, Joseph Edward "Jo Ed"	Florence's kitchen	Sep.2008	15	2
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
	Reconstruction remembered	Feb.2013	20	1
	Indomitable Uncle Dan	Feb.2013	20	1
	A trip I will always remember	Feb.2013	20	1
	A Hearn family retrospective	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Joel Patton "Joel"	Survivor: the Albertville house	Feb.2011	18	1
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
	More about "The house that Papa built"	Feb.2012	19	1
	Family news	Feb.2013	20	1
	A Hearn family retrospective	Sep.2013	20	2
	Time has made a change (house on Baltimore Ave.)	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Jonathan	Hearnville Cemetery cleanup	Sep.2010	17	2
Hearn, Kathryn (King)	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
Hearn, Lerma Loula (Engberg) "Lerma"	This old house (Westwood Ave. history)	Feb.1994	01	1
	Mama Hearn	Sep.1994	01	2
	Life in Qatar	Sep.1995	02	2
	Bint binti	Feb.1996	03	1
	I was glad when they said unto me	Feb.1996	03	1
	Florence's Shorter notebook	Sep.1997	04	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Condolences/sympathy (Feb. 1998)	Feb.1998	05	1
	Condolences/sympathy (Sep. 1998)	Sep.1998	05	2
	60 years of "new technology"	Feb.1999	06	1
	Mary Louise Patton Hearn	Sep.1999	06	2
	S___d cousin!	Feb.2000	07	1
	Check out our web site!	Feb.2000	07	1
	Elizabeth Sammons weds Samuel Hearn?	Feb.2001	08	1
	Slow boat from China?	Sep.2001	08	2

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	Religious freedom: Hearn roots go way back	Sep.2002	09	2
	What a difference a century makes! (from the internet)	Feb.2003	10	1
	Thomas Young Conner (1845-1924)	Sep.2005	12	2
	Our first American Hearne	Feb.2007	14	1
	A visit to William Hearne's grave site	Feb.2007	14	1
	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
	Papa's parents: Samuel Columbus and Mary Ann (Hipp) Hearn	Feb.2009	16	1
	Rare steak and Amish buggies	Feb.2009	16	1
	"Where DID those photos come from?"	Sep.2009	16	2
	Family news	Sep.2009	16	2
	Hearnville Cemetery cleanup	Sep.2010	17	2
	Computer literal	Sep.2010	17	2
	A gift twice passed on	Feb.2011	18	1
	Survivor: the Albertville house	Feb.2011	18	1
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
	CAH family reunion 2012	Feb.2012	19	1
	Family news (congratulations)	Sep.2012	19	2
	Family news	Feb.2013	20	1
	Those Albertville Hearn	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Lilya Gundrun (Kristjanson) "Lily"	Family news	Feb.2012	19	1
Hearn, Mary Louise (Patton) "Louise"	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
Hearn, Lizzie (Penn)	Uncle Oscar and Aunt Lizzie	Sep.2001	08	2
	Mile-stones	Sep.2006	13	2
	"Where DID those photos come from?"	Sep.2009	16	2
	Family ties	Feb.2011	18	1
Hearn, Lot	Hearn Academy	Feb.2010	17	1
	Hearnville Cemetery cleanup	Sep.2010	17	2
Hearn, Mary Ann (Hipp)	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
	Papa's parents	Feb.2009	16	1
	"Where DID those photos come from?"	Sep.2009	16	2
	Family ties	Feb.2011	18	1
Hearn, Mary Nell	A Hearn family retrospective	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Mildred Della	A Hearn family retrospective	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Thomas Oscar ("T.O.")	Uncle Oscar and Aunt Lizzie	Sep.2001	08	2
	Hearn-Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
	Papa's parents	Feb.2009	16	1
	"Where DID those photos come from?"	Sep.2009	16	2
	Family ties	Feb.2011	18	1
Hearn, Rhoda (Parker)	Hearnville Cemetery cleanup	Sep.2010	17	2
Hearn, Robert Aubrey "Bob"	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Congratulations (Sep. 1999)	Sep.1999	06	2

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	Building grounded abstractions for artificial intelligence programming	Sep.2001	08	2
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2001)	Sep.2001	08	2
	Congratulation! (Feb. 2003)	Feb.2003	10	1
	Family news	Sep.2004	11	2
	Family news	Sep.2005	12	2
	Family news	Sep.2006	13	2
	Family news	Sep.2006	13	2
	Family news	Sep.2007	14	2
	Congratulations (Feb. 2008)	Feb.2008	15	1
	Family news	Feb.2008	15	1
	Family news	Sep.2009	16	2
	International travel, marathons, and a puzzle party	Sep.2010	17	2
	Marathon maniac strikes again	Sep.2012	19	2
	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
	Family news	Feb.2013	20	1
	Updates from California	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Samuel Columbus	Papa's parents	Feb.2009	16	1
	Family ties	Feb.2011	18	1
Hearn, Susan	Our first American Hearne	Feb.2007	14	1
	A visit to William Hearne's grave site	Feb.2007	14	1
	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
Hearn, Thomas Kermit Sr. "Kermit"	Survivor: the Albertville house	Feb.2011	18	1
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
	A Hearn family retrospective	Sep.2013	20	2
Hearn, Thomas Kermit Jr "Tom"	Magic carpet ride	Sep.2005	12	2
	Family news	Sep.2005	12	2
Hearn, William Neely "Will"	Hearnville Cemetery	Sep.1999	06	2
	Hearnville Cemetery cleanup	Sep.2010	17	2
Hearne, Bettie	Our first American Hearne	Feb.2007	14	1
Hearne, Mary	Our first American Hearne	Feb.2007	14	1
Hearne, Nehemiah	Our first American Hearne	Feb.2007	14	1
Hearne, Sally	Our first American Hearne	Feb.2007	14	1
Hearne, Thomas	Our first American Hearne	Feb.2007	14	1
Hearne, William Sr	A visit to William Hearne's grave site	Feb.2007	14	1
	Our first American Hearne	Feb.2007	14	1
Hearne, William Jr	Our first American Hearne	Feb.2007	14	1
Hubbard, Dolly (Hanes)	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
Hubbard, Isaac "Ike" Edward	Mama Hearn	Sep.1994	01	2
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
Hubbard, Tom	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
Lawrence, Sarah Elizabeth (Beasley) "Sally"	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
Lea, Cecil "Uncle Cecil"	Dear Hearn Family	Sep.1996	03	2
Lee, Hoover Kuo-Ho "Hoover"	Meet our newest family members	Feb.2000	07	1
	Congratulations! (Feb. 2001)	Feb.2001	08	1
	New baby	Feb.2002	09	1

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	New baby	Feb.2005	12	1
Lee, Joy Catherine Jia-Le "Joy"	New baby	Feb.2002	09	1
Lee, Karen Elizabeth (Heard) "Karen"	Congratulations! (Feb. 2001)	Feb.2001	08	1
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2001)	Sep.2001	08	2
	New baby	Feb.2002	09	1
	Congratulations (Feb. 2002)	Feb.2002	09	1
	New baby	Feb.2005	12	1
	The frolic	Sep.2008	15	2
	Out of the mouths of babes...	Sep.2013	20	2
Lee, Micaiah Jia-Rong "Micaiah"	New baby	Feb.2005	12	1
	An exclamatory essay	Feb.2013	20	1
	Out of the mouths of babes...	Sep.2013	20	2
Lippard, Alicia Beth (Dillard) "Beth"	Our Russian crusade	Sep.1994	01	2
	Dear Grandmom	Sep.1995	02	2
	A simple lesson of nature	Feb.1997	04	1
	Bulletin bloopers	Feb.1998	05	1
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	My hero (Remembrance of Bonnie Dillard McCord)	Feb.2001	08	1
	Kids say the darndest things	Feb.2002	09	1
	Daddy's girl	Sep.2005	12	2
	Passengers, brace yourself for impact	Sep.2009	16	2
	A Christmas poem	Feb.2012	19	1
	Encouraging note for Beth Lippard	Feb.2012	19	1
	The view from the porch	Sep.2012	19	2
	Sadie	Sep.2013	20	2
Lippard, Braxton James "Braxton"	New baby	Feb.2002	09	1
	There was a big caterpillar	Sep.2008	15	2
	Three stories by Braxton, 7 years old	Feb.2009	16	1
	Drummer boy	Sep.2012	19	2
	Sadie	Sep.2013	20	2
Lippard, Coley Charles "Coley"	New baby	Sep.1999	06	2
	Fishy	Feb.2007	14	1
	Catfish capture	Sep.2012	19	2
	Sadie	Sep.2013	20	2
Lippard, Mark Coley "Mark"	That is the question (what he does)	Feb.1994	01	1
	Life's true wheel (poem)	Sep.1997	04	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
Lusk, Vance Fred Jr "Fred"	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Condolences/sympathy (Feb. 1998)	Feb.1998	05	1
	Abiding hope (devotional)	Sep.1998	05	2
	Family news	Sep.2004	11	2
Lusk, Florence Katherine Elizabeth "Katie Beth", "Katie"	My first day at kindergarten	Sep.1996	03	2
	A letter to Santa	Feb.1998	05	1
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1

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	My mission trip to Ecuador	Sep.2005	12	2
	John Island camp, Ontario, Canada	Sep.2006	13	2
	Katie's adventures in Spain	Feb.2008	15	1
	Fond memories of the kitchen	Sep.2008	15	2
	Then and now	Sep.2009	16	2
	Family news	Feb.2009	16	1
	Up, up, and away	Feb.2011	18	1
	My summer of studies abroad	Sep.2011	18	2
	Always passport ready	Feb.2012	19	1
	Family news	Feb.2012	19	1
	My spectacular summer	Sep.2012	19	2
	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
	Family news	Sep.2013	20	2
Lusk, Suzanne Joy (Hearn) "Suzie"	A tribute (Daddy sees Katie Beth)	Feb.1994	01	1
	To Mother	Feb.1994	01	1
	A tribute (Aubrey sees Katie Beth)	Feb.1994	01	1
	I remember	Feb.1995	02	1
	Great Aunt Sara	Sep.1995	02	2
	Congratulations (Sep. 1995)	Sep.1995	02	2
	Reflections on a happy home	Feb.1996	03	1
	Katie's first day at school...	Sep.1996	03	2
	Homebound teacher?	Feb.1998	05	1
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	The blessedness of childlikeness	Sep.1998	05	2
	A life filled with music	Feb.2001	08	1
	Aunt Sarah	Sep.2001	08	2
	Marie	Sep.2002	09	2
	Silly Daddy	Sep.2002	09	2
	Homeschooling and liking it	Feb.2003	10	1
	Katie's Rite 13 liturgy	Sep.2004	11	2
	Road to National Board	Feb.2005	12	1
	Remembrances of Jim Dillard	Sep.2005	12	2
	Deluxe tree trimming	Sep.2005	12	2
	Mercedes	Sep.2006	13	2
	Puppy mania	Sep.2006	13	2
	A trip to Italy with the Southern Crescent Chorale	Sep.2007	14	2
	An interesting coincidence	Feb.2008	15	1
	Bethlehem ministry	Feb.2008	15	1
	Book recommendation	Feb.2008	15	1
	Family news	Feb.2008	15	1
	Fond memories of the kitchen	Sep.2008	15	2
	Our freak accident	Feb.2009	16	1
	Then and now	Sep.2009	16	2
	Basement diversions	Feb.2010	17	1
	A tribute to my sister	Feb.2011	18	1

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	Aubrey's lamps: a report	Sep.2012	19	2
	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
	Jordan and Jeffrey	Feb.2013	20	1
	Our Millie	Sep.2013	20	2
Lynch, Catherine (Bear) "Cathy"	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
	Family ties	Feb.2011	18	1
	Congratulations! (Feb. 2012)	Feb.2012	19	1
McCord, Bonnie Rebecca (Dillard) "Bonnie"	Letter from Bonnie	Sep.1995	02	2
	Mikaela looks at Christmas lights	Feb.1998	05	1
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Employee honor (Feb. 2001)	Feb.2001	08	1
McCord, Derek Dixon "Derek"	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Congratulations (Feb. 1998)	Feb.1998	05	1
	Thanks for the memories!	Feb.2002	09	1
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2002)	Sep.2002	09	2
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2003)	Feb.2003	10	1
	My father-in-law	Sep.2005	12	2
	McCords at Christmas	Feb.2008	15	1
	Hello, family	Sep.2008	15	2
McCord, Derek Dixon II	New Baby	Feb.2004	11	1
McCord, Mikaela Rebecca "Mikaela"	New Baby	Feb.1995	02	1
	Playing with Mikaela	Sep.1997	04	2
McCord, Rachel Hanna "Rachel"	New Baby	Feb.1997	04	1
McCord, Victoria Grace "Tori"	New Baby	Feb.1999	06	1
McDonald, Sharon	Congratulations (Sep. 1996)	Sep.1996	03	2
McLemore, Sadie	Sadie	Feb.1996	03	2
	A tribute to Sadie	Sep.2006	13	2
McSwain, Larry	A lasting memorial	Sep.1995	02	2
Myrick, Traci (Stovall)	Family news	Feb.2007	14	1
	Confessions of an UNdomestic goddess	Feb.2008	15	1
	Family news	Feb.2008	15	1
	Beautiful girl	Feb.2009	16	1
	Family news	Feb.2009	16	1
	Medical chart surprises	Sep.2010	17	2
	Family news	Sep.2010	17	2
O'Neal, Norman & wife	Messages from friends	Feb.1996	03	1
Padgett, Nora	Kind words from friends	Sep.1995	02	2
	Nora (Nora Padgett, 1912 – 2007)	Feb.2008	15	1
Patterson, Todd	A beautiful person	Feb.2001	08	1
Pierce, Traci (Stovall)	Meet our newest family members	Feb.2000	07	1
	Treasure the moment	Feb.2001	08	1
	Congratulations! (Feb. 2001)	Feb.2001	08	1
Ragone, Lisa Ann "Lisa"	Here's...Lisa	Feb.2002	09	1
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2002)	Sep.2002	09	2

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	Hot chocolate banana split surprise	Feb.2006	13	1
	Family news	Sep.2006	13	2
	Which tastes better, munchies or Minolta?	Feb.2007	14	1
	Life in the Great Land: Year one in Alaska's capital city	Sep.2007	14	2
	Whale jumping	Sep.2009	16	2
	Lost language	Feb.2010	17	1
	Sausage and peppers	Feb.2010	17	1
	Family news	Feb.2010	17	1
	Family news	Sep.2010	17	2
	A concert with the flies	Sep.2011	18	2
	Family news	Sep.2011	18	2
	Chicken bones and cigarette stubs	Feb.2012	19	1
	Family news	Sep.2013	20	2
Ragsdale, Kristen Kaye	Congratulations (Feb. 1996)	Feb.1996	03	1
Rayner, Graham	A chance encounter	Feb.1995	02	1
Recipe	Psyche's waffles (Lena Allen Conner)	Feb.1994	01	1
Recipe	White chili (Allan Heard)	Sep.1994	01	2
Recipe	Fettucini with broccoli sauce (Andy Clark)	Feb.1995	02	1
Recipe	Sadie's squash casserole	Feb.1996	03	1
Recipe	Devilburgers (Becky Burns)	Feb.1998	05	1
Recipe	Chow party mix (Julie Heard)	Sep.1998	05	2
Recipe	Veggie chili (Becky Burns)	Feb.1999	06	1
Recipe	Florence's play dough recipe	Sep.1999	06	2
Recipe	Sausage biscuits (Lerma Hearn)	Feb.2000	07	1
Recipe	Granola (Suzie Lusk)	Feb.2001	08	1
Recipe	Mama Hearn's rolls (Lerma Hearn)	Feb.2003	10	1
Recipe	Sadie's French toast	Sep.2006	13	2
Recipe	Diabetic lemon pie (Marcia Stovall)	Sep.2006	13	2
Recipe	Broccoli potato soup (Beth Lippard)	Sep.2008	15	2
Recipe	Mother Heard's candied apples	Sep.2010	17	2
Recipe	Jim Dillard's bran muffins	Feb.2011	18	1
Recipe	Quiche (Mary Alice Heard)	Sep.2011	18	2
Recipe	Blueberry crisp (Suzie Lusk)	Sep.2011	18	2
Recipe	Love those blueberries (Marcia Stovall)	Sep.2011	18	2
Recipe	Blueberry crunch (Marcia Stovall)	Sep.2011	18	2
Recipe	Pitts Winn's brownies	Feb.2013	20	1
Recipe	Mama Hearn's caramel cake (Mary Jane Scott)	Sep.2013	20	2
Rigdon, Raymond	A fond memory	Sep.2001	08	2
Scoggins, Roy and Pat	A message from friends	Sep.1996	03	2
Scott, John Lawson	Family news	Sep.2004	11	2
Scott, Mary Jane (Hearn) 'Mary Jane'	Family news	Sep.2004	11	2
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Stovall, Amy Reneé "Amy"	Congratulations (Sep. 1996)	Sep.1996	03	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	School daze	Sep.2001	08	2
	Family news	Feb.2005	12	1
	My Katrina experience	Feb.2006	13	1
	Family news	Feb.2006	13	1
	Family news	Sep.2007	14	2
	Family news	Sep.2009	16	2
	Family news	Sep.2010	17	2
	Family news	Sep.2011	18	2
Stovall, Gerald Thomas "Gerald"	An Aubrey story	Sep.1995	02	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Stovall updates	Feb.1999	06	1
	Congratulations (Sep. 2000)	Sep.2000	07	2
	Family news	Sep.2002	09	2
	So you want to play in the band!	Feb.2003	10	1
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2003)	Feb.2003	10	1
	Keeping fit	Sep.2004	11	2
	A bump in the road	Feb.2005	12	1
	Destination question	Feb.2008	15	1
	On the cutting edge	Sep.2009	16	2
	Medical update	Feb.2010	17	1
	Family news	Sep.2011	18	2
	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
Stovall, Isaac Conner "Isaac"	(New Baby) Meet our newest family member	Feb.2008	15	1
	Another Hearn educator	Sep.2008	15	2
Stovall, Keith Roy "Keith"	Sports editor gets look at pro football coverage	Sep.1995	02	2
	My 23rd Psalm (poem)	Feb.1996	03	1
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Congratulations (Sep. 1999)	Sep.1999	06	2
	Congratulations! (Feb. 2000)	Feb.2000	07	1
	Movin' on down the road	Sep.2001	08	2
	Congratulations! (Sep. 2001)	Sep.2001	08	2
	A radical change	Feb.2003	10	1
	Working with children in crisis	Feb.2004	11	1
	Adoption update	Feb.2005	12	1
	Christmas contributions aid in the fight against child abuse	Feb.2005	12	1
	(New Baby) Our new focus (Ramie Elizabeth Stovall)	Sep.2005	12	2
	Family news	Sep.2005	12	2
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	Life in a library	Feb.1996	03	1
	The spirit is willing, but...	Feb.1997	04	1
	Mail from Marcia	Sep.1997	04	2
	Portrait of a mother	Sep.1997	04	2
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Memories from C. Aubrey Hearn	Sep.1998	05	2
	Stovall updates	Feb.1999	06	1
	Autumn's gift	Feb.2000	07	1
	Childhood memories	Sep.2000	07	2
	Congratulations (Sep. 2000)	Sep.2000	07	2
	An aunt's tribute	Feb.2001	08	1
	Glorieta daze	Feb.2002	09	1
	An Alaskan adventure	Feb.2003	10	1
	A trip down Baldy Mountain	Feb.2003	10	1
	Family news	Sep.2005	12	2
	Jim Dillard—true gentleman	Sep.2005	12	2
	My friend, Sadie McLemore	Sep.2006	13	2
	Memories of a living room	Sep.2007	14	2
	Memories of a happy childhood	Feb.2009	16	1
	Side by side	Sep.2010	17	2
	Family news	Sep.2012	19	2
Our Millie	Sep.2013	20	2	
Stovall, Ramie Elizabeth "Ramie"	(New Baby) Our new focus (Ramie Elizabeth Stovall)	Sep.2005	12	2
	Another Hearn educator	Sep.2008	15	2
Stovall, Teresa Elizabeth (Ray) "Teresa"	Stovall updates	Feb.1999	06	1
	Congratulations (Sep. 1999)	Sep.1999	06	2
	Meet our newest family members	Feb.2000	07	1
	Congratulations (Feb. 2002)	Feb.2002	09	1
	Family news	Sep.2004	11	2
	Family news	Sep.2005	12	2
	Another Hearn educator	Sep.2008	15	2
Stovall, Traci Lynn	Congratulations (Feb. 1994)	Feb.1994	01	1
	Congratulations (Feb. 1995)	Feb.1995	02	1
	Memories of Aubrey & Florence Hearn	Sep.1995	02	2
	Congratulations (Sep. 1995)	Sep.1995	02	2
	So, what is a music therapist?	Feb.1996	03	1
	Congratulations (Feb. 1996)	Feb.1996	03	1
	Back to the books	Feb.1998	05	1
	What we do	Feb.1998	05	1
	Hello loved ones!	Feb.1999	06	1
	Stovall updates	Feb.1999	06	1
	A letter from Traci	Feb.2000	07	1
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	Family news	Sep.2005	12	2
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Thompson, Mike	Reflections on marriage	Sep.2000	07	2
Unknown	Homemaking skills—standard and revised versions	Feb.2004	11	1
Various	Flonnie (round robin letters from friends)	Feb.1997	04	1
Walker, Charles "Charlie"	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
Walker, George Jr. "Bud"	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
Walker, Mildred Della (Hearn) "Mildred"	Condolences/sympathy (Sep. 1998)	Sep.1998	05	2
	Hearn Hubbard reunion 2008	Sep.2008	15	2
	The house that Papa built	Sep.2011	18	2
Webb, Betsy (Duncan)	Childhood remembered	Feb.2010	17	1