

Remembrances of Ben and Laura Whitson from their granddaughter Donna Moran Dover

Yes, We are very strong because of them. I remember very well too how angry Mom would get over deals of Jig Dad's--his purchases or finds. And, it truly was all over the place and spilling out into the yard, the "garage" and out buildings. I used to love to snoop through it though. It seemed like a junky treasure house. I also remember the few occasions when we slept over on Mom's porch (where it was wall to wall beds) and I couldn't sleep for hearing the rats crawling around inside the walls. Used to scare me to death. And, I don't think I ever went into the "bathroom" until I was bursting. Remember how she used to keep her fish in the tub? Lots of stories. Too bad we're not great writers. But, at least we can write down what we remember and share them. Right? I can still remember how Jig Dad smelled in his old overalls, because I used to love to sit on his lap. Those are the things that never leave us. I am so fortunate that both my children got to meet Mom while she was still alert. My daughter remembers her very well. My son remembers her vaguely. She was the one person in the family who spoke up for me when I decided to break the news of my plan to divorce my ex-husband. Who would have guessed? You know how religious she was. Everyone else, and I mean everyone (in 1968), thought it was the worst thing possible. She supported me in doing what I thought was right. And, she never liked Jim Dover anyway!!!