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My Story: Rubilaw Ray Granade

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MY STORY

by: Rubilaw Ray Granade

This is my story which has been in a composing state for several years. My desire was, and is, to share with my family who I am, where I came from, how I arrived at this stage, and my goals for my life now.

My Legacy

My legacy is one of which I am proud, and in many ways shaped who I am. My father, Rufus Ray, was the oldest of eight children and had four half-siblings. They lived on a farm in Pike County, Alabama. Following graduation from a country school, he and his parents wanted him to go to college at Troy Normal College. He went “the hard way.” He rode a bicycle ten miles each Monday morning carrying produce and side meat from the farm to pay for his keep in a boarding house near the campus. He would return home on Friday afternoon. Saturdays were spent farming and Sundays at church. In 1915 he graduated with a degree in education at the age of twenty-two. [One of my earliest—and most treasured—stories about my grandfather was that of his being called into his parents’ bedroom, where his mother lay in the bed on which his father sat. They told him that he had shown aptitude for learning, so he of his siblings would be educated while they did his farm chores. He would do chores when his educational undertakings permitted (like weekends) and he would promise not to forget what they did for him and would help them as he could once he made it “up and out.” I also knew that he had been true to the bargain, enjoying the privileges but also fulfilling the responsibility of helping them in very specific ways—even setting one up in business. ed.]

His first job was principal of Palmira School. Teaching there was a young lady from Goshen by the name of Ruby Law. A romance developed early on. He asked her to marry him. Finally her reply was “I will if you will take the federal employment exam, pass it, and move to Washington, DC.” He took it, passed it, and went to Washington.

She kept her promise, riding the train from Montgomery to Washington to be married. He met her at the train station, taking her immediately to the preacher’s house. The preacher’s wife and maid were called in to be witnesses. This took place February 13, 1918, the beginning of a long and happy marriage. They died a month apart in January and February 1989 after seventy-one years together.

During the seven years in Washington, Daddy studied at Pace Institute, getting a degree in law and accountancy in night classes and passing the CPA examination. There was an organization called the Good Roads Association dedicated to getting the Federal Government to build highways across the country, and Daddy kept books for them on Saturdays.

He came to Montgomery in the summer of 1925 as Internal Revenue agent for Alabama, remaining so until his retirement in 1961. [He followed his pattern of taking and acing civil service exams. Alabama was divided into two districts, one for Mobile and the other for the rest of the state; when given his choice, he opted out of Mobile. ed.]

Ruby Law grew up in Goshen, Alabama. Her father owned Law Drug Store, and the doctor’s office was in the back of the store. Some of my earliest memories are of going to the drug store, sitting on a stool at the marble counter and eating an ice cream cone. My grandmother’s house was large with a wonderful big tree on the side. The barn in the back was filled with sawdust and was used as the ice house for my uncle’s business. He went to Troy, brought back ice, then broke it, delivering it around town. We visited there off and on as long as she lived. We changed our orders from ice cream, then to shakes, and finally we were old enough to have “dopes” [Coca Colas]. We had arrived!!! The drug store is one of my “most fun” memories of Goshen and my early years.

I was born November 10, 1919 in Washington, DC. We lived in Clarendon, VA until July, 1925. My memories are few. Sights include being dressed up, taken to the “Easter Egg Roll” on the White House when four and too timid to speak to President Coolidge. My cat, the love of my life, was left in the basement one night and froze to death. I grieved for days. After we moved to Montgomery in 1925, every time I smelled leaves burning, it took me back to Clarendon, VA. Strange!

The move was a nightmare for Mother and Daddy, I am sure. We drove in a Model T Ford. Rufus Jr. was one year old, and I was five. I only remember Rufus crying much of the way and with no paved roads we did not have “smooth sailing.” [He cried in part because he was ill during that summer-time trip. ed.]

We moved to 25 East South Street, Montgomery, AL, which was my home until I married in 1943—here I lived my “growing up” years.

My grammar school, six years at Chilton, began a new life. My awareness of people was a change from a family-oriented existence.

Looking back I realize I received a good beginning. Two things stand out that have been a help through life. We had spelling bees every Friday. We were lined up against the wall on a bench. Called on, we stood up; if we could spell correctly we sat down, but if we messed up we went to our seats. I was a very good speller, and one time stands out. In a contest against another class two of us remained. The last word was “nickel.” I missed and was devastated. I feel the anguish even now. Because of the emphasis on phonics we learned to recognize words and how to read.

The most boring days were when we had penmanship. We did push-pulls and circles until we could hardly hold our pencils. We all hated it and fussed every time we had it. Little did we realize what a present we were getting. Since those days I have encountered many who, though well educated, [have handwriting that] cannot be read.

Being born and bred a Baptist, I never thought much about other faiths. Two experiences in grammar school started me thinking.

My best friend, Priscilla Scott, was Episcopalian and very proud of it. She looked down on Baptists and let me know. The big issue was that Baptists don’t observe Lent. Every year she bragged about what she gave up. As a result I grew up with a feeling of inferiority to the Episcopal Church.

We had many Jewish children in our school, and I began a keen interest in their faith, which I still have. Since Jews were by and large merchants, all the best stores on Dexter Avenue were owned by them. They were clannish and lived near Chilton so all their children went there.

We were seated alphabetically so Aaron Aranov and Solomon Betah were first and second. When they were absent we Gentiles knew that half the class would be out—another Jewish holiday. At one time I thought I’d like to be a Jewess because they got their many holidays and ours too.

Their parents encouraged them in the arts: music, dancing, and art. Most of the boys going through school with me became successful businessmen. Not being able to attend Montgomery Country Club, they established their own. I have noticed that much of TV is run by Jews today.

During the last years of grammar school and early junior high days at Baldwin, my interests were church, GAs [Girls’ Auxiliary, a missions arm of the Woman’s Missionary Union, or WMU], piano, ballet, and elocution.

My piano lessons taught me much about music, but I seemed to dislike practice so I didn’t stay with it.

Ballet was a real fun thing and several of us girls walked together to class. It was great in teaching us to be graceful, how to walk, and how to sit as a lady. My best friend, Priscilla, became a semi-professional, and her daughter professional.

Elocution was my best, and became a real plus as a minister’s wife. I learned how to speak effectively, and how body language affected it. I really enjoyed doing it, and did “readings” all over the city.

My church work consisted of Sunday School, BYPU [Baptist Young Peoples' Union, a Sunday evening gathering], and especially GAs. Perhaps GAs was the beginning of my great interest in missions. The interest continued through high school and YWAs [Young Women's Auxiliary] and remains today.

My great interest in live theater came early in my life. During this time, Montgomery had the Grand Theater. It was beautiful, having been built in the early 1920s. It had the elegance and splendor of European theaters. When the main railroad between New York and New Orleans needed a stop, Montgomery became one. Many famous actresses and singers performed at the Grand Theater. In the early Depression years, it went down with few celebrities coming to perform.

The men who owned the building felt that the only chance to keep the building was for them to have traveling groups come, stay several weeks, and do their plays. It so happened that they rented an apartment house around the corner from us on Court Street. Children would go to the matinee for about twenty-five cents. Adults went at night. We became very attached to certain actors and actresses. A group of us went to nearly every play. Sometimes as we walked around the block we would see members of the cast. The world for teenagers interested in acting was charmed by our proximity to that real estate. That continued for several years with different groups coming and going. The theater closed for good in 1937.

Activities of Childhood

Outside activities in a city are very limited: no forests to explore, no swimming holes, and no hills to climb.

As young children we played on the sidewalks during the day, and at night in the street under the street lights. Most houses had small yards so we took to the street. Night-time traffic was infrequent to rare; in fact, traffic on side streets like ours was never great.

Bicycles were not the big thing as now—too expensive. I received one for Christmas when I was 13. Two days after Christmas I was hit by a car. It broke my leg which was not set properly, so from time to time I have had trouble with it. The bicycle couldn't be fixed so that was the end of that.

The vogue was roller skates. We got a new pair every Christmas from Todd's Gun Shop. They were \$1.95 and clipped to one's shoe soles. The key to adjust them was as important as the skates.

We could call the city hall and ask to have a street blocked off so that neighborhood children could skate. We had a smooth street near my house, and it was blocked off every Friday or Saturday night. We all became excellent skaters.

During the Depression we had few toys. We made our fun with few things and much imagination. We lived six blocks from the Carnegie Library and I enjoyed reading so very much. Several of us would walk down, jumping the patterns made by the blocks in the sidewalks.

After becoming an adult, I learned a very interesting thing. As ladies gathered and shared childhood activities and what were special experiences, I discovered I would be the only one who never played paper dolls or had several dolls. I never owned a paper doll and only one doll. None of my friends did either. This revelation has made me wonder why. Many said that they cut them out of Sears Roebuck catalogues. Their imaginations went wild with plans for them. I am sure I missed something, but looking back my life was filled with something every day. But it was interesting to make this discovery late in life. "Life is so full of a number of things, that we all should be as happy as kings."

Grammar school awakened me to so many things and people. When I entered Baldwin Junior High, I found a new life. We changed classes for each subject. One teacher stands out. In Mrs. Weatherby's English class, I learned all about sentence structure and all the basics which I remember seventy-eight years later.

My activities during this period were GAs, BYPU, and Sunday School. My social life consisted of BYPU parties. Our leaders were kind in having socials often: hay rides, wiener roasts, home game par-

ties, and hikes. There were about fourteen in our group. I really liked one of the boys very much, but he liked another girl, so I took the one who liked me best.

During this time I was still in elocution. I went all over the city to meetings of one kind or another giving "readings." My favorite and most popular: "The Lie." It was very long but had a sweet message.

One week Rodney "Gipsy" Smith held a revival at the Civic Center. I was greatly moved by his messages. I missed a Friday night BYPU hayride to hear him. I was so touched, I still remember that night.

Lanier High School was about twelve blocks south from my house. A group would gather on Court Street and pick up others on the way. We shared all kinds of tales as we walked, making it fun.

Classes at Lanier were very difficult, and rules strict. It was considered one of the best high schools in the state.

Friday night football was "the thing." Groups would get together and attend every game. Some parents took us to Tuscaloosa or Birmingham for special games.

I did not join any clubs at school. My church involvement kept me busy all the time.

My dating in high school was an education too. I dated a baseball player, seeing the games and hearing about them on every date. I dated a real dresser, and learned about men's styles. He worked at a men's clothing store on week-ends. My senior year I dated a boy seriously, but our goals in life were very different. He went to Auburn and I to Judson. We remained friends for some time.

One summer I went to Ridgecrest, NC for YWA week. I was greatly impressed by the messages of missionaries, and the beautiful music and mountains. We toured Biltmore Estate, and were overcome by the elegance and size of it.

Miami

A very important part of my growing up took place on our yearly trips to Miami. In 1928, Daddy had a new Essex. It was decided that since Hazel was graduating from high school she would go as a graduation present. Our passengers included four adults (Mother, Daddy, Aunt Lois, and Hazel). There were five children (me, 9; Bill, 6; Rufus, 4; Charlie, 3; and Jimmy, 2). It worked out so that I sat on a shell box on the floor in the back seat. We made the trip fine, but looking back I wondered where we slept and ate at Aunt Letha's. The romance of the whole trip covered up any flaws. I only remember sitting on the box!!

The next year I was ten, so I needed some boys and girls over. Aunt Letha had tables, chairs, refreshments, and games out on the *porte-cochere*. We had great fun. One of the boys was her paperboy. He soon was throwing notes to me in the morning paper thrown up on the balcony near where I slept. That began my romances in Miami. Every afternoon we went to the beach, an interesting drive over the causeway.

The next summer at eleven I was more sure of myself with boys. The group included the new paperboy. No notes in the paper, but he was cuter and more fun. My social life was developing. The big thing that year was my getting caught in an undertow. I still remember clawing the sand at the bottom and not getting up. Letha realized I was in trouble so she pulled me up. I didn't go back to the beach that year.

The year I was twelve, we went at Christmas time. It was an exciting time in the big city. I got a doll which I kept for years.

When I was fourteen, Aunt Letha thought I should have an afternoon date and go to a movie. She arranged it. As I remember, we both were timid, saying little, but enjoyed the show. Another step toward "coming out."

When I was fifteen, Aunt Letha knew a family with a fine son, and they belonged to the swanky Coconut Grove Country Club. It was arranged that we would go swimming there. It had caves, tunnels, and fascinating lights in strange places. I had never seen anything like it. I had arrived!! I had gone from paperboy's notes to the Coconut Grove swimming pool. Quite a leap in four years!

In 1935, I went to summer school to make up a semester and graduate at the end of the year. Because of my birthday I started in mid-year.

Upon finishing summer school, I rode the train to Miami. The folks came later. Three things stand out about that trip. A hurricane hit, the trees bent to the ground, the house shook, pictures fell off the wall. After it was over and we drove over to the beach, the devastation was unbelievable. I was glad we were inland rather than on the beach. The second thing that I remember is when we learned by radio that in September, Will Rogers and Wiley Post were killed in a plane crash in Alaska. The third, and most important: I had my first real date there. Mother said that I was too young at sixteen. Aunt Letha changed her mind. The boy was nice, quite good-looking, and a talker. We enjoyed the movie and then a coke. He asked me for two more dates before we left. That was a very nice climax to my yearly episodes of trying to grow up. I kept his picture for a long time.

All of these memories make me realize again the many stages we pass through to become who we really are. My real treasure of this period is a lovely gold bracelet which the second paperboy sent me after I got home. On the front was engraved R.R. and on the back D.C. Dewey Clayton was very sweet and sent me my very first present from a boy. I still have it.

Besides my social life, two things stand out in my child's mind. The sand was dirty-looking sand on the beach, not at all like the beautiful sand on the Gulf beaches which we were used to. The other thing that stands out in my mind as I think of Miami is the first neon sign I had ever seen. It was a tremendous globe with paint pouring from the top and running down all over the globe. I can't remember the name of the paint, but the sign said "[Sherwin Williams] covers the earth." It was bright and dramatic as the paint poured down. To a child it was truly unforgettable. I can see it today after seventy-five years.

My College Days

Mother wanted me to go to Judson, a Baptist woman's college and semi-finishing school. She had close friends in the First Baptist Church and got me a work scholarship. That turned out to be a "joke." All the phones were in the halls, no individual [private] ones, and I was to be the answerer. There was always a line of girls by the phone so my "job" was taken by many other hands.

Manners were understood. In the dining room the tables were lovely and set with white linens. A teacher sat at the head, and suggested if one was unsure of herself. There were teas, receptions, performing artists in the music hall, and with each occasion we were kindly taught how to handle an unusual experience.

The teachers in all classes were kind and understanding in their presentations. As an elective, I took Journalism because the teacher was such an interesting personality and very good looking. I enjoyed the class very much, and learned a great deal in many subjects.

Our social life was very little. Mostly we danced at night, girls with girls, but it was fun. Marion Military Institute was located there in Marion so the first Saturday night soon after school began a party was held, inviting the MI boys. Teachers guided the girls around to meet the boys. My friend and I were introduced to brothers. I was introduced to "Joe Baby" Granade and the other Charles Granade. My friend was a high school senior. Years later when I became a Granade I learned that "Joe Baby" made a fortune in timber. I never saw him again, thinking what a silly name plus a terrible last name. My friend hit it off, and dated him several years.

My time at Judson meant a great deal to me, and for years I attended the alumna meetings in Montgomery.

All my friends had gone to a co-ed college, and I felt I was missing out on something. I had a boy friend, but he was in Montgomery. I decided to go to Howard College in Birmingham with a couple of friends who were having a great time. The big joke about Howard: "That is where you can find a preacher husband." My reply: "That is the last thing I'm looking for." I already had a couple of boy friends so I wasn't looking.

I went to Howard, joined Phi Mu sorority and enjoyed everything about it. I made some special friends. When I first went I dated a couple of boys. They were fun, but simply not my type. I spent time in the library so my grades would be good. Sociology was my major so that took outside reading. A man was there a lot too, and we would walk to my dorm together. We enjoyed each other's company. But he had a church and was gone most week-ends. Once just for fun we walked all the way from East Lake to downtown, saw a movie, and rode the streetcar back. That was the longest date we had. [In their wedding book, she wrote of their meeting "We met at Howard College, Birmingham, AL, on September 20, 1940. However, it was not until September 30 that we found conversation. We walked from the "Lib" top the "Student Act" building and in the course of a very usual conversation a date was made for October 4th for the ministerial party. It was fun and we became better acquainted. As I glance over my diary I find that from that day on Sam appeared on each page that I wrote. We would take in the afternoon out by East Lake, up the mountain and to the "beacon." and pass the airport, or just walk. One day we walked to town which was about eight miles. Many afternoons or evenings we stayed at the "Lib" and studied together. Then he would walk to the "dorm" with me. As time went on we became more than just friends. On December 19th he asked me to marry him. (The answer???) During our year together at Howard we had some wonderful times, which will always remain precious memories between us."]

Things developed rapidly. At the end of three months he proposed. It was just before the Christmas holidays. In the proposal he added "We can't get married for three years because I'm going to Seminary to get a doctorate." That was the beginning of our life of threes. We dated three months and would marry in three years.

Pearl Harbor occurred December 7, 1941, and the world changed. Sam had spent the summer working with the Alabama Baptist Board of Missions, going all over the state. We made connections as much as possible. He returned to his previous plan and went to Seminary though he felt that he must go into the service as a chaplain. He was turned down at first because of a lack of pastorate training. Soon he received a message to report to Chaplains School at Harvard. The next message I received he was being sent to the New York Port of Embarkation. All of this time I worked, waiting for the mail and wondering "what next?"

Working Days

After graduating from Howard in 1941, I knew I must get a job. Sam said, from the beginning, that he wanted to finish school and get a job. He wanted to be able to provide for me, and not put hardships on me as he had seen many preachers do.

Delchamps Grocery Stores were moving into Montgomery. I applied as a bookkeeper at the one on Madison Avenue. Through a friend I was told that Mr. Delchamps taught his employees in the office how he wanted it done. I got the job and worked there until I went to live with Sam at Ft. Bragg in 1944.

I enjoyed the work and learned so many things since all I had ever done was keep our check book balanced. Because of my interest in it, I did well. Much of what I learned has served me well through the years. After our marriage, with Sam in the service, I could keep up with our business.

During my time at Delchamps, Sam went into the service, we got married, I went to New York twice, and learned about the business world all at one period of my life. As bookkeeper, I was the only female working there (in the store). When war broke out, many of the boys and men went into service, so females were checkers and worked in the back. The war changed the total complexion. It was a different world already.

Wedding

Sam and I met at Howard College in September, 1940. In December, under the steps in Smith Hall, he proposed, knowing that he had three years at the seminary following our graduation in May. World War II changed our lives. Sam felt led to volunteer as a chaplain, was sent to Chaplain's school at Harvard, then to New York. From there, he sent me a Tiffany's engagement ring before shipping out in December. No message, just a lovely ring, that came during the Christmas holidays. We had no other communications at the time. [In her wedding book, she wrote "

On Wednesday night, January 12, Sam called from New York saying "If I can get a leave on Friday, let's get married next Monday night. I'll call and let you know." He would know Friday. So I went, picked out a formal wedding dress with these words: "I may get married Monday night. Hold the dress for me." I made plans at church and called family. He called Friday night. He could get leave. Mother and I made all the plans for our wedding and reception. I went back Saturday to have the dress fitted. The seamstress didn't work on Saturday. I said in desperation, "I'll pay her double! I have to have the dress today!" She got it fixed. Then the call Saturday night came saying "Please come to Birmingham and meet me." I went to Birmingham to meet him, but the train was late, so we missed the rehearsal time. Monday morning Daddy went to get loaves of bread to make sandwiches for the reception. First day bread was not sliced, and we had seventeen loaves.

Sam went down to get me a wedding ring Monday. Because of Chauncey Sparks' inaugural parade, he couldn't get across Dexter Avenue to the jewelry store. He finally did make it and back, but he was late for our five o'clock rehearsal for our eight o'clock wedding January 18, 1943. It all went well except we had a terrible thunderstorm during the wedding. We missed Charles [Granade], who had come to perform the ceremony, at the reception at my house. Someone went back to the church, and he was standing in the dark in a side door. He had been forgotten and left. We hadn't had time to plan where to spend our wedding night. Tiny and Mildred [Granade] had stayed at the Jeff Davis Hotel to attend the activities of the inauguration. They went back to Greenville so we could have their room. Close call with wedding night plans. We borrowed Daddy's car to get to the hotel. Jimmy [Ray], Rufus [Ray], and Charlie [Lynn] put a dead fish in the car; oh the smell!

Sam had ten days so we took the bus down to Leroy. We stopped in Selma for lunch and as Sam took off his hat, a grain of rice fell out on the table. We had a second round of congratulations.

I went back to New York for a week before he left.

As I reminisce about all that took place between Wednesday after the first call, and the church wedding on Monday night. I went down, picked out a wedding dress saying "I'll be back Saturday morning if I'm getting married on Monday." When I went Saturday to get it the alteration lady didn't work on Saturday. The dress was very much too long. She came anyway and fixed it on her day off.

I went to Birmingham to meet Sam. I was gone all day and missed the church rehearsal.

Monday morning I got ready for the reception. First day no sliced bread because of the war. We had fifteen loaves of bread to slice for sandwiches.

All went well and the marriage lasted sixty-five years.

An Army Wife

Sam felt he must volunteer to serve his country after Pearl Harbor. He went to Chaplain School at Harvard, then was sent to New York Port of Embarkation and placed on a ship. He had a ten-day leave and instead of the three years before we could marry, I would have four days to get ready. We had never made any plans for a wedding. We had assumed we had three years to talk about it.

It was my introduction to the uncertainty of a set lifestyle. On Wednesday night he called from New York: "If I can get a leave let's get married Monday night. I'll know Friday and will call." His second request came on Friday when he called: "Meet me in Birmingham on Sunday." We did marry on Monday night, January 18, 1943.

My second introduction came in March. He called to say "We are back for a short time; please come to see me." The overnight train ride left me exhausted. I arrived at Grand Central Station at five AM. No Sam. I waited, walking all around that tremendous station. I went in the lady's lounge and rested a few minutes. What would I do? Catch a train back to Montgomery. As I walked out of the lounge, Sam was walking up and down. The train was much earlier than he expected, so we were united.

He went to the ship every day, but had nights off. I explored around the city during the day. The second night we went to see the Rockettes at Radio City Music Hall. I felt terrible. The hotel nurse said "You have the measles." I decided that would not ruin my trip. I adventured down Fifth Avenue and enjoyed the glamour of it all. We went that night to see "Arsenic and Old Lace." Fabulous.

Sam was on transport ship, I was in Montgomery. After eight months, he was assigned to Ft. Bragg, NC. I rode the bus to Fayetteville, NC to an apartment comprised of a bedroom, bath, and kitchen. He was gone all day. I roamed the streets and found a very old and interesting cemetery. Sam was exhausted all the time. He came in one day, saying that he had become a paratrooper, which was safer than gliders, and would be going to jump school at Ft. Benning, GA. I would drive to Montgomery, staying there until he finished jump school. Wanita Moses would drive with me. Mrs. Long asked me to take her three children with me to their grandparents in Montgomery. It was quite a trip trying to pass the convoy of trucks, weaving in and out. We spent the night in Georgia. Wanita and I felt so responsible for the children. We pushed a chest against the door to be safer. At thirty-five miles-per-hour, it took us two days. I was greatly relieved to deposit the children! Wanita stayed a few days with Mother, then went back to Illinois for the time the men would be at Benning.

After jump school graduation, we were back on the road to Ft. Bragg. The Longs found a lovely big house in Southern Pines, NC. We couldn't find a place to live, and moved into a room with a bath with the Longs, eating with them and doing our laundry there. Colonel Long was in command at home as well as at work. Mrs. Long taught me how to iron uniforms. I have good memories of our time with them. The men were gone all the long days. My most vivid memory there was June 6, 1944. We were hanging out clothes, some one came to tell us that England had invaded France. D-Day.

We found a little furnished house and moved soon after D-Day.

We went home for Christmas, sharing the news that we would have a baby in April. Our understanding that their chance of going overseas was slim was our reason to get a house. Upon our return, we learned that they would ship out in January. Daddy came up on the bus to drive me to Montgomery. I have a clear picture in my mind. We went to the chapel, Sam preached, I went in the back room (crying), came back to the front of the chapel, Sam and I said our goodbyes. Daddy and I drove off. Neither of us talked the whole two days it took. We spent the night in Milledgeville, GA, arriving in Montgomery at supertime, January 15, 1945. I had to change my attitude about 8:30 that night. Jimmy called saying he and Teresa just got married and he would not be home that night. I shared the dilemma Mother and Daddy were in.

Sam went to the European theater, returning in August. I heard from him very seldom during those months. But I got along fine, and Ray arrived April 4 rather than March 21st.

When Sam returned, they were sent back to Bragg. The three of us drove up to Southern Pines with no place to live. While Sam looked, we stayed with the Henrys. Colonel Henry and Carol were very good friends. Furnished places were hard to find around military bases. We moved into the worst place we ever lived in, but we were glad to have it. I was careful about Ray's clothes and baby food. I washed diapers in the tub with Sam's help. Those days in that house were a nightmare. Ray had his first birthday there. I took him to the doctor with an angry place on his back. The doctor said "The main thing he needs is sunshine." Every day I sat with him in my lap on the back stoop—the only place we could get in the sun.

The commander begged Sam to stay in, receive Colonel status, and be head chaplain in the Division. Sam told him that God had called him to preach. He was discharged July 4, 1946.

I have often thought that those years were so hard on Sam. He often said "I never got used to jumping out of the plane into nothing." He was so committed to it that he performed a great ministry to so many men. God called and he followed the call. He was the only man in his class at the seminary who felt the call, or at least left to go.

There are several things that stand out in my mind about those years. I was ready always to do what I had to do. Perhaps the greatest plus about it was that we met and were with so many different kinds of people from all over the country. Paratroopers were a class unto themselves and had interesting wives. On occasion we got together in groups, and with the men at times. Being from all over the country through them I had another slice of education. Since all were officers, there was always a touch of class. We kept in touch with some for years. Colonel Henry and family came to see us in Evergreen on their way back from Japan.

Our dearest friends were Dave and Wanita Moses. I am still in touch with her. We took long walks in Southern Pines because the woods were so beautiful. We planned to see each other at least every five years. We stuck to that for years, we going to Decatur twice, they coming to Evergreen twice and then Montgomery. Wanita enjoyed Andrew and Joy so much when they were in Illinois.

The months with Ray in Southern Pines were not good because of the house. Ray began crawling there and the floor were terrible. The refrigerator didn't have a door at the lower part where the motor was located. He soon learned where he could crawl in the kitchen. There was no yard to get him out, only on the street because there were no sidewalks.

Southern Pines was a charming place to live. Very quaint. Beautiful very large homes owned by "northerners" who spent part of the year there to play golf at Pinehurst, one of the most famous golf courses in the US. Except for the last house, I really enjoyed our time there. Both times offered something different.

Army days during wartime, I know, are very different. My one strong feeling about those days is: I grew up in many ways. The difficult days taught me I could handle most things, and take it in stride. The Lord blessed us all the way through, and Sam came home safely. We both changed greatly during that time. Each of us decided that whatever lay ahead for us, we would be able to manage it—and we did.

Ray's Birth

One of the most joyous days that Sam and I experienced was the day we learned we were to have a baby. It did not seem that he would be going overseas before the arrival date, March 21, 1945. However, upon arriving home after Christmas holidays in Alabama, we learned that they would leave January 18th, our second wedding anniversary.

Daddy came up, drove me to Montgomery from Southern Pines, NC, spending the night in Georgia. Neither of us had a real conversation all the way, and at thirty-five miles per hour, it was a long trip.

I used a doctor in town, knowing that the birth would be at Maxwell Field. Everything went well. March 21st came and went. On April 3rd, I was taking my daily morning walk but didn't feel well. All day I kept in touch with my doctor about my pains. At 10 PM, Mother and Daddy took me to the hospital and put me out. They couldn't stay. A sweet nurse took me to a small room, telling me to undress and that she would be back. There was a bed, chair, small table, and a little light. She returned, saying that she would check on me regularly, and if I needed her to call out. My only vivid memory of the whole night was a dimly lit room, pains, and the nurse periodically coming in, checking, and saying "press down hard." I did this until about 5 AM, when she stayed a little longer. A little before 6 I called out. She said "Oh my! The baby is coming. Hold your legs together. I'll get the doctor." Then when I got in the delivery room at 6 AM the doctor said "The baby is coming!" and I don't remember any more. I was put in a ward with five others who had had babies. It was like a production line.

That baby was Ray, who has brought us joy and happiness until this day.

Mother sent Sam a Red Cross message [telegram] which he never received. He learned of Ray's birth on a ball field when a man gave him the announcement that had been cut out of the *Montgomery Advertiser* and sent to him by his mother. That mother sent me a little bracelet with Samuel on it. What a treasure! I still have that bracelet to pass on to Ray.

During those days, I seldom heard from Sam because he was going to the four bases where the 42nd Airborne was located, and holding services. I felt so alone and often prayed that Sam would get home to see Ray. Before he left he said "A girl would be easier to raise if something happens to me."

Seminary Days September 1946—May 1948

Sam was discharged from the Army July 4, 1946. He stayed the course of going back to seminary though he knew it would be very difficult. And it was!

We went to Montgomery, he applied, was accepted. No room in Judson Hall, the apartment house for married students. He went on with Ray and me to come after Christmas when there would be room.

Driving up to Louisville we hit a snow storm in Tennessee. People were opening their homes to strangers caught there. The three of us slept together in a double bed. We never passed through Galatin without remembering that terrible night.

The apartment was very, very small. We heard that the architect's wife drew up the plans and didn't allow room for the walls so not enough space. In the bedroom was our bed jam against the three sides of the wall. Ray's bed and very small chest. Kitchen stove and refrigerator on one wall, sink in corner. Living-eating area, small table, four chairs, sofa. Tiny bathroom. We were jammed in!

We only had Ray's bed. We went to a second-hand store and purchased the furniture. It all ended up at Daddy's lake house when we left the seminary. The best purchase we made for Ray was a set of *The Book House*, or Book House Books. Charming stories and great illustrations. Ray enjoyed them so, and I found great pleasure reading to him. Ray went to the seminary too.

The days were very hard for Sam so he studied at the library or at a friend's apartment. Ray was 1½. He enjoyed the snow, ran up and down little hills in front of the building. He went to nursery school in the mornings and enjoyed the children. I took a class in Old Testament by the best professor there in a room full of men with five ladies. We were auditing it so weren't called on. I also took a class on Missions at the Training School which was most interesting. I couldn't work in New Testament, which I really regretted.

There were sessions for wives at times which were very helpful in being a successful preacher's helpmate. I always remembered Dr. Bailey's remark: "A preacher's success as a minister depends a lot on his wife." He then set forth many right and wrong ways this is done.

On Saturday afternoons, we would go down to The Boar for supper. On Sundays we went to the park and Ray loved to run around. He always ran.

When Sam went back, he said if it worked out, and we were happy, he would stay three years and get his doctorate. I agreed. The war had taken its toll. He got so tired and more nervous. At the end of two years we were all ready to leave. The cold, damp climate was bad for Ray. When we left we went straight to Grayton and Mrs. Lee's place for a time, and he cleared up. Didn't like the sand so never took his shoes off.

Marrying a Preacher

Perhaps the most frequent question I have been asked during my sixty-five years as a preacher's wife is "Did you plan, and have your heart set, on marrying a preacher?" I had never thought about it at all. I grew up in the church, observed pastor's wives in a casual way, but never thought about it one way or another.

Strangely, I went to Judson College, and then to Howard College, because friends were having a great time at Howard so I transferred. The farthest thing from my mind was marrying a preacher. I dated several boys when I first got to Howard, joined Phi Mu sorority, and was having a great time. Sam and I were in the library at the same time on several occasions. Once, walking me to the dorm, he asked me for a date. That was the beginning. He had a church in North Alabama so our dates were during the week.

We went to functions by the ministerial group and the church groups. Since I belonged to Phi Mu, we had a dance and invited boys. That was my first decision to make if I was serious about Sam. I paid for our tickets, but we didn't go. That was the beginning of a changed life style. I had danced in high school and at Judson (with girls), but those days were over. I enjoyed dancing and was very good.

We dated steadily from early October until December—a short courtship. Just before Christmas holidays, Sam asked me to marry him. Our love had developed as we realized we thought alike on all important matters. Looking back, the strangest part of our romance were our plans for marriage after his three years at the seminary and then seeing wherever the Lord would lead. I never one time thought about what it would be like being a preacher's wife, how I would fit, could I be and do all I would be expected to do. I was in love with Sam, and that was all there was to it. It seemed as normal as any decision to make in life.

We were in the Smith Hall parlors (girl's dorm). There were stairs leading to the second floor with a large sitting area under the stairs. It was there he proposed. I will never forget his words: "I love you with all my heart, I want us to share our lives together." After a few more things he said "My calling, and my loyalty will always be to the Lord first." I accepted it then and on until the Lord came for him. He added to that "We'll never have money."

We graduated together in May, 1941, looking forward to marriage after his three years at the seminary.

Much has been said and written about the marriage has a better chance of being a long, happy one if each has a very similar background. No two people could have had such totally different backgrounds. His was farm life and mine was "city slicker." I visited his home before marriage, staying with his brother and sister-in-law. They were such sweet, gracious people, but I later learned that they were very nervous about my coming. All the three older boys had married girls from the country or small towns. I was "different."

Through the years as I recall my early years in the family, I was truly a misfit. I couldn't talk about something I knew nothing about. They were uneasy when I was there. We spent several days at Christmas because all the men hunted. I was a part always, but for several years felt I didn't fit. Irby

Little, who married Sam's sister, did much to help me fit in, perhaps because he had been the first outsider to come into the family and understood what that was like.

Time passed, and I finally passed the test in my own lifestyle and mind at least. They really became my family. I seemed to have a special place with them too.

There were fourteen children in Ray's generation: ten girls and four boys. I would give the girls my heels when they got a little shabby. I wore a 4½, so the shoes weren't much too big for them. I won their hearts, and am still close to them. Nothing in the world is so important to make young girls feel "grown up" like high heels. All the cousins get together yearly, and invite us. We had them twice to our home. The cousins were our standby during Sam's long illness.

I never really lost my "city slicker" ways and interests, but I am a farm person in spirit, loving the symbols that bespeak of that lifestyle. I am a Granade in name and spirit. They took me in, and converted me to enjoy a different lifestyle. When we reach out, the blessings are always there, even in a haystack.

Evergreen, June 1948—June 1973

Life is a circle, and out of that circle, like a pie, wedges are sliced out and in them we find joy, growth, and adventure, and develop friendships. One wedge I will call Evergreen. It was a new opened door. I had been a preacher's wife for five years, but had not been in a church in that capacity.

Mr. R.G. Bozeman came to Southern Seminary looking for a pastor. He interviewed several men, Sam being one of them. He invited us to come to Evergreen for a trial sermon. We rode the train to Montgomery. Mother kept Ray (two years old) and we rode the bus to Evergreen for the weekend. We didn't own a car.

Evergreen was gracious, the church was beautiful, but I thought small. The pastorium was large, old, and I thought in need of much work. Sam met with the committee and preached on Sunday. We went back to Louisville, and felt that if the Lord called Sam through the church vote, we would go. And we did on June 1, 1948.

Our furniture consisted of a baby bed. I went to Bishop-Parker in Montgomery and bought only what we needed. We used it through our sixty-five years together, and passed it on. We added pieces through the years. Our philosophy always was to buy the best of what you want, and pay cash for it. I never bought anything planning to replace it.

In those twenty-five years in Evergreen, I had several goals. My first and most important was to give Ray a happy, normal life. We enjoyed him. Each step of the way, I was involved in his activities, being a Den Mother for Cub Scouts, working with him on his Scout projects, and active in PTA, attending his games in sports. Sam and I discussed at length our approach to the fact that his father was a preacher. We never told him he couldn't do something or go some place (like the senior prom) because it would reflect on Sam's position. We tried to act, where he was concerned, as if we were like every other family. Sam's statement was always "I don't want Ray to carry a burden because of my calling."

We wanted to give him experiences in life rather than things. We never had much money, so we always had to do what was most important in spending it. Sam had a month's vacation, so each summer we went traveling over the USA covering every state except Nevada. We went to Mexico one summer. The year Ray was twenty, he and I camped all over Europe with Jimmy's family. Sam and I felt that this was what we could do the help prepare Ray for whatever the Lord would call him to do.

The church was always an important part of Ray's life. He was faithful to his responsibilities in the church and developed a deep and abiding relationship with the Lord which was mine and Sam's constant prayer as we saw Ray develop into manhood.

I had a most difficult time in the role of pastor's wife. I learned early on that their expectations of me were hard and confusing. Sam never pushed me, and wanted me always to do only what I really felt

led to do. I knew I never wanted to be WMU Director (and I wasn't). I always taught Sunday School and worked in the Junior Department in Training Union.

I was always active in State WMU, serving for four years as District President (five counties) which allowed me to be on the State WMU Board. Then I was Secretary for the State WMU Board for four years.

I was director of Acteens, and found great joy and fulfillment in working with teenage girls.

While at the seminary, I attended classes led by Dr. Brinkley on the part of a pastor's wife in the church. Remembering the words he stressed, I tried to fulfill my role to the best as I developed through those years. One thing stuck in my mind: "The true success of a preacher/pastor depends to a large part on his wife." I never forgot that.

I was never part of a clique among the membership, always trying to be the same to everyone. We developed special friends as was natural over so many years. They were those with whom we had a lot in common, with similar backgrounds, and enjoyed. Many remain friends until this day.

An interesting thing about the church was the fact that it was composed of all strata of society. It was never an issue in the church, and the people worked together in every church undertaking. Looking back, that was one of Sam's strengths as pastor.

My real outlet was "The Study Club." From the beginning, I enjoyed the ladies; the programs were always stimulating. The main project was the library. It began in the early days by a couple of ladies taking books in their cars to interested people. An old closed filling station became the first library. I did many things on this project, and enjoyed every minute of it, serving several times as chairman of the Library Board. Going before the City Council to ask for funds was my most distasteful job.

Recreation was very limited, and having always lived in a city, I found getting acclimated very difficult. The men all went to Rotary on Thursday, so four of us women met weekly, lunching together. Together we studied art interpretation by a set of books we ordered. Each Christmas we listened to "Messiah" and talked about it. During those years we discussed many cultural things. It became a time that meant much because we bonded in every way, sharing our lives in unique ways. In later years I have told Connie Nielsen, I would never have made it in those days without her, Jean Price, and Prather Nielsen. I did not have to be "the preacher's wife" with them since they didn't go to our church.

When I think of Evergreen, and spending twenty-four years there, I am flooded with faces of interesting characters, sharing Sam's ministry in every way I could, experiencing Ray becoming such a fine young man, and in a large measure defining how I became an acceptable preacher's wife and a minister myself. The road was difficult because in a small town everybody knows everybody's business. I was always aware that I was being watched.

One of my greatest blessings to come out of our time in Evergreen was establishing a friendship with the Presbyterian minister's wife, Virginia Gailey. She came as a bride from Atlanta. The church was small, few members, and she was very unhappy. She was an artist, and had planned the displays at Rich's in Atlanta. She flew back often to that job. She and I became instant friends. Our interests, ideas about the church, and life in general, were much the same. After a couple of years they moved to Mobile, then back to Atlanta. We visited during those years, and kept in close touch. Though separated by miles during about fifty years, we remained the closest of friends. When she became ill in Arizona at a Presbyterian camp she called from the hospital leaving the message "I am very ill." She was flown to Atlanta and died in three weeks. Landen, her daughter, said that Virginia said that she had to tell me. I lost the closest friend I ever had in 2007. She sent me a book once, and wrote on the fly page "You are my soul friend." I felt the same.

Sam often said in our final three years together "I am glad the Lord called me to Evergreen. I feel at peace about my ministry there. He blessed me."

Conferences with Minister's Wives

In about 1976, I was asked by Mary Essie Stephens, Executive Director of Alabama WMU, to lead a conference for ministers' wives in conjunction with a conference for new pastors in Alabama. It was a great experience and challenge which I did once a year until about 1992.

Many were coming to their first church from the seminary. I remembered my own uncertainty about everything, so was guided by these feelings in my planning.

The principle concepts were you can't be everything to everybody; find your place of service through prayer and discussion with your husband; never step out in front of your husband in leadership roles; and never, ever be a part of a clique in the church. Be yourself; God created you. The nominating committee will want you to take certain responsibilities; hold to your calling. Keep your family's business to yourself, never neglecting your family, and always be a springboard for your husband's thinking. Correct when necessary. Always look well-groomed. Keep your house neat and clean because you never know who will stop by unannounced, and discipline your children well, but never, never say "you can't do that because your Daddy is a preacher." That puts a burden on them because of their daddy's calling. One experience stands out during those days. One young lady was in a dilemma. Her hair was a great source of trouble to her. Its being thin and unruly, she frosted it to get body. An elderly lady told her that they didn't approve of their pastor's wife dying her hair. We had quite a discussion in the conference, took a vote, and all agreed that she should frost her hair and feel good about herself.

Some time after that, Mary Essie couldn't go to Shocco Springs for a pastor's conference and asked if I would go and present the WMU part. After one of the sessions, a nice-looking pastor came over to me saying "Are you the Mrs. Granade what told my wife she could frost her hair?" In awe I said "Yes sir, I am afraid I did." He said "Thank you! You solved her dilemma, but even more, you saved our marriage!" He continued to thank me as he left.

I received many notes from the wives, and in looking back I feel that might have been one of my most rewarding ministries.

Through those years, I reminded myself of a conference I attended at Southern Seminary when the speaker said "Wives, you can be the greatest asset or the greatest liability for a minister. His success as a pastor depends largely on his wife."

During those years, the societal changes were reflected in the ladies and attendance. In the '70s and early '80s, attendance was good and wives had the same concepts of their responsibility as those in previous years. With the advent of children attending private schools, wives went to work and their priorities changed. The late '80s and '90s were a different picture.

The gypsy in me was fulfilled in many ways during my life, and perhaps some of the best times were our summer trips covering our own country with Ray, Mother, and Daddy.

The first trip when Ray was ten began at Glorietta, New Mexico with a conference. We experienced the Grand Canyon, Painted Desert, Carlsbad Cavern, and the beautiful Southwest.

My Interest in Missions

At age fourteen, I joined the GAs, which was really a study in missions through stories, activities, and learning to memorize certain Scripture for "Forward Steps." My second step was YWA. Again, missions were the keys of interest. I went to Ridgecrest, NC Retreat and heard many missionary speakers. When we went to Evergreen I was strong in all the WMU auxiliaries. My previous experiences prepared me well as a pastor's wife. I became District President for the six counties in our area (1954-5, 1961-2, 1969-72). That put me on the State Board of Missions, for which I was Assistant Recording Secretary (1954-5) and Recording Secretary (1974-9) and for which I served on the Personnel Committee (1956) and Executive Committee (1980-3), and chaired the Nominating Committee (1970, 1982), Program Committee (1975), Day of Prayer Committee (1979), and Finance Committee (1976-7). Through that door many

new doors were open to me. When we moved to Montgomery when Sam was asked to establish the office of Church-Minister Relations, more new doors opened for me.

In Retrospect

As I go back over my life, several things stand out. The church was always the center of my life. I was part gypsy for the love to travel and was blessed by seeing our country, Mexico, China, Japan, Russia, Israel, Lebanon, Europe, and the British Isles. The world is so full of so many interesting things, and I am so grateful for my opportunities. Sam and I had an unwritten code. He hunted and fished for relaxation. I was glad he had that because of the pressures of being a pastor. He encouraged my travels because it meant so much to me. My strong statement in going to Howard, "A preacher is the last thing I am looking for." The Lord was preparing me, choosing Elocution rather than Dance, interest in missions, natural interest in people, and the church always important to me.

Sam's Homegoing

Life is a circle—a beginning and an end. The closing of the circle for Sam came at nine in the morning on January 19, 2008 at John Knox Nursing Home here in Montgomery. It was the day following our 65th Wedding Anniversary. He went as his last days had been lived. He was at peace, knew he had lived the life God had called him to, been blessed, and had been a blessing to many, many people.

On Tuesday the 16th we were saying our goodbyes, but we didn't know it. We talked of all the blessings that had been ours as we had walked together through 65 years. We recalled some precious, good, meaningful times. Then we agreed that the greatest thing of all was that we would walk through eternity together. As he had so often recently said, "we have so many good friends." As he said, sometimes, as I leaned over to kiss him, "give me three." We had a little visit Thursday, but he was short of breath. I went back at eight that evening, but he was not aware of anything. Mr. Tom Randall and I were on our way over the next morning when by cell phone we learned "he is gone." When I walked into his room his look was so peaceful and I knew that he was with our Lord. He was at home in his mansion prepared for him by his Heavenly Father, and one day we would be reunited to walk together through eternity, as we had said.

God gave us a great unexpected blessing about three weeks before his homegoing. Sam had sitters around the clock. One in particular was kind, gentle, and interested as we had our prayer together before I left. I visited him Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons from about one till four. Cynthia came on at three, staying until 10 PM. She was 33 and had two little boys eight and ten, kept by her mother. Her husband was a truck driver, and gone much of the time.

On January 1, 2008, being a Tuesday, I was there and Cynthia came to work. After thanking me for the presents I had given her boys, she said "Last night at 12 o'clock I had my boys, my husband, and myself—we all knelt down and I prayed that we would have a marriage like you and your husband and pray together like you do every day."

A great problem Sam and I had since leaving our home was our inability to serve the Lord. Sam often spoke of missing preaching. After Cynthia's declaration, we said that perhaps we had served the Lord more than we even realized. That was nineteen days before the Lord came for Sam. I thought many times after that: Sam served his Master until the Lord was ready for him. I pray I will be given that same blessing.

The Last Day (Sam's)

Sam's memorial service went as if he had planned it. He often said "I don't want a long obituary for I am writing it as I live." The words spoken by Rev. Tom Randall gave insight to him as a preacher and pastor. He recounted Sam's days at Wesley Gardens and John Knox as he expressed his beliefs and love for God through his prayers. Sam took every chance available to pray, expressing that which was so much a part of his life.

Rev. Kenny Hoomes told of remembering hearing Sam preach when he was a little boy. He remembered one story in which Sam had said "I walked across the Mississippi River on a foot log." When Kenny finished the seminary, Sam interviewed him about coming back to Alabama looking for a church. At this time Sam was Director of Church-Minister Relations with the Alabama Baptist State Board of Missions. He had established this office and was director for ten years until he retired.

After Kenny came to First Baptist, I found a post card, sent to us years before, from the headwaters of the Mississippi in Wisconsin with a foot log across it. I sent it to Kenny as proof of Sam's sermon.

Dr. Dale Huff, after telling of the span of his ministry, closed with a statement Sam always used: "Sam is more alive today than he has ever been."

I will always be at peace about this service because Sam would have been too.

His only request had been "I want 'Beulah Land' sung at my funeral." It was done beautifully by Eileen Wright. I too have made the same request.

Another part of that last day was a strange action on my part. I did not plan it, don't know how I did, and was surprised when I did it.

We gathered at the funeral home before the burial. Only the family was present, which meant about thirty-three Granades; none of my family could come. As I stood by the casket, looking at his peaceful face, it was as if he told me to tell his family that he was proud of his heritage, appreciated the wonderful 80th birthday party they gave him, and thanked them for coming and being a part of the service. I said "I didn't know I was going to do this. Ray, lead in prayer." I had completely left the three preachers out. We got in cars and went to the cemetery with nephews being the pall bearers. I'm sure none of the preachers were ever ignored at a funeral as they had been as Sam's.

Epilogue

Rubilaw Ray Granade died in John Knox Nursing Home in Montgomery early Christmas Eve morning, 2014. The nurses reported finding her, still warm, at 5 AM, lying on her side as if in sleep with a slight smile upon her face. For about two weeks she had been telling her sitters that the Lord was coming for her, and that He was bringing Sam with Him. I was fortunate to have called her the night before, found her in good spirits, and enjoyed a warm, lucid conversation—as good as any we'd had since she moved to assisted living right after Thanksgiving, 2005. We had her memorial service, as we did Daddy's, at First Baptist Church, Montgomery—where she and Daddy married January 18, 1943—January 2, 2015.

Samuel Ray Granade

Arkadelphia, AR

7/23/2015

Obituary from the *Montgomery Advertiser*, 12/31/2014:

Granade, Rubilaw Ray, age 95, died December 24, 2014, at John Knox Nursing Home, Montgomery, AL. A memorial service will be held at First Baptist Church Stakley Chapel on Friday, January 2 at 1:00 p.m. with Dr. Dale Huff, Reverend Kenny Hoomes and Reverend Tom Randall officiating. Visitation for family and friends, in Stakley Parlor, will follow the memorial service.

Pre-deceased by her husband of 65 years, Dr. Sam Granade, she is survived by one son, Dr. Samuel Ray Granade (Deranda) of Arkadelphia, AR; two grandsons, Dr. Stephen Riley Granade of Madison, AL

(Misty) and Dr. Samuel Andrew Granade II (Joy) of Overland Park, KS; and four great grandchildren, Eli, Liza, Sam, and Noah.

Mrs. Granade was graduated from Howard College (Samford University), Birmingham, AL and attended Judson College, Marion, AL and The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, KY. This bohemian soul enshrouded in the body of a Baptist pastor's wife thought of herself as part gypsy, for she loved travel and its introduction to exotic places and people. An indifferent cook and housekeeper, she loved all of the arts but especially music, theatre, literature, and painting. While the arts and the tenets of her faith fed her soul, her passions were supporting her husband's ministry to his parishioners (whether or not those in need belonged to whatever church he pastored), supporting Baptist missions worldwide, and supporting religious and secular education.

Her desire to be useful and her vision and organizational ability brought her to leadership in the Evergreen Study Club's drive to establish a public library there, to local and state Woman's Missionary Union, to over two decades of conferences for pastor's wives at Shocco Springs Conference Center, and to more than two decades teaching Sunday School at Montgomery First Baptist Church.

Her gifts of hospitality and of boundless optimism and her understanding that information about others' lives, plentiful and readily available to a pastor's wife, were calls to prayer and action rather than salacious tidbits to serve as currency in the social marketplace, powered the life of a consummate pastor's wife of her generation. Her ability to live life graciously and to put a wide range of people she encountered at their ease paved the way for her and her husband's effective service in the Lord's work.

In lieu of flowers, memorials can be made to The Sam and Rubilaw Granade Memorial Scholarship Fund of The Baptist Foundation of AL, P. O. Box 241227, Montgomery, AL 36124 or the cause of Baptist missions.