

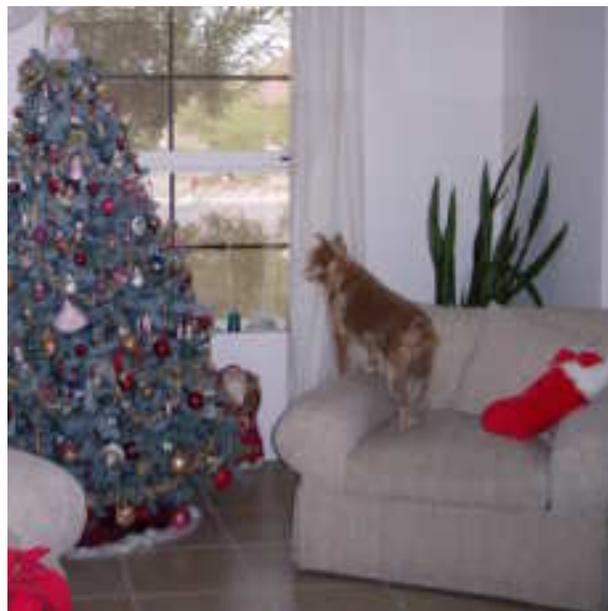
During this Holiday season, the radio and cd player only play my favorites: Christmas Music - from “Frosty the Snowman”, to “White Christmas”, to “We Three Kings”... and the memories come flooding back...

## SEEMS AS THOUGH MY LIFE HAS BEEN A SONG

*Just some snippets of a few of my memories I'd like to share, of long ago...*

I sing a lot...no, no, not in front of anyone - I'm typical I think... I sing in the shower - I sing in the car - I basically sing when no one (other than Dick) is around. Thank goodness, Dick is very tolerant! (And I think he has a fabulous voice, the few times I can get him to join along!)

My Uncle Paul was in W.W. II. He and Aunt Alice had two children - right around my sister's and my age, so we, (my sister Bonnie and I) were closest to those two cousins. I knew there was a war - I remember at two years of age, the day the U.S. joined in - and I knew that the war was major - but, I mainly remember the songs - “There'll Be Blue Birds Over the White cliffs of Dover”. I remember singing that when I was probably 3 or 4.



*Griffon watching for Santa*

I can remember singing with my older sister, Bonnie, when we washed and dried the dishes together years ago. “Rock of Ages”, helped the time pass doing chores we weren't fond of doing. We sang “Blue Bird on My Shoulder” from Uncle Remus - we sang church songs - we sang “Jingle Bells” - we sang every song we heard.



*Barbie, Jerry and RoseMary on Grandpa's horse*

We often visited my maternal grandparents “out in the country”... and down the lane. On one visit, my cousins and I discovered an ancient “Victrola” in my Grandpa Huntsman's barn. It actually worked after a few cranks and the dusty records stacked there sounded just great - we thought. Mostly country western songs - neat - Gene Autry and Roy Rodgers among some others.



Some where in my memory is the fact that my sister and I actually made a record - seems like we were in a **big** town - maybe Columbus, Ohio - maybe it was at a fair...and there was a small building you went into, put coins into a slot, and you could perform and some how be recorded. Of course, we thought we'd be wonderful - however, after about 4 words of the song we picked to have immortalized, we forgot the words - darn. We had that record for years and years - just a lot of “You sing!”, “No! You sing!”. Wonder what ever happened to that?...

Do you remember the song, “Mares eat oats and does eat oats and little lambs eat ivy, a kid will eat ivy too, wouldn't you?” We always sang it as “marseydoats and doeseydoats and little lamsey divey, a kiddle de divey doo, wouldn't you?” Words and meaning were pretty unimportant at that age - just the rhythm and tune were good enough to enjoy.

When I was about seven years old, for some reason, my parents decided we were going to move to California - from Ohio.

We did the Route-40 trip across the country in a red Willys Jeep (all metal inside if I remember correctly, other than the seats which were a tan naugahyde), pulling a trailer - our living quarters for the trip. Across the country - no air conditioning of course, so Daddy bought big blocks of ice, put it right on the floor of the jeep and somehow we managed to drive across the desert.

Apparently, Mother and Daddy liked California when we got there, because we ended up living in San Diego for a while - until the Christmas season came. I guess they got homesick - because we moved back to Ohio - and there we stayed. Oh, the songs that goes with that memory? "Detour, there's a muddy road ahead, detour..." and of course, "California, Here We Come".



*Daddy working on the roof of our San Diego home about 1946. Notice our trailer parked in back - guess they were keeping a way back to Ohio, just in case.*

So, we moved back to Ohio. Daddy built a one-story, 2-bedroom cement-block home (Including a "John" down the path) for us out in the country, very near (walking distance) to where my Aunt Alice and Uncle Paul had built and lived with my two cousins, and just a couple of miles from Grandma and Grandpa Huntsman, where the Victrola was.

My Daddy, Bob Ogle, worked for the local Kroger grocery store when we moved back to Ohio. We luckily had a movie theater in town, that my sister and I loved to go to on weekends. In 1950, Disney created the wonderful movie "Cinderella" and we went to see it. Well, being a girly-girl, I fell in love with the beauty of the movie. I remember swinging under the trees at home, on our home-made swing, and since it was fall, the leaves swirled around as I swang back and forth - I felt as though I was Cinderella with the magic dust flying around and I sang Bibbity Bobbity Boo, at the top of my lungs, for hours on end.

Jump ahead years and years and that little girl grew up - and then, I met Dick, the wonderful man I've been married to for 49 years (that never ceases to amaze me - just the length of time - where have the years gone?) "Sunrise, Sunset..."

When we were dating, one night Dick took me to see Nat King Cole. The crooner sang "They try to tell Us We're Too Young" and it seemed as though he was directing it to us - but, we knew "Our Love Was Here to Stay", and, only 19 months after we were married, I was singing "Rock-a-bye Baby" to a beautiful, dark haired, healthy miniature of Dick.

Now, the time really starts to fly - "Chiao, Chiao Bambino" turned into "Here Comes Santa Clause", and then another beautiful little boy, this one tow-headed and the songs continue: "I Love You a Bushel and a Peck", "The Bear Went Over the Mountain", "Two and Two Are Four, Four and Four are Eight"....., "On Top of Spaghetti All Covered With Sauce"... and then the birth of another beautiful little boy, with dark curly hair... and the tunes continue... "I'm Hen-er-ry the Eighth I Am".

And the eldest is in high school, the middle is in junior high and the youngest is starting school, and we're singing "The Razor's Edge is Cold and It Stings" and "Someone Left the Cake Out In the Rain", (whatever those songs were about) and Johnny Cash songs, and "Here Comes Santa Clause", and "Two and Two are Four", and "On top of Spaghetti", and "The Bear Went Over the Mountain"...



And then, the Parks Family decides to follow the route of Grandpa and Grandma, just for a vacation. A rare three-week vacation - a once in a life time event! We decide to follow the route my Mother and Daddy had taken years ago, see the same sights - show our kids all the wonders of America - Mount Rushmore, the Corn Palace, the wheat fields, the Arch, the oil fields, the sand dunes, the Petrified Forest, Pikes Peak, Las Vegas, and the Golden Gate... and so we slide into "California Here We Come"... and "Detour", the second time around...

Then, somehow, we got through high school graduations, beginning college, college diplomas, new jobs, kids moving away, moving to Kentucky, learning of Blue Grass and cloggers, barbeque and burgoo, then moving on to Louisiana with their Zydeco and Cajun, and the fabulous food of that area. Then, on to discover the beauty of Mexico and Spanish music and the exciting Flamenco! "The Falling Leaves Drift by My Window..."

Now, in retirement, it seems as though we've come full circle. In our home oldie moldies play most of the day - the car plays our favorite oldie-moldies- Bing Crosby, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra, Gene Autry, Roy Rodgers - we sing to them all. When we visit the tow-head, who now lives in California - yep - we sing.

Right now, I'm listening to "Deck the Halls" on a cd :)

Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays to you all, and to all a good night.

Barbie



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