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Randolph Bulletin





In this months issue we explore the history of the Deep River Rail Trail.



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History of the Deep River Rail Trail



The Deep River Rail Trail has been a beautiful addition to the Eastern part of Randolph County. The trail makes its way through Randleman, Franklinville, and Ramseur. Following along the Deep River, where it gets part of its name. The "Rail" bit comes from its history as a rail bed.

It began in 1879 when the Fayetteville & Western Railroad and Mt. Airy & Ore Knob Railroad merged to become the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad. Its main line ran from Greensboro through Staley and Liberty, and then to Franklinville. Then in 1883, when it was "reorganized" as the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway. The Cape Fear and Yadkin Railway, opened to franklinville in 1890. This became known as the Factory Branch, which followed the Deep River to Franklinville and Ramseur where it terminated at a turntable. From there, the engines were "turned around" on a steam powered turntable to head back towards Greensboro.

The Ramseur Page on Facebook says:

"The Ramseur yard had room for 34 cars. A 1916 Southern Railways Shipping Guide lists 15 businesses that shipped goods out of Ramseur including the cotton mill, furniture factory, roller mill... and six businesses that shipped oak lumber. The cotton mill in Coleridge also shipped goods out of Ramseur."

By 1984 the railway found itself in the hands of Southern Railway. Due to the lack of use, they went to the state and the interstate commerce commission to abandon the route. By 1987 and trestles were removed.

Today the Rail Trail utilizes the rail bed and is part of 5 miles worth of trail along Deep River in Randolph County.

https://www.greensboro-nc.gov/departments/parks-recreation/trails-greenways/greenways/atlantic-yadkin-greenway

https://www.facebook.com/TheRamseurPage/photos/a.496796680377608/625663504157591

https://www.facebook.com/TheRamseurPage/photos/a.496796680377608/500850309972245/

 $https://franklinvillenc.org/about-franklinville/deep-river-rail-trail/\#: \sim: text = In\%201984\%20 Southern\%20 Railway\%2C\%20 then, trestles\%20 were\%20 removed\%20 in\%201987.$



Photo courtesy of the Ramseur Community Museum with restoration by John Fogarty.

The Broom Company

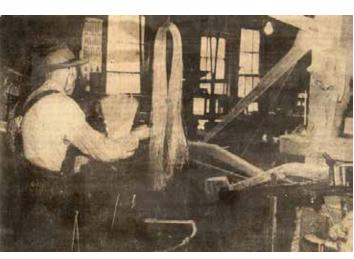
Don Wrenn wrote a story for The Courier Tribune in 1961 profiling Ramseur Broom Works. Yes, brooms, thousands of them were made in a factory down along the railroad. The plant was capable of making 2400 brooms a week that were sold to textile mills and the consumer market through grocery and chain stores.

The plant was started in 1885 by the Thomas family and managed for many years by Fred Thomas. Mr. Thomas was also Mayor of Ramseur for many years.

Each broom can be made in about two and a half minutes. Materials to make the brooms come from several states. Broom straw comes from Oklahoma....handles from Tennessee....wire from Ohio. The brooms are sold up and down the east coast and as far west as Kentucky.

Loyal employees produced the brooms for many years including Virgil York for 37 years, Junior Welch 20 years and John Haithcock. If you find one of these brooms in a closet or attic, hold on to it. It's a collectible and a genuine piece of Ramseur history. From the 1961 "Finer Carolina" scrapbook courtesy of the Ramseur Community Museum.









What Mothers Really Want...

by T. Hill



Growing up in a big family with many cousins, nieces and nephews, I always looked forward to having children of my own when I was an adult. Fast forward 30 years, now a Mom of 4 I can't help but look back at what seems like yesterday when I first became a mother. Seeing that little human for the first time, holding her and feeling her little fingers for the first time. Every one of your senses on high alert, making this a lasting effect on a mother that is just the hardest thing to ever be able to put into words.

I can say as a mother myself that once that little human being arrives, there isn't anything in this world that can tear you away from him. No matter what challenges occur over the next 25+ years of

their life, your deep unconditional love for that child never falters.

In the same respect, I am very blessed to still have my very own Mom living here with me. Everyday is an enduring bond of love, happiness and yes, sometimes the occasional frustration. I am very honored and have the utmost respect for her even more as a Mother, especially since I have experienced what she did for us. Fortunately I can thank her everyday for all of her sacrifices.

So when someone asks me what it means to be a Mother and why, the answer is quite clear and resolute.

To feel so privileged to have been given these gifts, these lives, and entrusted to help create strong productive human beings who are not only beautiful on the inside, but who will be able to someday show and share the love and beauty we have passed on to them to everyone they come in contact with. My hope is that they will someday be able to feel and experience the same love that I have for them.

So as we approach Mothers Day this May 9th, I challenge each of you to look at the Mom figures in your lives, and see what beautiful things are in them, what sacrifices they have made over the years. Then after you thank them for all they have done (and warm their day with some pretty flowers or chocolates), ask them the same question:

What does being a Mother mean to you? Why?

You may be surprised and warmed by the answer you hear, and maybe it will change your life!



Responses:

Mother: Being a mother means loving unconditionally no matter what, loving your child even when they're at their most unlovable...why? Because my father God has loved me at my most undesirable, unlovable moments....it means leaving the door open no matter how many times they leave always making sure your home is open to them as a safe haven, a retreat to come and regroup, recharge and get back at it!! It means asking for forgiveness for the mistakes we make parenting along the way. We aren't perfect. Our kids need to know that it's ok but we love forgive and move on...using tough love when we have to.

Daughter: It means always being there for my daughter teaching her how to be a young lady, how to take care of herself, how to love and be kind. Why? Because my mom was always there for me and did/does all those things for me.

Mama's Hands by Debra B Vernon



My Mama's hands are precious, there are no others to compare For Mama's hands have given me the very best of loving care.

They've put my hair in ponytails and sent me off to school And they've been known to paddle me whenever I broke the rule.

They've been placed upon my forehead when a fever I would run They've shielded my eyes when little to keep out the glaring sun.

Many times, they've reached down to me and brought me up into her arms And there I was protected from any kind of harm.

They've made me many birthday cakes when that special day came 'round And when little legs did falter, they picked me up from off the ground.

They've helped me do my homework, made me pretty clothes to wear And when burdens came heavy on me, they took them off for her to bear.

They've wiped the tears away from my eyes when things weren't going right They've held me when my fears would come in the darkness of the night.

I've seen them reach out to others to help in times of need I've seen them toil in the garden and plant the tiny seed.

I've seen them clasped in prayer as she did service for her Lord They've turned the pages of a Bible as she taught to me His word.

There are no mortal limits to what my Mama's hands can do Because she loves me very much, and I sure love her too!

They've done so very many things, all too numerous to recall And that is why my Mama's hands are the most precious of them all.

Decoration Day: A Historical Look At Memorial Day



The Civil War. One of the bloodiest wars in America's history, ended on April 9, 1865. Four years after its first battle at Ft. Sumter, SC, this war claimed more lives than any other conflict in U.S. history, with an estimated 620,000 men; 2% of the population during that time.

Following the Civil War, it became a tradition in most small towns around the US to host annual tributes or ceremonies in honor of lives lost during the war, a day called Decoration Day. Known today as Memorial Day, it continues to be a day of celebration and honor of fallen veterans, a concept actually dating back to ancient Greece and Rome in 431 B.C. Still today, there remains controversy over the origins of this holiday.

One of the earliest Memorial Day celebrations happened in Charleston, South Carolina by a group of freed slaves following a month after the Confederacy surrendered in 1865. It happened on what had been a horse race track, where 257 Union Soldiers had died in the makeshift prison camp and were buried in a mass grave. 10,000 people attended this momentous memorial, including freed slaves and white missionaries and teachers. Known then as "The Martyrs of the Racecourse" cemetery, the graves were moved and reinstated as Hampton Park after Confederate General Wade Hampton.

The traditional Confederate Memorial Day originally began by the Ladies Memorial Association of Columbus, Georgia who invited Confederate states throughout the US to join in the celebration in the Spring of 1866. There are still a few states today who continue to commemorate those fallen soldiers on the 26th of April each year.

But it was in the Summer of 1865 when Henry C. Welles and General John B. Murray of Waterloo, NY began the declaration of an annual memorial ceremony in honor of fallen soldiers.

Finally, in May of 1868, US House of Representative and leader of an organization for Civil War veterans, General John A. Logan, called for a nationwide day of remembrance. May 30th 1868 was then declared as Decoration Day, in honor of those fallen in defense of their country.

In 1966 the State of NY, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and the US Federal Government declared Waterloo, New York, the official birthplace of Decoration Day (Memorial Day).

(Continued on the next page)

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Since this holiday was specific to veterans of the Civil War, Decoration Day was later changed in 1968 by Congress in order to honor



fallen American soldiers of all historical wars. First celebrated in 1971, the Uniform Monday Holiday Act declared Memorial Day as a federal holiday and declared it as the last Monday in May in order to create a three-day weekend for federal employees.

Today, regardless of it's origins or it's meaning, the purpose behind Memorial Day/ Decoration Day are one in the same. To honor those fallen soldiers. Cities and towns across the United States host Memorial Day parades, while families and friends visit cemeteries and memorials to decorate graves with flowers and decorations. Some post-WW1 traditions of wearing a red poppy flower are still seen in many communities. Unofficially, Memorial Day marks the first day of Summer for all Americans, beginning the season with a long weekend for travel, cookouts and summer festivities.

On a national level, the American flag is hung at half-staff until noon each Memorial Day and since the U.S. Congress passed legislation in 2000, all Americans are encouraged to pause for a National Moment of Remembrance at 3 p.m. local time.

As then California Governor Ronald Reagan proudly stated at his 1967 Inaugural Address "Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. We didn't pass it to our children in the bloodstream. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on for them to do the same, or one day we will spend our sunset years telling our children and our children's children what it was once like in the United States where men were free."

May we never forget freedom isn't free.

https://www.history.com/topics/holidays/memorial-day-history

https://www.battlefields.org/learn/articles/civil-war-casualties#

http://waterloony.com/memorial-day/history/

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Confederate_Memorial_Day

https://www.reaganlibrary.gov/archives/speech/january-5-1967-inaugural-address-public-ceremony

"I believe our flag is more than just cloth and ink. It is a universally recognized symbol that stands for liberty, and freedom. It is the history of our nation, and it's marked by the blood of those who died defending it." "...And if words cannot repay the debt we owe these men, surely with our actions we must strive to keep faith with them and with the vision that led them to battle and to final sacrifice."

Ronald Reagan

John Thune

This is the last segment of the "Incidents In The Life of William Moffitt." When we last left off, Moffitt and a fellow man had just escaped the army and were navigating the wilderness, avoiding being captured.

It was, as well as I can remember, about a week from the time we left the Southern army until we passed through the lines of the Northern army. About three days after we left the army, the battle of Winchester was fought.

We could hear the roar of the cannon all day long, which was very distressing to hear, and to think of the many lives which were being destroyed. We were on the bank of a river, secreted in some timber, and I thought it best to stay there until it became dark, on account of the excitement caused by the battle; but in the afternoon the man with me wanted to travel on, and I told him I thought it best not to go, on account of having to pass through open fields and cross a turnpike road, which was traveled very much during the day, in order to go in the direction we wanted to go.

Yet I gave up to start, and we had not gone far before we met two cavalry-men on horseback. They asked us some questions, and we began to think they would take charge of us, but directly they rode away and left us. In our escape from the army we traveled in the timber and byways as near as we could, and by traveling in that way we had to wade almost all the rivers and water-courses, and one night, while winding our way through the mountains, we waded the same stream of water a number of times, as there were high bluffs first on one side and then on the other. One evening we descended a mountain ridge into a valley, and while we were there a very heavy rain gathered over us and we got soaking wet. We crossed the valley and climbed the adjoining mountain ridge west, until we got to the top, where we found it perfectly dry. We then found some rocks for our pillows, spread down our blankets, and laid down in our wet clothes to sleep.

While we were in the mountains I thought a while we would certainly have to perish for want of something to eat. We had but very little with us to eat, and I thought we had better be very cautious in venturing to houses. I became very weak, and was not able to travel without resting occasionally. I told the man with me one day (he being stronger than I was) that perhaps he had better not wait for me. He said he would never leave me, if he had to perish with me. We finally concluded to venture to the houses to get something to eat, and in this way we began to fare better, but we were very careful about it.

One day, as we were crossing an open field from one piece of timber to another, we saw a man with a gun sitting on the fence, and directly he jumped down from the fence and began to run towards us. We struck a piece of timber as quickly as we could, and we escaped from him; we supposed he was a spy. We met with several similar occurrences, in which we succeeded in getting through all right. We crossed the Potomac River late one evening, which was the line between the North and South, at that place and time. After we crossed it we went a few miles farther and stopped for the night. Next morning we started and traveled all that day. When night came again, we stopped at a house and asked if we could stay all night. The man of the house finally concluded we could stay.

He was an old man, and belonged to the Dunkard Society. He was very kind and obliging to us. We inquired of him how far we were from a Northern army, and he said we were only nine miles from General Milroy's headquarters at Bloody Run, Pennsylvania. He told us that one of the picket lines was about three hundred yards from his house. We told him we had escaped from the Southern army, and wanted to get through the lines without being taken prisoners by the North side. I told him I did not believe in fighting, and wished to keep away from either army. We wanted to know of him how we could get around the picket lines, and if he thought there would be any chance for us to do it. He told us he did not think we could get around them very well. He said he thought the best way for us to do would be to go up through the picket lines to the general. I told him I was afraid if we tried that way, we would be taken as prisoners during the remainder of the war. He said he would go up with us the next morning, and that he believed he could persuade the general to give us a pass into the country, as he was well acquainted with the general.

We concluded we would do that way, and next morning he walked up with us through the lines to the general. He told the general what we wanted to do. We pleaded with him, and by hard persuasion he concluded to give us a pass, free to go anywhere on the North side. We then bid our old friend and the general farewell, and thanking them very much for their kindness to us, we passed on.

We now felt ourselves free and more at liberty to travel publicly. We traveled two days more in a northwest direction and came to a little settlement of people who belonged to the Society of Friends. We got there about the fifteenth day of the Sixth Month, 1863. I did not belong to the Society of Friends at that time, but being of that persuasion, I felt that I would like to stop with them a while and rest, if I could get an opportunity. So I stopped with a Friend by the name of Samuel Way. I told him I was very much worn out over my trip, and he told me and the man with me that we might stay and be welcome with him until we got rested somewhat. We both stayed with him two or three days, and then I asked him if he had any work I could do for him. He gave me work to do, and the man with me found work at another place, and after this we drifted apart.

I made my home at Samuel Way's for six months, and when he did not have work for me to do, I found work at other places in the settlement. It was in Bedford County, Pennsylvania. While I was there I wrote several open letters to Mary, as they were all that would pass through, and it was seldom they did. I succeeded in getting only one letter to her. I knew she would be uneasy until she heard from me. I did not receive any letters from her while I was in Pennsylvania. While I was there, as well as in other places of my travels, I worried a great deal of the time about her, not knowing how she was getting along, but trusting that she would be favored with a way to get along.

I left Pennsylvania in the latter part of the Eleventh Month, 1863, for Indiana. I bade my friends there farewell and started, and got conveyance to the Allegheny Mountains. I then walked across the mountains to a town called Johnstown, where I took the train for Winchester, Randolph County, Indiana. After I got through, I stopped with one of my aunts about three weeks. I went to Henry County, Indiana, where I stayed about six months. I made my home with an uncle of mine, and worked around at almost anything I could get to do.

I left Henry County, and went to Hamilton County, Indiana, in the fall of 1864. After I got to Indiana I kept writing open letters to Mary, and finally received one from her. I have no words to relate the great consolation it was to me to hear from my dear companion once more, and that she was well. Not far from this time I had learned that my brother Abel had been wounded in a battle in the Southern army and had died, which renewed my troubles and distress. I grieved a great deal about it, and it took me a long while to become reconciled to the loss of my dear brother, knowing that he had been forced into the army against his will, for he tried very hard to keep out of the army. He left a wife and child.

In the latter part of the fall of 1864 I took the typhoid fever. I was not able to be up for about two or three weeks. I thought a while I could not recover. I got very low, but the doctor finally succeeded in getting the fever broken, and I slowly began to gain strength and health.

In the first part of the year 1865, Mary came through the lines to me in company with some women whose husbands were in Indiana, which was very unexpected to me. She made a sale before she left North Carolina of all our property, except our land, and received Confederate money for it, and when she got to the lines she exchanged it at a heavy discount for Northern money, and it then amounted to only about sixty dollars. She had to get a pass from Jefferson Davis, the Southern President, before she started, and when she got a pass she started with the other women. They took the train I think at High Point, North Carolina, and went as far as they could on the cars towards Norfolk, Virgina, on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean, as that was thought to be the best route at that time. The railroads having been torn up in several places by the armies, they had to get other conveyances; sometimes they hired carts; they put their baggage and children in them, and they walked. The kind of cart was a two-wheel vehicle, drawn by one horse, mule or ox, which was very common to be seen in those days on the eastern coast. They finally succeeded in getting to Norfolk, where they got in a boat and sailed to Baltimore, and there they took the train for Indiana. When they got through, Mary was very much wearied over her travel.

It was about a year and eight months since we had seen each other. We felt very thankful to our Heavenly Father that our lives had been spared, so that we again might be permitted to meet in this lower world, after being tossed here and there by the war. Sometimes it had seemed to us very gloomy, whether we would ever be permitted to meet again or not. Our little son was now two years old. I had rented a farm for the coming season before Mary came to me. The man I rented of was to furnish me with everything necessary to farm with, board me, and give me one-third of the grain raised. When she got there he told me she could make her home there, and have her board for what work they would find for her to do.



Before crop time, and after Mary had become rested from her trip, she having several relatives in Indiana that she had never seen, we concluded to visit them, and we got on the cars and traveled in different counties visiting. When we were through visiting, we returned to Hamilton County, where I had rented that place and then went to work. In the spring of 1865 the war ended. After the war was over my brother Joshua came to me in Indiana from New Orleans. He also had been pressed into the Southern army. He was in a battle on the Gulf of Mexico, after which he was taken prisoner by the Northern army at New Orleans and Ship Island until the war was over, which was nine months. He said some of the time he suffered greatly for the want of food, as his allowance was small. I was very thankful to meet with him again. In the fall, after my crop was made, we received a letter from North Carolina, stating that my father was very sick and not expected to live, and that he wanted to see us very much. We being very desirous to see him, prepared to go as soon as we could, and started back for North Carolina, but we failed to get there before father died. He had been buried three days before we got through.

We greatly regretted not getting to see him. We would have been likely to have got through in time to see him, if it had not been for the railroads being so torn up, as they had not been repaired since the war. In the State of Virginia we were obliged to hire wagons some

of the time in order to get along, which made the journey very tedious. We were about two weeks getting through from Indiana to North Carolina. As we were passing through the State of Virginia the country looked very desolate from the effects of the war. We could see many chimneys standing where the houses had been burnt from around them. The fences were nearly all burnt up, scarcely any stock of any kind could be seen. We saw breastworks and battlefields, and could see towns that were riddled with shot. It seemed to us like traveling through a country of destruction and desolation, and it was distressing to see.

On the battlefields there were men with wagons gathering up the bones and hauling them away, for what purpose we knew not. When we got back to North Carolina we visited among our folks a few weeks, and then went to housekeeping at our home, which we left there. We had to buy a team and all our provisions, and then went to work, expecting at that time to stay there, but before the year was gone I got so dissatisfied I thought I would rather live almost any place else than there. It seemed so lonesome and desolate, I could take no



interest in my work, and I felt as though it was not the place for me to live any longer; so I proposed to Mary that we try some other settlement, but she said if we left there we would move to Iowa.

Accordingly we commenced making arrangements for it. We tried to sell our place, but did not succeed. We made a sale, and sold what grain, tools, and household furniture we had. During the winter we were in North Carolina, we buried two infant boys (twins), which was quite a trial to us, but we tried to be reconciled to it the best we could. We left North Carolina in the fall of 1866 for Iowa.

We spent the winter in Henry County, Iowa. In the spring, 1867, I started out to rent a place. I wanted to find someone who would

furnish me with horses and tools to work with, but did not find such a chance in Henry County, so I went to Warren County, and rented some land from a man by the name of Nathan Craven (I had been acquainted with him in North Carolina). He was to furnish me with everything to work with, and give me a third of all I raised. I got a team from him, and went back to Henry County after my family.

We had quite a time getting back, as the ground was thawing and the roads were not worked, for at that time the country was very thinly settled. So we got stuck in the mud several times, and had to have help to get out again. But we got through the twenty-eighth day of the Fourth Month, 1867. We had been so long on the road that every one was done sowing wheat, so I was late with mine, but was blessed with a good crop.

In the fall, while we were at this place, we met with another trial. We buried a little infant daughter. In the fall I bought five acres of land with a house on it, and the next spring I bought a team, wagon and some tools to farm with, and we moved on to our little place. I rented some more land in the neighborhood. We got along very well for a few years, then Mary's health began to fail, and finally her mind seemed affected. Part of the time she would seem all right, then again she would not attend to her work, or take much notice of her family or things around her. Now it began to seem that my troubles were increasing to such an extent that they were going to be more than I could bear. I doctored with four or five different doctors, but none gave me much encouragement.

I kept her at home for nearly two years after it was first noticed. By that time her mind seemed entirely gone, and the Insane Board pronounced her insane and she was taken to the asylum at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, in the fall of 1874. I went in company with her to the asylum, and it seemed to me as though it was harder for me to bear than if I had followed her to her grave, and I believe if it had not been for the help which I received from my Heavenly Father, this great affliction would have been more than I could have endured. I was left with four children, the oldest, twelve years old, and the other three small, the youngest only thirteen months old.

What I was to do I did not know, for I did not have much means at that time. There were a few people who wanted to take the children and adopt them, but I could not endure the thoughts of doing that way; so I found some places where they took them and I paid for their keep as best I could. I might say here that I had three doctors at one time to consult Mary's case, and tell if they could, the cause of her losing her mind, and they decided it was a sudden shock which she had received at some time; and according to what she had said it was in the time of the war, after I was pressed into the Southern army, that she received the shock. After the battle of Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, it was reported to her that I was either killed in that battle or else taken prisoner, but they thought I was killed, and she told me that immediately after hearing this there was a week of time that was blank to her. Before this she had been coloring some yarn and had left some in the dye stuff, and when she went back to see to it, she found from the condition it was in it had been there longer than she thought, so she knew by that there had been about a week of time she could not account for.

After taking his wife to the asylum, William A. Moffitt lived forty three years, and was favoured to carry on. William Moffitt died Eleventh Month, thirtieth, 1917, at his home near Ackworth, Iowa, and his wife died just eight weeks later at the State Hospital, Clarenda, Iowa, and was buried beside her husband.

The funeral of William A. Moffitt was held from the family residence, and he being a highly esteemed citizen of the community, a large concourse of friends and neighbors were present which showed the esteem in which he was held.

He was a member of the Conservative branch of Friends, and the funeral was conducted in accordance with their custom. Many visiting members of the Society of Friends came from Earlham and other places to be present, and to assist in paying the last sad office of respect to this aged Friend, who died in his eighty-first year.

That's What Friends Are For

by Debra Vernon

Everyone has those times in their lives when sheer will, and a bit of stubbornness, will not help the situation they find themselves in. No matter how strong and independent you may be, you sometimes simply must reach out to others. Twice in the last two weeks, I have found myself in this situation, and what a joy was revealed during these times!

First, the episode of the "walking" washing machine. Surely you know what I speak of? We all have those talented machines that sometimes defy the odds and stroll slowly through the laundry room. I had a bulky blanket that needed a good scrubbing, so I loaded it into the machine, and closed the laundry room door. The blanket weighs a good bit itself, so the addition of the water made it even heavier. I was in the back of the house when I heard the first knocking sound and knew what was happening. I hurriedly ran to the laundry room. I went to open the door and could not open it more than perhaps one inch. The washing machine had decided to run the Daytona 500, and was heading into turn 2, blocking me from passing! And it was still rocking and rolling, and I could do nothing but let the cycle complete. I tried for 45 minutes with a metal pole inside that little one inch opening to try and push it back. No such luck. The hinges for the door were on the right side, and the oneinch opening was on the left side. This did not allow enough gap to be able to see the hinges on the right side and possibly pry the pin up. So, in this age of technology, I made a plea on Facebook for ideas and/or help. Did I mention all this happened on a Saturday night, around 8:00 pm? A time when many are out and about enjoying their weekend, or perhaps finishing up a good meal at home? Turns out I may not be the only one to spend a Saturday night at home. Helpful suggestions flooded my page, many of which I had already tried. And then, a sweet friend offered up her husband (with his consent of course). He and I spoke over the phone and I told him it could wait until the following day if necessary, but he said he would come, and he did. We both applied our brains to this dilemma, and he applied his brawn and some tools, and low and behold, the machine was man-handled back into its rightful spot, and the only thing asked for in return was a drink of cold water, as we both had worked up a sweat dealing with the Willie-Wonka washing machine! When a guy leaves his own family on a Saturday night to come to your rescue, it just makes your heart happy to know your friends care.

The second incident occurred just a week later. I hopped into my car to go to revival services, and nothing happened when I turned the key. Fortunately, I have another vehicle, so I went on to church in it. I knew I would need to have the other car towed to the garage for repairs. The most pressing dilemma was it was parked right beside my other car in the carport, with not much wiggle room. I needed to somehow get it out of the carport, so the tow truck driver could take it away for repairs. Enter in my "prayer group" buddies. We meet weekly and enjoy fellowship in The Word, as well as prayer for each other, our church and our community. We also genuinely enjoy each other's company and share much laughter too! I sent a text to this group to see if anyone would be willing to come by my house after the revival meeting and help me push my car out into the yard. Immediately, I had two of them offer to help. Then another calls and lets me know he is recovering from a medical procedure and cannot help but can send someone else in their place if necessary. Then others reply of their willingness to help. So, after revival, three of my prayer group buddies showed up, and after much effort (and laughter), success was made in getting the car out of the carport and ready for the two trucks. Again, this happened around 8:00 pm on a Tuesday night, after a full day of work and school, and then revival services. These three awesome guys showed up with smiles (and muscles) to help me out, simply because they cared for me. What a joy to see fellow believers "walking the walk, as well as talking the talk"!

The Bible tells us in the book of Galatians (vs 7-10) "people harvest only what they plant" and we should "plant to please the Spirit". It also tells us to help others but give "special attention to those who are in the family of believers" (NCV). All these friends are surely going to be blessed, as the seed they are sowing is good, and they will surely reap a bountiful harvest.

I have a wonderful family and many friends in my life who will drop what they are doing to answer my call for help. How blessed to count many believers among them. And for those who may not know the One True God? My prayer buddies and I have you covered! We are planting good seed in your garden, and we know God will give the increase!

TEA TALK

It's Easy to Drink the Drink - Now Learn to Talk the Talk by Mary Murkin

As with any field of specialty, there is a certain vocabulary, or set of terms, that makes it possible to discuss a topic at a deeper level. This is especially true in the world of food, wine, beer, liqueur, coffee and tea. There is not a particular title for someone who considers themselves very tea knowledgeable, but it is agreed that calling a person a "tea connoisseur" or a "tea enthusiast" would be an accurate title.

We will cover the most basic tea vocabulary in this installment. When you brew a cup of tea, you are infusing (steeping) your tea bag or infuser filled with tea leaves into the hot water. Upon doing this, you are making a delicious liquor (the liquid obtained by infusing tea leaves). One of the first things we talk about is the bouquet (the aromatic characteristics sensed by the nose) of the tea. As with all food and drink, tea has quite an aromatic profile (the impact smell of the main notes).

If a tea is balanced, its aromas interact with each other smoothly and are pleasing to the nose. A complex tea describes a bouquet that is very rich in aromas, and a tea with finesse contains subtle/precise aromas. However, intense tea aromas have strength and duration, and heavy aromas refers to the background notes. There are many tea terms that describe the aroma...but, at some point you have to be done smelling your tea and taste it!

Take a sip. Hold it in your mouth; slide it to the back of your mouth and pay attention to the taste. Some teas are astringent (with bitterness, sometimes accompanied by a sensation of dryness), and some teas are smooth (lacking that harsh acidity). Sometimes, the over-astringency of a tea can be caused by infusing the tea leaves for too long. If you want a robust (full-bodied) tea flavor, you might need to lengthen the infusing time----but, you must be careful not to overdo this and infuse too long, or your brew becomes bitter. Equally so, is if you want your tea flavor to be milder, experiment by shortening your infusing time and find what is most pleasing for your tastes.

We have only scratched the surface of tea vocabulary, but you have enough lingo to make, smell, taste and enjoy a cup of tea!

Make some tea and call out the tea drinker's motto-----"Bottom's up!"

Mary Murkin is the owner of Carriage House Teawhich is sold at Brightside Gallery, 170 Worth Street, Asheboro, NC. Contact her at: carriage-housetea@gmail.com.



Fundraiser for Helping Seniors in Need

In a world that is constantly on the go and ever changing we tend to forget to slow down and help those that aren't as able bodied as they used to be. Helping Seniors in Need is a local non-profit based out of Franklinville, NC that aims to provide help to as many seniors with "non-medical needs." This includes taking them to the doctor, helping them clean, getting their prescriptions, and any other non-medical task that they are not able to do on their own. Often they are those who don't have any family to call upon or family that just can't help in certain areas.

Helping Seniors in Need is holding a Yard Sale and Scavenger Hunt May 8th, 2021 to raise funds and find more volunteers to join their rank. The Yard Sale will have crafts, baked goods, hot dogs, and more. The Scavenger Hunt is the perfect way to spend time with the family. Participates will be given a list with pictures of items to search for in the surrounding thrift stores. They'll be asked to find and take pictures of the items. Prizes will be given to those with the most finds! Cost to join in on the fun is \$10 for a family of 2 - 6 people.

Volunteers are welcome and needed for these events to set up and break down and to help during the day.

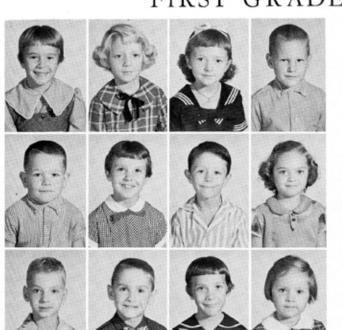
For more information you can contact Helping Seniors in Need at 336-736-1219 or message them on Facebook @HelpingSeniorsInNeed.

The seniors in our community need our support. Are you willing to help?





FIRST GRADE



Karen Allen Lynn Bennett Ann Brower Renay Brown





Euma Coley Rufus Coley Daile Cox Frances Cox



Leon Cox Melinda Cox Mike Cox Wayne Cox















Gwendolyn Hicks Jerry Holiday Ricky Jessup

Ramseur School First Grade Class of 1959. Do you see any faces you recognize?



A Celebration of May Day circa 1950's



Mother's Day Breakfast:

Strawberry Stuffed French Toast

Let the kids help with this recipe and surprise mom with breakfast in bed! by Yumna Jawad

INGREDIENTS

8 ounces whipped cream cheese

2 tablespoons honey

¼ cup diced strawberries plus more for serving.

12 slices brioche bread one loaf

1 cup milk

4 eggs

½ teaspoon vanilla extract

½ teaspoon cinnamon

¼ teaspoon salt

3 tablespoons butter



INSTRUCTIONS

- 1) In a medium bowl, combine the whipped cream cheese with the honey and strawberries, set aside.
- 2) In a large shallow bowl, add the milk, eggs, vanilla extract, cinnamon and salt and whisk to combine.
- 3) Spread the cream cheese mixture on 6 slices of brioche, then seal with the other 6 slices.
- 4) Heat a medium non-stick skillet over medium heat. Add ½ tablespoon butter to the skillet.
- 5) Dip the stuffed brioche in the egg and milk mixture, dredging them well on both sides so they are coated in the batter. Immediately transfer from the bowl to the skillet. Cook for 3-4 minutes until edges become golden brown, then flip and cook on the other side for an additional 3-4 minutes. Repeat for the remaining 5.
- 6) Remove from heat and serve with extra strawberries and maple syrup and powdered sugar, if desired.

https://feelgoodfoodie.net/recipe/strawberries-cream-stuffed-french-toast/

Chocolate Coconut Pound Cake

Here's another treat for later in the day!

6 eggs, separated 3 cups plain flour
1 cup Crisco 2 cups fresh coconut
1 stick butter 1 tablespoon vanilla
3 cups white sugar 4 teaspoons cocoa

1 cup evaporated milk

Separate eggs and beat whites until stiff and set aside.

Cream Crisco, butter and sugar together. Add egg yolks and beat well.

Put vanilla in milk and stir. Sift flour and cocoa and add alternately with milk.

Beat well. Fold in coconut. Blend in egg whites very lightly.

Bake in greased and floured tube pan at 300 degrees for 2 hours.

By Frances Carmac, from 1986 Parks Crossroads Ladie's Missionary Society Cookbook



OBITUARIES

Courtesy of Loflin Funeral Home and Cremation Service of Ramseur.

We at the Randolph Bulletin send out our thoughts and prayers to the families who recently lost loved ones.

Elizabeth Robbins

Elizabeth Cook Robbins, 69, of Ramseur, died Wednesday, April 21, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Louise Wright

Louise Williams Wright, 89, of Staley, went to her Heavenly home, Wednesday, April 21, 2021 at Wesley Pines Nursing Home in Lumberton.

Tonya Tweedy Allen

Tonya Elizabeth Greer Tweedy Allen, 51, of Ramseur, died Tuesday, April 20, 2021 at her residence.

Dovie Brady

Dovie Green Brady, 99, of Ramseur, died Thursday, April 15, 2021 at her residence.

Raymond Edwards, Jr.

Raymond Eugene Edwards, Jr., 60, of Ramseur, died Wednesday, April 14, 2021 at his residence.

James Henry

James William Henry, 45, of Franklinville, died Friday, April 9, 2021.

Melanie Baker

Melanie June Kendall Baker, 55, of Liberty, died Wednesday, April 7, 2021 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Rebecca Powell

Rebecca Allen Powell, 81, of Asheboro, died Tuesday, April 6, 2021 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Eddie Trogdon

Eddie Harrison Trogdon, 64, of Ramseur, died Monday, April 5, 2021.

If you would like more information about our obituaries, please email us at info@randolphbulletin.com or call at 336-824-4488.

Options are available if you would like to have a picture and/or longer obituaries.

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As you may know, the bulk of our support comes from local businesses advertising in our paper. Those ads are seen by over 5500+ households in Eastern Randolph County on a monthly basis. We offer our paper ABSOLUTELY FREE to everyone in Ramseur, Coleridge, and Franklinville. To continue to offer this paper we ask that you support us with your Classifieds, Advertisements, or Donations so we can continue to provide the Randolph Bulletin. Contact us at info@randolphbulletin.com, or stop by our office in the Zack White Leather building at 809 Moffitt Street, Ramseur. Our phone number is 336-824-4488.

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Building Lot/ \$24,500.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #6, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.208 Acres, Wooded. Appx 240 ft road footage along Parksfield Trail. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

Building Lot/\$25,000.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #9, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.219 Acres, Wooded. In Cul-de-sac. along Parksfield Trail. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

Building Lot/\$24,000.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #12, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.072 Acres, Wooded. Appx 220 ft road footage along Reed Creek Court. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

I taught my pet wolf how to meditate...

...now he's

Building Lot/\$24,500.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #13, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.107 Acres, Wooded. Appx 200 ft road footage along Reed Creek Court. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

Building Lot/\$25,500.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #17, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.256 Acres, Wooded. Large footage along Reed Creek Court and Reed Creek. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

Building Lot/\$26,000.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #19, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.260 Acres, partially wooded. large paved road footage along Reed Creek Court. High elevation & creek front along Reed Creek. Great Location for non-traditional home. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

Pretty sure the word you're looking for is aquarium



aware wolf



May 4, 2021 and May 6, 2021: Town of Ramseur / Board of Commissioners Budget Meeting

Time: 6:00 p.m.

Special Meeting Workshop 2021 – 2022 Budget. If there are any questions, please feel free to call The Town of Ramseur 336-824-4111 or

336-824-8530

May 8th, 2021: New Store Opening:

Carolina Eclectic will be opening their doors May 8th, 2021 at 1pm. Address: 1519 Main St. Ramseur, NC 27316.

May 15th, 2021: Carolina Tiger Rescue Visits Millstone Creek Orchards

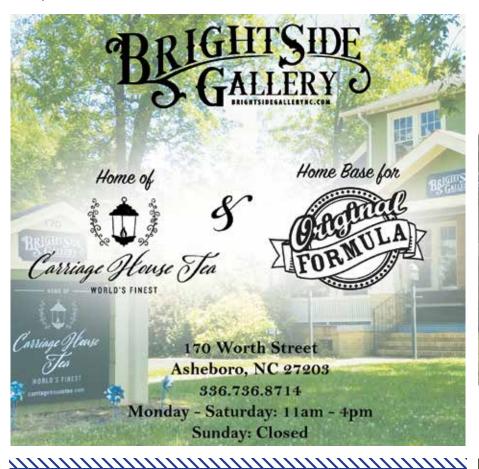
Time: 10 AM - 11 AM

Carolina Tiger Rescue will be at Millstone Creek Orchards where they will be educating guests on all their animals (big cats, wolves, panthers, and more) and how they care for them. The animals will not be making an appearance, however, there will be lots of pictures and stories about various wildcats and their habitats.

May - August: Eastern Randolph Farmers Market

Every Saturday from May to August, Millstone Creek Orchards will host the Eastern Randolph Farmers Market. The market will be open free to the public from 9am - 2pm and will vary in vendors and entertainment.







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May 2021 Help Mom Grow Something Beautiful

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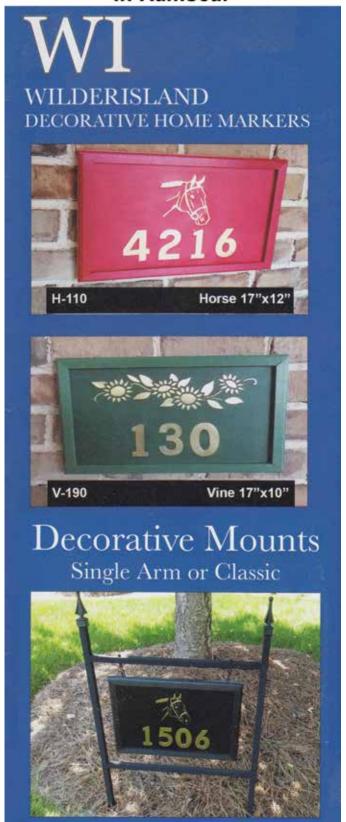
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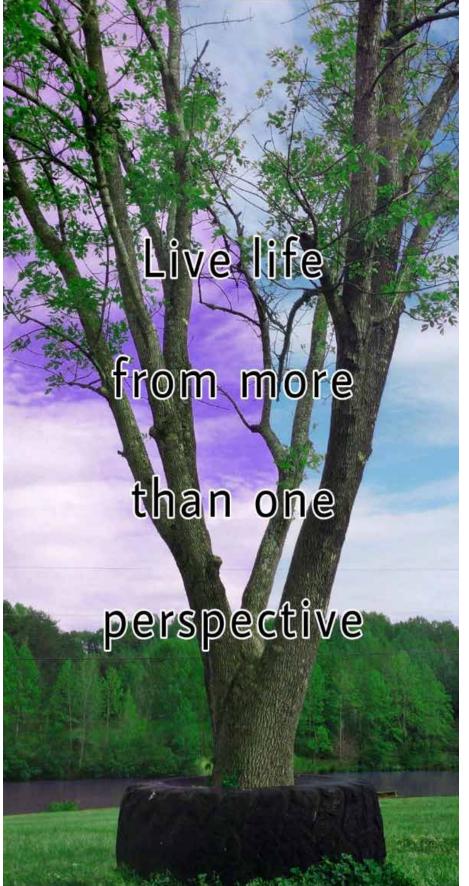
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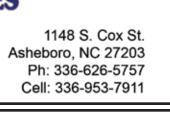
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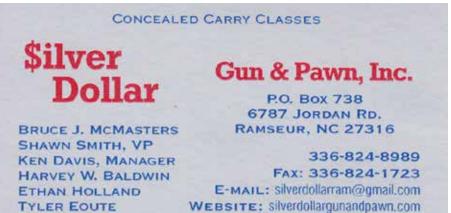


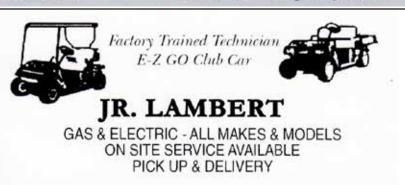


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