APRIL, 2021 VOLUME 2, ISSUE 4

## Randolph Bulletin



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Mike Qualls makes beautifully handcrafted and handtooled leather bible covers for sone of Americas top political leaders. Learn more on Page 2.



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April 2021 • VOLUME 2 ISSUE 4

Look Inside to See the Latest Sales from Your Local Hardware Store!



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### **Sharing the Gospel Through Leatherwork**

by W.T. Cox



One of the benefits of operating a small retail business is getting to know people. Our leather business caters to a wide range of people from all over the country. Many of these customers have unique talents and share their experiences with us, and in turn, we are able to send a little part of Randolph County back with them. One of these exceptional people is a man by the name of Mike Qualls. I only knew him as "Preacher" for years. He has been trading with our company for several years and would spend hours searching through different leather to find what he was looking for. I knew him as an evangelist who came through our area from time to time. Eventually, we struck up a conversation and I had the privilege of learning more about this remarkable man and his ministry.

Mike Qualls was raised just north Liberty in Alamance County. He has been in the ministry for over 30 years, traveling to various churches and preaching a down home style southern gospel.

About 12 years ago, Mike got the idea to do make a leather journal and a cover for one of his sermon books. A friend of his introduced him to leatherwork and some unconventional methods of engraving leather. This set him on a course that would eventually become a large part of his ministry. In the beginning, he learned how to take a coat hanger and paper clip and heat them with a blow torch and they use them to engrave leather. He began to make journals and bible covers that were adorned with his special talent for carving and sell them to help support his ministry. Over the years, Mike has expanded his



knowledge of leathercraft and also increased his craftsmanship into an art form. Mike no longer does the evangelist circuit, but now is a full-time pastor at Lakeland Baptist Church in Lakeland Georgia. He has used his talents to create a "full set of leather armor" that he sometimes uses in his sermons when preaching from Ephesians 6 and the "Armor of God". He has partnered with Bobby Stewart of the Faith For America foundation from Sunbright Tennessee, to put a bible into the hands of every major elected official in America. This is a very ambitious project, and some of these officials have rejected their efforts, but many have graciously accepted their gift. This started when Mike saw a friend's bible cover and was impressed with the detail and how impressive it looked. Through their partnership, churches or individuals can partner with them to pay for a customized bible cover along with a King James Bible and have it presented to various politicians. Unfortunately, the politicians that really need a bible are the ones that refuse the gift, but many more have been very respective. Some of the more outstanding presentations have included Vice President Mike Pence who accepted the bible in a private ceremony in Washington DC last year. Other recipients include Governor Bill Lee of Tennessee, Governor Brian Kemp of Georgia, and Governor Tate Reeves of Mississippi. The list also includes many State and Federal Judges.



Currently, Mike is in the process of presenting a bible to Tim Moore, the Speaker of the NC House, and to Mark Robinson, North Carolina's Lieutenant Governor. The detail of the carving is exceptional. It is all hand-carved and hand-tooled. Mike said it takes at least two days to complete one bible cover, then the bibles are purchased to go inside. If you want to learn more about this project, you can contact Mike at whatablessin@yahoo.com

#### APRIL, 2021

## A Sign Of The Season by T.Hill



When I moved to North Carolina 20+ years ago one of the things I learned very quickly when it came to planting in the Spring, was to listen to the farmers.

Coming from up north, where the planting season is very short, I was always very excited to get started on my bulbs and seedlings. I always saw how beautiful my well-established neighbor's gardens were and how plentiful the vegetables were every year.

After the first two years of planting flowers and starting my vegetables, only to have them die from that final snow or frost, I decided to seek out what knowledge my experienced neighbors had in creating such beauty.

Could it be the water they use? Or maybe some special dirt or nutrients they add every year? Or maybe some magical dust they use to keep them from dying?

Much to my surprise, it was a simple fix, and something I had no idea being I was not from this area originally. "You have to wait until you see the Redbuds bloom," said my stately neighbor, very matter of factly as he shook his head at my recently frosted tomato plants.

Redbud trees are beautiful little trees we see growing all over North Carolina, and they are in fact the first trees to awaken when Spring is truly here. They usually grow no taller than 30 feet and bear showy dark red buds which turn to bright pink flowers in very early spring. These flowers last for two to three weeks, just in time for various other blooming trees to awaken from their winter slumber.

Early settlers found the little buds of the Red Bud Tree a delicious item to add to their meals as well as for healing properties, while Natives of the west coast used the bark of this sturdy little tree to make bows. But the history of the Redbud tree may actually go back even further than our little corner of the world.

The common variety of redbuds here in North Carolina is the Eastern Redbud, found along the East Coast from New Jersey to Florida, and west to plains. Redbuds can be found in pretty much any state across North America as well as in many other countries in the world. The California Redbud, Texas Redbud, Oklahoma Redbud, Mexican Redbud, Heart of Gold and Forest Pansy Redbud, Tennessee Redbud, and the various types of Chinese Redbuds.

The Mediterranean Alba "Judas Tree" and the European Redbud, also known as the Judas Tree, come with a very interesting tale, an appropriate one for this time of the year. The story is that when Judas Iscariot betrayed Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane, he ran away ashamed of what he had done, and hung himself from a tree. Legend has it the tree he hung himself from was that of the Mediterranean Alba "Judas Tree" (also known as the European Redbud Tree). It is said that the white flowers that once were, turned a reddish-pink color out of shame of the event.

Whether these stories are true or just part of the colorful legends behind the beautiful redbud tree, there is one thing I can know for sure. Thanks to my clever and well-established neighbors, I am very glad redbuds are here to help me get my Spring Garden started each year. And so are my plants.

## Eastertide: Meanings, Traditions, and Their Origins

by T. Hill



"There'll be jelly beans for Tommy, colored eggs for Sister Sue" dons the words of Gene Autry in his celebratory song of Easter. Though the story and meaning of Easter goes far beyond Peter Cottontail who hops down the bunny trail delivering eggs to good children. Most Americans have either celebrated or at least heard of the holiday Easter, though most of us only know of a few bits and pieces of this Springtide festival's history.

Traditionally, Easter is known worldwide as a Christian holiday celebrating the belief in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Some Christian faiths begin this season with 40 days of lent with fasting, prayer, and sacrifice, followed by a week-long celebration called Holy Week. This consists of Holy Thursday, celebrating the last supper of Jesus and the Apostles, Good Friday, which the crucifixion is observed, and Easter Sunday when Jesus rose from the dead.

Easter is associated within the Jewish celebration of Passover and as described in the Old Testament the exodus of the Jews from Egypt. Orthodox and Catholic faiths also follow the Christian holiday with 40 days of lent and Palm Sunday which marks the beginning of Holy week.

Historically, Easter has had several names, which all stem from different areas of time and significance. While some claim the English word "Easter" comes from Eostre, or Eostrae, the anglo saxon goddess of Spring and fertility, others believe it to come from the Latin phrase "in albis", or "dawn" which lead to the German term "eostarum" or "Osterhase" (Easter Hare).

Easter traditions have also been followed historically and even some passed from ancient pagan or non-Christian beliefs. In non-Christian beliefs, the goddess Ostara (Easter) is the bringer of light, which happens on the day when light is equal to darkness (Equinox). Marked to be celebrated at the Spring Equinox of March 21, the celebration is when the light will continue to grow throughout the season after a long dark winter. The goddess Ostara is usually depicted as a hare, which is an animal that represents the beginning of spring as well as fertility. The growth of light and fertility also represents rebirth, which holds strong meaning in the Christian belief of the resurrection and rebirth of Jesus.

In addition to some of the symbols and religious beliefs of the Easter season, many traditions have been passed down over generations which help kids to celebrate in a fun atmosphere.

Aside from Easter baskets, the tradition of hiding plastic eggs full of candy and treats is one of the most popular traditions for children all over the world. As we read earlier, pre-Christian societies believed eggs to be a symbol of new life, which was later adopted by Christianity to symbolize the rise and rebirth of Christ. In medieval times, eggs were held in high esteem. Eggs, which could not be eaten during lent as part of Christians fast and sacrifice would then be decorated and used as part of the Easter Sunday celebration. Poor families who could not afford meat would instead celebrate their Easter meals with eggs as their main food source.

The custom of an egg hunt was passed down from Germany through 16th century Protestant reformer Martin Luther who would have the men in his congregation hide eggs in a field for the women and children to find. Later linked to the Easter Bunny (Osterhase), this tradition held strong over the centuries as a reward on Easter for children who were good.

Here some other Easter traditions that have been passed down over time, their meanings and origins:

Egg: Symbolizes fertility and renewed life- Orig. Ancient Egypt, Babylonia and Persia

Coloring Eggs: Celebration of spring season- Orig. Egypt and Persia

**Easter Baskets:** Tradition where Osterhase would leave eggs and treats to good children in baskets, hats, or other round handmade vessels: Orig. Germany and Pennsylvania Dutch

The Egg Roll: Traditional game of rolling decorated eggs on Easter Monday: Orig. 16th Century Europe and the Middle East

**Easter Parade:** After the Civil War was a "fashion promenade", rooted in the custom of a Sunday walk following religious service.- Orig. Europe and New York City

Easter Dress: New or best clothes is symbolic of the resurrection of Jesus: Orig. Ancient Rome

**Easter Bonnets:** A circle of leaves and flowers, or large hat donned with flowers and symbols of the seasons and the coming of Spring- Orig. Ancient Europe



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### Randolph County's Quaker Heritage

(Continued from the March 2021 issue)



Randolph County has a rich Quaker history that goes back to when this was a part of Orange County. The Quakers did not believe in the sanctity of human life and therefore were opposed to carrying arms. Many Quakers have served their country in various non-violent ways during times of conflict, but the choice to refuse to carry arms was always a difficult one to make. The following is the second part of a biography written by William Moffitt, originally from the Holly Springs community. It is his account of the trials and difficulties he faced during one of the most troubling times in American history: The Civil War. The first part of his story was in our March issue of the Bulletin, and the final part will be in next month's issue.

While I was gone to the salt works, Mary had a very serious time. She had all the work, both in the house and farm to look after; she told me that she passed through many lone-some hours during the three months that I was gone, but said she was thankful that she got along as well as she did. She either had to stay by herself sometimes of nights, or do all the work up early in the evening and go to one of the neighbors and stay. After I rested some, it now being about crop time I hired a hand and went to work to put in a crop, and when my furlough ran out, not feeling able to go back to the salt works, I went to the head managers and received a furlough for thirty days longer, and they said if I was not able to go when that time expired, I should go before a regular doctor and get my furlough lengthened, until I was able to go. I did so, and remained at home until I was forced to go to the army. While I was at home I had a dream that I would be obliged to pass through the lines of the two armies, between the North and the South, and I told Mary that it seemed to me that there would be no way to escape it, which I felt would be a great trial to me.

On the afternoon of the first day of the sixth month, 1863, when Mary and I were out in the field trying to plow and replant a small piece of corn, our dog barked. We looked up and saw that we were surrounded with soldiers, who came up and said I would have to go with them to the army. Mary pleaded with them to let me stay at home that night, which they finally consented to do, having two soldiers to stay with me to guard, because they were afraid I would dodge them. Now our trials seemed to be greater than we could bear, not knowing whether we would ever be permitted to meet again in this life; but still tried to put our trust in Him who is able to sustain us in all our trials.

Next morning we bid each other farewell, and they started with me to High Point, where they placed me on the cars for Raleigh, North Carolina. When we arrived there we stayed a while there, and then started to Goldsboro. We got there in the evening and stayed there all night. Next morning we started to Richmond, Virginia. When we were walking along the street of Richmond, the boys in the street threw stones and gravel at us (there being others that were being taken to the army as well as I), and they kept calling us deserters. We stayed all night in Richmond, and next morning started to Culpepper, Virginia. Between Richmond and Culpepper, I, among others, had to ride on top of the cars, they being crowded, which was very dangerous riding, as the road was very rough and they ran very fast. When we got to Culpepper we stayed there all night. Next morning they marched us on about a half day, and then we came to the army. Orders were then given to cook up rations for the march. After that, the officers gave the command to the army to fall into line on a forced march toward Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Now, I, with others who were forced to the army, was ordered to take arms. I told them I did not feel it right for me to take arms. They contended with me about it, and threatened me with severe punishment if I did not; but I did not take them, and they ordered

me to fall into line on the march, and I marched with the army three days. On the first day of the march they made threats of taking my life if I did not take arms. On the second day their threats were more severe. About noon the order was given to stack arms and rest. The colonel that commanded the regiment I was in rode back where I was, jerked out his sword, and asked me if I was the one that was keeping up such a confusion back there. I told him I did not know about that. He swore and said that I was the fellow, and he told me if I did not take a gun that he would hew my head off right there. I gave him the answer that I could not, and then he shook his sword at me and dared me to say that again. I did not feel to make any more reply to him. He ordered a soldier to me and dared me to throw it off. He said he would show me whether I did carry a gun or not, and rode off. Orders were soon given to march again. I carried the gun that evening as it was strapped on me, and when we stopped to take up camp for the night, I took the gun off and placed it in the stack with others.

I was in the twenty-first North Carolina Company of soldiers. After we had taken up camp, the captain, with other under officers and several more of us, went a short distance to where we could get some water to drink and to wash in, as it had been a very warm and dusty day. On our way there and back the officers pleaded with me to take a gun the next morning and go right along. They said if I did not I would be put to death the next day. They asked me if I would be willing to take some other position, such as driving a team, if they could get it for me, as I did not want to carry a gun. I told them I could not promise what I would do when morning came, but expected I would do as I had been doing, let my end be as it would. I told them I did not feel it right, under any consideration, for me to take arms for the purpose of killing my fellow-man. They said I was a citizen of the Southern Confederacy, and wanted my property and myself protected by others, and that I had as good a right to go and fight as they did; and that any such a man was a traitor to his country and ought to. be killed, with many other similar expressions. I told them I did not want anybody to fight for my protection, and that I tried to look to a Higher Being than man for my preservation, and then they cursed me and said that they thought that in the course I was taking I would fail to be protected, and that God did not protect people except they did something themselves. I then answered and said that I knew that, but I thought we would have to work in the right way to receive His help.

Now we had got back to camp, and the conversation ended. I ate a little, and feeling very tired and worn out, I thought I would spread my blanket and lie down to rest. While I was doing this there came a voice to me, saying in these words: "Be quiet, there will be a way tomorrow evening for thy escape." I laid down feeling perfectly satisfied in my mind that my Heavenly Father would protect me. I now felt that He had answered my prayers, for it had been my desire to be released from the army if it was His will that I should be.

There was a man by the name of Riley Crawford in the company with me. He was from the same State and county that I was, and he had been forced into the army against his will. He wanted to desert the army, and frequently asked me to try it. I told him it did not seem right for me to do that yet. When we lay down that night he urged stronger than ever. He proposed we should try it when the army became quiet. I told him, No. I would not attempt it that night, but said to him, I thought there would be a way for me the next evening, and if he would be satisfied to wait until then I would be glad to have his company, but told him to do as he thought best about it. He said that he thought he would try it that night, but he failed in his attempt. When morning came I awoke and felt any mind in peace, that it would be well with me.



Directly there were orders given to fall into line for marching. When we started they said nothing to me about taking a gun nor anything else. They appeared to pay but little attention to me during the day. About the middle of the afternoon there was a command given to march on double-quick. We did not know why such a command was given., but we marched on in this way for some distance. By going this way the soldiers soon became very tired and weak, having had but very little to eat during the march, and several of them began to fall out of the ranks, on each side of the road, being exhausted and worn out, where some, I suppose, died. Those that did not fall out passed on.

After a while, I and the man in the company with me fell out of line and laid down on the side of the road, as it appeared to me that that was the right way for me to do. We lay there for some time. It finally seemed to me that that was not the place for me any longer, so I got up and walked slowly in the direction the army was going. I told the man with me to follow me if he felt like it, and he did so.



After a while, we came to a house on the side of the road. It was now about sundown. I told him that I felt I had gone as far in that direction as it was right for me to go. I told him I would go into the house and see if I could get some tea or coffee to drink, and we would eat a little. We remained there resting until about dusk. I told him then that I was going to

leave there. At this time the army was going in a northern direction, and We started in a southwest direction for a little distance, as it seemed right for me to go in that direction. The army still did not appear to be paying any attention to us. We had gone probably a mile or more, when it appeared all at once to me that we must get down and crawl. We did so for a short distance, and then it seemed to me

as if it would be safe for us to rise up and walk on. We soon turned in a more western direction, and finally came to a thick piece of timber on the banks of the Shenandoah River, which is in the State of Virginia, and I felt satisfied for us to remain there during the rest of the night.

Next morning we left there before it was quite daylight. We started up the river to see if we could find a place to cross. The river flowed in a northeast direction; before very long we found a place to cross; we crossed it, crept into a thick piece of timber, and lay there for the remainder of the day. I felt better satisfied to do that way, on account of so much scouting and confusion through the country by the army. When night came on, so that we could see the evening star, I told him we would travel in the direction of it, as I thought it best to take a western direction, but it being a broken and mountainous region we soon lost our star, and for fear we would lose the direction in which we wished to go, we lay down for the night. We were in the Shenandoah Mountains, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains.



... To be continued in our May 2021 issue.

## The Elusive Highway 13 By WT Cox



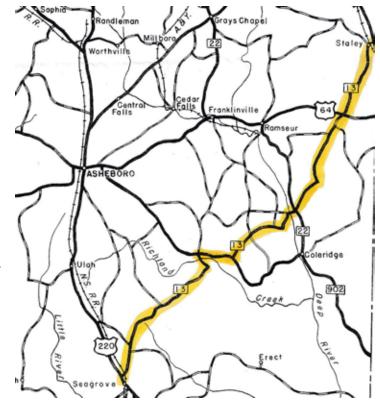
The mention of Highway 13 to most folks here in southern Randolph and immediately people think of the back roads leading to Seagrove. This picturesque, winding road that is lined with farms, cow pastures, and dotted with churches has been the best way to get to Seagrove for many years. The nice drive is usually void of the busy traffic and trucks that one would encounter when taking the Asheboro route via 220. I have often wondered why this short stretch of road from the Grantville community on NC 42 to the Michfield community just above Seagrove is called "Old NC Highway 13". It is something that one rarely thinks about unless you happen to be driving along and notice the road sign. This question was brought to my attention by Jimmy Roddy, a loyal Randolph Bulletin reader. It seems he had wondered the same question for years

until he eventually took the time to do a little research and learn the history of NC 13. He brought in some documents that he had gotten from the North Carolina State Archives that answered this question.

It seems that there are more than one NC Highway 13's in North Carolina. In fact, there were 3 of them. They have existed at different times over the years and in very different locations. You would think this would be confusing to anyone doing historical research. If your ancestors lived on Highway 13, they may have been from Durham or Roxboro. This is because the 1st designated Highway 13 was one of the original set of numbered NC Highways and it ran from Durham, passing through Rougemont, Timberlake, and Roxboro before reaching the Virginia line and meeting up with VA 18. In 1927, NC made this section a part of US 501 and was eventually changed to NC 55 in 1930.

The second Highway 13 was short-lived and only appeared for one year on a 1935 NC map. It was a connector for Raleigh to Creedmoor and became part of Route 15A after just a short span.

The third NC Highway 13 had a longer lifespan and part of it is the road we know today. The "original" NC 13 was established in 1936 and was a primary highway route running north from Seagrove to US 421 in Staley. Mitchfield and Staley were both upstart railroad communities at the time and this road provided a link between the two. The 8.3-mile section that exists today is the only part of NC 13 that is still designated as such. The original road took a right at Grantville onto NC 42 and then a left onto



Hinshaw Town Road. It continued crossing Deep River at Buffalo Ford, past NC 22, and onto Parks Crossroads Church Road. It then crossed US 64 at Langley's Store and continued onto Staley along Brown's Crossroads Road.

Credit: NC State Archives; Jimmy Roddy; Randolph County DOT 1936 Map

## First Grade

Celeste Brady Nicky Brady Suzanne Brady Anne Brown Rebecca Brown

Carolyn Caviness Margaret Clark Rebecca Coley Melinda Coppedge Connie Coward

Douglas Cox Richard Cox Sara Cox Judy Cranford Mitchell Cranford

Sue Fesmire Rebekah Foust Claudia Hardin Eugene Hopkins Phillip Hudson

Bobby Hyler Teddy Jarrett Jimmy Johnson Margie Joyce Linda Luck

Patricia McAlister Frances McGee Carolyn Palmer Gregg Pell Linda Pettit

Larry Pugh Jane Rankin Erma Lois Richardson George Spivey David Staley

Tommy Tucker Ann Watkins Christopher Watkins Bobby Welch Eva Welch

Mary Ann White Sandra Williams Charles Wood Timothy Wright Pamela York



Take a look at the Ramseur Elementary First grade class of '58. Do you recognize anyone?



Do you remember when cursive writing was taught to the public and private schools? Writing used to be an art form. Penmanship and calligraphy were also taught in college. Nathan Emory Cox was Dean of the School of Mathematics and Professor of Calligraphy and Penmanship at Buie's Creek Academy (Later became Campbell University) back in 1903. This is a sample of his drawings. You can imagine they definitely had good handwriting skills.

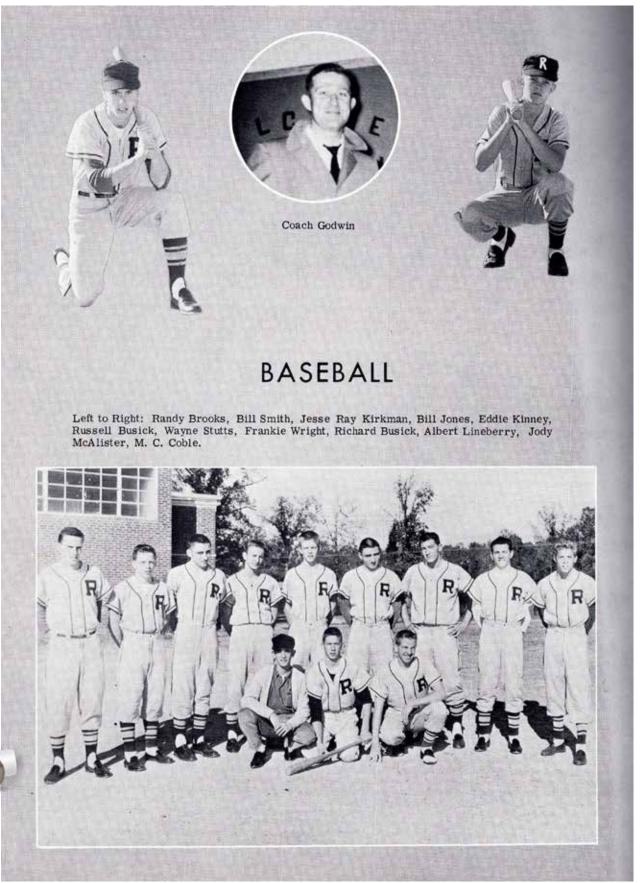


"People ask me what I do in the winter when there's no baseball. I'll tell you what I do. I stare out the window and wait for spring." - Rogers Hornsby

Well, Spring is here, which means so is baseball! Take a look at the Ramseur school baseball team of 1960.

Do you have a picture of your favorite little team player? Share with us at info@randolphbulletin.com.





## My Biblical Pity Party

by Debra Vernon

Spring is finally springing forth, and the beauty of the season astounds me each year. Thousands of different shades of green dance in the whirlwind, and the sun is like a golden nectar poured out upon the earth. Spring brings thoughts of renewal and fresh starts. After the year just past, we need this perhaps more than ever before.

The other day, while experiencing a rather chaotic and frustrating workday, combined with the effects of enduring too many days of rain, I became disheartened. I allowed a dark cloud of misery to take up lodging in my mind, to obscure my usual positive outlook on life and the blessings of it. Instead of counting blessings, I started counting problems. And oh, how many there were! Naming them one after the other, I railed against my captive audience of cobwebs and dust bunnies in my home. And when I grew tired of venting on my problems, I started to question why family and friends were enduring whatever was going on in their life right now. I was on a roll! How could good people suffer such bad things? Why could things not be different? Why did life have to be so hard? And why does no one care?

The tirade left me weak in body and spirit. I decided to take a break and rest in my recliner. That chair is my comfy spot, and the end table beside of it, is filled with reading material, both paper, and e-version. My Bible also rests there for easy access during my quiet time. And it was there, where I usually feel so rested, that the Holy Spirit got a hold of me and began to make me realize what a fool I was.

I had been studying the book of Job over the last few days. We all know the story. God-fearing good guy Job whom Satan attacks with a vengeance, but only with God's consent. Job loses his family, his house, and his wealth in quick succession, and his health is affected as well. His wife tells him to curse God and die. He sits in sackcloth and ashes as he suffers, and his friends come to console him. Some friends they turned out to be. I hope I have piqued your interest enough you will go and read this account in the book of Job in the old testament.

Old Job was in distress no doubt. And he yearned for a conversation with God to plead his case. Kind of like how I was feeling as I sat there. All big and proud and wondering why I was being persecuted. But just as sure as God spoke to Job, He spoke to me that day through His Word, and let me know for certain He was large and in charge.

"Where were you when I made the earth's foundations? Who decided how big it would be? Who stretched a ruler across it? Who put the cornerstone in place while the morning stars sang together, and the angels shouted with joy? Who shut the doors to keep the sea in when it broke through and was born when I made the clouds like a coat for the sea? When I said to the sea, "you may come this far, but no further", this is where your waves must stop? Have you ever ordered the morning to begin, or shown the dawn where its place was?" (Job 38:4-12 NCV)

God gave me an attitude adjustment right then and there. I guess pity parties provide Him a willing participant. Me persecuted? Please. I know nothing of persecution. Heartaches? Yes. Loss of loved ones? Yes. Fear in adversity? Yes. Health issues? Yes. I could go on. But He proves to me, again and again, I am not alone during these times of sorrow and despair. I am loved by the Creator Himself, the One capable of speaking the worlds into existence. How can I question His ability to take care of me? How can I not be continually thankful and amazed at His love for me?

God is good all the time, and all the time God is good! He is the promise-keeping, eternally existing God of the universe. My blessings ALWAYS outnumber my complaints, and sometimes I just need a reminder. Job and I, we have something in common, and it is not just our pity party session. We have a God who loves us and sent His Son to die for us. And just as he was then, I am now: blessed.

#### Tea Talk:

#### Tea as an Ancient Art Form

by Mary Murkin

Making and serving tea in beautiful, traditional ways is an art. However, the tea itself has a place in the world of ancient art forms. It is not every beverage that can make this claim! I want to highlight a particular and very different form of tea that is considered functional art—flowering tea (aka blooming tea).

Sourced from the Yunnan province of China, flowering teas are painstakingly created by tea artisans and referred to as "liquid art." Historians have found mentions of flowering tea in Chinese literature, dating back centuries. One early writing suggests that flowering teas were used during the Song Dynasty to entertain the Emperor (960 AD - 1279 AD).

The making of flowering teas is itself an art form. The artisan begins by sewing together different flowers and petals to form a unique floral piece that does not even exist in real life. Traditionally, the flowers used for this are varied but can include jasmine, chrysanthemum, globe amaranth, lily, acanthus, carnation, or marigold. Premium green tea leaves are hand-wrapped and stitched together around the base of the flower petals. These flowers and tea leaves are then hand-formed into the shape of a little ball (or pearl) about an inch in diameter and tied with cotton thread and dried. The threads are removed before packaging the pearls for distribution.

Flowering tea is usually prepared in a heat-proof, transparent vessel which allows you to see its complete transformation. As the tea ball steeps and unfurls in boiling water, a beautiful flower appears to bloom before your eyes—there is something magical about this peaceful wonder. The tea leaves brew in the water as the flowers inside emerge as the centerpiece—creating a delicious, delicate floral green tea. This transformation time varies between 5 and 10 minutes. Each blossom makes four to six cups of tea and can be brewed up to three times.

It is rarely the case that something so simple and quiet can bring such delight to the onlooker. Take the time to enjoy a flowering tea with a friend or two. You'll be glad you did!

(To see several blooming teas in action, take a peek at this short YouTube video: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mnH3E-AES8\_8.)

Keep sipping......and as always: "Bottom's up!"



## Spring is Here! My Favorite Time of the Year By WT Cox

I am not sure why springtime is my favorite time of the year, but it is. The warmer, longer days seem to energize the heart and soul. Nature seems to be working in overdrive and new life seems to spring up everywhere. Buttercups were blooming weeks ago anticipating warmer days. Peach trees and redbuds dot the landscape and trees and flowers are budding all around. The "new growth" is a reminder that I have a lot of work ahead of me. The lawn needs fertilizer and seed, and my garden will not till itself. I still have to get the old tomato stakes and cages out from last year's garden and get ready to start over. Spring cleaning for the house and all the yard work that will be needed should make one apprehensive about the work needed in the coming weeks, but it is quite the opposite. Springtime is a time of excitement. A time or renewal. My dog Bella is excited, she now has a new crop of lizards to chase along our rock wall, and she knows the soon it will be time to go to the beach. She is a Chesapeake Bay retriever and loves the water.

There seems to be so much to do. Springtime is an exciting time. A time of renewal and a time of hope. Hope is something that has been in short supply given the difficulties of the past year, but now, at least for a short time, our thoughts are focused on starting a new season. This is Easter time. A special time of the year when families gather and remember loved ones that are no longer here. Most rural churches have Sunrise Services on Easter Sunday when we are reminded of the Resurrection of Christ and the Hope that brings to us all. It is a time of fellowship and family gatherings and that usually means food. Recipes that are easy and quick to prepare are great for this time of year. Here is a couple:

#### **Deviled Eggs**

I love Deviled Eggs, I just don't make them much. My mother and grandmother used to make them almost every Sunday: I guess that is where my love for these came from. Deviled Eggs are one of those foods that are perfect for Church picnics and Family gatherings. With Easter comes Church potluck dinners and picnics and the perfect time to fix these tasty little bites.



A lot of people will say "the way mama did it" is the best way, but that is not always the case. Appearance means a lot. If they look good, people will put them on their plate, but they must taste good as well for them to go back for seconds. There are many variations to making deviled eggs. I have used jalapeno peppers sometimes, and even some fine grated cheese at times... All are good. Here is one of my favorite recipes:

First, you need 8 - 10 large eggs. I prefer brown eggs, but any will do. Most cooks have their method of preparing eggs so the shell will come off easily. Some will steam them, others will boil. I have heard people putting things like salt, baking soda, or vinegar in the water to help the shells come off better, but I have never had any success at that. I just boil the eggs for about 10 - 12 minutes and then flop them into some ice water to cool, which seems to help the shells come off better. After you remove the shells, slice the eggs into

halves and scoop out the yellow yoke center, and put them into a bowl. Combine with mayo (never use miracle whip), salt, pepper, and about ½ teaspoon of basil. Blend the mixture and combine with about 1 teaspoon of honey mustard and finely chopped bacon bits. Sometimes I even add some finely chopped tomatoes to the mix. (finely chopped jalapeno peppers can also be used to add a "kick") Combine everything and then scoop into the white egg halves. Top off the eggs with a light dusting of paprika.

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#### **Potato Salad**

Potato salad is a southern staple that is great this time of year. It is easy to make and will last for days in the refrigerator. Almost every cook has their own variation of this recipe. Here is mine:

#### Ingredients:

- --White Potatoes
- --Celery
- --Salt/pepper
- --Mayo
- --2 Eggs
- --1 Onion (white or purple)
- --Bacon Bits
- --Sweet Pickles
- --yellow mustard

Wash and cut up several potatoes. I normally use white potatoes, but red ones are fine too. Peel the potatoes before cooking, but if using red potatoes with thin skin, it is OK to leave some of the skin on. Put in a large pot with water, add salt and butter and cook for appx 10-12 minutes. Be sure not to overcook. You can test them by sticking a fork into them. You don't want them to be too soft. Chop into small chunks. You can even mash some, but most should be about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " -  $\frac{1}{2}$ " in size.



Put into a large bowl and combine with chopped celery and chopped onion (white or purple will do). Add mayonnaise (Duke's is my favorite), two boiled eggs chopped fine, a couple of sweet pickles finely chopped, and a teaspoon of yellow mustard. Mix everything together and then add a tablespoon of bacon bits. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Potato salad will last for several days in the fridge and goes great with almost everything.

#### **Buttermilk Pound Cake**

1 cup shortening ½ teaspoon salt
3 cups white sugar ¼ teaspoon soda
6 eggs 1 cup buttermilk
3 cups flour 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream the shortening and sugar together. Add the eggs one at a time to the mixture. Sift the flour and then add the salt and soda together to the creamed mixture, beginning and ending with the flour and alternating with buttermilk. Add vanilla.

Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour and 10 minutes in a tube pan. Test to make sure done.

By Irene Coe, 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.

#### William Leonard Ingold

William Leonard Ingold, 92, of Asheboro, died Saturday, April 3, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

#### Rebecca Jane Smith

Rebecca Jane Brooks Smith, 94, of Liberty, died Thursday, April 1, 2021 at Graybrier Nursing and Retirement Center in Trinity.

#### Carl Saunders, Jr.

Carl Clifford Saunders, Jr., 66, of Franklinville, died Sunday, March 28, 2021 at his residence.

#### Terry Ferree

Terry Ray Ferree, 66, of Asheboro, died Sunday, March 28, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

#### Mary Burns

Mary Ruth Burns, 77, of Asheboro, died Saturday, March 27, 2021 at Randolph Health in Asheboro.

#### Susan Nance

Susan Cox Nance, 75, of Franklinville, died Saturday, March 27, 2021 at Alpine Health & Rehabilitation Center in Asheboro.

#### Billy Johnson

Billy Grayson "Bill" Johnson, 85, of Ramseur, died Tuesday, March 23, 2021 at his residence.

#### Garv Pierce

Gary Lynn Pierce, 70, of Liberty, died Sunday, March 21, 2021 at his residence.

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#### Alfred Barrett "Oddie" Cox

Alfred Barrett "Oddie" Cox, 84, of Asheboro, died Saturday, March 20, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

#### **Phoenix Combs**

Phoenix Emerson Combs, of Asheboro, died Tuesday, March 16, 2021 at his residence.

#### **David Whitt**

David Harold Whitt, 73, of Ramseur, died Tuesday, March 16, 2021 at Universal Health Care in Ramseur.

#### Thomas "Tom" Purvis

Thomas "Tom" Wesley Purvis, 85, of High Falls, died Monday, March 15, 2021 at his residence.

#### **Bryan Allred**

Bryan Keith Allred, 48, of Raleigh, passed away Monday, March 15, 2021 at Broward Health Medical Center in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

#### Maggie Mozelle Phillips

Maggie Mozelle Stokes Phillips, 93, of Asheboro, died Sunday, July 5, 2020 at Sandy Ridge Homes in Candor.

#### Mark Hosford

Mark John Hosford, 75, of San Diego, California died Friday, September 11, 2020 at home.

#### Yvonne Kearns

Yvonne Held Kearns, 69, of Asheboro, died Monday, March 15, 2021 at her residence.

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#### Mitchell Walker

Mitchell Edward Walker, 68, of Randleman, died Sunday, March 14, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

#### **Richard Thomas**

Richard Marcus Thomas, 66, of Ramseur, died Thursday, March 11, 2021 at his residence.

#### Carolyn Sloan

Carolyn Cox Sloan, 78, of Ramseur, died Sunday, March 7, 2021 at UNC Hospitals in Chapel Hill.



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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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

**Building Lot/\$24,500.00:** Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #13, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.107Acres, 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

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#### 2021 Spring Youth Baseball Sign-Ups

Registration for Ramseur youth t-ball & baseball begins today, March 9th and continues through April 2, 2021. Any parent wishing to register their child will need to complete the "Youth Baseball League Registration Form" under Forms & Documents or follow this link:

Youth Baseball Registration Form (PDF)

Completed Registration Forms can be submitted via email to t.kenyon@townoframseur.org or can be dropped in the drop box on the backside of the Town of Ramseur's Municipal Building located at 724 Liberty Street. Payment is due with submission of Registration Forms. If submitting the Registration Form via email, payment will need to be dropped off prior to April 2, 2021 with your child's name. The town does not provide envelopes.

T-Ball: 4-6 years old / Registration Fee – \$50.00 Baseball: 7-10 years old / Registration Fee – \$60.00

Please contact Commissioner Tanya Kenyon at 336-460-2100 (text or call) or email t.kenyon@townoframseur.org with questions or if you are in need of sponsorship.

#### Ramseur Public Library

Ramseur Public Library is once again open to indoor services, Monday - Friday 9 am - 5 pm. There is max occupancy of 5 people. Masks and social distancing are required.

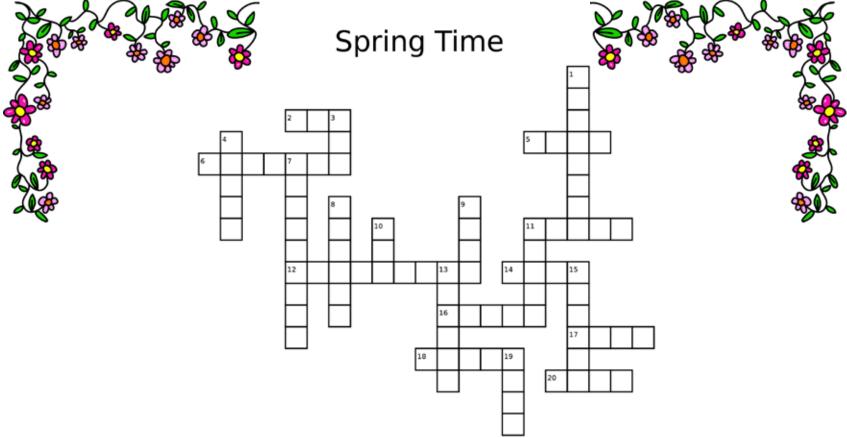
#### April 24th, 2021: Ramseur's Annual Food Truck Festival

Ramseur's 2nd Annual Food Truck Festival is scheduled for April 24th, 2021. The festival will feature food, arts and crafts, and more in downtown Ramseur.

#### April Spring Outdoor Market at Millstone Creek Orchards

Enjoy a fresh air and local spring shopping at Millstone Creek Orchards April Spring Outdoor Market, April 24th, 2021. Admission is free for shoppers. Event is from 10a - 3pm.

<sup>\*\*</sup>Registration Fees include a shirt, hat, and socks\*\*

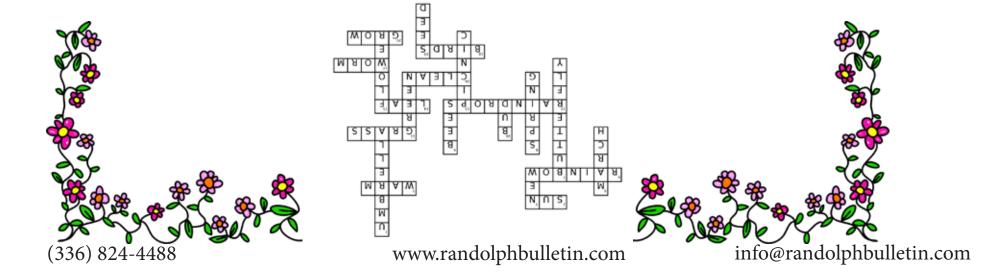


#### Down:

- 1. Used to protect from the rain
- Not old
- The month before April
- 7. Used to be a caterpillar
- 8. A rainy season
- 9. This creature makes honey
- 10. Unopened flowers
- 11. Mix blue and yellow
- 13. A meal eaten outdoors
- 15. Plant with colored petals
- 19. Put in the ground to grow plants

#### Across:

- 2. it warms and brightens everything
- 5. Not hot but not cold
- 6. There's a pot of gold at the end
- 11. Green blades on the lawn
- 12. They are falling on your head
- 14. Found on trees
- 16. something you do in spring
- a wiggly animal that comes out when it rains
- 18. animals that are covered in feathers
- 20. To become larger



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## NOW EXTENDED UNTIL APRIL 17TH!











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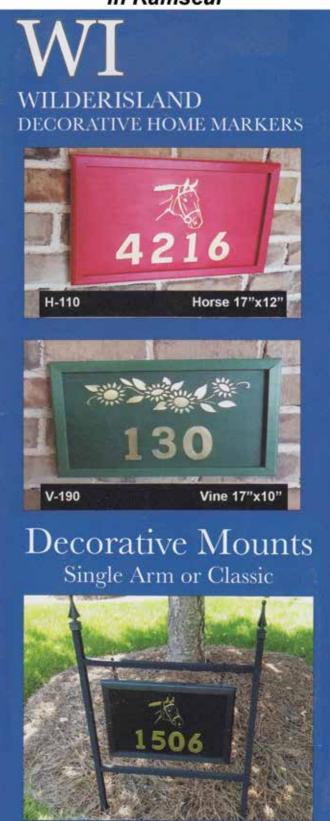
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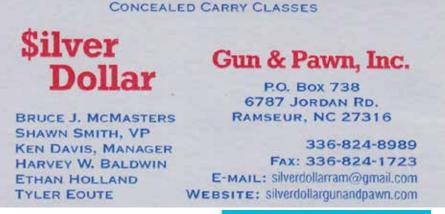
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