

# THE ADVENTURES OF A SOUTHERN (BAPTIST) BUDDHIST by Pamela McConnell, MSW, LCSW EXCERPT

Our fathers worked at farming factories, making things like Farmall and John Deere tractors. Although we all lived in the suburbs near the Mississippi River, I remember still: mile after mile of corn fields, as far as the eye could see. The North was flat with black dirt and straight roads, while the southern mountains were very steep with curvy roads and red dirt.

Corn was the view, as the two families all took the trip every summer, back to the brothers' beloved mountains in the DEEP South. We stayed with both sets of grandparents. We kids usually slept on the floor with feather beds that made me sneeze. Mom's parents still had an outhouse in those days, with actual Sears & Roebuck catalogs to wipe with.

Mom told a story about how after she got saved, "I was 'convicted' about wearing make-up and jewelry. Because of that, I threw my wedding band down in the outhouse potty. Your dad fished it out and wouldn't give it back to me until decades later!"

I inherited that band several years after dad died, and still wear it today, but I've promised to pass it along to my niece.