

Tibe**

“Lordy mercy child, you gonna sleep all day?” The cheerful but demanding voice was coming from a petite woman of about four feet, ten inches tall, with a grey braid of about the same size, hanging down her back. Everyone called her Tibe.

Resisting the urge to snuggle up and disappear inside the feather bed I had slept so comfortably in the night before, I decided that it would be in my best interest to get up. After all, it was 6 a.m. and time for breakfast. The task of actually physically removing myself from the mass of feathers was made considerably easier by the delicious smells in the air. The smell of pork chops, bacon, eggs, sausage, homemade biscuits and gravy, mixed with the smell of coal burning inside the cast iron cook stove, was reason enough for me to get going. Breakfast always tasted better hot off the stove!

After breakfast it was my chore to draw water from the well to clean up the dishes while Tibe made the beds and finished the other morning chores.

After morning chores were done, Tibe and I would set out on a morning walk to where ever, depending upon what day of the week it was. Because Tibe lived in the mountains of Kentucky, it was important that we find an appropriate walking stick for each of us. **Story continues in cookbook.