

*Deep From The Heart
of Dixie*



My Life Story

By: Dixie Reynolds Muncy Bates

Edited by Dan Lunsford

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My Life Story

I was born August 29, 1911 in Lawrence County Kentucky, near Louisa, Kentucky. My father was Harlan B. Reynolds and my mother was Amanda France. My father died in March of 1912. After the death of my father, my mother struggled hard to make a living for herself and my older sister Garnet and I. Life for a widow was really hard in those days of 1912. I have been told my father worked in the timber business hauling winter logs out from the woods, when he was so weak and in bad health when it was all he could do was keep up with the horse or horses. My Grandpa and Grandma Reynolds lived on a 60 acre farm some fifty miles of Louisa . It was good farming land and Grandpa always had plenty of coal for fuel for the winter time, as there was plenty of coal banks open. My father would work in coal banks when his health was good. He would farm in the spring and summer and after crops laid by, he would prepare for the winter cold months by digging out coal.

Garnet was about 3 years old, and I was about 7 months old when daddy died . I was told he had TB of the lungs and in those days, there was no cure for that disease. My mother Amanda France Reynolds, being a widow in 1912, had to hire out. That is what they called it back then. A widowed mother would have to go live in a home of people that were more fortunate, and were able to have maids and servants. My mother had to do house work, washing over washboards, and also garden work, field work, or wherever she might be needed. She later in about 1913 decided to get married to Burell Cox. Near that time my half sister, Charlotte was born. My mother kept us three children near or with her as long as she could, but with different problems facing her, she let Garnet and me stay with my father's sister, Aunt Della Cox. We made our home with Aunt Della until we were grown and married and left home to be on our own as married couples do.

Garnet got married to Louis Roberts while we were living in coal camps of Drift, Kentucky (Floyd County) where my uncle Charlie Cox worked in mines. Garnet was 16 yrs old when she married. When I was 16 years old, I met Gould Muncy, He was a good Christian boy. Also I was saved and became a Christian in 1928. We dated and met at church, which was the most time we saw each other. We also wrote letters to each other, sometimes twice a week. This was in 1928. I met Gould Muncy, it was the summer month of July, I was only 16 then. That winter we got married and I had become 17. We met at church or prayer service at the home of Charlie Wilson at Lick Creek, about 4 miles south of Louisa.

Gould Muncy And I Marry

On December 24, 1928, that night at prayer meeting, we decided to make the next day, Christmas, our wedding day. But our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mart Isaac and his sister Minnie Isaac talked us into getting married that night, on December 24th, Christian Eve.

So Gould Muncy and Mart Isaac, got his dad's team of mules, and the wagon full of hay, and we all rode 3 or 4 miles on the Mayo Trail to just a short distance of the highway, to where the Reverend Sylvester Ball lived. It was about 11:30 p.m.. that night, that the boys got the minister up. He came down stairs, and after some good counseling, and talk on marriage. He also let us know, marriage was a devine thing, and very serious by the Bible. So with the asking Gould for the marriage license, we both stood up before Rev. Ball with a nice warm fire, in front of an old fashioned fireplace, we got married. For our witness, was Rev. Mart Isaac, his wife Ella, and also Minnie Isaac, my girlfriend.

So after our marriage that night, being about 12:30 Christmas A.M., we all loaded in the old faithful wagon, pulled by two mules, and full of hay, and being in winter, and blue cold, we made it back to the Isaac home. Oh yes there were two others at our wedding, Elmer Isaac, and Tommy Kirk, which are not living now. The rest of the night we spent with Mart Isaac, and wife Ella. But in those days, news got around fast, so outside the house we heard a noise, and the Lick Creek boys, also the Smokey Valley boys were ready to bell us. So there wasn't much rest through that Christmas season, only that we were happily married.

My Childhood Days

I would like to review my childhood days more. As children in those days from 1911 on up to late 1920's as I look back with fond memories, I can see how happy we were. We thought that if we had to have a spanking, or be whipped with a switch, we thought we were having it tough. From the time I can remember as a two year old, Aunt Della always seen to it that we said our prayer's before going to bed. If we forgot, and got into bed without saying our prayers, she brought us out of bed, down on our little knees, we would beside our bed say, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul shall take." This prayer was my start in knowing about Jesus, our Lord. Then on Sunday Morning, early, we had to get up early to go to Sunday School, where we as real small children, received little picture cards, a new picture each Sunday. With our Sunday School teacher reading the verses. Oh yes, too we had to remember the golden text , and recite it with out the card. Oh those were the golden days.

People from miles around would come to church and Sunday School. Everyone was so concerned about each other then. If they were well, or if for miles around, anyone had sick neighbors, they went to see them and help out whatever they needed.

Garnet and I lived with Aunt Della, and Uncle Charlie Cox. most of the time . Aunt Della stayed home on Sunday morning and cooked dinner, for whoever would stop by and eat dinner after church . We lived close to an old country road, about a mile from the church house. The preacher would be called in those days , a circuit rider preacher. As he rode horseback and there were saddle pockets, as they were called on each side of the saddle. This was for the preacher's Bible, or whatever things he may of needed. As our little wandering minds only knew what we saw and heard said. So Aunt Della usually had the preacher and others, for Sunday dinner. One real big man, I'll never forget his name, it was Crit Williams. He played our old time treddle organ, and he was so tall he had to set the stool back a distance from the old organ, but as I remember, he could really play. Then there was Sunday night services,

Aunt Della and Uncle Charlie usually went for night church services. How well I remember getting so tired at night and sleepy, but after away in the night, it seemed the preacher was preaching, and the older women would get happy, and blessed of God, so they started shouting, and their long hair would come down, hair pins all over the floor. So if I was asleep then, I really awoke. But in those days, God really blessed souls. Altars up front full of people repenting and getting saved in the good old fashioned way.

School Days

Garnet, my older sister and I had about two miles walk from Lick Creek where we lived, over to Trace Branch School. We usually had other children along too. The smell of new tablets of paper also books and pencils, the first day of school would usually be the most interesting. My seat mates were usually Waive Shannon or Olive McCown. This grade school, a two story building, was my head start in school. The downstairs was for smaller grades. So many fond memories of this old Trace Branch School. We carried our books to and from school, as we always had lessons to study before going to bed. So after supper and our chores, like carrying in coal and wood for night and morning, we studied. We studied our lessons for the next day. There were no text books in those days. Parents had to buy their children books. I remember the penny pencils. We were proud to get them, but if we should get a pencil that cost five cents that was great, for not too many could afford nickel pencils.

I was almost three years younger than my sister Garnet, and as I got farther along in my promotions of English, History, or Arithmetic, I expected my sister Garnet to help me, and when she wouldn't, I'd get very fighting mad Ho! Ho! Maybe I would end up crying. So on and on we went to Trace Branch School until the early 1920's .

Uncle Charlie had to move us all up to Floyd County, Drift, Kentucky where he could work in mines and make a living. Wages were low then, and food was cheap. That was when we first experienced electric lights. That was great, from old coal oil lamps or sit by grate coal fire to study lessons for school. The electric lights were much better. My aunt kept boarders, two or three mine workers. She cooked, and I think she did their washing for \$1.00 per day. So there was mine work for men, and the women had plenty to do in those days, keeping house as there were not electric washers, or refrigerators. We had a ice man, with team of mules and a wagon, who delivered ice every few days.

After a few years we finally got an electric iron. So living and keeping house was not so easy in those days. Then when uncle Charley would get some money ahead and debts paid off at the old country store on Lick Creek, we would move back home to our little box house on Lick Creek. Here uncle Charlie would farm again for a while. and then in about a year and a half or two we would back to the mining town of Drift Kentucky or some other little camp.

In 1927, we moved home to stay and I was some over 15 yrs. old then. Garnet was married to Louis Roberts in 1925. They also lived at Drift Kentucky and lived there awhile after Aunt Della and Uncle Charley and me moved back home to our little run down shack on Lick Creek. Garnet and Louis Roberts first child, Charles was born in Drift Kentucky in 1927. He quit the mines on Beaver Creek and depended on farming in spring through summer and until fall then went to dig coal on Blevin Branch, on my Granpa Reynolds farm.

I, at 17 got married to Gould Muncy the 24th of December 1928. The next fall Bennet was born in 1929. Tonight as I am writing, I'm reminded Bennet Wade Muncy had a birthday this being November 12, 1974. so he was 45 yrs old today. I as his mother can never forget the day my first child was born.

I was at Aunt Della's house on Lick Creek Gould was home down with his mom on lower Lick Creek. He or I didn't expect the baby that night. Gould had been hunting all day, mostly he and Uncle Charley hunted together, for there were plenty of fat rabbits then. It was snowing and cold, so Gould left most of the rabbits for Aunt Della to cook. I didn't eat any supper, no rabbits for me then.. Uncle Charlie went after Gould, and they both went to Louisa, to get the doctor. So about 11:30 p.m. November 12, 1929, Bennett arrived in to this world to face life as we all do someday or another. Gould came after me and the baby, when the baby was only 13 days old.

There was not much work for Gould. The depression days were already started, works were bad, but we farmed all we could, raising our food. We had a cow, to furnish milk and plenty of chickens, one horse or a mule to plow gardens. We traded eggs at the grocery store for food, what we didn't raise on the farm. There was a time when we only received five cents per dozen for our fresh eggs, and then traded for groceries. One couldn't buy a package of chewing gum now for five cents.

During the early thirties, Gould carried a basket of eggs, about 15 dozen, and walked about four miles up Lick Creek to Harlan Blackburn's store. This was during Easter time, and he received seven cents per dozen in trade of eggs for groceries. But groceries were cheap then. I think Gould got enough out of those eggs, for a weeks supply of groceries.

Our next baby, Wanda Evelyn Muncy was born also on Lick Creek July 10th, 1931 at Aunt Della's and Uncle Charlie Cox's home. Since 1931, they have had many changes on upper Lick Creek., The new highway took the old homeplace, cut down most of the old Huckleberry Hill. As a young teenager, I was with a neighbor on Huckleberry Hill, a small path led up the steep hill, as the berries had grown around in different thickets where snakes usually stayed around. So the lady above me said, "There is a snake." Well I got sight of that black racer snake, so I don't remember how far down the hill it chased me, but somehow, the snake went another direction, after giving me a chase, Ho! Ho!.

After Wanda was a few days old, Gould came for me and the baby and took us back to the little 33 acre farm, just off Lower Lick Creek. We lived in Gould's mothers home, and looked after her as much as she would let us. She was about 60 years old then and going strong, chopping her own fire wood, raising her own little garden, doing her own washing of her clothes and ironing. Our next child, number three, was Reynolds Ray Muncy. His birthday is December 18th, 1933.

As I write now, I well remember his birth. He was a mystery baby, Gould and I took Bennett and Wanda, we had a mule, so we borrowed a buggy off Uncle John Vaughn, our neighbor that day, Starting early that morning, we took route 32, we went up to the Isaac ranch and over the hill to Blaine Road. The snow was beginning to come down and it was cold in that buggy. We were dressed warm, also had blankets. Bennett and Wanda thought it was all fun to take a trip like that. They naturally were small tots then. We drove up Shirttail Fork of Little Blaine, and every mile or so, I felt the baby would be born. We were going to Grandpa and Grandma Reynolds home. Aunt Della and Uncle Charlie lived with my Grandparents then until they could get a house built or repaired on the hill near the coal banks. I had not much more than got in Grandma's house until I took my bed that the baby, Ray, as we call him now, was born.

I prayed all that 16-17 mile buggy ride, that the baby wouldn't be born until we got to Grandma's. Grandma and Aunt Della were my nurses, until the old Dr. Wray, of Louisa got there, about a hour or longer. Gould and dear old Grandpa Reynolds went to neighbors, to call Dr. Wray, my doctor. My Grandpa Reynolds wanted the baby to be named after himself. We said "Johnny, " and he said "No". Reynolds Ray as my Grandpa said he never wanted the Reynolds name to be out of are family. There are many peoples these days with the last name of Reynolds, but only ones I knew of that was supposed to be distant relatives of our Reynolds family lived in Louisa, This one family of Reynolds lived beside where Ed Land drug store used to be. The Mrs. name was Lillian and her husband was a minister. Grandpa Reynolds has told me a couple of years ago this family of Reynolds were distant relative of ours. Grandpa and Grandma Reynolds had six children in all, but two died when they were small, Fanny and Johnny, they lived at Nolan, West Virginia time of their deaths. Their ages I think were about 3 to 5 years old. They were buried at Nolan, West Virginia , somewhere up there, I never knew exactly.

Aunt Dixie Reynolds married Lyss Kise, who lived at Meades Branch, one child was born, name Daisy, still living as far as I know at this time. Aunt Dixie died when Daisy, the baby, was 3 months old. Lyss Kise married again and raised a family and Daisy with the rest of his children.

Next to die, was my uncle Willie Reynolds, he was in his late teens, I was told. he was probably 19 years old. He was a letter writer, he wrote the Mead Branch News to the Big Sandy News. Must of been about 1905 or later back. As of yet, I haven't yet found out when, or what year Grandpa or Grandpa Reynolds moved to Blevins Branch, just off waters of Mead Branch.

They did move across river from Nolan to a farm at Inez, Kentucky, where my cousin Daisy and me are supposed to still be heir to some land, from my grandpa Taylor Reynolds. her father gave her this land, it was never to have been traded or sold. It was to remain to her bodily heirs forever, so I or Daisy never did sign any papers to release it to anyone else.

Getting back to my children, after Ray was about two years old, Bernice Mae was born. I was at Aunt Della and Uncle Charlie Cox's when she arrived in this world. I was alone with only Grandma Reynolds and Aunt Della at the time Bernice was born on Bleve Hill near Coal Banks, where Uncle Charlie worked after crops were laid by. Uncle Charlie started taking coal orders in June and July. Gould, my children's father had his own truck, so he was there at early dawn, the 7th day of May, 1936 along with Dr. Willie Hays.

Dr. Willie Hays was a very kind and good Doctor, and after taking care of me and the baby, he ate breakfast at Aunt Della's home, before driving about 15 miles back to Louisa. He was a good Christian Doctor, he never ate at the table, without asking God to bless the food, and the home that provided it. Well Gould and I would say after the fourth child was born, "No more babies, we have all we can afford now." When I became pregnant with Mabel, I wondered, and so did Gould, how we could afford another baby, one thing I settled for myself, for my own good, the next baby would be born at home down in Muncy Hollow, our small 33 acre farm. We will manage somehow, and we did as Gould was getting quite a bit of hauling and work with his truck.

Mabel was born on the evening of September 28th, 1938. Dr. Willie Hays, my family doctor at that time, also Laura Vaughn, and one or two other neighbors were there. She kept giving me false pains, seemed to be she was going to be born any minute, but false, all the pains would wear off as nothing. My doctor got discouraged after he and a neighbor sat by my bed from midnight until daylight, the 28th day of September, 1938, and went home. He told Gould when she gets ready to have the baby, to come to town to get him. So things got serious late afternoon, and Gould went after the doctor. Sure enough she was born. Aunt Della had no sooner got there by then and she named her Mexie Mabel. the Mabel part of Della's name, and Mexie Gould's sister.

Violet Ruth was our next to be born. At this time, Gould was working hard then, most of the time trucking and hauling coal or whatever he could to make a few dollars. Oh yes, in 1943, we moved to Mrs. Julia Prince's home, two miles below Louisa. Gould farmed the river bottoms there. We raised chickens, and had a nice garden that spring and summer. I canned up lots of vegetables and fruit. When the corn crops were laid by, Gould went to Ypsilanti, Michigan, to work in a defense plant. World war 11 was very bad then. Gould made good money then, \$300 a month, but it was less after paying for rent and food. He was doing well. Bennett wasn't old enough to take care of cutting hay, and gathering the corn crop, and it was impossible to find anyone to hire to do the farm work. So Gould came home, he had to quit his job in Michigan to take care of our share crop, as we had to share with Mrs. Prince. We weren't satisfied at the Prince place, so Gould decided we would move back home, up the hollow, just off Lick Creek. Violet was the baby then, we were all happy to get back home that fall of 1943. Our home, where we could hear birds sing of a day, and the hoot owls call out at night. There were horses or mules to feed, a hog or two, a cow to milk, and chickens to lay eggs.

We would catch a fat hen once in a while to fix for Sunday dinner, a stewed fat hen as we called chicken and dumplings, with green beans, fried or mashed potatoes, along with other vegetables. To make Sunday dinner complete, home baked biscuits, and a home made cake and fruit. Well I can almost feel Gould's arms around me. He would give me a big hug, this was the kind of dinner he loved to eat. Oh yes, Ma, his mother and the children's grandma and all the children were in our midst. We were all one big happy family, we all enjoyed life together. Ma has now gone to her final rest.

Those precious years have long gone by, but somehow, God and his tender mercies, has left me here to carry the duties of life with my children.

Gould always wore a smile for everyone, even though times were hard back then. We could smile away our fears, for we had each other. Then in January, 1944, he came home one day and told me he got a new job. He had been promised a job working on the Kentucky State highway in Lawrence County, Kentucky. Shortly after this Louise Virginia was born. She was born at the old homeplace. We had a big snowstorm that day, January 8th, 1944. Gould had the back porch partly full of fire logs, wood to burn in our fireplace. Laura Vaughn and her sister Mallic were there by my bedside. Gould met the Doctor, which was Dr. McNabb Sr., at our neighbors below with mules and a wagon. It was a very exciting day. Gould worked on the state highway from that winter of 1944 to September 20, 1944.

My Husband Gould Passes Away

While working for the Kentucky State Highway Department, Gould was operating a road grater. He was clearing land for a new road, and there was a barn that needed to be moved. Gould was pushing the barn with the grater, tearing it down. There was some a large hole where the barn stood, and some loose dirt around it. Gould's road grater started slipping into the hole, some men, working nearby hollered for Gould to jump off. Gould jumped off as the grater fell into the hole, and the back wheel landed on Gould, down in the hole. If he would have stayed on the grater, he may not have been hurt as bad, because the grater didn't turn over. The accident happened about 11:00 a.m., and that night of September 20th, 1944. In St. Mary hospital, at Huntington, West Virginia, he passed away about 8:00 or 8:30 p.m..

The shock was terrible, Gould was only 38 years old, I didn't think I could live any longer with him gone. I felt like a part of my life had been taken. As most people should know, marriage is a sacred and devine ceremony, before God and man. As our Bible reads, a man and wife, are one in God's sight, and when two are joined together in love with each other, and in the love of God too, surely nothing but death breaks that marriage. I stayed on the farm, raised my children the best I could, being a father and a mother, yet there was emptiness in our home that could never be replaced. It's been 35 years, I expect I will join Gould some day.

Jenny our baby is now 35 years old, and has been married, and has a daughter named Dana Knepper. I will close this part of my life story, I have loved all my seven children, and grandchildren, and great grandchildren. In closing, I pray my children, grandchildren, great grandchildren all understand that God loves them, Jesus Christ died on a cruel cross, shed his blood for all, that all can be saved, to join me ,and many others in that heaven of peace., love and happiness forever.

I could have wrote all my hardships, but that is past, and I'm grateful for my everlasting faith that came in my heart, as a girl of 16 years of age. I carried this faith down through these years. May God's love be ever with my family. My love an best wishes to all. By mother of my seven children, Mrs. Dixie E. Reynolds Muncy Bates. January 19, 1979 - Nineteen Seventy Nine.

I Marry Rev. James E. Bates

After my husband Gould Muncy died, the father of my seven children, I remarried that was the in the year of 1956. the children were all grown up only the two youngest Violet and Jenny were still at home. Violet was 16 yrs. old and Jenny was almost 13 yrs old. Violet married that year in December to Richard Jordan.

However, I met The Reverend James E. Bates in the year of 1955, at a prayer meeting. Although I didn't see much of him until the summer of 1956, because he lived in Portsmouth, Ohio. He and his brother came to his cousin Mary Waldens home ever so often. They had cottage prayer meetings or services where friends and neighbors would gather. The prayer meetings were always good. There was always good singing and music by Rev. Bates.. also preaching and testifying of the people who were Christians. Tom Bates was a singer and guitar player , and he was a brother to Bro. James Bates., and he lived in Portsmouth Ohio. I lived in the town of Lousia Kentucky when Bro. Bates and I got married.

We soon moved to Portsmouth, Ohio where he had a home. He bought some land in the county near Lousia KY, and in the year of 1957, he built a nice home there for us. We soon moved to the new home in Lousia Ky. He also built a new little church building on the place. Later on in the early 1960's we sold all that but there were, and still are some good memories of that little church on 3 mile creek. We had some old time preaching, singing and several at the alter of forgiveness and a closer walk with God.

On March 14, 1972, Brother Bate's died of a heart attack. He was talking on the phone to some church people, when he passed away.

One memory I can't forget, and was so blessed of the Lord Jesus and that was of my oldest son Bennet W. Muncy. He and his wife Opal were home from the service (the army) I can never forget that smile and how Bennet was so blessed of God when he arose from that alter of prayer. My how precious the years and days of 1958, and the days and years later.

My Early Christian Life

I must write more of my Christian life I was converted at age 16 yrs old that was the greatest time of my life the year of 1928. I was baptized in the lovely name of the Lord Jesus, February 1928 By Rev. Martin Isaac, in a creek in Lousia Kentucky, and also received the gift of the Holy Ghost. This gift is for all people. Its the gift of Gods great love, and its a gift from heaven above.

At this time of writing we are starting a new year. This day of February 4, 1993, I am so grateful for my children and their children (my grandchildren). They all live near me only a few minutes drive from their home to my home. Its been almost 23 years since my husband Rev. Bates, passed away. He left this life March 14, 1972, Rev. James E Bates. I have lived alone now all these years except for 6 months after his (my husbands) death. I stayed with my girl Jenny and family but I wanted my own little apartment. So its still my desire to keep house as long as God gives me the strength to keep going. While I'm still writing in the month of February 1993 there is always more to write about,

June 10, 1993 we are beginning to experience summer weather, everything outside is green. also my pink roses outside my bedroom window

has budded and blooming and the flowers of different kinds are looking pretty. February 22, 1994 beginning again on my life story. A lot of things have happened since I last wrote. May 7 1994 58 years ago today my daughter Bernice May Muncy was born. I went back to my aunt Dellas home to have my fourth child Bernice. This day May 20th 1994, since I was writing of Bernice Birthday... Its a glorious time for me to be alive and my children. Well my family has been the prize of my life, for these years since 1929. There is plenty more to write about.

Last Thursday Feb. 4th, a very precious life was born to Dana and Tom Crawford a little baby girl, the fourth child in their family her name was Heather Renee. We are grateful to our heavenly father for this precious little girl and this precious little girl is my great grandchild. among several great grandchildren . this I need to add up and in later in this writing, I will give the number of grandchildren up to date. Feb, 13, 1993. I feel this day is the day to write some more of my lifes story every day for me is a special day tho it be sunshine or rain or snow or ice its a beautiful day to be alive As our Holy Bible says mans days shall be three score and 10 so If we live to be 70 yrs old we are blessed but it also reads by reason of strength we can live to be a hundred and ten years old.

Dixie Reynolds Muncy Bates

Easter Sunday
April 12, 1998

Boyhood days of Bennett Muncy

1929 --1991 Boy hood days of Bennent Muncy. He was the first one of seven children of Gould and Dixie Reynolds Muncy. Bennent, even as a child he never backed down at what he wanted to do. This one particular time as any child would 2 yrs old, he wanted to feed the dog-- so he goes out to where there was a n old ash pan from an old cook stove. It was a little heavy for a little one to carry, but these were his words "I feed dog" He got to the edge of the back porch and fell. His head hit the iron ash pan, it cut a deep cut above his eye, it did leave a deep scar in his adult life, he still carried that scar.

Evenings when it was a cool summer evening. Gould and I would head down the hollow to milk the cows, Bennent was ready to go too, running along in front of us with his little short pants bouncing up and down . He was in the height of his little glory, as time went on there was another one to be born, oh we must back up the second child was a baby girl in her long gowns. At the time Bennent was exploring his little world. There was twenty months between Bennent and Wanda Muncy. Yes as all children do Bennent seemed to grow up so fast. many little cute things all the little ones do. As we always say they are just a child once. By the time Bennent was 6 yrs old he started to school in a one room school house at Lick Creek a mile down the hollow. He walked each day and he loved every day of his school days.

Later on in life, Bennett was helping to put up a concession tent for the Fair. The temperature was over 100 degrees. Bennett died of a heat stroke. He should have not been working in that heat, because he had high blood pressure, but he was always willing to help out whenever anyone asked him.

The following is some Poetry written by Mrs. Dixie Reynolds Muncy Bates

My Ship Of Life

Like a great storm on the Sea,
I wonder some times if the cares of this
life, could be thrown overboard, to lighten the ship.
The burdens of this life are like a great storm,
Then I see the Lord Jesus, my Captain who guides me,
through these troubled waters.
Sometimes I can almost hear his voice, "Peace, be still,"
Yes! I look around.....
there is no storm, all is calm
I have almost reached the Harbor.
The lights of my everlasting home begin to appear!
With gladness, so full, so free,
I have entered home! Don't you see?

Mrs. Dixie E. Bates August 9th., 1974

Mother's Day

May 10th, 1981

A time to be happy, and count our blessings, one by one.
A time for children to think of all the gifts of love and things
Mother has done.

Number one, she gave each child a birth with much love,
care and attention.

As a mother myself, the celebration was not over;
On Monday May 11th., the mail carrier left four beautiful
cards for me. Two of them contained money to buy the things
I may need.

To write in words, all the things a mother is and can be,
well it just can't be written.

Her Love is unmeasurable.

The names of my children I received cards from were,
Violet, Wanda and Mike, Ray and family, Jenny and family.
also two nice pots of flowers.

Mothers may forget some things, as the years go by,
but the date of their birth, is a refreshing memory yet.

Mama's Love

Dixie Reynolds Muncy Bates

The Dark Dreary Days Of November

This day has been a very dark dreary day-- Yes
it's lonely and not very pleasant. These several dark days
we have had in the month of November, rain, sleet, and some snow.
While preparing supper for myself-- I stopped and listened,
the little pet bird, has been singing, as I never heard,
and seems so happy. Why? Yes a wonder---- Well it seems
much sweeter and brighter, to know the little bird is so joyful,
and me so blue.
Well, I feel better too.

By: Dixie Muncy Bates

Fall

October 22, 1980

There's several homes around Louisa Kentucky
here that have beautiful flowers, yet in bloom.
This is another pretty fall, I am thanking God,
for my life up to now, and to look over on the
hills, and to view the different colors the trees have.
I love the wonders and beauty of Gods great wisdom,
to give each living person, the right to this beautiful earth.
How many people ever stop to thank God, for the earth
where we live? Breath and have our freedom of living each day,
and the sky above so beautiful, and full of glory.

Mrs. Dixie Reynolds Muncy Bates

Wednesday

October 29th, 1980

Yesterday cold and rainy, today a beautiful day,
sun shining, cold, but the sun gives a spirit of courage,
to get caught up with fall work. My little bunch of fall flowers
outside are fading, since the frost and cold rains.
God willing, I'll set out the flowers, another Spring of 1981.

Easter Sunday

A time of the Resurrection, not only of the new born animals,
rabbits, etc., fowls, chicks, and all the beautiful spring flowers too.
But the greatest of all that was born into this life, was the
spiritual and birth of Jesus Christ, the son of the heavenly Father.
With Jesus's earthly parents, Joseph and Mary, he grew up to a man
and traveled around the country near Jerusalem, preaching
the good things of God.

The Crucified Christ

Several years passed by of Jesus's life here on earth, when angry,
and wicked men began to find fault with the good people, that knew
the loves of God. It was revealed to them, Jesus was the true one.
The Christ, who someday had been prophesied, would be here on Earth,
to seek and to love those who were lost in sin, and to heal the sick,
bind up broken hearts. He went on telling the glorious things of heaven,
but the time arrived when wicked men prepared to have him killed.
Jesus knowing his time was near, that he would be betrayed
into wicked hands.

The Last Supper

With the twelve Apostles at the last supper, gathered around the table, Jesus said, "One of you will betray me." They all, looking around, and began to ask questions, "Is it I Lord?" Jesus said, "The one that sups with me in the dish of what ever in those days,

So it was Judas-- Jesus knew. Judas left then, as he had already agreed to betray Jesus. Three Apostle were with Jesus when he went into the garden of Geshemany, so he asked the ones who were with him to wait here. Watch and pray one hour while I go yonder in the garden. He prayed as the Bible says to his Father, while his sweat became as great drops of blood-- asking the Heavenly Father to let this cup of death pass from him if it be his will, but not my will Lord-- But thine be done.

So as he arose to go meet his followers, he found them asleep. Jesus then said, "Could you not watch and pray with me one hour? Now I am betrayed into wicked hands." The followers of Jesus were weak in faith. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. So very soon the wicked men were there to take Jesus away, because the Devil had entered into Judas, and he told the wicked soldiers, "The man I will kiss is is the man." So after Judas had given Jesus the betrayal kiss, they took Jesus away from there. They treated Jesus as no man, but brutally took him to the Cross.

Oh dear friend, as we read the bible, how could we ever repay Jesus, he gave his life for all, that all that believed in him would be saved. After three days in the tomb, he arose, and was resurrected from the dead. Mary Magdlene was the first to the tomb in the morning, he was to have come forth from the tomb. She seen the tomb where Jesus lay, and it was empty. She began to cry, "Where have they taken my Lord?" When she looked up, there were two Angels standing on each side of the grave, or tomb and said to Mary, "Jesus is risen as he said he would." So go into the city and tell them Jesus has arose from the dead, and he will appear to many in the city, and different places, he comes forth from the grave with a glorified body-- new body that as he said in his words in the Bible.

We who are true Christians, and have the Holy Spirit dwelling in us, will also have this new body, as Jesus has now, and forever more. An example for we, who believe on him, never to die any more-- never any more pain or sorrow, or anything but love, peace, and joy forever more.

As I write this, I'm so over joyed to know how true and wonderful to live in that home that Jesus said he went away to prepare for all of those who love him, and keep his commandments.

By Dixie Reynolds Muncy Bates

April 28, 1978

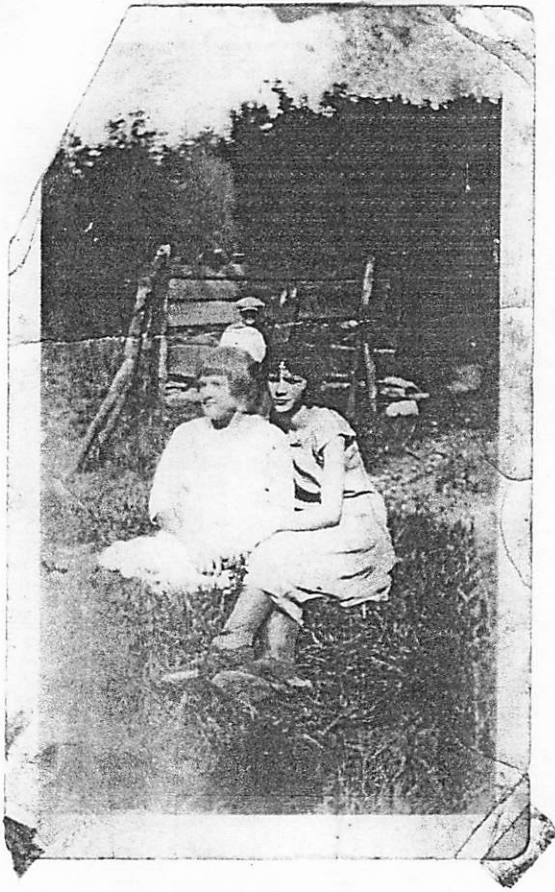


Dixie & Children, 1972



Uncle Charlie & Aunt Della Cox





Dixie And her sister
Charlotte.

Dixie PASSED AWAY
June The 17th. 2003 in Mansfield
Ohio. She Was 93

News Journal staff re.

*In Loving Memory
Of
Dixie (Muncy) Bates*



Aug. 29, 1911 - June 17, 2003

And God shall wipe away all
tears from their eyes and
there shall be no more death,
neither sorrow, nor crying,
neither there shall be no
more pain: for the former
things are passed away.
Rev. 21:4

*We miss you everyday.
Your children,
grandchildren, sister,
nieces, nephews
and many friends.*

2776682

Dixie Bates, 1972



Dixie & Grandchildren



Gould Muncy -insets, Dixie, age 12



BATTLE HYMN OF REYNOLDS

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic".

The House of Reynolds cherishes traditions of the past;
With the world's great movements they have all their fortunes cast;
With "Fi-de sed cui vi-de" they're loyal to the last!
The clan goes marching on!

CHORUS: Glory to our grand old family,
Virile, worthy, brave and loyal!
Glory to the name of Reynolds!
The clan goes marching on!

Samuel, William, John and James were fathers of our clan;
Posterity of Henry and George Reynolds never ran;
Fredric was virile, Walter was a sturdy man.
The clan goes marching on!

Josh' Reynolds was a painter; Henry, "doctor" to the King;
John, Governor of Georgia, never failed at anything;
We are proud of Reynolds kinsmen, and we love to sing--
The clan goes marching on!

Walter was "brought up in court", a tutor of the prince;
George and Fred were writers who could all the world convince;
John Reynolds died at Gettysburg, there was none braver since!
The clan goes marching on!

When danger threatened country, or a battle to be won,
Or righteous causes need defenders or work to be done,
Brave Reynolds were right there and never did a Reynolds run.
The clan goes marching on!

The Reynolds sons have courage any task or foe to face;
The Reynolds girls are lovely with their beauty, charm and grace;
The Reynolds leaven is a blessing to the human race.
The clan goes marching on!

The Reynolds clan is mighty with two hundred thousand strong;
In seventy-six five hundred Reynolds fought to right a wrong;
Sixteen towns bear Reynolds name. Sure, let us sing that song--
The clan goes marching on!

The Reynolds all are loyal to the good old U. S. A.
They love the flag of freedom and will follow it for aye;
They always do their duty and never run away.
The clan goes marching on!

Copied by Bennett Wade Muncy, son of Dixie Ester Reynolds Muncy Bates
on March 16, 1975 from Reynolds Family History by J. Montgomery Seaver.

"He only deserves to be remembered by posterity who treasures up and
preserves the history of his ancestors." --Edmund Burke.