

Clyburn Family News

Wouldn't it be great to be young again?!.... Remember when it used to snow when you were a kid. The night before you would hear the weather man on TV saying, "Kids get out your sleds, because we are going to get snow tomorrow". All night long you'd lay there and pray, "Oh dear lord, please let it snow, because we really need it and I didn't get my math homework done, so if you could please just save me out of this one God, I promise I will do better".

All night you would toss and turn and not get a lick of sleep. You wanted to look out the window to see if the snow was coming down, but you were afraid to look, because God might not think you trusted him and then he wouldn't send the snow. You would listen closely to see if you could hear the wind blowing or for your mother to say that she can see it coming down hard, because she looked up at the street light. Oh you were just anxious to hear those words.

The next morning you'd get up and look out the window and the snow would be deep, with icicles hanging off the rooftop. You'd yell out to the entire house, "It snowed and it's really deep." Normally at this time your mother would be throwing water on you just to get you up, but not this morning. This morning you are alive and

wide-awake! The world is your oyster! Then you turn on the news and make sure that school is closed. You watch every detail. Sometimes you'd have the TV and the local radio on just in case one told the school closures before the other. You'd pray, and if you had to go to the bathroom, you'd wait. You might miss it! OH WAIT! Did he just say our school? Yes, he did, SCHOOL IS CLOSED TODAY!!!! WOOOOHOOOOO!!!!

You are ready to throw on your snow clothes, your thick socks...maybe two pair, your boots, your hat, your scarf, make sure you have on a pair of long handles underneath, just to make sure you can stay out longer. Oh boy I couldn't wait to hit that deep snow. Then mom says, "Wait a minute, you can't go out until you eat something". Then you have to hang around until she gets breakfast cooked. We're telling her that she can just make something quick like oatmeal and toast. Otherwise half the day is wasted if we have to wait around for bacon, eggs and biscuits. Since you were waiting around for breakfast, you might as well call all of your friends and tell them to meet you outside in ten minutes, because once it is on the table, it is gone.

Okay breakfast is finally out of the way and you are running out the door. Your mind is fixed

on what you are going to do and you are ignoring everything your mother is saying about "be careful and come in every few minutes to warm up". Warm up?! We are so bundled, we'll be fine for hours on end. No reason to worry about us. We will never get cold.

Once you meet up with your friends you decide what the coolest thing would be that you could do for fun. I know that we always tried to think of the steepest hill we could find. Well this particular day we went up to the top of North Wood Drive. It was a paved street and it went straight down and bottomed out in this ditch as long as you didn't run in to oncoming traffic. No problem, why would anybody ever need to drive? I don't know... in my kid mind I guess I thought the world should stand still for kids who want to sled out on the streets. The news reporters should say something like, "All streets are closed off today for kids to sled and if you work you'll just have to walk, go by sled or skip work completely today, because cars are off limits".

I remember this particular year I had talked my parents into buying me this really shiny cool saucer sled. I thought that this sled would have to be lightening fast, because it was so slick and shiny. For some reason my brother didn't want to use it, he gave me dibs on it and acted like he had respect for

me being the oldest. Wow! What a shock, he never had done that before.

I trudged my way up that hill for what seemed like a half an hour and when I got to the top and looked down, it was like looking from a tower somewhere. I could see half the town. What beauty and I was going to have a euphoric time on this saucer sled. It was going to be a thrill that only the elite could ever dream of. Everybody had their sleds and they were going one by one down that hill. One friend scared the life out of us when he went down, because he didn't realize that a car was coming. I don't know how he did it, but he somehow slid right under that car and didn't even touch it. We all roared with excitement. My smile got larger and larger, because I was going to wait and surprise everyone. They were all going to be begging me for my sled. Once they all had gone down I placed my little saucer sled on the ground and held the handles tightly. As I sat my bottom down in the thing it was like I had a major misconception that this sled was going to go forward down the hill, because the top of this hill was just that. It was the very tippy top. When I sat down with all of my weight in this sled, it didn't go forward at all. It went sideways! Instead of going down the street where I expected, this sled was heading for a thicket of trees that were very close together. As I was screaming and wailing, because I had no control, my friends were all wailing in laughter and holding their stomachs to contain themselves. As I practically hit every tree that I came to, I stuck my feet out to protect myself and tried to drag my hands along the ground to slow myself down, but it was pretty deep snow and kind of icy and slick. Eventually I did

come to a stop, but it took me awhile to get up, because I was shaking so bad that my legs felt like they were made out of a rubber hose. I picked up that sled and through it across the yard and wasn't planning on picking it up at all, but my parents knew the people that lived at this particular house, so they would probably have gotten mad that I left it there.

The sled was carried home, but it went straight to the dump, because I didn't want to have a thing to do with it from there on out. It was useless and if you've never used a sled like that, DON'T! If you are planning on sliding three feet in your semi-flat back yard it might be okay, but otherwise these stupid things should have never been invented. They are DANGEROUS!!!

After all of the years of playing in the snow as a kid, my favorite thing is sledding. My brother and his friends always wanted to build giant igloos. They would roll up these giant snowballs and roll them all against each other and then dig tunnels through them. In my opinion this was scary, because they would always want me to crawl through and I was claustrophobic. As I tried to crawl through, it felt like it was going to cave in, so I'd start screaming and they would all call me stupid and make me get out. Another thing that I enjoyed was making snow walls. We would break up into two teams and each team would build a wall and then we would have a snowball fight. It was nice to have the walls there.

We would all be freezing out in that cold weather and the snow was very wet, so it went clear through your pant legs and

boots, so you would be soaking wet. It never failed that I would give up and come in the house first. When I got there my mother would always tell me that I should have come in a long time ago. I'd take off my boots and socks and my feet would be blue, wet and wrinkled. They were so cold that when I went to stand by the heater, my feet would stick to the floor and there was no feeling at all. Then I'd feel terrible and by the end of the day I was feeling sick.

So the final conclusion is that snow days are the greatest, except you usually end up sick. Is it worth it or should you just stay in the house next time?..... Naaahhh!!! Snow days are the best and if you end up sick it is well worth it for all the fun you have. I wouldn't trade those memories for anything! So this year pray for a big snow!!!

—Vickie Clyburn Johnson, TX

WHERE DO OLD PEOPLE GO TO LIVE IN THIS MODERN WORLD?

All these old people minimum care facilities, like the one our Aunt Fay Clyburn McBain is in reminds me about a trip my step-father Ronald Douglas and I took years ago.

It was the second trip we took looking for my uncle Thomas Miles Clyburn in Nevada as he was camping somewhere in that state. This trip we had to go through Elko, NV. Well, at that time the old Elko Hotel was still there. It was late at night when we arrived and we were tired so I decided we'd get a room for the night. I was looking for a cheap place to stay overnight and this looked like it might be a cheap one. I went into the hotel to see if a room was available.

I had to go into the bar to ask

about the rooms and as they had vacancies I rented one from the bartender for \$20.

There were old drunks passed out heads down on the tables in the back. I believe one was heads down on the bar. Well we grabbed our suitcases and went in and up to the room. the room was clean although the bed looked like someone had jumped up and down on the bedspread with muddy boots and it had been allowed to dry that way sometime in the past, but the sheets were clean... Well, I had to use the bathroom...my God! It was down the hall and a community bathroom. Puke all over, people had missed the toilet while urinating and it was in puddles...simply stank. All night long we'd hear drunks going down the hall bumping from one side to the other and then we'd hear...urrhe! urrhe! But the bed was comfortable and the next morning the bathroom was all cleaned up and smelling fresh. Those were the days! hhaha..

The old hotel is no longer there and it's too bad. To bad that those old hotels are disappearing. They were place's that old folks who had no family or no family willing to care for them could get in out of the cold ,the storm, get warm and a place they maybe could afford to live while still keeping their dignity.

These days the unwanted old people get sent to an old peoples home if they are lucky enough to have some money or medicare. This is a fine place in some ways but it often passes the buck to someone else to care for our family members. It also often takes away the older individuals incentive for living and gives them no hope and almost no personal freedom. It, in reality, makes them strangers to their own families and the loss to the family unit itself is

incalculable. The wisdom of the old is being nullified for the younger family members and the old often vegetate and die...

What is this world coming too!?

— Frank Clyburn



This is one of our Clyburn relatives I'm sure. We are a stubborn bunch!

A MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE

Like it or not experiences that bring families close together are often hardships and these can be the most memorable ones we have...

My son Woodrow Clyburn will never forget the trip we took on my vacation from work one year. We went to Quartzite, Arizona to camp and check out the flea markets. It was winter time of course as Quartzite is to hot in the summer.

While camping one night a big storm came up and I had a creek running through my bed. He laughed and laughed at me! We left Quartzite as it was all getting flooded and I knew that my vacation would be over before it dried out there. While leaving Quartzite we looked back and it was just black with rain over Quartzite. They had what amounted to a cloudburst there.

We went over into California and went up the Joshua Tree National Forest. We camped that night on top at a campground there. It was cold so we put a

canvas over a picnic table and our sleeping bags under it. Of course I hit my head a few times on the underside of that table. He couldn't stop laughing at me again! ha.. We left there and went on down the other side to Thousand Palms and out to US 395 heading North.

The distributor was worn out and it broke down and I fixed it at a gas station along the road. Then it broke down again at about a mile past Mammoth Lakes. Alongside the road was about 4 or 5 feet of snow. Was it ever cold! I couldn't seem to fix it alongside the road (*I was shivering*) so I had to get it towed into the town of Mammoth Lakes. There we rented a room at a Motel 6. I needed a new distributor so I tried and tried to get one. The local parts houses didn't have one so I had to order it. Meanwhile the snow was eves high all over town and even walking was a chore. After two days we couldn't get the part so finally , facing a Sunday ahead and more motel rent I attempted to fix my old one again. I did get it working and we decided we'd see if we could get on down the road. We took off and didn't have any more trouble until the middle of the night in Northern CA, about 10 miles out of Susanville. I actually got it working with the use of a flashlight on that cold night and we made it home...

Whenever we talk about the past that's the story he remembers best..the time we were truly united in a common purpose...through trials and troubles... He never seems to remember the other times when everything worked out perfectly and the trip was uneventful no matter where we may have went.

—Frank Clyburn

NEW GRANDSON

Folks, I have a new Grandson. He is the son of Perry Miller and my youngest daughter Ronnie. His name is Syber Sky Miller and he was born in Nov. 2008. For you genealogy buffs, his dad Perry was adopted and his birth name is Perry Alton Granger. Syber is destined for great things I'm sure!

NEW BURRIS- REMSTEDT NEWSLETTER

Folks, we have a new newsletter for the descendants of my Grandmothers family. See the link on the Clyburn Family News front page.

SMILE

Secrets of the Trade

A merchant teaches his son the secrets of the trade: "When you charge a customer \$100, and he pays you by mistake \$200, you have an ethical dilemma -- should you tell your partner?"

Doctor's Orders

A guy walks into a bar and approaches the barman, "Can I have a pint of Less, please?"

"I'm sorry sir," the barman replies, looking slightly puzzled, "I've not come across that one before. Is it a spirit?"

"I've no idea," replies the guy, "The thing is, I went to see my doctor last week and he told me that I should drink less."

School Lunch

The children were lined up in the cafeteria of a Catholic elementary school for lunch. At the head of the table was a large pile of apples. The nun made a note, and posted on the apple tray:

"Take only ONE. God is watching."

Moving further along the lunch line, at the other end of the table was a large pile of chocolate chip cookies.

A child had written a note, "Take all you want. God is watching the apples."

Holiday Spirit

Last New Year's Eve, one woman stood up at the local tavern and said that it was time to get ready.

At the stroke of midnight, she wanted every husband to be standing next to the one person who made his life worth living.

It was embarrassing - The bartender was almost crushed to death.



Syber Sky Miller - New Son of Perry Miller and Ronnie Clyburn Lee. He was born in November in Alaska. Vera Ellen Burris would be Syber's Great, Great, Grandmother.

Patience

A young woman really thought she'd been very patient, through a long period of dating with no talk of marriage.

One night her steady boyfriend took her out to a Chinese restaurant. As he looked over the menu, he casually asked her, "So... how do you want your rice? plain or fried?"

Without missing a beat, she looked over her menu at him and replied.... "Thrown."

SEND RECIPES

Folks, I'm going to start a page for Clyburn Family Recipes. Please share your favorite family recipe for our Recipe Page. Email me at cliburne@gmail.com and I will add it to our new Recipe Page up-coming. Thank you very much. - Frank

Folks, if you'd care to write a story for the Clyburn Family News, please do. E-mail the story to me. Thanks, and,

MERRY CHRISTMAS !

--Frank C.