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O'Connor 5

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lamps. Sometimes we rode in the back of the pickup, singing and teasing each other. It was grand until Granddad spit snuff out the window and it smacked one of us in the face.

Living off the land was hard and demanding and a constant call to work; however, it was satisfying and the family was very aware of its dependence on nature and on God. The one Christmas I remember was when most of the family was there. Great grandmother Brubaker was a happy little gray-haired lady who loved to cook, sing, and dance. Many times these were combined and she did them all at once. What a wonderful show! She'd twirl around the kitchen - bowl and spoon in hand. I thought that was grand. She sang in German. I didn't have a clue what the tune or words were but had no doubt they were happy ones. Uncle Paul and Aunt Jo lived in Chicago. He was a carpenter and they didn't get to come that year, so he sent every granddaughter a doll. My what a wonderful day that was: the uncles had cut the tree; we popped Granddad's popcorn over the open fire in a metal basket; great Grandmother Brubaker kept singing, dancing, and serving sweets until we had to turn her down. My grandmother was the most patient woman I ever knew. She never raised her voice to us or to Great Grandmother Brubaker. It was a good Christmas.

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