

Here we go...

Written by Beth

My earliest memory is of the little house at the bottom of a hill on a dead end street in Tupelo, Mississippi. Mr. Leon and Mrs. Theresa lived across the street and Mr. Leon drove a Tom's Peanut truck. He always had some great snacks for us when he came home from work. The folks who owned our house also owned the pasture at the end of the road and they had two horses out there, Liz and Pepper. Somewhere in the Henderson archives, there are movies of me with my hair in dog ears, riding Liz...or maybe it was Pepper. I just like to think it's Liz since my name is Elizabeth. Dan and I started Head Start while we lived there and we had to walk to the top of the hill to catch the bus for school. Of course, when the bus let us off in the afternoon, we ran pell mell down the hill like a couple of wild Indians. I'll never forget the time we ran down the hill so fast I fell just as we got to our driveway. Danny (yes, he was Danny back then) stopped to help me up and then we saw the snake. It was stretched out across our driveway and looked like it was ready to eat a couple of preschool kids for supper. Danny quickly helped me to my feet and over to Mrs. Theresa's. I'm not sure of the sequence of events from here but the snake was killed and we eventually went home. I think it was from that point on that Danny became my hero. There are very few memories from my childhood that do not include him. He was my big brother, my best friend, my partner in crime and playmate. Then came Jeff....