

## [One Freezing Morning]

Project #-1655

Cassels R. Tiedeman

Charleston, S. C.

Approx. 101 words 390446

(Verbatim Conversation)

One freezing morning when Ophelia came to work, having walked a mile and a half in a cold biting wind, you might have expected some complaint from her on account of the weather. Instead as she came in the door, she said:

“I hab a beautiful slumbering sleep las' night. Dat's when you trabble (travel) wid God or wid Satan. I trabble wid God when dat slumber come on me - jes' 'bout half way sleep. Las' night I walk an' I talk wid de Lord, an' I nebber see befo' how dat music did swell up an' down, high an' low an' de angel in dem beautiful robe wid de gold tags hanging 'bout dem. I nebber see sech a sight. O! I know de Lord go hub mercy on me till I git dere. He aint gwine left me out. We all is go be like, all white togedder, all talk 'like. No mo' slight, no mo' scorn, no mo' driving. O Jesus! I jes' waitin' to jine in wid you all up dere an' let me boice (voice) he'p swell dat sweet music I hear.” “On dat shore will I rest. My weary soul on thy breast, On thy breast, on thy breast, On dat shore will I rest...”

Source: Ophelia Jemison, Addison Ct. Charleston, S. C.