

Settle Your Account / Part 2: *My personal story and testimony*

By: Mrs. Irene Williams

No one knows my story. Freely I will tell it to give God Glory. No shame, no pride. I will not hide. I've been born again, and I'm free; free to serve God and free to be me. As you read my story, I pray and hope that you will be encouraged and see yourself as a victor and not a victim. --- I. Williams

During the school year we went to school. We were transported to school by bus, but we had to walk approximately three miles out of the woods where we lived – out to the main highway – to wait for the bus. We didn't have the basic comforts of life, but one thing the family had was unconditional love.

I can remember in the winter months it would be freezing cold and the ground frozen. My dad would take a huge drum, place it on the back of a mule and wagon, build a fire on it, have all the kids gather around the drum on the back of the wagon, and take us to the bus stop by mule and wagon on those cold freezing winter mornings.

My dad loved his children and was very concerned about his children's well-being. He did everything in his power to protect us and to keep us safe and warm. As children, we didn't understand the love

my dad had for us, and how he was trying to protect us. I remember as soon as we saw the first sighting of the bus approaching, we would hurriedly rush dad off and out of sight because we were ashamed for the children on the bus to see dad with a mule and a wagon.

Dad's only source of income was as a sharecropper. That meant he planted crops on half share with his Caucasian farmer who owned the land, equipment, and even the little wooden house that we lived in.



My mom had no source of income. She was solely dependent on my dad. Our job was to till the land, take care of and harvest the crops with the understanding that at the end of each year whatever profit the crops produced, our family would receive half share of the profit. We worked very hard during the year.

Settle Your Account to be continued next month.