

On Saturday afternoons, when we grew older, we were allowed to go for picnics. We would take our baskets and go up the hill to a small farm my father had bought with the hope that after he was superannuated we might have a permanent home. What romps we had over the meadows to the spring and then climb to the high rocks above. What adventures exploring the caves, what fun preparing our supper, cooking eggs, roasting potatoes and corn in the hot ashes of our stationary stove. If we loitered too long we would hear the sound of a voice along the road singing the old negro spiritual "Swing low sweet chariot coming to carry me home," and Father Miller, a colored man who had a little home nearby, would stand in our midst, "Good night children, I hope you have had a good picnic, but now it is time to go home. Your mother will be expecting you." When he said that, we knew we had to go. Father Miller always inspired obedience, although he was reverently courteous to everybody, especially so to little children. As we passed him he would stand with uncovered head bowing low to the group of little children and we would return the courtesy with copied dignity and charm. As we hurried along the hill path that old melody floated after us — "Swing low sweet chariot coming to carry me home."

I'm going home.