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neighbour was a thing you had to care for, you had to be careful. He was your means of many things, moral support, and all of that. And if you had to live in a place where there were no neighbours or you were on the outs with your neighbours, it was a terrible thing, because there was no other entertainment, no other nothing. But today. What do you need neighbours for today? There's all kind of\*-like the old chaps would say • infernal machines rigged up. Gives you all kinds of entertainment. So what do you need neighbours for. You don't use them any more. And that's the sad part of it. It tends for to keep us drifting further and further a- part. That's what it tends to do. I do believe that there is something after this life. I don't know what it is. I don't think anybody can get back here. I never did. The old gentleman that died with me, I and him made plans for him to visit me after he died. He promised to come back and see me. And I told him I would talk to him, if he could get back to come and I would set down and talk to him. And he told me he'd like to come back and tell me how he got on, what happened • but he never did. Never did. I never had no sign whatsoever. You know, when the priest would come ten miles and more out to White Point, when someone was dying • we would be strictly warned by our parents • this is how the sacrament was venerated at that time • we would be strictly warned when we met the priest, take off our cap, kneel down by the road? side till he passed. Remain kneeling until he passed with the blessed sacrament. And when you went to receive the sacrament you went on your knees at the rail • today there's none of that. When he came in the home with the blessed sacrament, there was one person met him at the door with a candle and all the rest of the people in the house knelt down when he came in • and they remained kneeling until the blessed sacrament was administered to the sick person. And then when that was done the rosary was said, still kneeling. After the rosary you could get up and talk to the priest. We daren't even speak to the priest when he carried the blessed sacrament. A person would be very sick before you'd send for the clergyman. (So a person would know they were going to die?) Well, that was about the size of the situation. And we wouldn't send for him until you were pretty sure he was sorely needed. The clergy didn't look on it in that sense but we the people did. We looked on it in the sense that it was a long trip for the priest. He looked at it as they do today • that the sacrament was good for you whether you were in danger of death or not. There's a tremendous lot of people buried that don't have any stone, sad as it might seem. And you know, all of those old people, they all deserved one • they all deserved a stone.. They were tremendous people. We don't have anything like them. And God bless your soul, I have nothing but respect for them, ye's • the most profound respect for them. Every? one of them. There's no more left like them and no more to come like them. All you need do sometimes, if you have a little imagination, is roam through the countryside and let your imagination run wild. And you'll travel some of the old farms in this coun? try and you'll stop and look at some of the great rock piles here and there • how many, when they look at them, how many stop and think of all the sweat and toil and tears



it took to put that rock pile there? How many think of it? Very, very few. But if you drive along by one of those old farms some time, and you see one of those old rock piles, just get out and walk over to it and see the thoughts that will go through your mind • and picture the old slaves that dragged those rocks and stones from all around, the land that's cleared, and piled them there. We don't have no more people to work like that today. Somebody'll say we got wise. No, we got foolish. They were the wise people. They had to be. 11 | i-? '\* • ? | • ? 1" i