

“Boy, you better not go to 'that house', you might get killed!” Those were the words spoken by William F. Griffin's aunt, Mollie Shea. Daddy was visiting her on County Home Road and also dating a young lady in the neighborhood. While standing in the front yard with the his lady friend, Daddy had seen a pretty girl riding a bike at “that house”. Asking his friend who she was, she replied that she was Edith Hines

The Hines Family consisted of a widow & her 8 children , ranging in ages from 2 to 18 years. The husband & father had been murdered several years earlier while driving a taxi. Mrs. Hines had bought land on County Home Road & built a house with the help of her eldest son, block by block, piece by piece.

Soon Daddy was visiting the Hines house regularly, joining the fun of a playful but rambunctious crowd. Mother's siblings always told the tale of Daddy chasing them on a motorcycle, right through the front door, inside the house. Evidently Daddy fit right in with the Hines family. Although one of the girls was Daddy's age, he was smitten with the 14 year old, Edith. Not only was she pretty but she could fight like a boy!

Mother & Daddy dated for just a short while before he was drafted into the army during WWII.

Daddy was injured, flown home & eventually was sent to the VA hospital in Fayetteville. While there, Mother, along with her own mother, rode a bus to visit Daddy in the hospital. When they walked into his room there was another girl sitting on his bed. Mother & Grandma said a brief hello and good-bye, turned around & left. Grandmother told Daddy later that Mother cried all the way home.

Mother moved to New York City and was living a single girl's dream life when her mother sent her a letter telling her Daddy had sent a message, “if you want a good man, come home”. Mother came home & they picked up where they had left off before the war. While riding down Clemmer Mill Road, Daddy asked Mother to marry him.

Mother has been gone 13 years now. Daddy, 94 years young, goes to bed every night, looks at his true love's picture and blows her a good-night's kiss.

Written by Barbara Mozingo