

fore we'd return to work. The lawn was like carpet, and if you weren't careful, sometimes you'd end up dozing off and taking a little nap after that big lunch. Foley never rushed us, though. He'd say, "Boys, let's go out here in the shade and let our lunch settle."

Not long after I got married and moved out of the neighborhood, I learned from my parents that Margie had been diagnosed with breast cancer. The news of that hit us all hard. Margie was such a sweet lady. I had to go to the Army, and while I was gone Margie succumbed to her disease.

When I returned from the Army, my parents told me that Foley had become so bitter about Margie's passing, he had blamed God, and he had become a total recluse. They said that he wouldn't have anything to do with anybody. As close as he and my dad were, he wouldn't even answer the door when Dad went to see him. Foley never uttered a curse word, but my parents said that after Margie died, they would see him walking down his lane, and they said he'd be cursing every breath, even cursing God for letting Margie die. I suppose he, to at least an extent, had lost his mind.

Foley always had the neatest farm in our whole neighborhood. He kept his yard manicured like a golf course, but my parents said that he hadn't mowed his yard since Margie died. He quit tending his farm, never raising any crops, or taking care of his cattle. I suppose, in his mind, it seemed useless after his beloved Margie was gone.

One day, in late March, I was visiting my parents, and I happened to look over toward Foley's house. I saw the yard grown up past the windows, the whole farm neglected, and thought how pitiful he was, and how lonesome he must be.

I saw Foley walking towards his barn, and I told my Mom and my brother that I was going to go over and talk to him. They told me that it wouldn't do



Ruth Lawson Hollon, 205 Orchid Court, Winchester, KY 40391; 859/745-2336; ruthholl@bellsouth.net, shares this photo of an unknown lady. Her last name is Lawson, but first name is unknown. This photo was found in some of Mable Carpenter's photos. Any information, please contact Ruth.

any good, that he wouldn't come out of the barn and talk to me. I said, "He will, too, because I'll holler at him until he comes out of the barn!" He always liked me so well, I thought if he'd talk to anybody, it would be me.

He did come out, and I forced him to talk a little by asking him questions. He sure wasn't the Foley I'd always known. He wasn't about to carry on a normal conversation. I was almost sorry I went to see him.

Not long after that day, Foley got sick, and his brother had called him on the phone. Realizing something was bad wrong, his brother came to his house. He immediately took him to the hospital.

They discovered that he had heart trouble.

While he was in the hospital, he asked for my parents. They were his best friends. Although he was sick, it tickled them that he wanted to see them. While Foley was in the hospital, my Dad and my brother mowed his yard and clipped his pasture. When Foley returned home from the hospital, he seemed much better mentally, and he gradually got back to the Foley that we all had known before.

A few years later, I moved back into the community I had grown up in, and I rejoined the church I had attended as a little boy. Foley started dating a widow woman in our church, and they started coming to church together. It wasn't long until they were married. I don't know what happened after that, but in a short time, they decided they weren't happy together, so his wife left.

A short time later, my brother called me at work one morning and told me that a neighbor went to check on Foley that morning and found him unresponsive on his back porch. It devastated all of us, especially my dad. They had been best friends for many years.

As the years have gone by, I remember the good friend, neighbor, and citizen that everyone simply knew as Foley. I never saw him mad, never heard him raise his voice, or say a bad thing about anyone. That was Foley.

Jim Roberts
395 Country Hill Drive
Somerset, KY 42503

The Path Of Richard Raymond Snowden, Final Installment

Attack At The Garage

My brother, Richard R. Snowden, Jr., relates this story.

Dr. Snowden, returning from a call one night shortly after dark, parked his car in the garage. Upon exiting the car