From Eva Gantt McCoy - January 2004 - via email to Jeffrey W. Moore

Papaw and Mamaw McCoy accompanied us on our trip to Kentucky to visit Uncle Charlie & Aunt Mossie in '56.....and of course Martha, about 1 year old, was with us too. Lulu was unable to go because she couldn't be off from work at that time.

*Uncle Charlie was then 83 years old, and Mossie about the same, but it would have been impossible to think of them as old, as they were so energetic & full of life & so much fun to be with. Charlie was a big man, not overweight, but tall & with a rather large build, with lots of shiny white hair as I recall & a wry sense of humor. Mossie was thin & not extremely tall...I'd say about my height, and so gracious & friendly. And Mossie was her *real* name...not a nickname. I've often wondered how her parents chose that name for her, a name unheard of to me before or since, but the name lives on now (at least in a sense), and no doubt she would be pleased about that.*

After we got up to go to the bathroom that next morning & returned to the bedroom to find our bed linens changed & the bed freshly made, we stayed up, of course, and were soon informed that it was time for breakfast. It was unforgettable.....several courses...starting with fresh fruit, then going on to cereal, eggs, bacon, sausage, steak, hot biscuits, gravy, grits, fried potatoes and jams, jellies, etc. Sort of like Shoney's breakfast bar, except we were expected to eat it all! I was about a month away from giving birth to your cousin George & really wasn't up to eating a huge breakfast, but did the best I could!

As we finished one course, Uncle Charlie would jump up & remove our dishes and take them to the kitchen & start washing them while Aunt Mossie prepared the next delicious item on the menu. So by the time breakfast was over, the dishes were almost done!

That afternoon (or maybe the afternoon before; I'm not quite sure), Charlie drove George & Papaw up the mountain to see a coal mine he'd once owned.

It was a narrow mountain road and Charlie was driving rather fast & went around a curve & drove right off the road! The front AND back right tires were hanging out over the side of the mountain with a deep ravine below. George was afraid to breathe, let alone try to get out of the car without sending all of them plunging down the mountain in that vehicle. But they couldn't sit there & do nothing, so they got out of the car on the left side (cautiously, I'm sure!) and Charlie & Papaw pushed down on that side of it to weigh it down while George eased back into the car, behind the wheel, (leaving the door open in hopes he could jump out in time in case it went all the way down the mountain) and somehow managed to get all four wheels back onto the road! It scared me to death to hear about it later!

On the way back, with George (wisely) still behind the wheel, they came to a railroad crossing & as he slowed the car, Uncle Charlie asked him, "Why are you slowing down? No trains ever ever come by here." And at that very moment, along came a train & whizzed past them & he added, "Well, hardly ever."

So you see why I said Charlie was a "character"!

He visited Asheville later that year (by himself; I'm not sure why Mossie couldn't come) and stayed with Mamaw & Papaw, but visited us at Edgewood Knoll Apts. & met your cousin George shortly after he was born. He lived to be 89 years old & died shortly before Papaw died, in 1962. Mossie lived on for almost 20 years (until she was almost 100), dying about the time Mamaw came to Richmond to live with us.

Over the years, as time went on, we had planned, if we ever had another son, to name him Charles James McCoy. Which is why, until this day, we sometimes teasingly refer to Beth as "Charlie."