In-Laws, Outlaws, Friends, and Foes

A Southern Collection

In-Laws, Outlaws, Friends, and Foes A Southern Collection

By Pamela McConathy Kopfler



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my children Adam and Caroline McConathy

> my husband Joe Kopfler

> > and

all the in-laws, outlaws, friends, and foes in the stories on these pages

— Contents —

Preface 9 The Gift 11 Chicken and Dumplings 12 Summer of 1968 13 Anywhere But There 15The Test 17 Small Towns 18 Kids Say 20 Not Your Norman Rockwell Christmas 22 The Duel 25 High Tea 27 Just Visiting 28 The Chinky Chank Joint 29 Baby Stones 31 Drunk and Disorderly 33 The Magic 35 36 The Sycamore Snow Buzzards 39 The Habit 41 Wrong Feet, Right Answer - 43 Lived to Tell It 45 The Best Mother's Day 46 The Slip 47 Sun Wars -49 Dirty Job 52 **Rigged Christmas** 54But Can You Do This? 56The Face of the Enemy 57But Why, Mom? 59 The Debt 60 First Day on the Job 64 Half-Dollar 66 Time and Toilet Paper 68

Strange But True 70 Cold Storage 71 Instructions Not Included 74 Pink Tornado 77 Gentle Vision 80 Sibling Rivalry 83 Frog Legs 86 The Wicker 88 Stuck 91 Dr. Mommy Dearest 94 Knock-Knock 97 Humble Pie for Mom 99 On Cats 101 Flood of 1991 103 Mohawk 106 What You Know 107 Chef's Secret 110 Crawling and Coordination 111 English? 112 TBJ's 114 Incredible 116 The Game 117 Teenage Years 120 She Ain't Gonna Quit 121 Dirty Little Secret 123 Color Blind 125 Had to Do It 126 Resident Rampage 128 Pick Your Battles 135 Double Vision 136 Witching Hour 138 Contractor Language 140Blind Date 141 The Swimmer 144 Married Him Anyway 146 Dirt 153 The Quest 155 Go Ahead 158

— Preface —

Every family has stories to tell. Ours is no exception. Sometimes I am reminded of a story from the past in most unusual ways. A certain smell, a look, a conversation, or maybe happening upon a note or picture can bring forth a flood of memories, tears to my eyes, and laughter to my soul.

My mother-in-law, Mary McConathy, is a delightful storyteller, as was her mother, Lula Lane. They could tell a story in such detail and animation you felt as though you were right there for the event. I love hearing stories and telling stories, but being a scribe at heart, I must write them down. It gives the story more security and somehow gives the characters and maybe the storyteller more permanence than their brief life on earth.

There is a flavor of the South that permeates its inhabitants. It's as though the hot, humid days steep southerners in a fine blend of tradition, humor, love, and humility. The stories I share with you about in-laws, outlaws, friends, and foes do not follow the order of time, but flow more like a conversation spanning over forty years of family tales, struggles, and triumphs, as they come to mind. Some of the stories are reminiscent, and others happened only recently.

The characters in the stories called in-laws include all those not directly related to me. Those considered outlaws are anyone, including a friend, family member, in-law, pet, or inanimate object, that is involved in a suspicious or less than virtuous activity, either real or imagined. An outlaw in one story may be a friend in the next. The friends in the stories include my children at all ages, all my other family members, and of course good friends. Foes are generally circumstances and not humans but foes all the same.

I thank my children, Adam and Caroline, for loving me anyway after I shared their childhood antics in my stories. I thank my father, the late John Wallace, and my mother, Melva Mitchell, for believing I could do anything, and my sister, Sandy Planetta, and brother, Patrick Wallace, for the fun we had as kids that I enjoy telling about today.

I thank my ex-in-laws, the McConathy family, for loving me even after their son and I divorced and allowing me to share their funny family stories.

I thank my friends for enriching my life with their love, presence, and an abundance of writing material.

I also thank those who listened to my stories and helped me edit my jumbled stories into a form that could be submitted to my publisher, Pelican Publishing Company: Emily Rash, Doug Seegers, Beverly Halsell, Jerry Hermann, and my dear husband, Joe Kopfler.

Storytellers tell the story as they remember it, and can't be held accountable for factual details, only conveying the magic of the story. I hope you will laugh, cry, reflect, and enjoy these stories, understanding they are told only as I remember them.