



CYNTHIA KENNEDY HAMILTON

Feb. 26, 1846 - June 11, 1936

Grandma Cynthia was seventy-four years old when I was born, and she had been a widow for 16 years. For the next 16 years, I came to know her quite well.

After Grandpa Henry's death, Cynthia made her home with her children, staying with first one, and then another for a week at a timesometimes longer if she felt comfortable where she was. I was glad for her visits to our home.

I knew Cynthia as petite, (about 90 lbs.) round shouldered and seemingly "really old." She was a solemn little lady and was not given to much humor or laughter. She became very gray at an early age, and her snow white hair was her mark of distinction. The few times I remember that grandma laughed (of course, there must have been many other times) was when Myron was 2 or 3 years old. Grandma often brushed her smooth white hair. When it was 'hanging over her face, Myron would come near and she would peek through her hair and say, "Boo." Of course, Myron would run and Grandma would let out a little cackle.

The one thing Grandma did to "help out" was to make "syrup bread a sweet bread made with Georgia cane syrup (molasses.) I don't think Momma particularly cared for Grandma messing around in the kitchen at her age, but we kids liked the sweet cake.

Grandma's feet were small, deformed and knottyprobably from ill fitting shoes. She soaked them in hot water every night. She always made sure to stay up until 9:00 so she would sleep until morning.

Once we went to Florida for a visit. Uncle John stayed at our house with Grandma. One night a burglar broke in the house; the burglar was under the bed when John and Grandma come home that evening. He took Uncle John's watch and money from the dresser nearby, two shot guns from the closet, and rummaged through Grandma's "little black bag", which was at her bedside. He ate what he could find in the kitchen and left. All this took place while Uncle John and Grandma slept soundly.

Grandma was staying with us when Uncle John died. I was eleven. I remember how sad I felt for her when she returned from his bedside.

Year after year we celebrated Grandma's birthday at various family homes. The first party I remember was at Aunt Beulah and Uncle Winfield's near Black Creek. Her birthday became a family reunion ...it was always in February and I don't ever remember the weather being bad.

Grandma died at Aunt Annie's home at Bona Bella of "causes incident to age." Mother was there to help care for her. I was at the funeral of course. Her grave is next to Grandpa Henry Leland's and it was lined with concrete. At the time I thought that was special.

This account is given by Evelyn Hamilton Distefano. Daughter of Charles Henry (son of Cynthia) and Ella Hodges Hamilton.

This account was copied from documents in the possession of Nancy Hamilton Frischknecht (Daughter of Earl Hodges Hamilton, son of Charles Henry Hamilton, son of Cynthia).