



This was the home of Howard Reed in Forks Twp. Built in 1890. The woman is Lydia Sayman, grandmother to Ellen Sayman Reed, wife of Howard. Both Howard and Ellen died Jan. 5th, 1988 of individual heart attacks, he in the morning and she in the afternoon while beginning his funeral arrangements. Ellen's grandmother Lydia Hunsinger Sayman had died Aug. 30, 1929 at the age of 81.

March 2, 2016

TOURING SULLIVAN COUNTY'S MUSEUM . . . while dusting

As we hunker down for March winds, we thought it time to tell you what we've been doing this winter. Much

of what we do in the "off season" is related to cleaning and re-arranging displays or adding to them, cataloguing new acquisitions coming in and doing research. In fact, most of our visitors during this time are researchers, both in person and by email thru our web site www.scpahistory.com. So, while we were helping a visitor to their request needing information on the Sullivan County Agriculture Society (i.e. the Fair Assoc.) we came across the following transcribed by Eloise Caseman. Eloise had, from memory, read the following ditty at a Home Talent Night at a fair a few years ago. We'd asked her to write it down because of the beauty of the piece. And in this writer's minds eye, I can still envision her standing on stage reciting this. Here goes:

[verse] There's a picture of our family, my but don't the kids look small, and here's another one, they're bigger now, when they were playing ball.

And my darling wife so beautiful, with love still in her eyes. And how priceless are these treasures, I come to realize.

[chorus] There are treasures in the attic of a house once filled with love.

Simple things so precious, but they didn't cost so much,
Memories of our lives lie covered in the dust.

There are treasures in the attic of a house once filled with love.

[verse] That old rocking chair was Granny's, Lord it's seen a mile or two.

I think it came from Georgia back in 1942.

She would hold me and sing Jesus songs til I was fast asleep,
Anybody else would have thrown it out, but it meant so much to me.

[chorus – repeat]

[verse] There's a box of clothes and baby toys, Lord I ain't seen them in years.

And the doll the kids took the scissors to, we all felt gay until the tears.

A report card from the second grade, and a pair of dancing shoes.

And finger painted Valentine saying Momma I love you.

[chorus – repeat]

[verse] If some one else came up here, junk is all they'd see.

There's nothing here of value, except of course to me.

Sweet memories came back to me from Heaven up above.

There are treasures in the attic of a house once filled with love.