

In Memory of Ruby Trammell Lester



1912-2004
by Ann Barrow Harris

I was in early Middle School when my last grand parent died. Throughout my early adult life, I always felt a twinge of envy of those of my friends that were fortunate enough to have grandparents. Even though I never really knew much about mine, I knew that I was missing out on so much wisdom, companionship and history.

After several years, Ruby and I reconnected, and was blessed to spend many years catching up on so much of the Trammell/Barrow history. I also gained a wonderful friend, and she agreed that I could call her "my grandmother"! Now, I had that grandparent for which I had longed!

Ruby was the youngest child of Ma and Pa Trammell and was the sister of my paternal grandmother, Virginia (Gingoo). As I sat in her ICU room, watching her on life support, I reflected on three specific blessings that God had granted me:

1. **The blessing of her history-** It was such a blessing to be able to hear about my great grand parents (Trammells). Ruby grew up on a farm in Alabama. Her father was a farmer and her mother raised 10 children! Ruby remembered eating good, fresh farm food, helping her mother with chores, and how hard her parents worked from sun-up to sun down. She told me several stories..one was how she remembered watching Gingoo as she sang in the church choir and how beautiful she looked...she idolized Gingoo and wanted to look just like her! She also told me about when Bill, my father, was a very young boy and how much he loved to stay with Ma and Pa. She said that once his parents (Pop and Gingoo) had tried to take him home and he cried and cried. Pop finally relented and they allowed Bill to stay on. Imagine the kind heart of Ma as she added Bill

into the fold of her other 10 children. Ruby stated that Bill would run and play outside until he was parched with thirst, and run into the house yelling, "Ma, I need some water". She would get him his water, and, as he was about to run out of the door, Ma would say, "Billy, give me a hug"...and Bill would grab her neck, hug it, and run out into his world again. Ruby also told me about the sadness she experienced when, as a young teenager, she lost both of her parents within weeks of each other. She was forced to go to Atlanta to live with her brother for a while, and then she had to find work. As the years went on, she ended up serving as a very successful book keeper with a Lumber company in East Point. She married and buried two husbands. She lived alone, drove her own car, managed her finances, and took care of herself up until she was 92. She was a self-made woman-a true renaissance woman of her time! What a role model for women! I will miss learning from her!

2. **The blessing of her companionship**-It was obvious that for a woman of 92, Ruby had it together! She took care of herself, down to driving to her hair dresser every week! Her doctors were amazed at her good health, and she could address any current issue that had been on the news the night before. She understood that the world was really changing and felt that God had a plan that He was putting in to place. When we would go to get Bar-B-Que, she would tell me about what was going on in her neighborhood, who was moving and to where, and who was helping her with her garbage, yard, and odd jobs. Going to lunch with Ruby was atypical of what one might think it would be. With very little assistance, she could maneuver into even the highest SUV and enjoyed riding around and looking for antique shops. I adored catching up with her, and letting her tell me more stories about my family. I will so miss that wonderful companionship!
3. **Finally**, I am most thankful for a merciful and loving God who, by His promises (that He always keeps) and grace, will allow us all to see her again in her perfect body, in a most perfect place.