

TRY THIS FOR HEART
By Jerry Tammer "Gus" Denny

As you enter the cemetery at Rock Springs on your left the lay of the land runs uphill and in the far left corner for over 40 years laid two unmarked graves. One was long and the other one short. They were unmarked except for a rock and it bore no name. There laid Dimple Sullins and her child. Dimple was once a teenager and the off spring of a family that was poorer then poor. But she was a girl and offered some attraction to men. (to this day nobody knows which man) Dimple became "big" with child . Young, unmarried and poor she was an easy mark for the scarlett letter "a" that the community put on her chest. Dimple died in child birth along with her baby. The circumstances associated with her death left so many unanswered questions and comments: (1) no body cared) (2) she was white trash. (3) she didn't warrant living (along with the baby) in a community of god fearing Methodists (4) it was punishment from God. This was just a few, everyone had their own version and the crueler they were the better the were liked.

When it came time for birth Dimple was attended by a local "saw bones" who (this is rumor as I was not at the birth bed) through the power of his medical diploma had been ordained by God to determine who lives and who dies. Guess what? White trash, poor, uneducated, and guilty of sex (to this day I have not figured out how they had so many children when this sex thing must have been the very by works of the devil and a janitor. The devil put the sin in it and the janitor put the dirt in it. Dimple died. And the baby could not have been worthy to occupy any space on earth because it was a bastard. It died.

I was drawn back to this cemetery many times because a lot of my memories, family and friends lie there in peaceful slumber. On one occasion I went there with my mother to my dads' grave. Why? Or what caused it. I do not know. I told my mother (the Denny row of plots are straight across the cemetery on flat land, I guess we did have a little clout) that the dirt off Dimple's grave was surely washing across the graves in our row. She became fiery mad and refused to speak to me the rest of the afternoon. Who says bitterness does not last a long time. After all the dirt on Dimple's grave had had time to settle since she had been dead 40 years.

Later on one of the trips that I was drove by an unknown force to make I entered the gate looked to the left up the scope as I had done dozen of times to check on Dimple. To my surprise where the two rocks had laid for years there stood two beautiful tombstones of marble. I was so struck that I forgot my long gone loved ones and went straight to Dimple's grave. There the stones stood majestic, engraved with the name and other things that decent people have on theirs. I later ask the grass cutter if he knew how they got there. He said no. One day when he came in to cut the grass they were there. I checked with anyone I could find that had kin buried there and no they didn't know. The strange part was that the descendants of these "rester" there cared less. Like I said maybe it is in the genes to be bitter.

I know the stones had no divine placement because they had a name on them. I checked with the company. They didn't talk either as the transactions they made were in

confidence. So in my mind the speculations began: was it her unknown love who had made it rich in Detroit and yielded to his guilt so that he could have peace? Was it her unknown lover who had to wait for his wife to pass on in order to redeem himself. I do not know the answer. Only God has that information and right now he isn't talking either. Anyway rest in peace Dimple and cuddle the little one close.

P.S. The second part or the first of the story. You will not believe the troubles, hurt feelings re Dimple being buried in the cemetery. Later on this. This is just to keep you on your toes, you perfect wife. The food did not burn, talk to you later.
Gus.

A FINAL GOODBY TO DIMPLE

Lets talk one more time about Dimple and then I will let her rest. After Dimple "died" you would think that was the end of the story. Wrong. There was one small item left. What to do with the remains? After all we were not savages like the Indians who left their dead to their own fate. We were civilized people (or were we?) Anyway the Sullins family had no money, and of all things they didn't even have a graveyard that bore their name like so many of the more affluent had. Now the plot thickens. Death in itself is not a pleasant thing, but a few days after it brings on more things that are also not pleasant. So where to lay Dimple and the child? No grave yard wanted her. I will give my dad credit on this one. He along with his brother decided that the "fairly" new yard at Rock Springs could offer their services. Now the job of selling it to the other interested parties became a challenge.

My grandmother was the first grave at the yard in 1925. She had been dead for 16 years and surely being the kind soul they said she was wouldn't have minded. (this was my grandmother Ada, on my dad side.) The Denny family had donated the plot of land (not my dad, as he never in his life owned a piece of land or house. We always rented and sometimes during the depression we moved frequently. I often wondered why, but you know the rent does come due.) There were a few other accumulations in the yard during these 16 years, so several families were involved with the hell that broke loose shortly.

Time was of importance and refrigeration was not so good then. The selling job of my dad and his brother brought about the biggest shake since the quake in California. My dad was accused and called names unbecoming to a gentleman. I don't recall being threatened in public but I am sure the family caught hell in private. My own mother opposed the internment (this answers the dirt washing over the graves) sides were taken and the battle went on so did the deterioration of Dimple and her child. It was finally agreed on by some that she could be put way up on the hill where there was nothing but rocks and not likely to be used by anyone else. There was no marker which didn't matter as her family didn't have a sheet of paper less alone a marble slab. And Dimple was laid down. Mind you I didn't say in peace for the battle went on and to this day if some of the older ones were still around it would be going on now.

I was 11 years old during this war and found it quite disturbing in the silence between my dad and mother. After all he was dragging down the family name, as he and every other

male that was on his side was accused of being the unknown lover. This I find hard to believe as by dad had enough at home with five in the stable and the gleam in his eye for the sixth that would follow shortly. You know to this day Dimple has never bothered anyone in the yard. But, the mistake she made must have had a great lasting effect because much of what she did has gone on and on and on.

I just wanted to tell you Dimple, I'm sorry. Gus

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