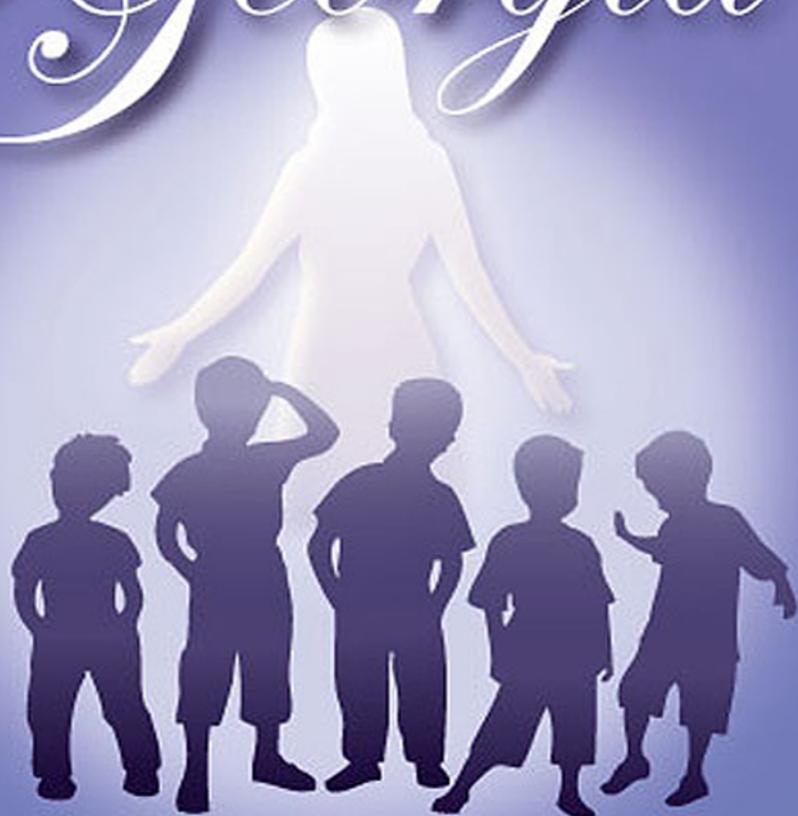


Georgia



Is on My Mind

A Tale of a Guardian Angel

GARY LUNSFORD

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Eloquent Books

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Eloquent Books
An imprint of Strategic Book Group
P.O. Box 333
Durham CT 06422
www.StrategicBookGroup.com

ISBN: 978-1-61204-494-1

Printed in the United States of America

Dedication

Many thanks to all of the Lunsford family, both past and present.

My deep appreciation to my wife, who was valuable to the writing of my story.

Most of the changes were for you, Netta Sue. Hope you like it.

CHAPTER ONE

Georgia Appears

“Everything I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother”

--Abraham Lincoln

This story is about five brothers and their guardian angel, Georgia. Billy Lee who happens to be the youngest of the five wrote the story. The oldest, Wayne was an OTR truck driver; Edward, Richard and Walter Ian were involved in the business world as entrepreneurs, and Billy Lee was a schoolteacher. They all have had unique experiences that could have been grave. They were not to be cheated in life as they lived life to its fullest. As you read through their experiences, you may wonder why they deserved a guardian angel. No one said that when something does happen to you, accidents, and war battles or fights, no pain was to be involved. They simply accepted the pain and moved on. Do you believe in guardian angels?

As a schoolteacher, Billy Lee's summers were pretty much free, so he tried to do odd jobs to make a little extra income. As a native New Mexican, he loved that state and refused to live anywhere else. In the summer of 1994, his daughter, Lauren, and he made a trip to the Dallas/Ft.Worth area for a small

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vacation while he was hired to paint a couple of houses. Two of his brothers, Richard and Wayne, lived in the area, so they were able to spend some time with them.

He was working on Richard's mother-in-law's house when Wayne came by and offered him lunch. He said, "I'll pay. It's on me." Of course Billy Lee was not about to turn down a free lunch. They went to Jose Pena's Mexican restaurant in Ft. Worth, and had some beer and nachos, and then they ordered their meal. While they were waiting for their meal, Wayne shared something with Billy Lee that he didn't know. He told him about a dream that their dad (Pop) had as a child.

When Pop was younger, even before he met his wife (their mother), he had a dream. He dreamed of his own mother, Georgia, who was killed by a truck driver when Pop was about twelve years old. She came to her son in his dream and told him, "You are going to have several children in your lifetime. They are all going to have difficulties with life, but don't worry, I'll take care of them for you!"

They suspect their guardian angel to be their grandmother, Georgia. For some reason (he had no clue how he obtained this article) Billy Lee had the newspaper article that described her accident the day she died. It read:

"MRS. JAMES (name omitted) KILLED BY TRUCK!"

"Mrs. James (name omitted), about 35 years old, was killed instantly about 8 o'clock Monday morning near Morrill post office when she was struck by a Lexington truck driven by Woodrow Puckett. After Mrs. (name omitted) had been taken to a house near by, Puckett returned to Richmond and surrendered to the Sheriff McWilliams.

"Puckett said that the woman was struck by the side of his truck. He was driving towards McKee and Mrs. (name omitted) was walking on her left of the road facing traffic. She was accompanied by small girl who was unhurt. As he met Mrs. (name omitted) Puckett said he also met three coal trucks going towards Richmond forcing him almost to the ditch on the right side of the road.

“Sheriff Johnie Morris and deputy went down to Richmond and brought Puckett here after they learned of the accident. He waived the right of examining trail and filed bond of \$2,000 for the Grand Jury.

“Mrs. (name omitted) is survived by her husband and several children.” (sic)

The above article was quoted verbatim from a circa early 1930’s Kentucky newspaper.

Pop was a World War II veteran. After his return from Europe, he and a friend were enjoying an afternoon in downtown McKee, Kentucky. Pop’s friend saw a sign for a fortuneteller and suggested that he and Pop go see her and get their fortunes told. Pop was totally against it, but his friend was insistent.

They walked into the room and were greeted by an elderly woman. She looked like a Gypsy, dressed in a fluffy blouse, pleated skirt and with a bandana on her head. There was no crystal ball or anything like that. She simply read palms. She asked Pop for his hand first. He said, “No way! I’m not here for that, just read his palm!”

She then said to the man, “If you please?”

Pop’s friend held out his palm and the lady began to read it. She stroked it a few times looking at the lines of his hands. Each line is supposed to mean something. You know, love, marriage, the future. Evidently, there was nothing special about his friend’s future or past for that matter. He got the usual, “You have a very special moment coming into your life, you will meet someone who is meaningful to you and you will marry her. You will have several children and move somewhere far away!” They both look at each other as if she really knew something, maybe she was right. He really liked her prediction! Was this lady for real?

Pop liked what he saw and determined that he would take a chance! He reached out his hand and the lady followed the same routine. The moment the lady began to follow procedure, she raised her head with her eyes wide open, she stared at Pop and told him, “You have a powerful force protecting you, I can’t describe it but it is with you even now.” She asked, “Do you

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know of a Joe, George, Jim?” as she was stumbling through names.

He thought, “George and Jim are uncles,” and Joe he had no memory of. However, his uncles were alive and well. Then it came to him and he shouted, “Georgia, that’s my mother, she died about eight years ago!”

The fortuneteller was shocked and began to feel uneasy. She mulled around and it seemed she was not able to focus. She then asked both men to leave and did not charge them. As they were walking out the door, the women heaved a sigh of relief. The fortuneteller thought, “I have never seen anything like that!”

Pop told his friend, “I don’t feel anything, and I certainly don’t feel the presence of another person!” He shrugged his shoulders as they walked out.

As Billy Lee heard this story, he had chills all over his body. Wayne said, “Just think about it? How are we even alive?” He couldn’t answer that question, knowing some of the experiences they went through as children and even in their adult life!

Even though they were very different in their personal lives, they all shared something in common. That was Georgia. Although there is no real proof of a guardian angel, something or someone did those things that helped save the lives of the Leeds boys.

Later, sometime in the cold Red Rock, New Mexico, winter, Billy Lee’s wife woke up in the middle of the night and saw something glowing on her husband’s side of the bed. She wiped her eyes to clear the nighttime sleep, and saw him lying in the lap of an angel. She said the angel ignored her; it was a peaceful scene. There was no fear in her heart, only love. She smiled, simply lay back down and went back to sleep.

When the morning came, and they were up and having their first cup of coffee, she asked her husband, “How did you sleep last night?”

“Very well, thank you. In fact, I slept better than I have in quite some time!”

“I woke up last night to go to the bathroom but as I opened my eyes, I thought I saw a bright light on your side of the bed. I

cleared the sleep from my eyes and adjusted them on you and I saw you lying in the lap of an angel. I wasn't scared or anything. She was running her fingers through your hair. She was very beautiful. It did not seem to bother her that I was watching. As she looked at me she simply smiled and..." his wife was losing her breath as she was talking rapidly, "...it was the most comfortable sight that I have ever seen. She did not have wings or anything that would resemble an angel, but what else could she have been?" Billy Lee's first thought was his near-death experience and Georgia!

Why him? He certainly was no saint; he didn't attend church services that often. All he could think of was the promise his grandmother made to his dad, the dream his dad had about protecting his children.

Sometime later, as he slept, he felt something shaking his shoulder. The shake was enough to awaken him. He opened his eyes, sat up and looked around; he saw nothing. It was early in the morning, sometime around four o'clock. Even though Billy Lee was an early riser, this was way too early, even for him. He lay back down to go back to sleep and the shake occurred again. This time he was angry, he got out of bed and turned on the light. He searched his bedroom and found nothing. His wife had awakened by now, and he asked if she heard anything. She said, "No, nothing, what's going on?"

He murmured, "Nothing!" He turned out the light and walked to the bathroom that was in the next room.

He finished his business and as he walked out of the bathroom, his computer turned on. He was thinking, "This is a little weird!" As the computer set its personal settings, he began to wonder, "Am I missing something?" First he was awakened, second, the computer was turned on and he did not turn it on. He sat down at the computer and went to his word processor. He felt an urge to write about his family. He began to write a story about his family and the influence of Georgia.

As a teacher and coach, he found the only free time for him to write was in the early morning. Sometimes he slept in and every time he did, he got the shake on the shoulder treatment!

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Believe it or not, he was usually out of bed before four o'clock on a daily basis from then on!

The more he wrote and as life went on, he discovered that there was more to the story than just that of a guardian angel. His brother Walter Ian had several experiences that led him to believe that he and his brothers could be descendants of the Lost Tribes of the Hidden Jews. He had his fortunes determined by a Guatemalan soothsayer and a Chinese Buddhist, both of whom told his future for the purpose of a business relationship. Both said the same thing. He was protected and that he was a member of the Lost Tribes of the twelve original families. Of course, if he was protected by the Jewish Star, then so were his brothers! He discarded this as he remembered his past and the past of his brothers. As life went on, he and all of his brothers experienced things in their lives that led them to believe that just maybeeee... Was Georgia there for that reason?

He finished his first story, in which he included the history of his family. He wrote the story based on input of his family and what he saw as he was growing up. Much of this, you just don't tell other people, especially in a book. He got a bad grade from family members. Some liked it, but most resented it.

As a high school football coach, he did not have time to correct his mistakes. In fact, he had a book agent to sell his story. The story was never published. He put the story on the back burner as long as he was a coach. Once he resigned his position as head football coach, he was back at his word processor and went at it again. And here it is!

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