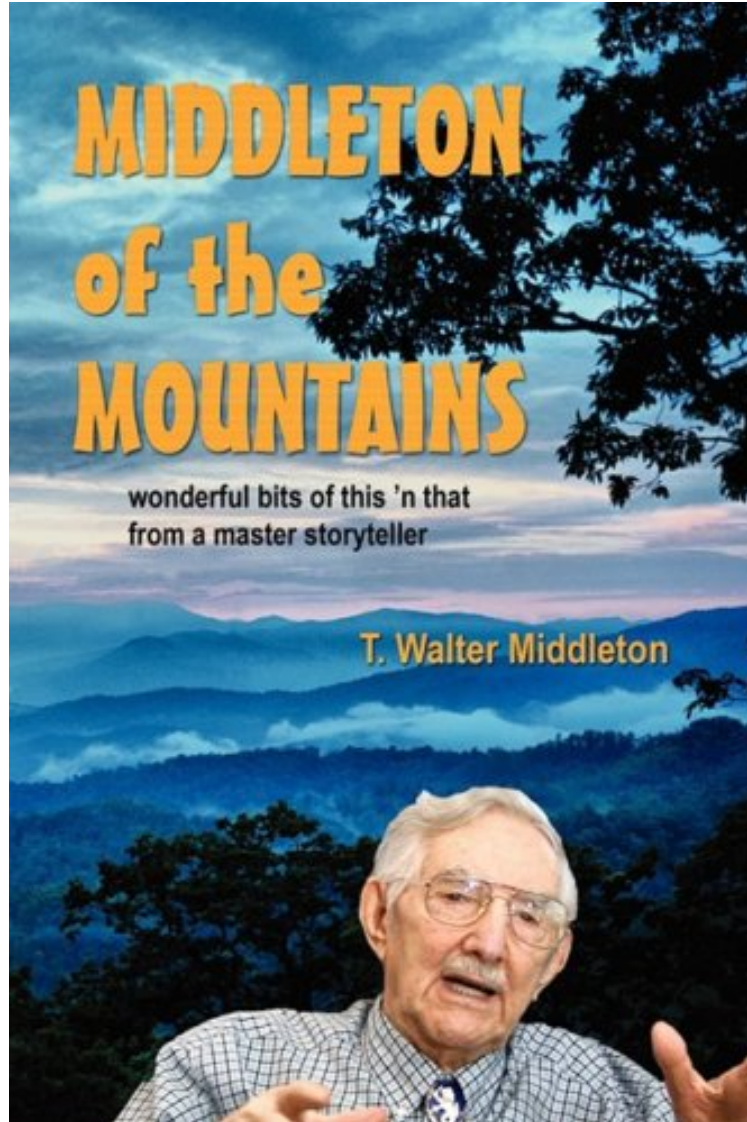


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Middleton of the Mountains

T. Walter Middleton

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T. Walter Middleton : Middleton of the Mountains before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Middleton of the Mountains:

She was a tall woman, near seven feet tall and the pastor couldn't remember seeing her before. He looked at the chairman of deacons who nodded okay. The candidate was walked into the water as close down to the dam as possible,

giving maximum room for baptism. She stood with her hands folded at her waist, her skirt pinned together below her knees. The woman's upper lip was somewhat pale and quivered a little as her pastor took up his position at her left side with his left hand on her left elbow. His right arm raised toward Heaven, he said the baptismal ceremony, brought his right hand down to the nape of her neck and started to lay her down. She balked and started running backward until there wasn't room to finish the job. A few people sniggered over on the bank. The embarrassed pastor led her back down and repeated the process with the same results. Now you can embarrass a mountain preacher twice but not three times in the same manner continuously. The third time this pastor started to lower his candidate he stepped over behind her with his left foot and laid her down to the bottom. It was anything but graceful he related, but she was well baptized. The congregation clapped their hands and one elderly lady told him in a loud voice, "Praise God you done what three other preachers couldn't do." That preacher said he thought, "that woman was going to drown us both." I'll just not mention who that preacher was or what creek it was. But I know.