

MEMORIAL FOR MRS BROOKS
Prov. 31:23-31

Folks, I feel quite honored to be able to speak here this morning. Everyone knew Mickey Brooks or Mildred Brooks as I recently found out at the hospital. I had driven over from Longview to Tyler to visit with her and I could not find my way around the hospital grounds. I ended up going in through the back door of the kitchen and a lady working in the kitchen led me to the front desk I asked for Mickey Brooks and was informed that they had a lot of Brookses there, but no one by that name. But I insisted that she was there just to be told again and informed that I should try ETMC. Any way I drove back to Longview and called Bro. Brooks. He informed me that her name was Mildred and that she was there.

So to make a long story short, I met Mrs. Brooks in 1971, when I enrolled as a student at TBI. Back then she was able to attend every school function: openings, closings Lecture weeks and special events. In 1972, I had been given the privilege of project manager, or job foreman, over a huge remodeling project and building of the Kirkland Memorial Auditorium here at the school. Mrs. Brooks always had lots of questions I almost dubbed her Inquisitive Mrs. Brooks. But still, I only knew her casually. As time went by, in 1985 I was privileged to do a remodeling of the Brooks" home. You really can get to know someone up-close and personal when you are tearing their house apart, hoping to be able to put it back together. Mrs. Brooks let me know right up front that she was hard to work for and that she was very particular. I informed her that I was the same way, I did understand. As the job progressed I noticed things not going as fast as I had hoped. My crew was being hindered. Mrs. Brooks was making cookies and Lipton Lemon Tea for them every hour on the hour She would get one batch served and have another batch going. I told her we could have "Tea Time" when we finished, but please let us get finished first.

My oldest son; Rusty or Ray ,Jr., was a cabinet maker for Longhorn Cabinets in Longview. He built a custom entertainment Center and a china cabinet for Mrs. Brooks and she was sold. We never had to tear out or change one thing, we did not have one cross word, that wasn't bathed in Lipton Lemon Tea. The job turned out beautiful and Mrs. Brooks and I were still friends! When Mama's happy, everyone is happy, including Bro. Brooks.

Soon I was asked to drive the Brooks" vehicle to various meetings around, especially those on longer distances. In 1986, I was asked to drive Bro. and Mrs. Brooks, and their granddaughter Amanda to Washington DC. Bro. Brooks was President of the ABA. So they asked me to take my son, Jonathan and my baby daughter, Kathy along so that Amanda would not be alone on that long of a trip. Bro. Brooks already had us mapped out as to where we would stay each night. Mrs. Brooks already had it mapped out where we would eat. McDonalds for breakfast and Cracker Barrel for dinner. She had two stipulations as to where we would stay, Where ever it was cold at night and no upstairs rooms. So off we go, I am the driver, Bro. Brooks is the pilot, Mrs. Brooks is the co-pilot and navigator. You REALLY get to know someone when you spend 17 days in a vehicle and a hotel room with them. As long as the hotel rooms were where you could hang meat in them at night, things were perfect, but if the meat began to thaw a little, something must be done, NOW! Change rooms, change hotels, or change pilots and drivers. But change! We all had a very wonderful time on that trip, and thank the Lord we made it back home all safe, sound and cool. One night, on the way home, we stopped in Jackson, Ms. We had ground floor adjoining rooms. Not quite all was well! The girls' room was too warm. At 2:00 in the morning, "Ray, its too hot in here, we need another room.. The air is not working!" The guy's air was working fine, our room was "snuggly" Quick solution, Change rooms. Done! In our "new room", I discover the air vent above the door is wide open, so I get up on a chairs back to shut the vent, the chair topples over, I hit the floor. Pandemonium at 2 A. M. F rom the other room, "Ray, is everything alright in there, what is going on?" "Everything is fine, go back to bed." Next morning, (or a couple of hours later),breakfast at McDonalds, my daughter Kathy falls off a bench, backwards, mocking Bro. Brooks throwing things in the air and catching them with his mouth. Laughter all around. Four hours later, at dimer Jonathan is thrown on his face by a Spring loaded hobby horse. Again laughter all around. Isn't it amazing how little it takes to make people happy!. Folks we traveled many miles together and Thank God, they everyone have been pleasant, and safe.

I remember coming over in the later days, and Mrs. Brooks would be in her PJs and she would say, Ray, Someday you are going to come over and catch me dressed. I told her if I did I would not know who she was. Don't worry about it I fully understand. One of the longest running jokes, (it

had to be a joke, because it never happened) we had between us was about three or four years ago, she said she was going to x me a pot of beans and some cornbread. Six months later, she would say, I'm still going to x those beans and cornbread and have you over. I said, "well can't I come over with out the beans and cornbread"? She'd say , Well yes, just come anytime, but I am going to surprise you and x you some of my favorite Lipton's Lemon Tea to go with them. So Mrs. Brooks, I am still waiting for those beans and cornbread and some of that "labor hindering" Lipton's Lemon Tea, but I guess we will have to make it another time. That is all right tool Love you, miss you. And yes I am going to take care of "My Ray" just like I promised you. The last words she spoke to me, "Ray, you take good care of "My Ray".