

My Daddy, William Cornelius Cox, Growing Up

By Missy Cox Jones

My Daddy, and my Mother also, talked a lot about their childhood. Now, there are so many questions I wish that I could ask them.

When my Daddy was sick and in the Gorman, Texas hospital, in 1959, and a few days before he died, his brothers, Hill, Bed and Jeff Cox were visiting with him. One night, and daddy was under the influence of pain medicine, he thought that he was a young boy, and that he and his brothers were all out in the woods cutting wood.

My uncles told me about the times of their childhoods, and that my Daddy was always laughing and having fun. They said when they would be carrying a heavy load, that my Daddy always got tickled and dropped his end of the load.

Wasn't it wonderful of them to remember so many things and to tell me about them. I got to see a picture of my Daddy that I hadn't known about before.