



Southern Charm & Grace

When you think of the expression “Southern Belle,” you envision a beautiful, gracious lady. Such a lady took up residence at St. Barnabas – Room 215, if you please...
Mrs. Virginia Harris.

Her morning routine began with a visit from her son, Frank, who had mastered the genteel art of spreading the jelly on her toast to each and every corner. After a joke or two--she would dismiss him with a “*time to go, Frank,*” always followed with a “*kiss*” and an “*I Love You.*”

This spunky lady never lost her desire to look pretty – even at the age of 100. After her bath - it was time to head for the mirror. After a respectable, self-administered teeth brushing - it was “glamour time.” She and her care giver spent quality moments making “Miss. Virginia” look eye-catching! Needless to say, they both loved every minute of it. She very patiently and quietly sat in her chair – sometimes napping through the full make-over ritual. After applying her own lipstick (this was a must), she carefully inspected the results including hair, makeup, and clothing – always careful to adjust shoulder seams and to examine her hair from *every* angle. She wanted to look good before she rolled out of that room to greet the world.

“Miss Virginia” loved her family and it showed. A daily visit from her “darling June” was always a delight as June would tell “Nana” all about the grandchildren and great grandchildren. “Nana’s” eyes would just sparkle as she absorbed every detail.

Virginia Harris lived to gain recognition many of us never achieve in a lifetime. Upon reaching the age of 100, she and God had quite a few discussions related to her longevity and often exclaimed “*I can’t believe I’m 100 – I just can’t believe it!*”
Family, heart, and charm – right here...at St. Barnabas.