My co-worker, Jamison, and I arrived at the Church of the Living God close to six o’clock. As we were pulling up into the gravel parking lot we saw our professor, Dr. Wharton. There are no large parking spots so we pulled up beside another car. Jamison and I got out and we saw individuals that we had met the night before. We said our hellos and made our way into the sanctuary. There seemed to be about 30 or more people present, and it was an even mixture of males and females. Mrs. Mary Worthem was on the raised area where the pulpit was. Everybody in the sanctuary was in prayer. The individuals were majority kneeling in front of their seat on the pew. Some of the older members were seated in pews but were in prayer. You couldn’t pick out one person’s voice, but you could pick up some that sounded like they were singing. The drone of voices was oddly in sync with each other and was rhythmic at times. I could pick out Mrs. Worthem’s voice at times and I noticed that when she ended her prayer that the drone of voices in the congregation soon followed and people got into their seats.

Mrs. Worthem and the congregation welcomed Jamison, Dr. Wharton, and a nice older gentleman and me by clapping motioned for us to move closer, we did so. There was one song in this service; Our God is an Awesome God, which was lead by a woman of the church. She started singing and everybody came in after her and the instruments came in as well. We sang for about 10 minutes or so. There was some variation each time through but the song had a blues feel. The preacher came forward after the song and prayed then went into the sermon. The sermon was
about being a citizen of Christ’s Kingdom. The service was overall a great experience. At the end of the sermon the preacher asked us if we had anything to say, each individually. The three of us thanked them for letting us come.

After the service each of us spoke to different people. I spoke with different people I had met the night before, and I made my way to Mrs. Worthem. We decided to go ahead and get the interview started and that we should do it in the pastor’s office. I went to my car to get the recorder and made my way back to set up.

The interview went smooth. I was nervous during the interview with it being my first one I’ve conducted. I did ask Jamison if he had any questions more than once during the interview. Mrs. Worthem understood my nervousness, and she made the interview painless. The start of the interview you could still here the slight mumble of people in the sanctuary. The room we were in was small but just right for our interview. Mrs. Worthem sat in the leather office chair on the opposite side of the desk; Jamison and I sat in the chairs on the other side of the desk. The door into the office was at Jamison and my back. Mrs. Worthem appeared to be comfortable during the interview. She didn’t ramble in answering the questions but told you exactly what asked for. This made the interview, for me, go smoothly and quickly. I would definitely want to go back and talk to her about different things we talked about, such as her recording one of her personal songs on a tape. Looking back I realized how much more I could of asked her and did not.

The interview was interrupted once with her daughter knocking on the door and asking a question, but the recorder was not turned off. We finished the interview, and she asked that she be contacted and that the interview to only be used for scholarly purposes only. So we wrote in the changes in the release form and we both initialed it. I gave her a copy of the release form and of the information sheet of the field school. Mrs. Worthem’s husband and daughter were waiting in the sanctuary when we were walking through after the interview. We were the last ones to leave the church close to 9 P.M. or just after 9 P.M.