

inside each tiny acorn



Children's Enrichment Program (CEP)

- ♦ You delivered eight new CEP classrooms in 2015-16...*thank you!*
- ♦ *With your support today, we will **double** music & movement in 10 schools this year.*
- ♦ Will you consider a **monthly gift of \$175** to provide more children with weekly music & movement?



Pursuant to GA Code Section 43-17-8 his charitable appeal is made on behalf of The Craddock Center, located in Cherry Log, Georgia. Full program and financial information is available upon request: PO Box 69, Cherry Log, GA 30522 | 706-632-1772 | craddockcenter@tds.net

Story Express Lending Library

- ♦ Dr. Craddock said, "Can we figure out if [our programs] just make us *feel* good or if we really make a difference?"
- ♦ *With your support, we will work with Young Harris College faculty and preservice teachers to measure the effect of our summer book lending program.*
- ♦ Your gift of **just \$10 monthly** will help answer Dr. Craddock's question.

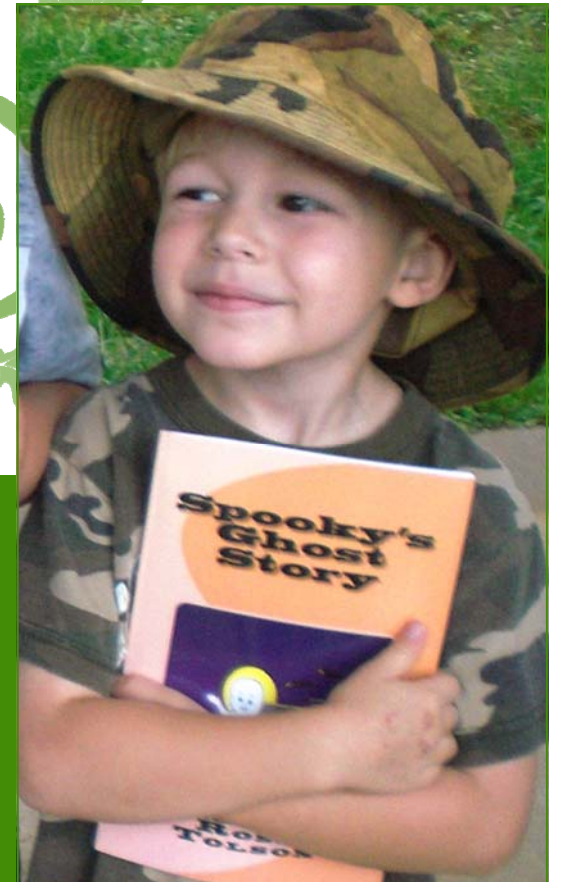


lies a mighty oak



Story Express

- ♦ Thanks to your support, our preschoolers received THREE Story Express visits for the past two years. This year, let's make it FOUR!
- ♦ We need your one-time donation of just \$15 to add this extra visit to a Head Start classroom.
- ♦ With **\$15 each month**, you can provide a 4th new book to a dozen classrooms!



Camp Craddock

- ♦ Dr. Craddock asked that we keep our pledge in some way, every day, to enrich lives through service.
- ♦ Thank you for your support of our capital campaign that created lodging and new showers! SIX teams this summer will deliver week-long, enriching day camp plus two daily meals to children in southern Appalachia .
- ♦ **For \$100 month**, you serve a child Camp Craddock fun, visits all summer from the Story Express-Lending Library, and weekend meals.



Let's Build a Mighty Oak for Our Children!

Dear Friends,

Your generous support helped expand the work of The Craddock Center from its tiny beginnings to a mighty mixture of diverse programs for children.

Eight new classrooms were added to our Children's Enrichment Program, and we hired two new arts specialists. The Story Express visited 56 classes—**three** different times—and gave away over 4,700 books to our preschoolers and other children at special events.

If you visit the Center today, you will see that showers have been added—thanks to a generous gift—allowing us to host working groups for Camp Craddock and other projects. We will be adding a dozen or more beds, which, alongside our kitchen, creates a full and flexible living space. And we are working hard to make Camp Craddock self-funding as mission groups from churches and other organizations reside in-house during the summer to deliver our programming.

Plans for the coming school year include expansion the Children's Enrichment Program, with music and movement growing from biweekly to weekly in a least 10 more classrooms. If we attain our goal for 1,500 new books, either through donations or direct financial support, we will give away FOUR new books to our preschoolers.

No one is more appreciative of all of this work than the children. "Thank you" is heard every day by volunteers and staff. I pass those "thank yous" to you from the children because you are part of the team that makes it all possible. We could not do this work without you.

With your ongoing support, The Craddock Center will continue its mission of bringing "happy & hope" to these precious children. *Inside each tiny acorn...*

Sincerely,



Bill Crowl
Vice President of Fundraising

MILK & HONEY



Bubble magic...ah, summer!



Positive touch...beautiful flowers to remember it by...



Year-round books...and book talks!



I miss The Craddock Center. As my life has pulled me further and further away from our little log building in North Georgia, I still find myself thinking about it often. The volunteers I met, the children who I helped onto the Story Express, and the families in need of furniture in times of crisis all come to mind daily.

The biggest regret I have about leaving The Craddock Center is not returning to Camp Craddock after my first year. In the summer of 2014 I hit the ground running at the Center. I created a five day curriculum, hired staff, gathered supplies, and scouted sites (obviously with a great deal of help from Julie, board members, volunteers, and the community). Each week of camp was exhilarating and exhausting. I never knew how many campers we'd have, which activities would work and which wouldn't, or if some stray dogs would sit down with us for story time. But my favorite part of all of it was the Story Express Lending Library. As I'd drive up and down gravel roads in the hottest part of the afternoon, kids would come out to greet me and to choose a book, or three, to take home and read. This was a time where I could interact one-on-one with campers, ask them about their interests, and applaud them on their reading skill. One camper, a ten-year-old named Gabriel, stole my heart early. He had red hair and mischievous eyes, and loved everything fantasy. He always took my book suggestions seriously, and even though I suspected he didn't read most of them, he always came back for more.

I tried my best to encourage him each week, stocking the Story Express with books that might appeal to him. One day, as he climbed aboard and I stayed outside to talk to one of the neighbors, she told me something shocking. "You know, Gabriel was supposed to go to the Boys and Girls Club this summer, but he got kicked out, and that's not easy to do." I was flabbergasted and wondered how that could be possible. Though a little bit of a rebel, Gabriel had been sweet all through camp and a great kid to work with. On my way home I pondered the difference in how the community perceived this kid versus how I saw him. I realized we were seeing two completely different Gabriels.

I think that one of the deep values in Camp Craddock, beyond that of closing the summer learning gap, is to give kids a chance to be a different person. Instead of being the "screw up" they can be "the artist." Instead of being "dumb" they can be the "math whiz." Not having any history with Gabriel allowed me to see him as kind, intelligent, thoughtful, and competitive. It is my hope that after that summer he saw himself as those things as well, and that maybe the people in his life followed suit. I think if we can make our campers see themselves a little differently, reflected in a better light, then we've done our job at Camp Craddock.

—Abby Crawford Slagle, former Programs Coordinator

I welcome you to a time of memory, the memory of a way of life—Appalachian way of life. Some of you may protest and say that it's not a memory for you because you didn't live here, never did. You're not from here. But that's not important. You can remember places where you've never been.

Loren Eiseley—the great American naturalist who died in the mid 70's, I think, and made us all love science whether we knew anything about it or not—was from Nebraska. Before he left the farm in Nebraska to go back East for study and career, Loren Eiseley and his father planted a little cottonwood tree at the back of the house, the home place. And then he came East and stayed over here for his career and for his studies and his writing. But all the time he was here he said to colleagues and friends and audiences things about that tree. Through the years he imagined a swing in that tree, and children coming and swinging. He imagined a picnic table under it and folk cutting watermelons. He imagined pulling the cane bottom chairs out there and leaning against the tree in the shade. He went back after years. His father was dead, but he went back to the home place, looked for the tree, couldn't find the tree; and he was told that the tree died the first summer. And Loren Eiseley said, "I have spent more than half my life in the shade of a non-existent tree." But he told that about himself in order to explain something about memory.

Memory is not just repeating. Memory is not memorizing. Memorizing is what you do when you've lost your memory. Memory is like a river, and the banks on either side contribute to it—its shape, its nature, its content...and always changing. Memory is a lively, contributing experience.

When Abraham Lincoln gave the address at Gettysburg, "fourscore and seven years ago," I'm sure the people there immediately thought of the language of the King James Bible. You know: threescore years and ten, fourscore, and all like that. He's using the language of the King James Bible. "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth..." [This] an expression from the King James Bible about Mary and her baby. "Conceived in liberty and dedicated..." He's using bible language. He's remembering and they remembered and yet he didn't quote, he didn't refer to, he didn't cite. But that's the way memory is.

When Adela Rogers St. Johns was a writer for the Hearst newspapers, she told about having an assignment somewhere in the Hollywood area. At the gathering where she was, she met an old silent film cowboy actor, Tom Mix. Tom Mix was from Dewey, Oklahoma—a real cowboy who made it in the movies. She got to talking with him, and he said to her, "I have seen him eat from the honeycomb since they hanged him on the tree." She said, "What are you talking about?" And he said, "Jesus." She didn't know that Tom Mix, the cowboy, was an expert on Jesus. And he talked to her about it and impressed her a great deal. The two little lines that he quoted was from a poem by Ezra Pound about Simon the Zealot, Simon Zelotes. Simon the Zealot was a follower of Jesus. A poem by Ezra Pound quoted by Tom Mix said to Adela Rogers St. Johns. *I have seen him eat from the honeycomb since they hanged him on the tree.* When she wrote her autobiography, the story of her life with the Hearst publications, the title of the book is *The Honeycomb*. That's the way it works...Memory is not memorizing.

Tonight, we're remembering Appalachia wherever you're from. All it takes is an old family recipe or a photograph or a rocking chair or a song or a story. It is preserved for me a lot of time just in phrases. I was telling a couple of friends outside awhile ago about a boy telling me about riding in the backseat of an SUV going down Aska Road. Aska Road is like this and he said, "It drowned my stomach." And then he said, "I like to'a got sick." I hadn't heard the expression *I like to've got sick* in a long time. Every once in awhile I hear an Appalachian story and am flooded with all kinds of things. *I grew a little suspicious of him because he followed me a little too warmly.* Ever heard that? *She's not the kind of women that would make market out of everything she heard.* I like that. *She's gotten kind of uppity—she won't go into town now without she's got on crepe.* One I like, and it's appropriate for the evening: *His music is so sad it'll draw an ache out of the gatepost.* "Draw an ache out" is very good. In fact that sort of reminds me of Steve's music, and so we're going to start.—as told by FBC at *Winged for the Heart*, 2003

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Remembering... 2002 first year we sang songs
By the Numbers & told stories in schools

800 Children served Story Express 2004
 purchased (!)

by 2003 14 years of service provided
 by Fred Craddock