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JANUARY /FEBRUARY 2019 NEWSLETTER

MILK & HONEY



JOHN MCCUTCHEON

Johnny Cash called John McCutcheon the “most impressive instrumentalist” he had ever heard! Indeed, he plays a myriad of instruments from the banjo to the octave mandolin to the Nyckelharpa, but he is so much more.

John McCutcheon’s blog postings carry titles such as “Random Acts of Outrage” and “Picket Line Etiquette”, his lyrics tell stories of people and places that need to be told. Five time Grammy nominee, master of the hammered dulcimer, headliner at festivals across the USA, author, teacher... you won’t want to miss this performance by our friend John McCutcheon.

The winners of The Craddock Center’s First Annual Storytelling Competition held Saturday, October 20, 2018 will be our special guest storytellers. Bowen Barnett, Addelyn Barnes, Aiden Carder, Airianna Galloway ,all of East Fannin Elementary School, along with Adleigh Wingate and Rylan Davis of Mountain View Elementary will perform their stories for our audience. Each student will receive a certificate, a Kindle, and a donation of \$100 for their school library.

In addition, The Craddock Center’s own Children’s Enrichment Program artists will entertain all with their storytelling, music and puppetry!

Make plans now to join us for this fun event!

FREE admission/contributions appreciated!

2019 Songs & Stories

The Craddock Center

Proudly Presents

Storyteller

JOHN MCCUTCHEON

Saturday, January 26th, 2019

3:00 PM

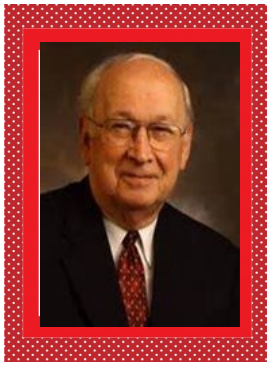
The Craddock Center

186 Fred Craddock Drive

Cherry Log, GA 30522

THE CRADDOCK CENTER MISSION STATEMENT

Our mission is to deliver educational and cultural programs to children, families, and communities, primarily in Southern Appalachia. We serve by sharing and spreading centuries old traditions of song and story characteristic of the region.



DR. FRED B. CRADDOCK

CRADDOCK STORIES

WHEN I READ THE NOTICE of Henry’s death, I was abundantly aware that that I was now the last person living who knew How Alley Cats Got Started. If I am silent, I will be leaving large room for error, and who knows what will be told to the children. So please listen carefully; I will not speak of this again. Don’t trust your memory; take notes. Ready?

How Did Alley Cats Get Started? Eleven year old Danny was given as a birthday present a cat from a rescue center. Not knowing the cat’s birth name, Danny called her Phoebe. Lavished affection set Phoebe free from hostility and suspicion. She was an excellent pet.

One day Phoebe threw up on the carpet. Thinking she was seriously ill, a concerned Danny rushed her to the vet. The vet, a kind and caring old man, was busy so he told Danny to leave the cat and that he would call when Phoebe was ready to come home. The vet, bless his heart, was absentminded with serious memory loss, What did Danny say was wrong with the cat? Noticing that Phoebe’s left ear was a bit shorter than the right, he said, Ah, that’s the problem! He trimmed a half inch off the right ear, stitched it, and called Danny. Naturally Danny was upset, reminded the vet of the real problem, and left Phoebe there.

When the vet turned again to Phoebe, he scratched his head and pondered: What did Danny say was the problem? Noticing the length of Phoebe’s tail and delighted to have found the problem, he removed three inches from Phoebe’s tail, and called Danny.

Of course, Danny was furious. He explained again the problem, and this time wrote it down so the vet could not forget. By and by, the vet attended to Phoebe and asked himself, Now where did I put that note? His search was in vain, but he did notice Phoebe seemed hot in his un-air conditioned office. Cats with heavy fur needed to be trimmed in the summer. Of course! Why did I not think of this sooner! Happily, he sheared Phoebe and called Danny.

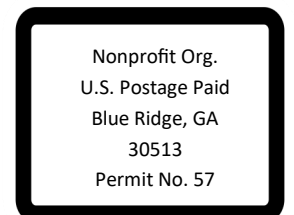
Needless to say, Danny exploded. He spoke to Phoebe: I will leave you here overnight and tomorrow I will come and sit here while the vet attends to you. He will make no more mistakes. Hearing Danny’s new plan, Phoebe jumped out the window, ran down the street, slipped into a dark alley and Danny never saw her again.

Now don’t blame Phoebe; we would have done the same. Don’t blame Danny; he wanted only the best for Phoebe. And don’t blame the vet; he loved animals and would never intentionally harm any. Why look for someone to blame? Sometimes things happen, even painful things, and no one is to blame. That’s the way life is. Right?

Please remember The Craddock Center with your charitable contributions!



Post Office Box 69
Cherry Log, Georgia 30522



RETURN
SERVICE
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