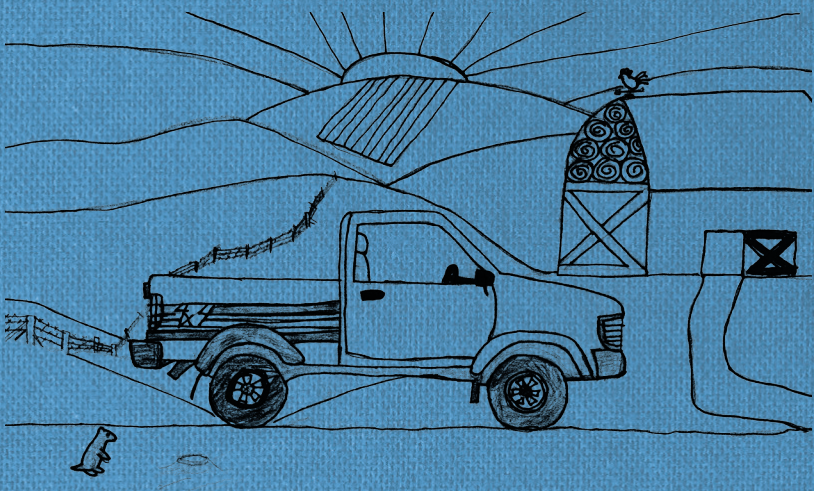




Grannie Annie

Historical Family Stories
Written and Illustrated by Young People



from
The Grannie Annie
Family Story Celebration

Vol. 9



The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration

Welcome to the 2014 Grannie Annie celebration of family stories! Students in U.S. grades 4 through 8 and homeschooled or international students 9 through 14 years of age are invited to interview their family storykeepers and write a story from their family's history. The Grannie Annie experience leads young people to strengthen family and community bonds, encounter history in a personal way, and polish their writing skills. Students are encouraged to illustrate their story and then share their work with their family, school, community, and The Grannie Annie.

The works of thirty-five young authors and thirteen young artists, chosen to represent the submissions received this year, are included in this ninth annual volume of *Grannie Annie*. This book is also available as a PDF edition.

The Grannie Annie mission—to inspire young people to discover, write, illustrate, and share historical family stories—springs from a belief in the transformative power of “story.” The simple, genuine family stories in this book can help us connect with people in today's world and with people from times past. In unexplainable ways, these stories foster feelings of unity with people whose lives may seem very different from our own. Quietly, surely, the world moves one step closer to peace.

Grannie Annie
Vol. 9

Historical Family Stories from
The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration
Written and Illustrated by Young People

Saint Louis, Missouri

The Grannie Annie welcomes—and desires to receive and publish—family stories from students of every race, ethnicity, national origin, religion, and creed.

Because the stories in *Grannie Annie, Vol. 9*, were captured from the oral tradition, they represent a unique blend of history, legend, and opinion. Accuracy—historical or otherwise—is not guaranteed, and the views represented are not necessarily those of the authors, directors, or publishers.

Cover illustration by Luke Allen.

Particular thanks to fiber artist Elda Miller, graphics specialists Josh Hagan and Jeff Hirsch, and researcher Doug Nolte.

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In memory of Ann Guirrerri Cutler,
whose passion for saving family stories
inspired The Grannie Annie
1944–2007

In memory of my beloved granny,
Ethel Chenault Kingsland,
a lovely teller of stories
who was a story in herself
1884–1968

Honored by donor Anne Perkins

In memory of Glenn Ray McIntyre,
farmer and scholar,
who told the best horse stories
west of the Mississippi
1904–1972

Honored by donors Louise and Jack McIntyre

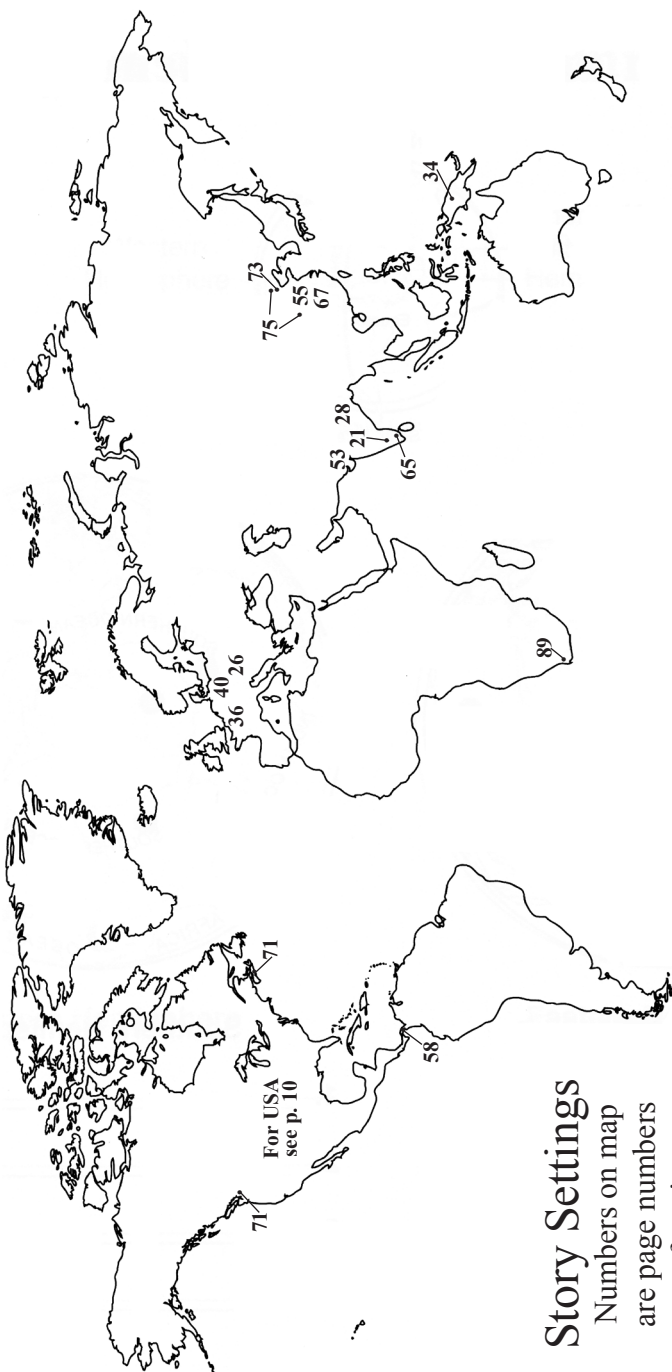
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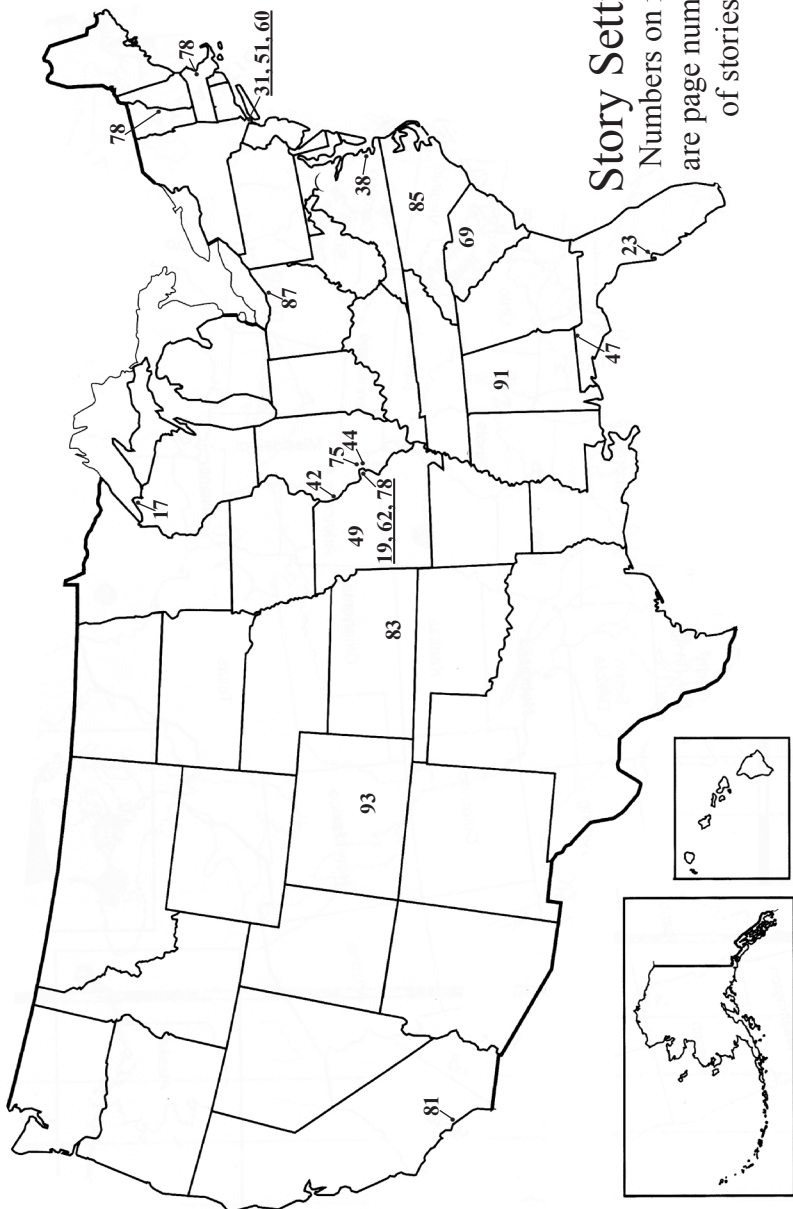
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Story Settings

Numbers on map
are page numbers
of stories



Story Settings
 Numbers on map
 are page numbers
 of stories

A Word from Grannie Annie

Some Native American nations so valued their histories that they designated a tribal storykeeper. My mother filled that role in our family for decades, and before that, our family storykeeper was Mom's mother, my grandmother Randazzo.

Gramma Randazzo lived with us when I was a child. She didn't speak English well; however, at an early age I learned to say "Tell me a story about the Old Country" or "Tell me again the story about the baker's daughter who had dough under her fingernails." Then she would begin, in her broken English that made the stories even more fascinating to me. She told me stories about the olive groves on the family estate in Italy, about Grampa Randazzo's brothers and all their escapades, and about the family's early years as immigrants in Brooklyn. Mom carried on the tradition with her own repertoire of stories—about teaching in a one-room school, about blizzards and floods on the farm, and about rolling up the rug and inviting the neighbors over to dance.

I was fascinated by their tales and still am. I have written down many of their stories, saved them in keepsake books so they won't be lost. They're a treasure to read now, just as I had hoped, but I find I saved more than the stories themselves. Listening had been a way to be close to Gramma Randazzo. When I read Gramma's stories now, I remember sitting near her, hearing the stories from Gramma herself. When I read Mom's stories now, I remember aunts and uncles and cousins gathering around the kitchen table to listen. By

sharing their stories, Gramma and Mom created a sense of family, a sense of closeness and security, that will stay with me forever.

Ann Guirrerri Cutler
The Original Grannie Annie
April 2006

Note to Parents and Educators

One family member dangles from a tree in Papua New Guinea. Another discovers a friend in South Africa. Yet another finds herself feeding the hungry in Tampa. Many of the family stories shared in this ninth volume of *Grannie Annie* will carry you to surprising places . . . or to unexpected consequences!

Some stories in this collection answer important questions; some *raise* questions. What do you do when your best day ever turns into your worst day ever? What does it take to follow your conscience, even at great risk? When you hit a wall—real or metaphorical—how do you set aside discouragement and keep moving forward? What if you find out Dad is wrong?

The thirty-five historical family stories in this volume stretch across five centuries—from the brave sacrifice of a father in the late 1600s, to the compassionate welcome of a new “family member” at the dawn of the new millennium. The maps on pages 9 and 10 will help you locate each story’s setting—in North America, Asia, Europe, or Africa. You can also find these stories and their illustrations in the identical PDF edition and on the Grannie Annie website.

As always, these family stories were chosen for you and *your* family. Still, you may want to read the stories before sharing them with young or sensitive readers.

We invite you to relish your read, deepen your connection with your world family, and join us again next year for The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration!

Connie McIntyre and Fran Hamilton
Directors of The Grannie Annie

Listening is an act of love.

—*Dave Isay, StoryCorps*

Grannie Annie, Vol. 9

The Story of Chief Biauswah

late 1600s*
northern Wisconsin, USA

One day Chief Biauswah,** who was one of my great- . . . great-grandfathers from the Ojibwa tribe, was out hunting. When he got home, his village had been burned and destroyed. There were only a few survivors. He found a trail made by the villagers that had attacked his village, and followed it. When he got to their village, he realized it was the Fox tribe.

The Fox tribe had captured a young boy and an old man, whom they were going to torture then kill. First they wrapped the old man with birch bark, lit him on fire, and made him run between two lines of people, who would beat him as he ran.

Chief Biauswah looked at the boy, and it became clear to him that the boy was his son, whose name was Biauswah II. The Fox were hanging the boy up on a post, getting ready to burn him at the stake.

Thinking only of his son and not of himself, Chief Biauswah jumped out of a hiding spot. He said he was the chief and that the boy was his son. He tried to get them to stop. He cried out,

My little son, whom you are about to burn with fire, has seen but few winters. His feet have never trodden the war path. He has never injured you. The hairs on my head are white

* The setting of each story is noted below its title. In cases where the exact year is not known, "c." (circa) indicates that the year given is approximate.

** Pronounced bee-ah-swah.

with many winters, and over the graves of my relatives I have hung up many scalps, which I have taken from the heads of your people. My death is worth something to you. Let me take the place of my son so he may return to his people.*

The Fox people were astonished but agreed to this, for they had long desired to kill the chief.

They released the boy and tied the chief to the stake. They scorched him to death. Biauswah II became the new chief.

Elon Johnson
Minnesota, USA

* These are the chief's words much as they have been passed down for centuries.

The Nine-Year-Old Goose Killer

1911
St. Louis, Missouri, USA

It was the winter of 1911 in St. Louis. My great-great-grandma, Helen Benner, was forced to raise the family by herself, because her mom had died and her dad had to work all of the time. Helen had three younger brothers—Eddie, Harry, and George—and two younger sisters, named Dorothy and Gladys. George was nine at the time, and no matter where George went, he always seemed to find trouble.

One day, close to Christmas, Helen's dad's boss gave the family a goose for Christmas dinner. There were two problems: one, the goose was alive, and two, the family had to walk three miles downtown to pick the goose up. Helen had to babysit Dorothy and Gladys. Her dad, Eddie, and Harry were off working, so that left only George to pick up the goose and take it home.

When he arrived downtown, George realized that he didn't have anything to take the goose home in, so he decided that he was going to carry the goose home in his arms. However, the goose did not like this, and it started to peck and flap its wings at George. He then realized that carrying the goose was not an option. So he devised the best plan he could think of. First, George got a rope. Second, he tied the rope around the goose's neck, and third, he began to walk the goose home like a dog on a leash.

Soon after George began his trip back, he realized it was taking too long to walk home, so he decided to run.

However, the goose could not keep up, and it was soon strangled. The goose continued to become heavier, but George assumed it was just struggling with the rope, so he didn't look back.

When George arrived home, he found out that the goose hadn't been pulling on the rope; it was dead! George had dragged it two of the three miles back. The dead goose was covered in dirt and rocks, and the skin had been scraped off. Naturally, the family couldn't eat the goose, and everyone was furious with George for ruining their Christmas dinner.

A couple of days later, George had forgotten how mad he was about the goose and was throwing his sister Dorothy's hat into the air. One time he looked away as he tossed it and was surprised when it didn't come down. He looked up to find that it was resting on a kerosene lamp and it was on fire. It could have burned the house down.

On Christmas morning all of the excited kids looked in their stockings to find oranges—all of the kids except George. When he looked in his stocking, all he found was a big lump of coal. George's antics that year led to him becoming known as "the nine-year-old goose killer."

Jack Christian
Missouri, USA

Arranged Marriage

1921-1939
Bangalore, Karnataka, India

You may have parents or grandparents that are married. But at what age did they get married? Did they get married at 27, 30, or 35? Maybe even 23! But have you ever heard about arranged marriages in India? My great-grandmother had an arranged marriage and got married at just age 13! Can you believe that?

My great-grandmother Lakshmi was born in 1921. I call her “Muthajji.”* At age 3 she knew whom she was marrying! She met my great-grandfather (whom I never knew) at age 8. This was at the bride-viewing in 1929. The bride-viewing was where my great-grandfather, age 12, met Muthajji, age 8, for the first time. Muthajji and my great-grandfather then decided if they wanted to marry or not. As part of the deal, Muthajji’s family agreed to pay for my great-grandfather’s medical school. The wedding would be held on one condition—if Muthajji’s body was able to have babies. Then the couple would marry. Muthajji would not be able to live with her husband until he finished his medical school and his residency.

When Muthajji was 13, the wedding took place in Bangalore, India, under a mandap made of flowers. A mandap is a canopy usually made of flowers and silk. Muthajji was very nervous at first. She was also upset, because she thought that she should be able to pick

* *Muthajji* (MOOTH-uh-gee), meaning “great-grandmother,” combines *muthu* (pearl) and *ajji* (grandmother) in a name that is informal yet respectful.

her spouse. When she was 8, her parents had made the decision for her. She hadn't had a choice. When she was 13, she wanted to have a choice. She knew she had to marry my great-grandfather, but she was upset. She secretly wanted to make her own choice, but she would never disappoint her parents. Hindus never disappoint their parents. To Hindu children, parents are the world. Their word is law.

In 1939 my great-grandfather completed his medical school and residency. At that time my great-grandmother was legally allowed to live with my great-grandfather. Love came eventually, but it was not there at first.

In the end Muthajji was married for fifty-five years. She made her parents happy. She had two children and ended up living a life of contentment. She eventually came to realize that, indeed, her parents knew best.

Colin Kowalski
New Jersey, USA

Saving Tampa

c. 1930s

Ybor City, Tampa, Florida, USA

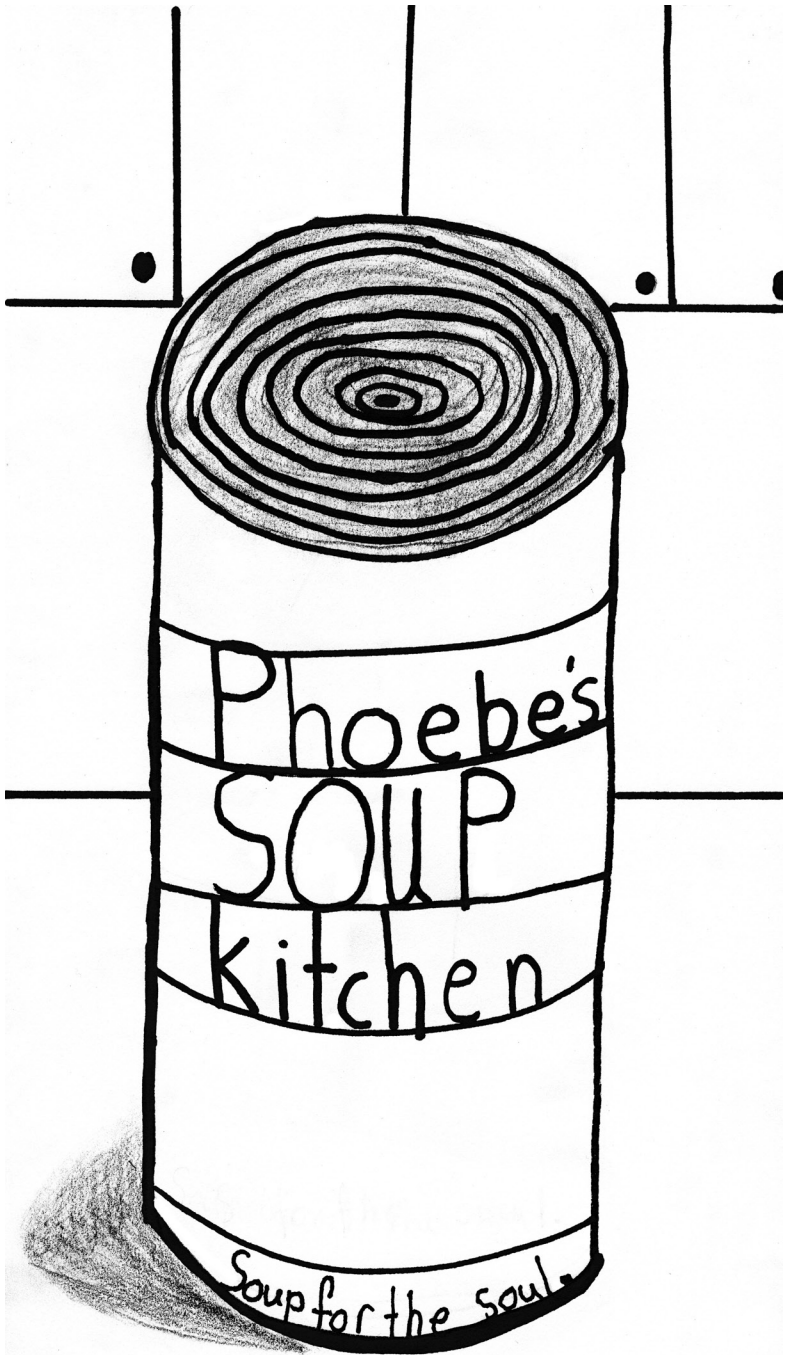
During the Great Depression my great-great-grandmother Antonia came home from the worst day of work. She owned a grocery store called “American Beauty” in Ybor* City, the Latin Quarter in Tampa, Florida. When she came home from her little grocery shop, she sadly complained to her mother, Phoebe, “All the vegetables are going mushy and brown, since nobody can afford them. So now the store is struggling to stay open.”

Phoebe thought for a little while, and then finally said, “I can make soup out of the bad vegetables for you to give out to all of the hungry people for free. Maybe when people can afford things again, they will remember that it was your store that made the soup, and they will shop there.”

They had money to spare, so they ordered more fresh vegetables and made free soup out of those after they used all of the old vegetables. People enjoyed the soup and realized how generous Phoebe and Antonia were.

Phoebe made the soup in huge pots that could make about seven batches at once. She had two extremely wonderful stoves, so the line went quickly—almost as fast as Phoebe could make the soup. She did not waste any time at all. The line for her vegetable soup was so

* Pronounced EE-bor.



long, it went all around the block. Phoebe was married to a gypsy's son and had five children—Antonia and four others. The four other children came over to wash the dishes and serve the soup to the hungriest people they might ever have seen in their lives.

A few years after the Depression, when Phoebe died, all of the doctors and lawyers and more of the important people in Ybor City came to her funeral and said, "If it was not for her wonderful vegetable soup that she often made during the Great Depression, we would have died of hunger, and everyone else tragically would have died without our service."

After Phoebe and Antonia started the very first soup kitchen in Tampa, more soup kitchens started around that area, so a few years later they were not doing all the work.

This is how my great-great-great-grandmother and her daughter saved all of the starving residents of Tampa.

Clara Rominger
Alabama, USA

Times of the Holocaust

1937–1948

southern Poland; northern Austria

When I was fifteen, I was taken from my home in Lublin, Poland. After being detained in different places in Poland for five years, I was sent to Austria and put to work in a factory. While I was there, one of my jobs was to make sights* for the guns on the *Messerschmitt*, the first German jet-propelled combat airplane. However, this was not my favorite work. I was used to working outside on my father's farm, not inside a factory like this. But I had no choice about the work I was doing. I *did* have a choice about how to do it though. So instead of doing my job right, I moved the base of the sight too far one way or the other, making the gun miss its target when fired. I also put sugar in the engines to make them seize.

Why did I do this? I did this because I was forced by the Nazis to work in a labor camp because I refused to join the German Army when I was asked. I did anything I could to work against the Nazis. I even used shrapnel I found on the ground to cut communication lines. I worked against the Nazis because I was not on their side. I didn't agree with what they were doing. I was determined not to fail. I was also determined to live.

I lived by doing what I was told, and that's how I somehow lived through eight years of my life. Once one of the "icemen," a soldier in a special unit of the Nazis, told me to clean his boots, so I did. Then later the same

* A sight is a device on a gun that helps the shooter aim at a target.

“iceman” came back and saved me from being killed. But unfortunately my friends were not so lucky.

Another time, a German guard sent a group of us to take showers. But then another guard, who was Austrian, sent me back to the barracks because he thought I was a good worker. I ran back with my clothes in my hands. No one came back from that shower. Gas was released in the showers, killing everyone. I had been saved again.

My real freedom came in 1945, when I was finally freed from the Nazis by American and Russian troops. I immediately wanted to join the United States Army so I could fight against the Nazis for real.

Three years later I immigrated to America, arriving at the navy depot in New York. Though I look as round as Santa now, I actually weighed only fifty pounds when I got here. I lived with my mother’s sister in North Thamesville, a part of Norwich, Connecticut.

Though life was different in America, I had the chance to live it. I was lucky I was alive. The lessons I learned in concentration and work camps, like following directions but also never giving up, helped me in America. I also never forgot that doing something little could make a big difference.

Paxton Hilgendorff, great-great-nephew of narrator
New Jersey, USA

Lali—The Legend

1942–1948

Uluberia, West Bengal, India

The man-animal relationship can be an unbreakable one, and our family legend rightly proves it.

It was the year 1942. World War II would continue for two more years, but it had already had its effect on India. India had to send tons of food and thousands of soldiers to aid the Allies; after all, we were part of the British Empire. The taxes were already proving fatal for the farmers, but the war was something different. There was always a fear of Nazi and Soviet attacks, but there also was a sure possibility of famine and plunder.

My grandpa was then studying in a small school in a minute village. By that time, the famine had already started, and he was soon removed from school. After all, how will a child study while he is dying of hunger? Soon the schoolhouse was empty—not a single child came. Meanwhile, my grandpa had to work in fields with his mom, dad, and brothers so they could get one square meal a day. It was laborious, but at least they were not dying.

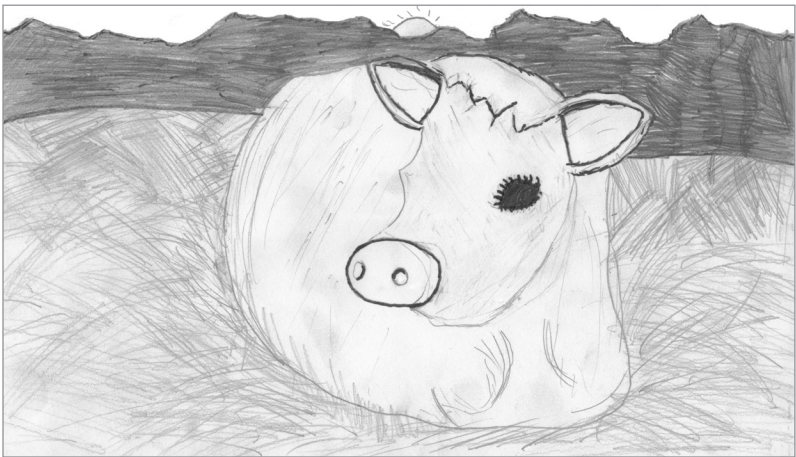
Then one day his dad brought home a small calf, totally red in color. Grandpa described it as the cutest being he had ever seen, and affectionately called her “Lali.”* Soon all his time went into the care of the calf, and their bond started to flourish. In nights when the mosquitoes were scarce, Grandpa used to sleep near Lali,

* *Lali* (LAH-lee) is an affectionate form of the Hindi word *laal*, which means “red.”

trying to protect her from all harm. In the meantime my great-grandfather passed away due to malaria.

Soon the calf was a healthy cow and was able to produce milk, and milk meant that there was another source of income. For a time all went well. My grandpa's mom was a tough lady, and she somehow managed to provide for the household by planting rice with her sons. Grandpa's job was to milk Lali and sell half of her milk in the nearby market. "She gave enough milk that even after selling two gallons we still had lots of milk," he boasted proudly. Due to the milk produced, Grandpa's family was able to buy a large land expansion, and farming also started bringing money into the house.

After the war was over, India became independent. Grandpa's cow was then in her golden years. Grandpa was again continuing high school and had shown an extreme interest in music. His elder brother had got a job, and the house was renovated.



Regan Carpenter

One day Lali took everyone by surprise. Her calf was constantly ramming itself on Grandpa's mom. And suddenly, out of nowhere, Lali came running like mad and gave a full-impact blow to the adolescent calf. That day my great-grandmother was injured gravely, but if it had not been for Lali, she would have died. The bond between Lali and our family was so strong that, ignoring her own maternal feelings, she saved her keeper from her own calf.

Even many years after her death, Lali still remains in our hearts.

Malab Sankar Barik
Uttar Pradesh, India

From the Heart

1987
Cleveland, Ohio, USA

“You’re not smart enough,” the college counselor stated as my father’s dreams of being a doctor slowly faded. The plump man that smelled like overused cologne watched as my father took in this news. Embarrassed, my father felt tiny in his petite chair. He rose without saying a word, and dragged out of the big, stuffy office, discouraged about entering medical school and becoming a doctor.

We don’t have enough money to send me there anyway, he tried to convince himself as he walked down the high school hallway. Little did he know that the counselor was wrong about his future.

Six months later my father sat in a hard wooden pew, hymns echoing from the white walls. The gold chandelier sparkled from the high ceiling of the church. My father thought about everything that had happened that year. Outside the window, flowers bloomed in the crisp spring air. “Doug,” his dad said, “I was talking to my friend, about your predicament, and he told me that you could watch him perform an open-heart surgery!” Filled with excitement, my father could only imagine what that would be like.

Two days later my father stepped into the surgery room, which smelled like human organs. It seemed like an eternity before he was finally “scrubbed in.” Each person had a job and hustled to see it through. Finally everyone was ready, and surgery began.

First they gave the patient a shot and told him to count to ten. He made it only to four before he was out like a light. Then they opened up the chest, but before they put the heart machine on the man, the doctor said, “Doug, would you like to touch the heart before we begin?”

My father set his hands on the heart, and was filled with awe at this fragile, yet amazingly strong, heart—pumping in his hands. All the other bustling was shut out, and all he could hear was the pumping of the heart. At that moment he knew that no matter what other people said, he was going to become a doctor. He would study and work like he never had before. He carefully withdrew and watched as the skilled doctor and his assistants put the big heart machine on like they had done it a million times.

After spring break the next week, my father returned to school determined—and ready for what lay ahead. He would work hard to achieve his goal, and finally, after eight years of sleepless nights cramming—but never forgetting his goal—he graduated. Finally he stepped up to the stage at his graduation ceremony and received his degree. His family cheered for him like crazy. After he was done shaking everyone’s hand, he headed toward his family and relatives. “Congratulations!” they all shouted.

Then he thought about that doctor who had let him touch a beating heart and who had believed in him when no one else had. That one act of encouragement changed his whole life.

Kate Pogue
Missouri, USA

Equals

1988

Cape Town, the Western Cape, South Africa

It was 1988, and my father was in Cape Town, South Africa. My father, Paul, went to the University of Cape Town, and he was seventeen. At that time black people in South Africa were treated wrong—they didn't have rights. Nobody knew that six years later so much would have changed.

The university my father went to was a mix of white and black people. My father had never mixed with black people before, because of segregation. In the dorm next to my father's there lived a black person. His name was Potiphar. He had been named after a captain of the pharaoh's guard in the Bible, and he came from a town called Soweto. Potiphar was the first black person that my father had ever really spoken to.

Over time my father and Potiphar developed a friendship. They used to talk, but it was difficult to understand each other, because my father spoke English and Potiphar spoke Xhosa.* They would jump into each other's rooms and pretend to tackle each other. They realized that they had the same hopes and dreams as each other. The country they had grown up in had made them think they were quite different, when really they were not. They were different colors on the outside but were the same on the inside.

* Xhosa (KOH-suh) is a Bantu language spoken by more than seven million people in South Africa.

Being friends with Potiphar made my father realize how unfairly and how wrong black people had been treated. You don't always think about it until you meet someone it affects.

Potiphar risked much for his friendship with my father. He was a good marathon runner, but he could not run in a university marathon, because the black student body was mad at him for being friends with my father. He could not run in the marathon, because he had made friends with a white. The black students were angry about how they had been treated by white people.

After being at the university for a year, my father had to move on to another college. At that time my father lost contact with Potiphar. However, my father never forgot him, and it has been about twenty-four years.

Soon things started to change. White people were starting to change their minds about black people, and black people were changing their minds about white people, just as my father and Potiphar had. In 1992 white people in South Africa voted to ban segregation.* In 1994 South Africa voted in its first black president. His name was Nelson Mandela, known fondly to his people as "Madiba."** The rest is history.

Mia Jardine
New Jersey, USA

* Eighty-five percent of eligible (white) voters voted, with nearly seventy percent of them voting to end segregation.

** *Madiba* (muh-DEE-buh) was Mandela's clan name. To the Xhosa people, using the clan name is an important sign of respect and affection.

Gang Shoes?

1997
Birmingham, Alabama, USA

My mother, Jahan, was walking to school in her birthday present. She was in new, shiny skateboarding shoes. Little did she suspect she was violating school policy just by wearing them. They were black and white, and her best friend, Ann, had almost the same pair as she did. When they got to school, they were stopped immediately by their homeroom teacher. “What kind of gang are those hideous shoes from? Detention for both of you!” she scolded.

You may be thinking, *Well, detention cannot cause any pain whatsoever.* WRONG!!! In my mother’s school, detention meant students standing with their knees locked until they fainted. I know what you are thinking—*that’s inhumane and brutal.* But it’s true.

When Ann and my mother went to the detention room, they were greeted by the other victims of the cold-blooded and vicious punishment. Before detention started, the other kids were crying or sitting with their heads down on their desks. Some people wore green socks, and others had their hair in side ponytails, which were apparently violations. Many other people wore one pant leg rolled up, which was an actual gang sign. Others wore green or red shoelaces, which was also a gang sign, but they didn’t get in trouble.

When the other kids in the room saw that Ann and Jahan just got there, they all asked if Ann and my mother could faint for them. If someone fainted, that meant

that everyone could sit until they got picked up by their parents. Of course, they both accepted, because being at home or the emergency room surely beat standing for hours at a time for no reason.

Then suddenly the door swung open, crashing into the wall behind it, almost falling off its hinges. “Detention has started, you delinquents. ABSOLUTELY NO TALKING!” screeched the detention teacher. As the teacher was checking names, the boy who was usually there scratched his head, making the school-wide symbol that meant “make it look natural.”

After about an hour of standing, Ann fainted. No one noticed, because the teacher was asleep. My mom was surprised that it wasn’t she who fainted first, because it was her first time and Ann’s fifth. But after another hour, her body finally gave in to the cruel and unusual punishment.

When my mom got home, she was in big trouble with her parents. Because of that, she decided to go to school the next day wearing her old tight shoes.

That next day Ann wasn’t at school. My mother started to panic because her friend was out of her sight. After school she called Ann and asked her what was wrong. Ann said that her mom had a very long and detailed talk with the principal, and he was very angry with her and her mom. She didn’t want to feel the wrath of the principal again, so she got permission to stay home.

That day my mom agreed that she would never wear those shoes to school ever again.

Rowan Khazaeli
Alabama, USA

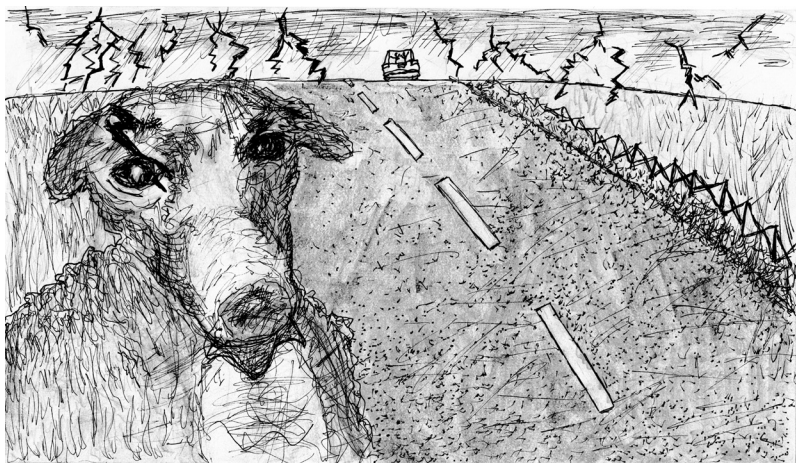
Lost and Found

c. 2000
near Pueblo, Colorado, USA

My name was “Misty,” but now it’s “Ginny.” I am a twelve-year-old black lab. When it happened, I thought I would never have a family again. But I am getting ahead of myself. Let me start at the beginning.

It was a warm summer day with a cool breeze from the east. The smells of maple and pollen mixed into a harmony in the air. My people called my name to go into the car. I jumped in eagerly, hoping they’d take me to the lake! Instead they took me to a hillside. Still hoping we’d play ball, I jumped out, and the door closed. As the car drove away, I sat—scared and confused. I was lost.

After *hours*, I got up and left to find food and water. My secret stash of water was a lake not far from where they left me. There were plenty of rabbits, mice, and rats



Joshua C. Bowman

that I could feed myself for weeks. One day when I was walking around, I came upon a peculiar structure. There was a tall stick which had strange strings that looked very poky. I ran up to the peculiar structure and barked at it. It did not move. It smelled metallic. I ran closer. The smell made me feel threatened, and I snapped at it. I bit down on what I thought to be string. Seconds after I bit it, it bit me back! The roaring pain exploded from my mouth to the bottom of my legs. I tried to pull away, but I couldn't. I was stuck.

I'm not sure how much time passed, but it felt like forever. I saw a white truck with many different pictures on it. It was an animal control truck. As soon as the man saw me with my tongue stuck on the barbed wire, he got his tools, released me, and put me in his truck. I felt happy and scared—it wasn't a good mix. I was scared because the truck smelled like other animals, but I was so happy to be with a person again!

We arrived at a small building. The people looked very serious, and looked at me with sadness in their eyes. "We can't treat her. It's infected. We'll have to put her down," said one of the employees.

"But she's so sweet. Let me make a phone call," pleaded another.

Two days later a woman who smelled of dog treats walked into the room and looked straight at me. She said, "Everything's going to be okay. You're coming with me now. You are rescued." She took me to the dog doctor, who removed a bit of my tongue to fix the infection. I lived with the woman, her dog, and her family for several months.

Later that fall she took me to a little house in Broomfield, Colorado. The door opened, and there were a mom, a dad, and two kids. It was love at first sight. I was finally found.

Lucy Sherman, younger “sibling” of Ginny
Colorado, USA

Illustrators of Volume 9

- cover Luke Allen; Missouri, USA
- p. 24 Madison Nowotny; Missouri, USA
- p. 29 Regan Carpenter; Missouri, USA
- p. 32 Abigail Ruckman; Missouri, USA
- p. 39 Alyssa Cannon; Missouri, USA
- p. 45 B. B. Williams; Missouri, USA
- p. 50 Alexis Tounsand; Missouri, USA
- p. 54 Rachel Liang; Missouri, USA
- p. 63 Luke D. Tyler; Missouri, USA
- p. 68 Cameron Roberts; Missouri, USA
- p. 76 Teagan LeVar; Missouri, USA
- p. 81 Christian Bigler; Missouri, USA
- p. 93 Joshua C. Bowman; Missouri, USA

Grannie Annie Storykeepers 2014

Congratulations to the following young people for discovering, writing, sharing, and submitting a story from their family's history!

Ayelet Aaronson • Devorah Abirian • Jerran Adams
Zeeshan Ahmed • Mary Allen • Tierra Allen • Shira Aminov
Perela Amsel • Molly Andersen • Mason Andrasko
Patrick Andrews • Savannah Arnold • Hudson Grace Atkinson
Tamar Axelrod • Lisa Bain • Atara Bandari • Anna Bannister
Nick Bannister • Jack Barada • Drew Barclay • Malab Sankar Barik
Alayna Barthelmiss • Emma Bell • Jamari Bell • Lauren Bell
Sean Benes • Samuel Benoist • Alec Bequette • Brianna Bergman
Colin Bergmann • Amanda Berry • Emma Bliss • Jessica Bodmer
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Noelle Burkey • Derek Burns • Michael Burns • Isabella Bush
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Regan Carpenter • Finn Cassady • Robby Cerra
Miriam Shira Chanales • Harry Chen • Jack Christian
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Marissa Clynes • Will Cochran • Campbell Coffee • Leetal Cohn
Zeth Colin • Jack Colvin • Jenna Conrad • Ezra Cook
Harry Coons • Lupita Cortes • Maeve Coulter • Reid Coulter
Matthew Culligan • Tyler Czech • Jacquelyn Danter
Tehila-Chen Davidov • Jefferson "Jake" Davis • Colin Davitt
Jose Diego de La Rosa • Helen DeMarcantonio
Olivia Demetry • Jack Deters • Devon DeVerger • Alyssa Dickenson
Carson Quinn Dillick • Jason Ding • Sofia DiStefano
Aaron Do • Allie Dodd • Erich Dodge • Kyle Dolan • Kevin Donnelly
Lauryn Donovan • David Dorn • Brady Doyle • Michael Drabelle

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Shoshana Hammer • Jovana Hampton • Brooke Hance
Briah Harris • Katie Hastings • Chloe Hauptfear • Samuel Hauptfear
Corey Havrilla • Benjamin He • Claire Healy • Halie Hebron
Emunah Hekmati • Rhianna Elizabeth Helmers • Sam Henry
Dillon Herbst • Jesse Hettleman • Brennan Higgins
Paxton Hilgendorff • Grace Hilger • Grace Elizabeth Hill
Cole Hintz • Baily Hisiger • Kayla Hoch • Anne Elise Hogue
Graycen Hollowell • Macy Holmes • Emily Holtzmann
Sofia Horowitz • Sydney Lee Howell • Evan Howse • Lily Hudanick
Shannon Huhn • Hilary Jaime • Bridget James • Carley James
Mia Jardine • Mason Jenkins • Elon Johnson
Emma Catherine Johnson • Sophie Johnson • Isaac Johnston
Jake Jones • Joshua Jones • Tyson Lee Jones • Matthias Jowdy
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Ajay Kamath • Lewis Kammerich • Aaron Kampmeier
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Isaac Kaup • Donald Keane • Justin Kehoe • Maggie Kehr
Hannah Keller • Andrew Kempen • Mallory Kennedy
Chaya Sara Kessler • Rowan Khazaeli • Avigail Khojahiny
Grant Killeen • Julia Kimack • Isabella King • Sydney Kinzy
John Kirollos • Natalie Kitchin • Trey Klein • Niasha Elise Kodzai
Peyton Kopel • Anna Kostecki • Colin Kowalski • Yocheved Kramer
Lexie Kratky • Etta Krinsky • Rohan Kumaran
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Janina Wu • Jason Xu • Zoe Yearout • Raphaella Zavaglia
Robert Zimmermann • Alexander Zinn • Zack Zoellner

Invitation to Participate

Please join us for the 2014/2015 Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration. The submission deadline for *Grannie Annie, Vol. 10*, is February 1, 2015. Complete details, including the required submission form, are available at www.TheGrannieAnnie.org.

Praise for The Grannie Annie

When I showed my student his illustration in the book, the whole class gave him an ovation. Thanks so very much for providing him with this opportunity to succeed.

Clayvon Wesley, Teacher; Missouri, USA

The thrill of holding a book with my story in it is a feeling that can never be matched.

Aaron Schnoor, Author, *Grannie Annie*, Vols. 5, 6, and 7;
Grannie Annie Selection Committee, 2014; North Carolina, USA

Publication of our daughter's story is special to us for so many reasons. . . . Both my mother and grandmother passed away a few years ago. Growing up, I heard this story countless times from my grandmother. It's wonderful seeing that story told through my daughter's words.

Andrea Rominger, Parent; Alabama, USA

My students were so excited to write their family stories! Since the stories were written during our immigration unit, the students had even more reason to ask their families questions. The stories really enriched our classroom discussions and helped the students to connect to the concepts being taught.

Amy Del Coro, Teacher; New Jersey, USA

Since my mother died recently, I have been cleaning out her house and going through her things and wondering, *Who made this quilt? Who's in this old photo?* Trying to remember the family stories that she told me has really driven home the need to preserve family history. It is so wonderful that *The Grannie Annie* encourages this continuity of memories.

Beverly Miller, Teacher; Alabama, USA

This book should be on the bookshelves in all elementary and junior high schools.

The Reading Tub™, www.TheReadingTub.com

The Grannie Annie provides the perfect opportunity for students to start asking questions about their families' past—not just the facts, but the stories. Then as they write, students begin to understand how *telling a story* differs from *writing a biography of facts*.

Mark Futrell, Teacher; North Carolina, USA

Year after year, my fifth-grade students are eager and excited to submit their work to The Grannie Annie. The experience of submitting a manuscript—with the hope of publishing—gives newfound meaning to their learning. The students stand taller when they become cognizant that the world is benefiting from their contribution.

Rebecca Friedman, Teacher; Maryland, USA

Orion's writing a family story was extremely important to his grandmother, who had a serious illness. When he called her to tell her that his story was going to be published, she was as happy as anyone had seen her in months. She read the story to anyone who would listen. I can't even begin to tell you the positive impact that this has had on our family.

Andrew Jones, Parent; Pennsylvania, USA

I would like to thank you for giving Yifu such an encouragement, and working diligently to publish his first article! Our families in China are very happy to hear about this. It is an amazing experience to me that I witness that a part of my family heritage is being connected from my father to my son through the event you support! Thank you!

Yuxing Feng, Parent; Missouri, USA

Writing for *The Grannie Annie* helps my students feel confident as writers, which in turn provides their imaginations with a comfortable setting in which to create.

Katelin Moquin, Teacher; Missouri, USA

The Grannie Annie challenged my students to go beyond their comfort zone, to write for a broader audience, and to see that learning goes beyond the four walls of a classroom.

Ann-Marie Harris, Teacher; Maryland, USA

The Grannie Annie is a good start for kids to get published. And I love the way *The Grannie Annie* helps people understand their family history. It also helps children get closer to their families.

Andrew Malphurs, Author of the *Grannie Annie*, Vol. 5, story “Grandpa’s Saddle”; Georgia, USA

Since first becoming involved with *The Grannie Annie*, we look forward every year to the truly unique and heartwarming stories each student brings to the classroom.

Brian Billings and Laura Amburgey, Teachers; Ohio, USA

Stories connect people in families and communities, giving them a common language and understanding of the present as well as the past. Through *The Grannie Annie*, generations connect as students take time to listen to the stories of their older relatives—and learn from them. Then, as the students write and share their stories, the connections multiply.

Amy Glaser Gage; Children’s author, writing teacher, and consultant to *The Grannie Annie*

As I’m sure is the objective of *The Grannie Annie*, this was a lovely experience, and now memory, for Andrew and his grandpa.

Susan Barton Malphurs, Parent; Georgia, USA

The Grannie Annie is remarkable in its goals and in its approach. Recording and sharing the stories of preceding generations goes to the heart of education—it teaches us who we are as family members, citizens, and members of human civilization.

Matthew Lary, Co-author of *Victory Through Valor: A Collection of World War II Memoirs*

The Grannie Annie is all about connection. As it hearkens back to the original Grannie Annie, it continues her tradition of oral storytelling to link generations and cultures. Grannie Annie family stories written by young people illuminate a long span of history, often revealing family values honed from adversity or triumph and tempered by humor and love.

Janet Grace Riehl, Author of *Sightlines: A Family Love Story in Poetry & Music*

Perhaps the greatest value of the Grannie Annie stories is something not written in the book. When a child interviews an older relative, the child gets to know a person he or she may have taken for granted. The relative gets to tell a story that might have been lost. A bond is created or strengthened. A story is recorded for posterity. New memories are woven, and—just maybe—a writer is born.

Lulu Delacre, Author/illustrator of *Salsa Stories*

My son “harvested” several stories from my father, including one that appeared in *Grannie Annie, Vol. 1*. My father has since passed away, and I am forever grateful that my son recorded these stories before it was too late. I doubt he would have done so if it had not been for The Grannie Annie.

Karen Metcalf, Parent; Tennessee, USA

It is a privilege to be a part of The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration. This wonderful anthology helps to shape our children’s identity by providing them with the opportunity to understand and value their ancestry.

Jodi J. De Luca, Ph.D., Parent; Florida, USA

When kids learn details about what life was like decades ago, the past comes alive for them. History becomes real—and they want to know more! The Grannie Annie provides an opportunity for kids to be inspired by their own family’s history.

Florrie Binford Kichler, Patria Press, www.PatriaPress.com

Although most students in our Eastern European village live next door to family members from earlier generations, The Grannie Annie prompted them to talk with their grandparents in new ways—and to discover the customs and challenges of times past. In addition, stories from the Grannie Annie books have given my students a glimpse of the world outside their village, where differences may abound but the underlying human condition remains the same.

Martin Ellinger-Locke, Peace Corps volunteer in Glodeni, Moldova

Thank you for starting such a heartwarming project where *all* the kids are winners, whether their stories are published or not.

G-g Metzger, Teacher; Texas, USA

Our son’s *oma* is overwhelmed that her “story” is in print in *Grannie Annie*. . . . Every family member and family friend has a signed copy.

Karie Millard, Parent; Indiana, USA

Taking time away from your technology-filled life to join in The Grannie Annie is like trading fast food for Sunday dinner at Grandma’s.

Debra K. Shatoff, Ed.D., Family therapist and author of *In-Home Child Care: A Step-by-Step Guide to Quality, Affordable Care*

Teachers and parents, if you want to motivate students to love writing, ask them to write for The Grannie Annie.

Bonnie M. Davis, Ph.D., Author of *How to Teach Students Who Don’t Look Like You: Culturally Relevant Teaching Strategies*

Grannie Annie Order Form

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\$14.95 each for 1–4 copies; \$10 each for 5 or more;
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and can be sent by fax (toll free) to 888-641-5353.



The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration

Young People Learning and Sharing Family Stories

The Grannie Annie invites students everywhere to discover and share stories from their family's history, and publishes collections of their work. The Grannie Annie experience leads young people to strengthen family and community bonds, encounter history in a personal way, and polish their writing skills.

“When I showed my student his illustration in the book, the whole class gave him an ovation. Thanks so very much for providing him with this opportunity to succeed.”

—Clayvon Wesley, Teacher; Missouri, USA

“The thrill of holding a book with my story in it is a feeling that can never be matched.”

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—Andrea Rominger, Parent; Alabama, USA

