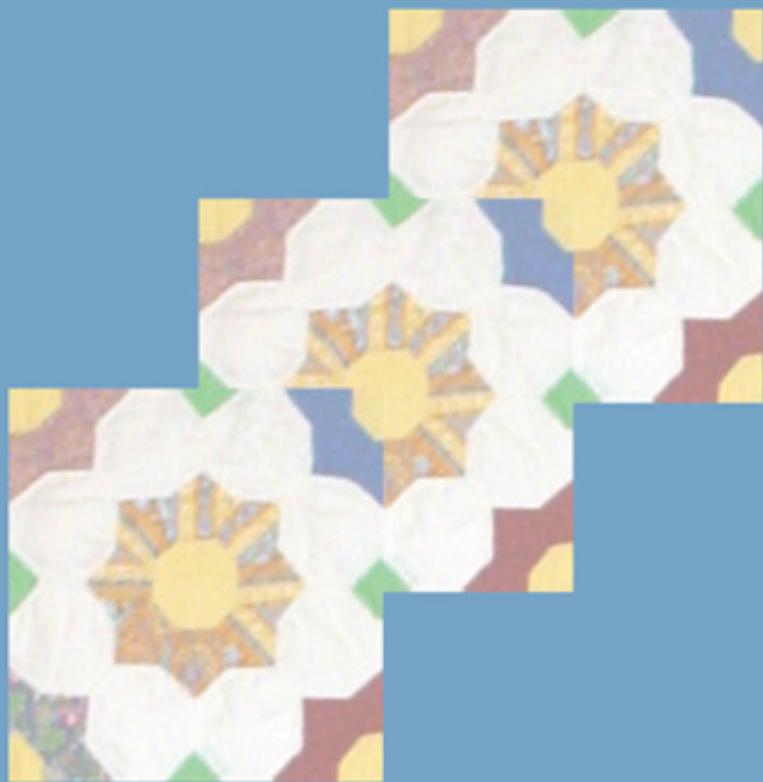


Grannie Annie



Vol. 4
Selections from
The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration
An Annual Writing Contest for Young People

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The Grannie Annie *Family Story Celebration*

The mission of The Grannie Annie is to celebrate family stories! Students in U.S. grades 4–8 and homeschool or international students ages 9–14 are invited to interview their family storykeepers and write a story based on their interview. The Grannie Annie experience leads students to discover and save family stories, encounter history in a more personal way, and hone their writing skills. Students are encouraged to share their story with their family, school, community, and The Grannie Annie. Twenty-six stories from two age categories, chosen to represent the stories received this year, are included in this fourth annual volume of *Grannie Annie*.

The Grannie Annie mission—to discover, share, and celebrate 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 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.

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Grannie Annie

Vol. 4

Selections from
The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration
An Annual Writing Contest for Young People

Thumbprint Press

Portico Books

Saint Louis, Missouri

Because the stories in *Grannie Annie, Vol. 4* 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, sponsors, or publishers.

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In memory of Ann Guirrerri Cutler,
who was passionate about saving family stories
1944–2007

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Listening is an act of love.

—*Dave Isay, StoryCorps*

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.

April 2006
Ann Guirrerri Cutler
The Original Grannie Annie

Note to Parents and Educators

Sail from Sicily to Ellis Island in the belly of a boat. Carry a lantern through the mountain passes of Greece. Grip the railing of a Chinese train just in the nick of time. Enjoy the gentle humor of one grandma who plays spy, and another who simply changes her mind. Discover the drama of pioneer life as one family travels by horse-drawn wagon and another family braves danger in a remote cabin. Cheer for a teen whose steady courage saves the family dairy, and for an uncle who in a burst of courage swims from enemy waters to safety. Clearly, the twenty-six stories in this fourth volume of *Grannie Annie* offer a rich, engaging read. Many also challenge us.

As in family life itself, family stories often bring us face to face with difficult topics. Children and adults make mistakes or poor decisions, and must accept the consequences. Armies attack or surrender, and every person caught in the crossfire is someone's family member. Other less formal conflicts leave some families wondering whether their battle for freedom will ever be won. You may want to preview the meaty stories in this volume so you will be prepared for the important discussions they will prompt.

We are delighted you are part of the Grannie Annie family. It is our hope that the stories in these pages will inspire you to learn and share many family stories in the years ahead, and will lead you to join us again next year for The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration.

Connie McIntyre and Fran Hamilton
Sponsors of The Grannie Annie

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Grannie Annie, Vol. 4



Boopie-Nonny and the Garlic Talisman

c. 1915

Aboard a ship crossing the Atlantic from Memfi, Sicily,
and on Ellis Island, in New York Harbor, USA*

This is the story of Boopie-Nonny, a very tiny woman who lived a very big life! She was ninety-two years old when we first met. She was born on the island of Sicily. In Sicilian *boopie* means “little doll,” and *nonny* translates into “grandmother.” That’s how Boopie-Nonny got her name. We became best friends, and I got to know her really well. You see, Boopie-Nonny was my great-grandmother.

Because she had lived a very long life, Boopie-Nonny had lots of stories to tell. Her favorite was about the garlic talisman. It was my favorite, too! It made me feel happy, sad, scared, and proud—all at the same time. Boopie-Nonny said that life sometimes makes you feel that way.

When Boopie-Nonny was a little girl, her family decided to move to America so that they could have a better life. She couldn’t wait! Everyone told her that the streets in America were paved with gold. But America was far away.

The only way that Boopie and her family could get to America was by boat and across the Atlantic

*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.

Ocean. That took almost a whole month! Boopie-Nonny and her family stayed in the bottom of the boat. It was dark and cold all the time. There were lots of other people there, too. They spoke languages Boopie did not understand. But the one word everyone understood and was scared of was *influenza*. Influenza was a monster virus that made people very sick. Some even died.

Boopie-Nonny never got sick. She was protected by the garlic talisman! She wore a magical necklace with three cloves of garlic on a silver chain. My great-great-grandmother made her wear the talisman to protect her from diseases and the monster virus. She smelled so bad no one wanted to get close to her. So she didn't catch any germs!

Boopie-Nonny and her family finally arrived in America. All the passengers on the boat were from other countries. They were called *immigrants* and had to go through immigration at a place called Ellis Island. All immigrants had to stay there until they were cleared by the American officials. Some had to stay for many, many days!

Ellis Island was also called Heartbreak Island. Boopie-Nonny said that a lot of people called it that because sometimes they were separated from their families. Even worse, if they got the monster virus, they were sent all the way back to the countries they had come from! Boopie called it Heartbreak Island, too, when she had to be separated from her mother, who had a cough. Luckily my great-great-grandmother didn't catch the monster virus, and she and Boopie-Nonny got to be together again.

Boopie was proud to be an American citizen. She lived to be one hundred years old! Someday, when I have children, I will tell them about Boopie-Nonny and the garlic talisman. I will never forget Boopie-Nonny. She was a very important person in my life, and we will always be a part of each other.

Brendan J. De Luca-Rodenberg
Florida

The Miracle Man

1914–1933
Waterbury, Connecticut, USA

A long, long time ago there was a man named Chief Two Moons Meridas. He was my great-great-great-uncle who happened to be Native American and was a part of the Cheyenne tribe.

Chief Two Moons devoted his time to healing others. He began in 1914 selling bags of roots and herbs on the street corners of Philadelphia, and transferred to New York and eventually to his home in Waterbury, Connecticut. Chief Two Moons' healing treatments were considered miraculous because of the way he healed so many sick and needy individuals during the immense influenza season of 1918. Chief Two Moons developed herbs that not only treated his patients, but also kept all of them alive. Countless patients would come to him in search of a treatment that would restore their health.

One of his most superior achievements was the development of Bitter Oil. Bitter Oil was a laxative, a medication used to treat constipation. Using this medication saved many people from suffering unbearable pain caused by undigested foods.

By the time he was thirty years old, various publications declared Chief Two Moons “World’s Greatest Herbalist” and “The Miracle Man.” Unfortunately, he died at the young age of fifty-five in November 1933. Chief Two Moons was buried at Hillside Cemetery in Rosalyn, Pennsylvania, and was

put in the Waterbury Hall of Fame on September 16, 1997.

Although I was never able to meet my great-great-great-uncle, his legacy has been instilled in my heart. One thing that really stood out to me was when I heard about how Chief Two Moons always gave people free advice and donated a lot of money to charities. Through his hard work and dedication to helping others, Chief Two Moons has inspired me to study hard in school so that one day I can also make a valuable contribution to the lives of many others.

Gwen Haney
Pennsylvania

The Rag Man

middle 1800s
Ireland

It is Ireland sometime in the middle 1800s. My great-great-grandfather is awakened by the sound of clanking metal and a voice shouting, “Rags! Rags!” My great-great-grandfather Daniel hurries to the window in time to see a cart filled with rags and scrap metal turning the corner. The cart is pushed by a man with a dirty face and pointy nose, who is dressed in green and brown rags. The wooden cart is a light shade of brown with metal bolts to hold the wheels. It looks as though it will collapse any second.

Daniel hurries into the kitchen and asks his father who the man is. His father, Jimmy, replies, “The man is called ‘the rag man.’ He goes around buying rags, pieces of metal, and newspapers from people for a low price and selling them for a higher one.”

Daniel asks, “Do you know the rag man?”

His father answers, “No, I do not know him, but he is said to be a distant relative. I don’t know for sure though. The rag man is rumored to actually be very rich. It is said that he lives in a very large mansion in Dublin. Some people say he has spent millions of dollars traveling the world, and uses his money to help the poor children in many countries. I don’t believe any of those stories, as I think he is just a poor man trying to help feed his family. Many people think the rag man is mean and gruff, although others say he is kind and dedicated to his wife and family.”

Daniel then runs off down the stairs, hoping to catch a better glimpse of this fascinating man who he is convinced is his relative.

The story of the rag man has been passed down for generations in my family.

John Sullivan
Ohio





The Golden Cross

c. 1935
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, USA

As we sat on the old wooden porch listening to my grandmother tell stories of her childhood, she began to retell a story that my family members know very well.

“How would you children like to hear the story of my golden cross necklace?” She fingered the chain as she spoke to my sisters, cousins, and me.

“We’d love to hear that story!”

“Yes, it’s my favorite one!”

Since we all seemed happy enough, my grandmother settled herself in as she prepared to retell the beloved story. . . .

“Olga! Have you finished washing all of that clothing yet?”

“The year was 1935, and I was thirteen years old. My mother had been yelling at me since early that morning to finish washing the laundry, and I was nearly done. As I was climbing the steps to my family’s apartment, I realized something didn’t feel right. Had I left a piece of clothing at the public laundromat? No, that wasn’t it. After pondering what I could possibly be missing, I realized my golden cross—the cross I’d had since I was seven years old—was not around my neck.

“I began to panic; the necklace wasn’t anywhere I had gone that day. I searched everywhere—my bedroom, the kitchen, the hallway leading out of the apartment—it was nowhere. For the rest of the day I continued to search for the necklace that meant so much

to me. The days turned into weeks, and as time went by I realized I had lost the necklace for good. Eventually I stopped my searches altogether.”

“Oh my gosh, this is the best part of the story!” my sister yelled.

“Settle down, children. Let me finish the story,” said my grandmother.

“I remember the day clearly; I was sitting up in my bedroom gazing out my window when I saw a glittering object in the middle of the sidewalk.

“*What could that be?* I thought to myself as the object continued to sparkle in the afternoon sun. I raced down to the sidewalk to retrieve what was lying there.

“As I neared the object, I started to think I was losing my vision. There, lying in the center of the sidewalk, was my lost necklace. In that moment, as I replaced my golden cross around my neck, I realized that miracles really do happen.”

“You really are lucky, Sitoo.”*

“I’m so glad you found it!”

“I am, too, children,” she said. “You have no idea how much this necklace means to me.”

“That is a great story,” I complimented my grandmother.

“Thank you, darling. I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

“Can you tell us another story, Sitoo?”

My sitoo didn’t pause a moment before she responded, “I’d love to.”

As my family encircled our grandmother to hear

**Sitoo* is Arabic for *grandmother*.

yet another story, I looked out to see the mountains in the distance. As her words echoed through my ears, I watched the setting sun sink its way down into the horizon until I could no longer see its glowing light. When I turned back around, the story was just getting started.

Katie Salloum
North Carolina



Welcome
to
EuFaula

MILK
every day

My Pa-paw

c. 1957
Eufaula, Oklahoma, USA

My grandpa (Pa-paw) was about fourteen when his dad was injured very badly while working with a big piece of machinery. At that time my great-grandpa ran the town dairy of Eufaula. The doctor told my great-grandpa he couldn't run it anymore because he had broken his collarbone and had hurt his back. Therefore Pa-paw had to run it for my great-grandpa until he was better.

Every morning went the same way: get up at 5:00 in the morning and milk the cows. Even if Pa-paw spent the night at a friend's house, he would have to get up at 4:30 just to get home in time to milk the cows. After that, he took the milk to his mom so she could skim it and place it in the refrigerator.

When that was done, he took yesterday's milk and put it in the milk truck. He would head to town to deliver the milk to the residents of Eufaula. (Notice: He was only fourteen, so it was illegal for him to drive the truck. He would take the long way through town so he wouldn't get caught.) Afterwards he would park the truck at the grocery store and then walk to school. After school he would work at the store for thirty cents an hour. When he was done working, he would go home and do more chores than any other kid. Then he would eat supper and go to bed. When he woke up, he would do the same thing all over again.

There were many times when Pa-paw would have

to hike through snow just to milk the cows. In the summer or in the winter, he still had to run the Eufaula dairy. This is why I look to my pa-paw; I know that if he could run a dairy by himself, I can do anything.

Dylan Brown
Oklahoma

Baby Saves the Farm

1969
Samsun, Turkey

The air was cool, and the wind lightly brushed my back. I popped a fresh green chickpea into my mouth and let its delicious taste stay in my mouth for a while. I was in my father's farm. Seeing the farm he grew up in and eating the veggies there was great! After the picnic was over, we were upset to leave. But my father told us that we might not have been able to see the farm at all. That led him to tell us a story. . . .

Cuma Kose (my grandfather) was beginning to feel overwhelmed with all the work he had to do every day. He had to take care of the water buffaloes, cows, chickens, ducks, and horses. Also, the time for harvest was soon to come. All day long, from dawn to sunset, Cuma and his only son worked hard. Exhaustion filled them at the end of each day.

Cuma knew he had a big farm with the best land in the village. Taking care of the farm was hard work, especially for only two people. Soon Cuma started thinking about selling the farm and moving to the city, even though he loved his farm very much.

When he announced he was selling the farm, many people wanted to buy it. It was in the best spot in the whole village, and it had the best farmland and animals. After negotiating with different people, he found the right buyer.

Meanwhile, his wife was pregnant. Cuma thought that the baby would be another girl to add to his three

daughters, so he didn't think it would make a difference for selling the farm. Girls grew up and soon left after getting married. They didn't stay on to help in the farm work.

One winter February day it began to snow a lot. There was two feet of snow, which caused the roads to close. That day was the day on which the baby was to be born. But the closest hospital was thirty miles away, and going by horse (their only means of transportation) would take five hours. With the help of a midwife, though, the baby was born very healthy.

The baby was a boy! The excitement was all over the house. Someone was told to tell Cuma right away. When Cuma found out, at first he didn't believe it. He was very happy. Suddenly the future in the farm looked promising. He changed his mind about moving to the city, for he believed the baby boy would soon be old enough to help work in the farm. The farm was saved.

Even though my father (who was the baby) never worked in the farm and moved to the United States to study, the farm still is his and we were able to see it and enjoy our summer there.

Nur Kose
Delaware

The Tale of Two Horses

1920s
Greeley, Nebraska, USA

How would you put a horse on top of a house? I have no idea, but somehow my great-grandfather did it! He not only put one horse on top of a building; he put up two horses and a wagon! This was one of the best pranks that our town has ever seen.

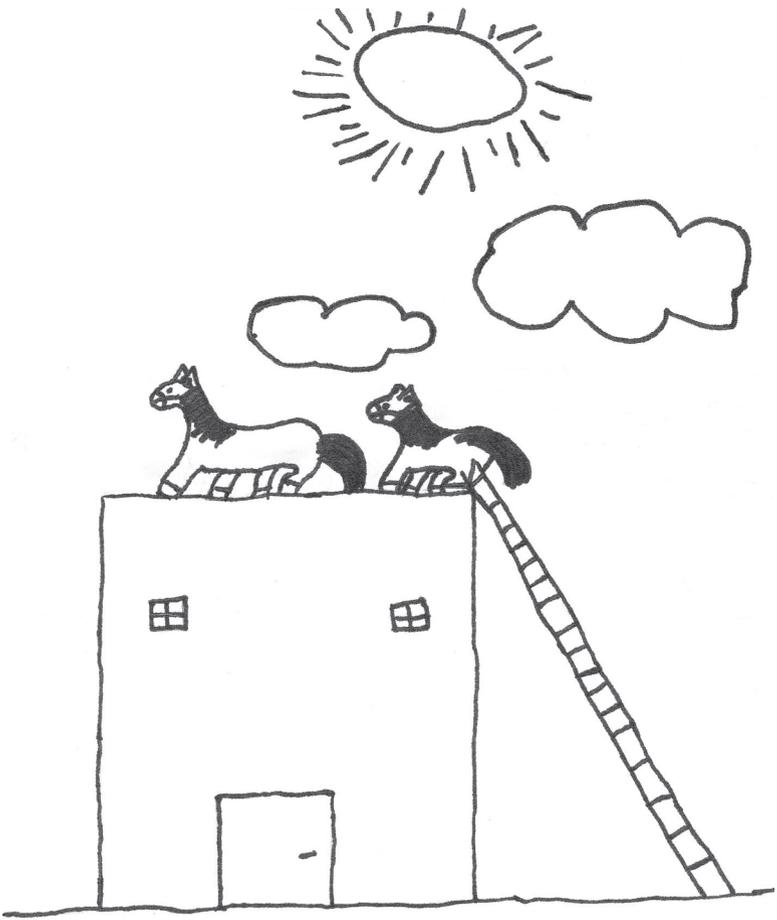
One day Denny Donovan was bored. In a small town in the twenties, there was not much you could do. You went to school, you went to the farm, and you went to church. There was no time to do anything else! Denny was one of the more popular kids in high school, so he was responsible for “makin’ news.” One day he decided to do something so big that people would be talking about it for years. Denny got all of his friends together to talk about the plan.

Denny explained, “Okay, this is what we’re goin’ to do. We are goin’ to get the wagon and the horses and put them up on the roof of that house on Main Street.”

“But, Denny, that house is two stories tall! We’ll never get them up there!” one of the boys complained.

“We’ll use a ramp to get the wagon up, and then we’ll hoist the horses up. The roof is flat, so it will be easy from there.”

So it was decided that they would pull this prank during church on Easter Sunday, because everyone would be at the longer mass. When the time came, Denny acted sick to get out of going to church. He met his fellow pranksters in front of the building they were going to



prank, but there was a problem. Back in those days buildings often had a “fake front.” The front was raised, making the building look larger, but it added two feet to the front side of the building. Denny had not considered this, but when church was let out, there were two white horses and a wagon on top of a building on Main Street!

Now this would be a good story as it is, but what happened next makes this a great story! The priest noticed that Denny was not in church that day, and when he saw what had happened on Main Street, he immediately knew the person who was responsible. The priest made Denny and the other pranksters plant every tree in the local cemetery! On the great treeless plains of Nebraska they had to plant, and care for, over one hundred trees!

So now whenever I see one of those trees, I smile and think of my great-grandfather Denny and the tale of two horses, and a wagon, on the roof of that house!

Ryne Donovan
Nebraska

Grandma Lovey Learns to Drive

c. 1956
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, USA

Years ago my great-grandma Lovey got tired of asking for rides all the time. So she decided to buy a car and learn to drive.

Grandma Lovey saved her money for a while, then went out and bought a Chevy. Grandpop Richard fell in love with the Chevy. He thought that Grandma Lovey wouldn't drive it and he would end up with it. Grandma Lovey thought different. She said, "No, I am going to learn how to drive."

Grandma loved her car so much. Sometimes she would go outside and look at it, or even sit in it. Everyone would ask, "Lovey, when you going to learn to drive your car?"

Grandma Lovey would always reply, "When I am ready."

While she was waiting to decide when she would learn to drive, her granddaughter Kathina became old enough to drive. Grandpop Richard started to teach Kathina to drive. They drove all over the town in Grandma Lovey's car. Kathina became such a good driver; she eventually obtained her license, before Grandma! Grandma still didn't know how to drive.

Finally, Grandma Lovey got fed up with all this, so she decided that it was time to learn how to drive. She got up the courage to get behind the wheel of the car.

On her first lesson, she drove around the block a

couple of times. She had no more interest in driving and soon became fed up with people always borrowing her Chevy, so she sold it. Grandma Lovey was done driving, and she never wanted to get behind the wheel of a car again. She stuck with asking for rides for the rest of her days, or she rode the bus. The bus . . . well, that's a whole other story!

Daria Scott
Pennsylvania

The Mystery of the Kindergarten Pants

1960, 1995
Kinloch, Missouri, USA

My dad, Leroy, was in kindergarten at Holy Angels Catholic School in 1960. He wore navy blue pants and a white shirt to school every day. He walked to and from school with the older kids that lived on his block. His mom would wait for him every afternoon on the front porch. Every single day his left pant leg would be torn from the thigh to the shin. Grandmother would ask, “Boy, what happened to your pants?!”

Sometimes Leroy would reply, “I don’t know.” Other times he would say, “I fell.”

Grandmother was very puzzled, so she started going to school and walking him home in the afternoon. Miraculously on those days the pants did not get torn! So Grandmother let Leroy walk with the other kids again. Once again the pants were torn every day. They continued this cycle week after week. Every time Leroy walked home by himself, the pants were torn. Every time Grandmother walked home with him, the pants were perfect. She even asked the other boys that he walked with if they knew what happened to the pants. The boys said, “We have no idea.”

Grandmother decided to be a private investigator. She tried to hide along the route that Leroy took home so she could spy on him. She thought she would finally know why she was buying new uniform pants week after week. Some of the boys spotted her and told Leroy, “Your

mom is over there.” Grandmother wasn’t such a good private investigator after all.

One day a teacher saw all the boys jumping over a chain-link fence. She told them not to do that anymore. It turns out that little Leroy was trying to follow the older boys when they jumped the fence, but he was so small that his left leg hit the top of the fence every time. After getting caught by the teacher, Leroy was afraid to get into trouble, so he never jumped the fence again. And he never came home with torn pants again.

Grandmother was glad, but she didn’t know why the pants had been torn in the first place or why it had stopped. In 1995 the mystery was finally solved. My mom and dad had been married for fourteen years. Mom and Grandmother were having a conversation about the crazy things my big brother was doing at five years old. Mom said, “The next thing you know, he’ll be jumping a fence and tearing his pants every day.” Grandmother couldn’t believe her ears! It turns out that my dad had told my mom the story about the torn pants. It took thirty-five years to solve the mystery of the kindergarten pants!

Maya Denise Holmes
Missouri

The Griot

c. 1930–2009
Detroit, Michigan, USA

Every family has a story to tell, and that story has to be remembered so that it can be passed down to others years later and always stay alive. That's why my family has a special tradition where one member of the family, every fifty to sixty years, becomes the new griot,* a person to keep the stories of the past in their memory. Griots have to have a love of and interest in their family's past and all the stories from that long-ago time. The griot then passes their role down to another family member, not by choosing a person whom they think would be best, but by choosing the one who asks a lot of questions and is curious about their family, and has a natural love for and interest in stories. The next griot chooses themselves, and when the elder storyteller sees it, they start to train the next person to come in their place.

The earliest griot my family can remember—and maybe even our first griot—was my great-aunt Lucy. She loved learning the history of her family, and keeping memory of everyone and their interesting lives. Sharing stories with others was one of her favorite things to do. Thus she happily became the family griot.

When Great-Aunt Lucy became old, she bequeathed all the family stories to Cousin Ethel. Cousin Ethel was tall and loved to talk and tell stories of the

* *Griot* (GREE-oh) comes from western Africa, where it refers to a storyteller who passes on the oral tradition and history of a village or family.

many generations of our family. She traveled around to different states by train, often visiting with different people. Cousin Ethel had a wonderful memory of everyone, and always knew who was who, and where they lived. Her great family knowledge came from her many travels and from adventures she had in the places she visited. Every Thanksgiving, she'd weave together wonderful stories about her life and the lives of the many people she knew and met along the way on her journeys across country. Sometimes during her conversations about something, she'd lapse into telling about a particular person, what side of the family they lived on, and with whom. In any case, Cousin Ethel loved her family history and was an avid storyteller.

But there was another curious person in the family who would become the future griot. That person was my auntie Carol. She too wanted to learn about the past, so she asked Cousin Ethel questions about the long-ago generations, and Cousin Ethel gladly taught the new griot everything she knew. After Cousin Ethel, Auntie Carol inherited all the stories of the lives of different people, the history of our family, and just the love and curiosity of being a learner of the past generations. Auntie Carol traveled to many different countries over the world, keeping in touch with family along the way. She has a love for talking with people and learning from them.

I see griots as sages of the family, filled with unending knowledge and wonderful tales. And someday, I may become the next!

Raven Marie Morris
Virginia

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Illustrators

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Bang! Bang!

Alexis G. Holguin, Arizona

The Confines of Determination

Maxwell Winter, North Carolina

Explosion at the Last Frontier

Mitchell Shaw, Colorado

For the Love of Animals

James Ross Spellman, Arizona

A Glance into the Future

Ian Maynor, North Carolina

The Life of a Survivor

Haley Redfern, Ohio

Love at First Sight

Eugene Zhang, North Carolina

Magic Medicine

Kaitlyn Conner, North Carolina

Manhole Rescue

Araya Frohne, Washington

Ramona, the Ornerly Horse

Sara E. Petersilie, Colorado

(continued on next page)

Revolutionary Bill
Hailee Gragg, Ohio

The Silent Hero
Drake Moore, Ohio

Soldier of Poland
Lucas T. Fraize, Maryland

A Torturous Trip
Nicholas Youngblood, Ohio

The War
Luis Mejia, Jr., Nebraska

Invitation to Participate

Please join us for the 2009/2010 Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration. The submission deadline for *Grannie Annie, Vol. 5* is February 1, 2010. Complete details, including the required entry form, are available at www.TheGrannieAnnie.org.

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Praise for The Grannie Annie

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. It reminds us that we are all connected by the fabric of family and should cherish the life experiences/lessons learned by past generations.

Brian Billings and Laura Amburgey, Teachers
Whitehouse, Ohio

The Grannie Annie offers my students an excellent opportunity to record and share stories from their family histories. By interviewing relatives, the students learn to appreciate and experience the triumphs and the troubles of their ancestors. These stories should be preserved for these students and for future generations, and The Grannie Annie provides this worthwhile opportunity that benefits all generations.

Susan Jewell, Teacher
Wolbach, Nebraska

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.

The infinite power of hope, valor, perseverance, and compassion are present in these endearing and eloquently written stories. These significant character-building qualities of generations past can only contribute to strong family foundations today and tomorrow.

May the legacy of The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration continue for generations to come!

Jodi J. De Luca, Ph.D., Parent
Tampa, Florida

Grannie Annie is a beautiful collection of stories—educational, funny, exciting, touching. . . . When youngsters learn

their family stories, they get a sense of how they themselves fit into history, they become more closely bound to older relatives, and they are more likely to recognize their ancestors as three-dimensional people who will amaze and delight them.

Linda Austin

Author of *Cherry Blossoms in Twilight: Memories of a Japanese Girl*

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

The Reading Tub™

www.TheReadingTub.com

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—and to share it with the world.

Florrie Binford Kichler

Patria Press, www.PatriaPress.com

We had an incredible time working on [our daughter’s *Grannie Annie*] story. It was a great way for Amy to learn about the rich heritage from which she comes—and to get more writing experience to boot.

Ruth Whitaker, Parent

Dallas, Texas

The Grannie Annie proved to be a valuable experience for the students in my school. . . . When the children shared the stories, some students who are normally quiet or reserved got to shine because of something really neat that they wrote about.

Dianne Elson, Teacher

Carmel, Indiana

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
Dallas, Texas

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
Indianapolis, Indiana

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*

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*, www.A4Achievement.net

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Grannie Annie Order Form

Price per book: \$14.95; \$10.00 each for 10 or more

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Multi-volume sets: \$25.00 for 2 books; \$30 for 3 books

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You may also order online at www.TheGrannieAnnie.org or call/
fax Portico Books at 1-636-527-2822 or (toll free) 1-888-641-5353.

The Grannie Annie *Family Story Celebration*

Young People Learning and Sharing Family Stories

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Jodi J. De Luca, Ph.D., Parent

