

Grannie Annie



Vol. 5

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. The works of thirty-eight young authors from two age categories, chosen to represent the submissions received this year, are represented in this fifth 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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An Annual Writing Contest for Young People

Saint Louis, Missouri

Because the stories in *Grannie Annie, Vol. 5* 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.

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

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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

This fifth collection of family stories follows the fine tradition established in past volumes of *Grannie Annie* and ushers in an exciting new dimension.

In the pages that follow, you'll travel across the United States and on to New Zealand and Australia, Asia, Europe, the Middle East, and Africa. You'll escape from eighteenth-century thieves, a burning helicopter, and the eerie shadows of a swamp path. You'll pick cotton, build a go-kart, and turn around at just the right time. You'll chuckle—and shudder—over mysteries solved.

This year, for the first time, you have the unique opportunity to read the Grannie Annie writings of young people from Australia, New Zealand, and Moldova, who share a glimpse of their part of the world. Their stories will remind you that at their best, families the world over support one another through joys and challenges.

You may want to preview stories in this volume to gather your thoughts about concerns that may surface for some readers: Will I someday have to face drought, natural disaster, the horror of war? Can individuals and races and nations ever learn to live in harmony? When is it appropriate to follow conscience over law?

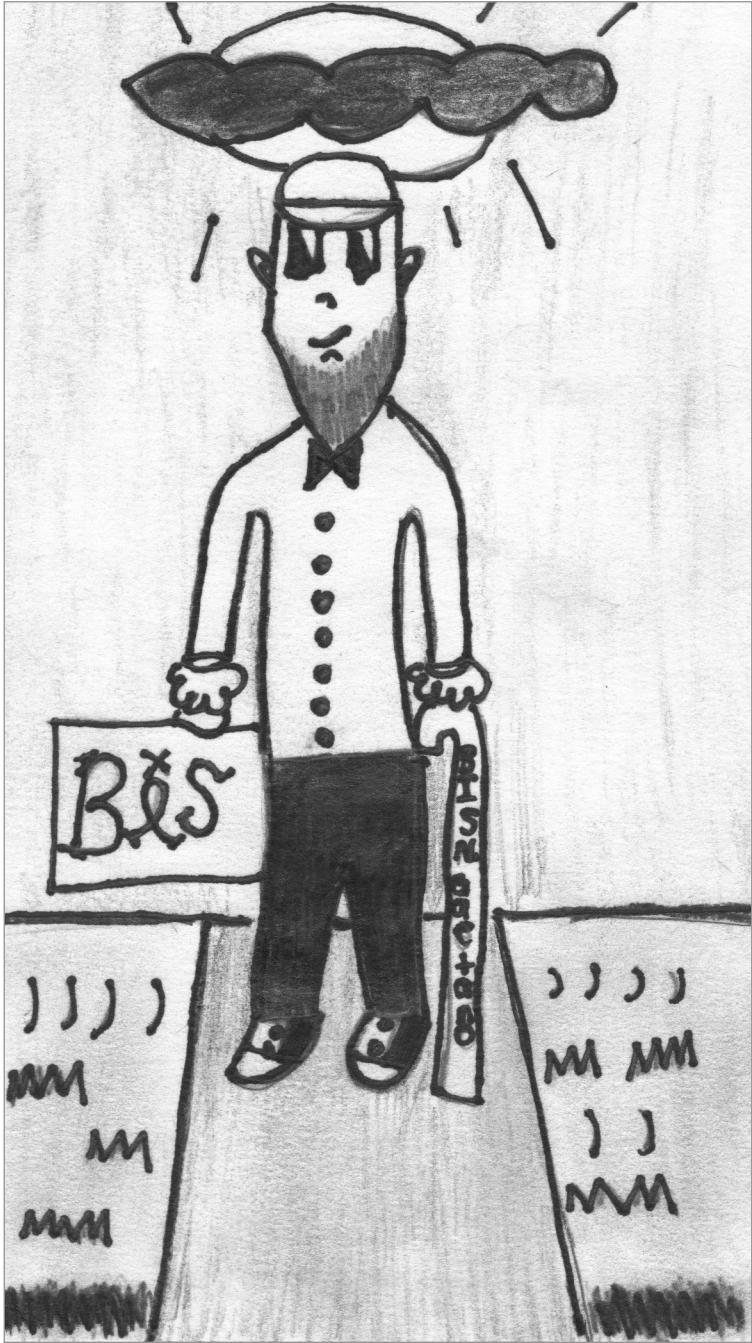
Whether you are a new or returning member of The Grannie Annie family, we welcome you. May these stories enrich your life, connect you with your worldwide family, and inspire you to discover and share more stories of your own. We hope you'll join us again next year!

Connie McIntyre and Fran Hamilton
Directors of The Grannie Annie

Listening is an act of love.

—*Dave Isay, StoryCorps*

Grannie Annie, Vol. 5



Bis-Nonnu Gaetano and the Great Escape

October 12, 1920
New York Harbor, USA*

This is the story of Bis-Nonnu Gaetano De Luca. He was my great-grandfather. Although we never met, I have gotten to know Bis-Nonnu Gaetano very well through many family bedtime stories. The most exciting story, however, is about Bis-Nonnu Gaetano and the great escape!

My great-grandfather was born on the European island of Sicily in 1893. In Sicilian, *Bis-Nonnu* means “great-grandfather,” and *Gaetano* translates into the name “Guy.” From very old photos, I can see that Bis-Nonnu Gaetano was a very elegant gentleman. He wore a long overcoat, spats, a bow tie, a crisp white shirt, gloves, and a fine hat—and he carried a very expensive walking stick.

Bis-Nonnu Gaetano was an aspiring shoe designer. He would work day and night creating beautiful shoes. Then one day a famous shoe company invited him to come to America so he could share his beautiful designs with the whole world. After a week-long voyage by ship across the Atlantic Ocean, my great-grandfather arrived at New York Harbor on October 12, 1920. Amazingly, he first stepped foot in America on Columbus Day!

Bis-Nonnu Gaetano proudly walked off the ship,

* 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.

ready to start a new and exciting life. He was one among hundreds of other immigrants from Western Europe in search of the “American Dream” of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Suddenly he was approached by two men. One asked, “Are you Gaetano De Luca?” My great-grandfather nodded. The men quickly grabbed his arms, took his luggage, and began escorting him away from the other immigrants.

All at once, a group of men came rushing toward them. They pushed my great-grandfather out of the way and tackled the two escorts to the ground. The group of men were undercover detectives. They handcuffed the two escorts and drove them away in a police car. Bis-Nonnu Gaetano was left confused and frightened.

Detectives later explained to my great-grandfather that because of his elegant appearance, he was assumed to be rich. The two men who approached him were what they called “immigration runners.” Immigration runners were often the first people to greet newly arrived immigrants. Most runners were helpful and assisted the immigrants in finding food, shelter, and jobs. However, there were some runners, like the ones who singled out Bis-Nonnu Gaetano, who were criminals. They made a living by taking advantage of new immigrants. They would steal the immigrants’ belongings and often leave them for dead. My great-grandfather explained to the detectives that because the men called him by name, he assumed that they had been sent by his new employers. The detectives pointed out that his name, Gaetano De Luca, was clearly spelled out on his luggage!

Bis-Nonnu Gaetano was a very lucky man to have

escaped this fate! He loved America, and he became one of the country's most well-known shoe designers of his time. He achieved the American Dream, and his legacy is proudly carried on.

Brendan J. De Luca-Rodenberg
Florida, USA

Please Wake Me Up

c. 1876
Lowndes County, Georgia, USA

One morning in 1876 in Lowndes County, Georgia, my great-great-grandmother decided she didn't want to go to the field to pick cotton with the family. Mamie was well known for her fainting spells, so when she told her mother she was sick, it was like water under a bridge. Mamie skipped out the door, because she was going to fake one of her fainting spells and get a couple of days' rest out of it!

It was a very hot morning, and if Mamie didn't drink any water, her mouth would dry up and she would turn really red from the heat. She waited until everyone was working; then she let out a loud moan and dropped to the ground. At first she thought no one had heard her, because it was so silent and nothing was moving. Then all of a sudden she heard their voices, and it made her glad!

In the middle of the confusion, she realized she was not in the field anymore—and there was a sweet smell, with music playing, and her bed felt too soft and silky. Then Mamie realized that she couldn't move and her eyes wouldn't open—it was like she was frozen—and when she went to speak, she had no voice. Mamie was very scared. She could hear her friends and family comforting her mother and telling her how sorry they were about the quick and sudden death of Mamie. They apologized for waiting so long to get her because they thought she was faking. The minister said when they

picked her up and she didn't move, they knew she had to be dead—because she would always open her eyes and speak once someone touched her—and she had no pulse.

Mamie lay in her burying box trying to scream, “Wait! I'm alive! Doesn't anybody see me breathing? Oh, please, don't put me in the ground.” She was so still.

The minister said because Mamie was so young and had hit her head when she had her fainting spell, the doctor didn't wait the usual three days and told the family to go on and bury her as soon as possible.

Mamie heard the minister speaking about her, and he said very nice things. She realized how wrong it was for her to fake sick and to tell lies. She was sorry—so very sorry!

Then all of a sudden Mamie could move. She sat up real fast and said, “Mommy.” Well, before she could speak again, everyone had jumped up and run out of the church screaming, including the minister. It was a funny sight to see and a happy time, once the fear had passed. Everyone hugged Mamie. The doctor said she'd had the deep sleep sickness but she was all right now.

Mamie never faked again, and this story has been told from generation to generation. I'm so glad she woke up, or I wouldn't be here to pass this story on!

Marieh Arnett
Maryland, USA

Racing Ron

1961
Toledo, Ohio, USA

When Grandpa Ron was a senior in high school, he used to take his car out and drag race through the streets of Toledo. He would pull up to a car sitting at a red light, look over at the other driver, and rev his engine really fast. This would tell the other person that he wanted to race. Once the light turned green, the two cars would drive as fast as they could for a few blocks to see who had the faster car. My grandpa explained, “Drag racing was not about going 200 miles per hour; it was about being the quickest off the line and getting to the finish line first.”

One Saturday night during the summer of 1961, my grandpa was hanging out with some of his friends at the White Hut restaurant. He was talking to a few guys when one of them bragged that his car was souped up and ran really fast.



Grandpa said, “It doesn’t go as fast as my Chevy!” The two racers jumped into their cars and pulled out of the White Hut parking lot. When the light turned green, the two cars sped off down the road. Grandpa got off the starting line first, but the other car was right on his tail. Grandpa’s speedometer reached 100 miles per hour, and he started to pull away.

Grandpa looked in his rearview mirror and saw the other car fading away. He also saw a second set of headlights. “Is that the police?” Grandpa asked himself. He immediately hit the brakes and turned down a side street. Grandpa backed into a driveway, ducked down low, and waited to see if a police car was coming.

A car slowed down and pulled into the driveway. It wasn’t the police, but it was the man who lived at the house. He was headed right toward Grandpa’s car.

Grandpa got out of his car and saw a six-foot four-inch man approach him. The man said he had seen Grandpa drag racing and was going to call the police. Grandpa Ron jumped back into his car, sped off through the man’s grass, and drove down the street.

Even though his heart was pounding and his mind was racing just like his car had, Grandpa drove home nice and slow to his parents’ house. When he pulled up safely in front of the house, he made a promise to himself that he would never drag race again. That was the end of “Racing Ron.”

My grandpa still likes fast cars, but now he enjoys watching them instead of racing them.

Jake Glancey
Ohio, USA

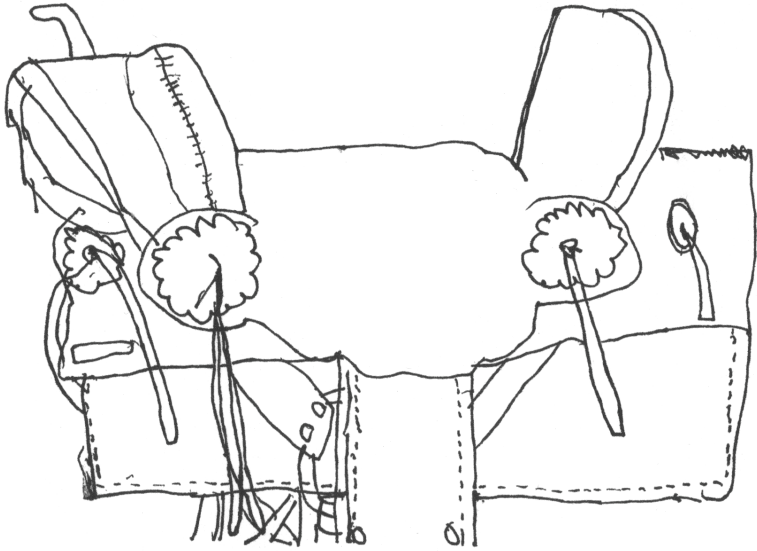
Grandpa's Saddle

late 1880s
rural Pike County, Illinois, USA; Mexico, Missouri, USA

In my basement there is a saddle, a saddle of great history. Everything about the saddle tells of its history—the smells of the leather, the rust and dust that cover it, and its faded brown color. The lifetime of the saddle dates back to the 1880s in Pike County, Illinois. At that time, people didn't have cars. Riding horses wasn't just a hobby; it was how people traveled. My third-great-grandpa was the person who owned the saddle. He took it everywhere he went.

Great-Grandpa rode on a very special horse with that saddle. The horse's name was Old Mack. Across the Illinois-Missouri border from Great-Grandpa's Illinois farm stands a town called Mexico, Missouri. In Mexico there was a rodeo where many cowboys went to compete. Great-Grandpa went there with his saddle, and he decided he wanted to ride Old Mack. This made all the cowboys excited! You see, Old Mack had never been ridden, because of his attitude. Great-Grandpa climbed onto the back of that horse, into his saddle, and when he did, Old Mack took off running! He was running so fast and so recklessly that he rammed his forehead into a pole. Now, Great-Grandpa was the greatest animal doctor in the area, so all he had to do was pull Old Mack's head around and examine it. He decided the injury wasn't serious, made a deal with the rodeo, and rode Old Mack home.

Old Mack and Great-Grandpa's journey home



ignited a relationship that would last a lifetime. The Illinois-Missouri border is formed by the Mississippi River. Old Mack and Great-Grandpa had to cross the river to get home. Now back then, the Mississippi River was wider and shallower, and flowed with less current than now, making it less troublesome for them to cross. When they got home, Great-Grandpa patched up Old Mack's head. After that, they were so close that Great-Grandpa was the only one who could feed Old Mack

Before long, Great-Grandpa and Old Mack were seen together so often that they became a legend in Pike County. Great-Grandpa looked so comfortable in his saddle that people declared it was like he was in a rocking chair!

In the early 1900s Ford created the Model T, the first affordable American car. Great-Grandpa was one of the first people in the area to purchase one. He was

quite a jokester about it. When somebody asked him how he liked his car, he would say, “I like it just fine. . . . You know, it’s not scared of a thing!” Horses were often scared of the trains that ran through the bluffs of his farm. Even though Great-Grandpa no longer rode Old Mack everywhere he went, Old Mack and Great-Grandpa were friends for life. Now, five generations later, the saddle that Great-Grandpa used when he rode everywhere on Old Mack is in my basement for generations to see.

Andrew W. Malphurs
Georgia, USA

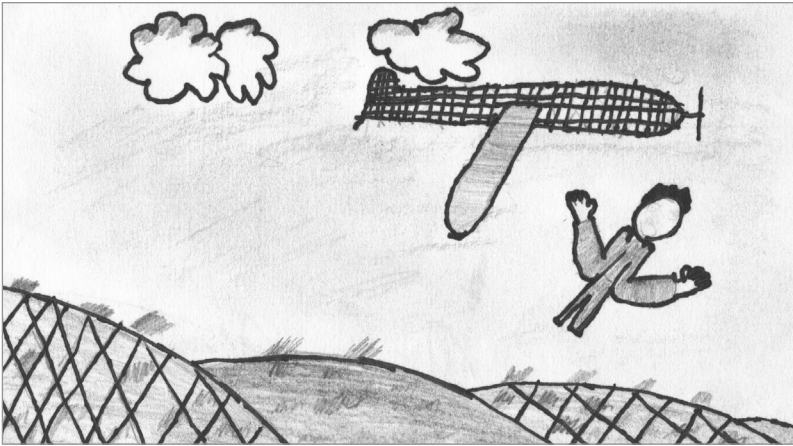
Dreams of Flying

1874–1960
Barberton, Ohio, USA

Michael J. Paridon was my great-grandfather's cousin. He was born in 1874 in Barberton, Ohio. At a very early age he dreamt of building and flying his own airplane. At age eighteen he started working as a shop helper and then became a designer and drafter for The Diamond Match Company, where he would work for fifty-two years. While working for the match company, he developed many designs and inventions.

Mr. Paridon's most memorable invention was the airplane. He began designing an airplane about two years before the Wright brothers' first flight. He organized a stock company to finance the development and construction of the airplane. In June 1910 he made a successful flight of about 100 yards at a few feet above the ground and circled gracefully back to the starting point. A few hundred of his friends witnessed the successful flight.

In July 1910, during what would be his last flight, Mr. Paridon soared 100 feet into the air, but his controls did not work properly. He began to loop around, and then he pancaked into the ground. Mr. Paridon and his wife had two small children at the time. Because flying was so dangerous, she threatened to divorce him if he flew again. Mr. Paridon kept his word and never flew again. He returned all the money to the investors and continued to invent machines for The Diamond Match Company and to design improvements for the airplane.



When his designs were not accepted fast enough to suit him, he offered to include the name of one of his immediate supervisors on all future patents. From then on, his dreams became reality in rapid succession. Mr. Paridon is credited for inventing the first matchbook-packing machine, still used in a modified form by The Diamond Match Company. He also designed some sixty-nine other machines that were patented for and by The Diamond Match Company.

Michael Paridon was very passionate about fulfilling his dreams and creating machines to make life easier for a lot of people. I hope that I am able to pursue my dreams and be as passionate about life and my ideas as he was.

Maddie Speer
Ohio, USA

Speeding

c. 1950
Kent, Ohio, USA

My grandpa really reminds me of myself, not just because he's the smartest man I know, but also because he always wants to make or build something big and creative. For example, one day he was really bored, so he and his best friend, Billy Fagoel, decided to build a go-kart.

Luckily, Billy's brother had actually won the Soap Box Derby two years earlier. The Soap Box Derby is a national race where cars with no engines race down a huge hill. My grandpa and his best friend decided to use Johnny Fagoel's winning Soap Box Derby car to build their go-kart.

They took apart a lawn mower and used its engine. They put the engine on the engineless Soap Box Derby car. They used a rope and pulley to connect the engine to the wheel and axle of the Soap Box Derby car. Soap Box Derby cars do not have very good brakes. The brakes are just a piece of tire attached to a lever, and when you pull the lever, the tire hits the ground and the car comes to a screeching stop.

Anyway, they tested the car, and it turned out that the car actually went sixty miles per hour! So they went speeding down the neighborhood going sixty miles per hour with bad brakes. To make matters worse, Billy accidentally turned onto the highway. Suddenly they heard something in the distance.

It sounded like sirens. *It was sirens!* The boys

tried once more to stop the car. They flipped the switch on the engine and yanked the lever, and the car came to a screeching stop. The cop car pulled up beside them, and Sergeant Bowman stepped out, looking like he had just starred in a really old movie with a cop in it. He was wearing a Smokey hat, aviators,* long boots, a belt with an old-fashioned revolver, and a really old badge. He said, “Boys, you aren’t allowed to drive this vehicle on the highway.”

“We’re not. We’re just driving it around the neighborhood,” they replied.

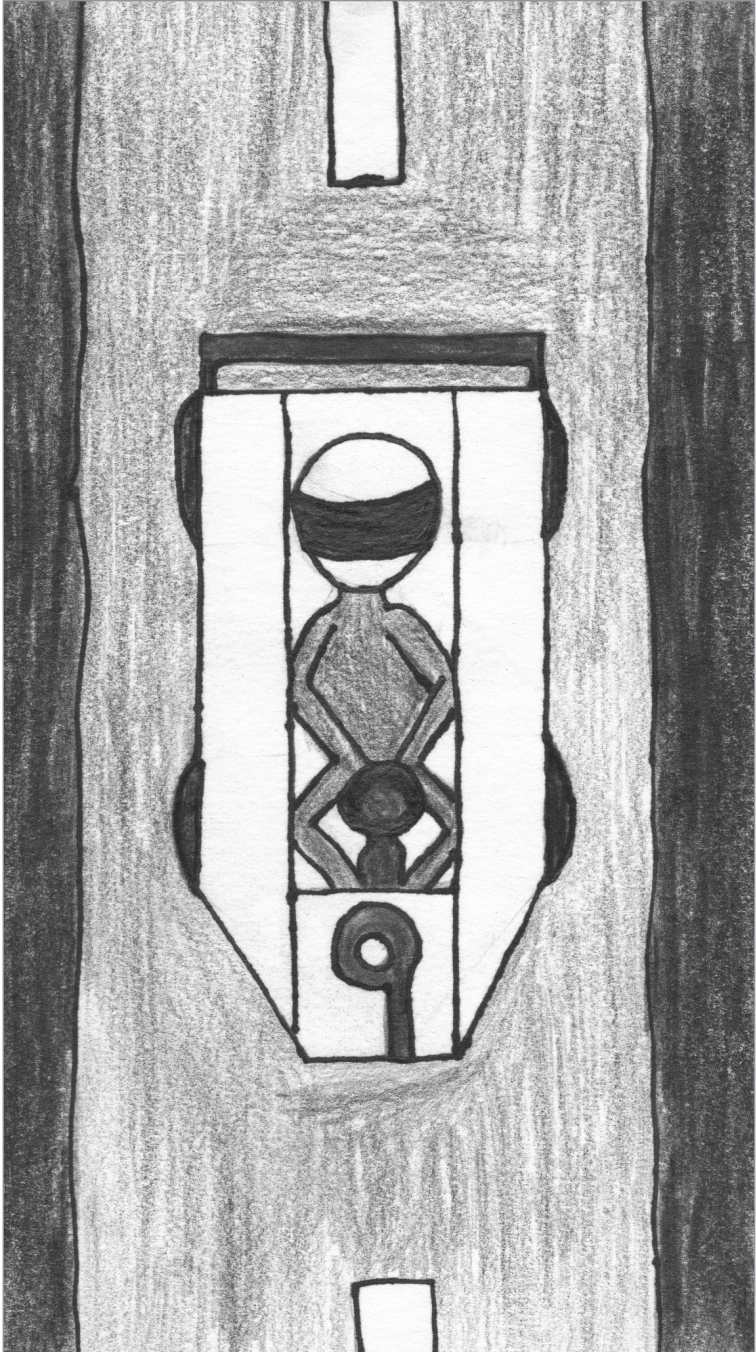
“That’s the highway!”

“Ohhhhhhhhh!”

My grandpa and his best friend got to know Officer Bowman very well. They always found a way to get into mischief.

Ethan Lochner
Missouri, USA

* Aviators are sunglasses that resemble goggles.



The Hitchhiker

1962

Rochester, New York, USA

On one cold night in 1962, my uncle Bob was twenty-two years old and was driving outside Rochester, New York. While driving home from work in a blizzard, my uncle saw a man alongside the road who was struggling to make it through the elements. The man was wearing a hooded sweatshirt and baggy pants. He was a strange-looking person.

My uncle stopped and asked if he needed a lift, and without hesitation the man accepted. As they were driving along, the man suddenly started pounding his fists on the dashboard of the car, and my uncle asked, “Hey, buddy, are you okay?”

The man stopped, but just moments later my uncle noticed a fifteen-inch swordlike blade on his hip. After a few minutes my uncle said he didn’t feel comfortable, and the man complied—he let my uncle put it under his seat.

At this point my uncle had had enough and pulled over at a gas station, where he called the police while pretending to get gas. After a few intense minutes, multiple police units showed up and struggled to arrest the man, because he tried to run away.

Once they put the man in the police car, the cops came over to my uncle to speak with him. One of the officers said to my uncle, “Thank goodness you called us. We’ve been trying to catch this guy for years.”

It turned out that right before my uncle had picked

him up, the man had murdered two people in the process of robbing three stores. My uncle said he was glad to help the officers and walked back to his car to leave.

As he went back to his car, he had to pass the criminal, who was sitting in the back of the cop's car. As he walked by, the criminal pointed at my uncle with his fingers as if to say, "I'll get you."

To this day my uncle thinks about his scary night outside Rochester, New York.

Molly J. Miller
Ohio, USA

The Case of the Haunted Chicken

1958

St. Louis, Missouri, USA

My great-grandpa Aloysius Steffen was a motor patrolman for twenty-two years. He rode a Harley-Davidson motorcycle and wore a dark blue police uniform. His job must have been extremely exciting. Furthermore, Great-Grandpa Aloysius was an interesting person with a zest for life.

Without a doubt, Great-Grandpa Aloysius was a great man. He looked a lot like my father, Greg Steffen. He was six feet tall and weighed 220 pounds. He had a muscular build with strong legs, thick arms, and broad shoulders. He was a motorcycle policeman for the St. Louis Metropolitan Police Department and was proud of his occupation. He may have been tough, but he was a loving father and grandpa. Indeed, Aloysius was a remarkable person.

Imagine what it would be like to come across a haunted chicken. Well, Great-Grandpa Aloysius Steffen had that experience. While on duty, Aloysius received a radio call for a disturbance at an Asian market on Grand Avenue. When he arrived on the scene, there was a crowd gathered around the building. Since he couldn't understand what anyone was saying, and was unsure of what he would find, Aloysius drew his gun and entered the market.

Inside the store, it appeared that nothing was amiss. Suddenly he heard a strange sound coming from the kitchen. With gun drawn, Aloysius cautiously

approached the kitchen and was shocked by what he saw. A dead chicken was sliding its way across the counter, seemingly on its own. Unsure of what to do, he lifted his revolver and fired six rounds into the poultry. Confident that he had stopped the haunted chicken, Aloysius decided to take a closer look. After closer examination, he realized that a rat had crawled inside the chicken, and as it was eating, kept pushing the chicken across the counter. Shaking his head, Aloysius picked up the chicken, took it outside, and gave it to the store owner. In a word, dealing with a haunted chicken turned out to be pretty funny.

Certainly when Grandpa Aloysius encountered the “haunted chicken,” it impacted his life, but it has also impacted my life many years later. My dad told me this story, and I realize that it has affected the way that I look at certain situations. He told me to always examine everything carefully. The customers who were gathered around the store were afraid of the chicken because they didn’t examine it closely. Sometimes you need to face a problem head-on, look at it from all angles, and come up with a solution. Aloysius’s experience helped to shape my life.

Obviously Aloysius will always be remembered by my family and by me. He was valuable to the world because he was a good policeman and a great role model. He took all cases seriously, no matter how funny they were, and he proudly served the citizens of St. Louis until the day he retired. In the end, Aloysius was not valued just by our family but also by everyone he served and protected.

Megan Steffen
Missouri, USA

The Grape Story

c. 1978
Missouri, USA

One day in a small town in Missouri, my grandma (Nema), my uncle Joe, and my aunt Sandy were driving back to St. Louis when they saw a fruit market on the side of the road. Uncle Joe and Aunt Sandy loved markets, so they decided to stop and take a look around. They were looking at vegetables and fruit when they came across the grape section. There were lots of bushels of grapes to choose from. The bushels were huge! Uncle Joe loved grapes, so he bought a big bushel. He picked up the heaviest bushel and took it to the counter to buy it.

When Aunt Sandy and Nema were finished shopping, they met Uncle Joe at the car with his bushel of grapes. It was too large to put in the back seat with Nema because she had too many other packages, so he put it in the trunk.

They drove for over an hour before they got home. Uncle Joe dropped off Nema and headed home with Aunt Sandy. It was very late when they got home, and Uncle Joe forgot to take the grapes out of the trunk.

The next morning while on his way to work, he heard a buzzing sound and couldn't figure out what it was. He turned on the air conditioner when he noticed little black and gold things flying out of the vents. They were bees! Uncle Joe's car was filled with so many bees that he had to pull over and roll his windows down. A lot of the bees flew out, but there were a lot left. Uncle Joe finally made it to work. He cracked the windows so the

rest of the bees would have a way to escape while he was working.

On his way home, more bees were coming out of the vents and other small spaces in the car. He couldn't figure out where they were coming from. When he got home, he told Aunt Sandy about the bees. She asked him if he had ever taken the grapes out of the trunk. Uncle Joe had forgotten to. When he went back out to the car and opened the trunk, hundreds and hundreds of bees were flying around the trunk! Uncle Joe ran inside and got Aunt Sandy. Aunt Sandy told him the bees had to be coming from the bushel of grapes. Uncle Joe took the bushel of grapes out of the trunk and dumped them on the ground. When he dumped the grapes on the ground, a beehive came out along with the grapes.

The beehive explained the hundreds of bees in Uncle Joe's car. The grapes were the reason for the beehive. It took Uncle Joe over a week to get all the bees out of his car. Nema loves to tell us this story over and over again. Nema calls this "the grape story," but I think it should be called "the bee story."

Reilly Ahearn
Missouri, USA

Wheeling Through the Years

1900–1970
North Island, New Zealand

Once upon a time, there was a motorcycle with an excellent sidecar for passengers. Undoubtedly its owner (my great-grandfather Clive) was proud of it. There was just one slight difficulty: Dorothy, his wife, would not ride in the sidecar because doing so would mean raising her leg in order to get in. This may not seem like a problem today, but then it would have been considered most horrifically unladylike, and Dorothy was a very ladylike lady. Fortunately, they discovered a means of getting around the irritating conundrum thus presented: Dorothy sat side-saddle on the motorcycle, and Clive remained standing in the sidecar, leaning over to get to the handlebars to steer. They must have appeared peculiar in the extreme!

Some years later, Clive and Dorothy's daughter, Frances, was endowed with a tricycle. Unfortunately, the tricycle was not equipped to take passengers. However, securing a banana box to the back of the aforementioned vehicle solved this problem most satisfactorily. Frances's younger sister Florence would sit in the box while Frances pedaled around furiously. There were, sadly, certain flaws in the design. It is not my intention to malign the technical skills of my relatives, but perhaps it was an unfortunate impulse that had them career down a hill near their home, at the base of which was a rather unforgiving expanse of gravel. The chief flaw in this scheme manifested itself rather soon,

with the inevitable upset of the tricycle and ensuing expulsion and injury of its young occupants. According to Aunt Frances, an objectionable young person lived nearby, and he took the opportunity presented by the bedraggled appearance of my unfortunate great-aunts to be objectionable, asking if “the rats had been biting” them. Aunt Frances conveniently neglected to inform me of how she responded to the taunt.

Some more years later, my father had a bicycle, and used it as most children would: as a means of transport to and from school. If this sounds fairly harmless, it is because I have not yet mentioned the passenger. My uncle would take a ride by sitting on the crossbar, steering the bicycle while letting my father do all the hard work. I have seen the path down which they rode every day in order to get to school, and it is somewhat steep. It is a wonder that there were no injuries sustained in the course of travelling* to and from their lessons.

I now have a bicycle of my own and, no doubt, there will be plenty of stories told by my children about their mother’s strange use of her bike. I could probably tell a few myself, but that, as the best storytellers say, is another story.

Lena M. R. Dailey
North Island, New Zealand

* *Travelling* is the British spelling of *traveling*.

Illustrators

- p. 14 Ashley Safford, Missouri
- p. 20 Bojan Nikoletic, Missouri
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- p. 26 Shenaya Rushing, Illinois
- p. 34 Kevin Van Horn, Texas
- p. 40 Brandy Sikorski, Missouri
- p. 44 Jenna DeWeese, Missouri
- p. 56 Michaela Smith, Missouri
- pp. 64–65 Kayla McMahon, Missouri
- p. 76 Terry Hammett, Missouri
- p. 82 Corey Watt, Missouri
- p. 84 Michael Noggle, Missouri
- p. 87 Marshon Johnson, Missouri

Honorable Mention Stories

The Amazing Fall

Lindsay C. Goeler; Missouri, USA

Attack on the *Goodhue*

Katie Grossman; Missouri, USA

The Bike That Turned into a Unicycle

Emily Cislo; Missouri, USA

Casual vs. Permanent

Lindsay Atkinson; Idaho, USA

Getting a Bike at Age Twenty-One

Furkan Kose; Delaware, USA

Mr. Milkman's Tale

Marie Donnelly; Missouri, USA

My Grandpa

Wyatt Harman; Missouri, USA

One Little Twig, One Big Difference

Kaitlyn Wood; Nebraska, USA

Oops

Ellie Richmond; Missouri, USA

A Stolen Childhood

Adina Halzel; Colorado, USA

The Table Piled High with Candy

Lisa Joanne Kehler; Nebraska, USA

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Tenth Birthday

Lindsey Bronder; Ohio, USA

The Terrifying Typhoon

Gabrielle Fabrikant-Abzug; Colorado, USA

Tom and the Razorback Piglet

Ben Schultz; Missouri, USA

Invitation to Participate

Please join us for the 2010/2011 Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration. The submission deadline for *Grannie Annie, Vol. 6* is February 1, 2011. Complete details, including the required entry form, are available at www.TheGrannieAnnie.org.

Praise for The Grannie Annie

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. The interviews have the dual benefit of preserving the history of our ancestors and giving our younger generations the chance to ask the questions and consider the issues that are important to *them*.

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*

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 Petrunca, Glodeni, Moldova

As I'm sure is the objective of The Grannie Annie, this was a lovely experience, and now memory, for Andrew and his grandpa. There are no words for that.

Susan Barton Malphurs, Parent
Cumming, Georgia

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

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

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

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

The Reading Tub™
www.TheReadingTub.com

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*

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

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*

Our son's *oma* is overwhelmed that her "story" is in print in *Grannie Annie*. She is thankful for the opportunity to tell it! Every family member and family friend has a signed copy.

Karie Millard, Parent
Indianapolis, Indiana

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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The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration

Young People Learning and Sharing Family Stories

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.

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