

Craddock

Connection

Volume 7 Issue 2 June 2023 -



Welcome

Craddock Family Newsletter

Well, here we are at our second 2023 Newsletter. Quite a stretch from the last one Ada Morris sent out, but I know she would be overjoyed at the family pulling together again.

The newsletter is a fantastic place to get some standard information about a few things, but the gem is on the website. There you will find stories, recollections, photos, etc. You'll be able to login with your credentials if you'd like. Just email Larry and you'll have the ability to upload your photos and videos to share with everyone

and remember.....

If you have any news or updates that you would like to share in the newsletter, please send an email to connection@craddock.org. We would love to hear from you! None too small or too big to share! Memories are a connection--a belonging!

To get your login ease email Larry Dean at

connection@craddock.org

Did you know?

The Craddock family name was found in the USA, the UK, Canada, and Scotland between 1840 and 1920. The most Craddock families were found in United Kingdom in 1891. In 1840 there were 24 Craddock families living in Virginia. This was about 29% of all the recorded Craddock's in USA. Virginia had the highest population of Craddock families in 1840.

What's going on?

Send us your happenings and we'll share them!



What's our motto anyway?

"Nec temere, nec timide"

This is translated as "Neither rashly nor timidly."

I think this is a good motto but I'm not sure we all live by this.

Find Newsletters OLD and NEW

<https://www.craddock.org/newsletters/>

Here is an excerpt from the original Craddock Connection

happy birthday

- 2nd Jeremy Ryan Upchurch 1975
- 4th Tera Jo Morris 1977
- 4th Justin Ray Morris 1980
- 5th Nona Marie (Craddock) Kennedy 1955
- 5th Courtney Nicole Nath 1990
- 10th Robin Locke 1921
- 10th Raymond Craig Morris 1975
- 12th Dan Delmar Craddock Sr. 1945
- 12th Leonard Ray Craddock 1958
- 13th Judy Lavern (Craddock) Smith 1957
- 15th Joshua DuWayne Morris 1981
- 18th Fay Geneva (Craddock) Finley 1917
- 18th JW Craddock 1943
- 19th Karmen Louise Settle 1979
- 20th Deana Marie Morris 1982
- 22nd Rene' (Finley) Sanders 1959
- 22nd Chanda Rae Miller 1979
- 24th Carol Ann (Jones) Craddock 1962
- 24th Paula Carol (Craddock) McDougle 1964
- 27th Roni Marie Kolling 19889
- 28th William Leon (Bill) Craddock 1943
- 28th James Christopher Climer 1985
- 30th Steven John Kennedy 1977?
- 31st Kelly Ann (Loveless) Jenson 1963

Doug Craddock gave me a call at Christmas time. He, Darlene and children are living in Houston. Doug renovates apartments for a living. He said they were doing very well but missing the family a lot. Doug said when first married he would threaten Darlene that he was leaving, but now he threatens to stay. Doug, does that mean things are getting better, or worse? We'll see you at the reunion.

John and I went to Uncle Gilbert's a few days before Christmas. They wanted to swap guitars, which they did. We found them (Aunt Idele and Uncle Gilbert) in good health and spirits. They are buying a home in Tecumseh and selling their place in the country, with reluctance, but they have decided it would be best for them. It was good to visit with them and we had to have a ham sandwich before we left. We, (John and I) only got lost 4 times on that trip.

John has passed the first part of his driving examination test was issued his driver's license (with restriction #9). The insurance company was happy to add his name to our policy. With some other additions also.

Lynne and Randy Murrow, with their children, Daylin, Steven and Tessa, beat the icy roads last weekend and came for an overnight stay.

They encountered no problem until they were within one half block of our house. Here, we had a traffic jam. A truck had slid from the road and the wrecker was pulling him back. After about 10 minutes Randy took to the ditch and came on up the road to our house. We enjoyed their visit and Lynne and I beat the best 3 out of 5 in moon. (Dominoes)

Erik Craddock, from Monterey, Calif, (from Oklahoma, born in Tampa, Fl), (Erik doesn't like to have it said that he's from Calif.) anyway he came to spend the holidays with his parents, and I enjoyed glimpsing him once while he was here. It was unfortunate Erik had to leave New Year's day as the roads were very icy. He made it back but had one incident when his car ran off the road. We're thankful you weren't hurt, Erik

It was good to hear from all of my kids, Chuck & Judy, Larry & Linda, Dale & Dee, (where are you Roger and Pam?, I know, Pam's watching football). Hope they all get to come for the Reunion.

Aunt Fay came over a few days after Christmas, bless her heart. As always we had a good visit and talked about everything in the world. She's anticipating the Reunion as much as we are.

Carl and I have been building a few little bird houses. This is a new project for us, a first, but we have discovered that wood filler works miracles. You have no idea how many mistakes you can hide with this amazing product. It's fun anyway.

You know, we have had several flocks, large flocks, of robins visit us periodically all winter long. They are out there right now eating wild bird seed I put out for them. This is amazing to me because I have never seen more than 5 or 6 robins at time. Is this something unusual or have I just been unaware of the robin's habits?

Well school is on again and things probably would get back to near normal except that tax season is upon us. Gay, are you ready? Viola has moved to Texas so I guess it's just me here this year. She said she will probably do a few returns this year but Jay said she will have to come home to her office if she does. What an ole grouch, a few papers wouldn't hurt you, Jay. I'm all set to do the Electronic Filing again this year. I really sort of like it.

This looks like a good place to quit, so I'll see you all next time, I love all of you.



Ada Morris
founder of the
Craddock
Connection

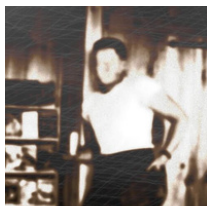
Louise Ada Morris

Some of you may not know about uncle Stubart. Others may scoff at the mere mention of his existence but folks I'm here to tell you he's real. We've got a lot of controversial photos to prove this and as we go forward hopefully we'll shed some light on him and maybe get to the bottom of the true history of Uncle Stubart.

If you think you might have a picture of him, please share it so that we can keep everyone informed. I've placed a picture below for reference. Be on the lookout!

UPDATE:

I recently visited my children in Arizona and took a hike on the Superstition Mountains. As we came down we stopped at a restaurant and I spent a few minutes watching down a gulley. There was a man with a striking resemblance to the photo. I yelled for him calling "Uncle Stu" but he turned and lurked away. On his backpack was the initials SC.



Please send updates on Uncle Stubart to connection@craddock.org

So how are we all related?

Use this helpful chart for reference

common ancestor	child	grandchild	great-grandchild	2x great-grandchild	3x great-grandchild	4x great-grandchild	5x great-grandchild	6x great-grandchild
child	brother/sister	nephew/niece	grand-nephew/niece	great-grand-nephew/niece	2nd great-grand-nephew/niece	3rd great-grand-nephew/niece	4th great-grand-nephew/niece	5th great-grand-nephew/niece
grandchild	nephew/niece	first cousin	first cousin once removed	first cousin twice removed	first cousin 3x removed	first cousin 4x removed	first cousin 5x removed	first cousin 6x removed
great-grand child	grand-nephew/niece	first cousin once removed	second cousin	second cousin once removed	second cousin twice removed	second cousin 3x removed	second cousin 4x removed	second cousin 5x removed
2x great-grandchild	great-grand-nephew/niece	first cousin twice removed	second cousin once removed	third cousin	third cousin once removed	third cousin twice removed	third cousin 3x removed	third cousin 4x removed
3x great-grandchild	2nd great-grand-nephew/niece	first cousin 3x removed	second cousin twice removed	third cousin once removed	fourth cousin	fourth cousin once removed	fourth cousin twice removed	fourth cousin 3x removed
4x great-grandchild	3rd great-grand-nephew/niece	first cousin 4x removed	second cousin 3x removed	third cousin twice removed	fourth cousin once removed	fifth cousin	fifth cousin once removed	fifth cousin twice removed
5x great-grandchild	4th great-grand-nephew/niece	first cousin 5x removed	second cousin 4x removed	third cousin 3x removed	fourth cousin twice removed	fifth cousin once removed	sixth cousin	sixth cousin once removed
6x great-grandchild	5th great-grand-nephew/niece	first cousin 6x removed	second cousin 5x removed	third cousin 4x removed	fourth cousin 3x removed	fifth cousin twice removed	sixth cousin once removed	seventh cousin

Bits & Pieces

Me and Joe and cigarette loads!

by Larry Craddock - Aug 30, 2010

I'm sure I've already explained my chronological handicap so I'm now officially invoking that as a waiver concerning the accuracy of all dates used in this story.

Having said that I believe this took place sometime between 1962 and 1964.

For as long as I can remember I've had a condition that a doctor compared to calluses on my vocal cords. It causes my voice to sound raspy and unpleasant. My mom, knowing it bothered me, tried numerous times to find someone who could correct it. That didn't happen but lots of other stuff did ... including this.

For a year or so, mom regularly took me to Children's Hospital in OKC. On the walk back to the parking lot we usually stopped in a little corner drug store that had lots of other stuff like comic books, candy, and of all things prank items! On one occasion Joe (my 1 1/2 year younger brother) and I managed to persuade mom to let us buy some so we each bought a box of cigarette loads; the exploding type.

We couldn't wait to get home and as soon as we did started carefully poking loads down into cigarettes wherever we found an open pack laying unguarded. At one point, I stumbled across a cigar still wrapped in cellophane and couldn't resist the challenge. After several minutes of patiently working at it I finally managed to push a cigarette load a good 1/2 an inch down into the cigar using a toothpick and leaving very little evidence it had been tampered with. We were having so much fun watching our victims' (mostly dad) reactions to a cigarette exploding in their face that we were always on the lookout for another opportunity.



Larry, Lucille & Joe



Van Craddock

<https://www.craddock.org/articles/pranking-dad/>

Send your stories to connection@craddock.org

Life in the Cottonwoods: (Part 2) Lynne (Morris) McCafferty

The following day, I finished my chores in record speed I'm sure mama wondered what had gotten into me, because I whipped those clothes off the clothesline lightening fast, folded, put away and had the next load on the line to dry before the boys finished even half of their chores. Then I took off bare feet and all. I only had a few minutes to climb the cottonwood that would give me a Birds Eye view of where those two boys were headed. I hit that cotton field full bore with my bare feet and didn't dare look back until I reached the perfect tree low limbs for climbing and thick, heavy abundant leaves perfect for hiding.

Reaching the tree, I don't think I even stopped, but ran right up the trunk and grappled the nearest branch, swinging myself up to get a look behind me. Good! Nobody was in sight. So, I slowed down and started looking for the next branch that would help me get to the top for a better view. My heart pounding with each snap of a twig or rustling of the branches as it seemed like it echoed and I was certain to be found out but, today was my lucky day.

I finally reached the pinnacle of that old gnarly cottonwood and made myself a little nest. Heck, it was so well hidden I could straddle in the crook of the tree and dangle my feet if I wanted to. I sat there waiting and feeling mighty proud with a smug smile of satisfaction plastered on my grubby face. Lazing on a big ole branch, I waited for Roger and Chuck to show up and I made good use of my time and began looking for anything I thought could be their destination. Other than a few small whirlpools in the creek and grapevines creeping across the creek that they could use to swing across, I didn't see anything. I wondered what they could be doing that could be so secretive and require them to do every single day rain or shine. To me, it looked boring. The thought did cross my mind that they might be drying out some of the grapevine for a redneck cigarette, but ditched that idea because they wouldn't need to go this far upstream to do that.

In the middle of my thinking spell, I suddenly heard a voice and quickly ducked down and peered between the leaves and branches. Sure enough, here they came, nonchalantly walking down the field believing they were out of sight. I can't even explain the sheer joy I had as they walked right under that big old cottonwood and sauntered past, talking about a trip they were gonna take on the creek. Well, needless to say that piqued my interest and mighty quick. What trip?

Where were they going? Running away? What? I sat perfectly still, listening carefully to their fading voices and trying to make out the words as they headed further up the creek and out of earshot. Dang! How far are they going anyway? My perfect spot wasn't so perfect after all! I could see them a little, but I couldn't hear a stinking word they were saying. Not to mention I didn't have time to find another tree! Grudgingly, I climbed down out of that tree and skedaddled back to the house, staying just over the hill making sure they couldn't see me. I had laundry to do, stupid laundry.

This went on for several days, as I'd watch as they moseyed up the creek further and further each day making me find a new hiding spot every single time! But, I knew if they were this determined I was gonna find out just what they were doing. No pain, no gain, right? Thank God for those bark ridden cottonwoods they provided shelter every single time I needed it and always with the best view.

Mama did ask me once why I was so scuffed up, as she picked twigs and leaves from my gnarled hair and although she knew I was up to something, she just laughed when I told her I was climbing trees. I think she must've spent her own fair share of time climbing the cottonwoods

Each day, I ran like the wind, Forrest Gump style, to a new tree, closer to what I was sure was the mother lode treasure my brothers had found. Each day I just knew we had to be close. Each day they unknowingly walked right under me. Then it happened. I found it!! Newly chopped down, half in the water and half on the muddy bank, was a humungous cottonwood, looking like a bridge just barely missing the other bank of the creek. Huh? They chopped down a tree to make a bridge to cross a creek? That's stupid. It's not even deep enough to need a bridge. Well, anyway, they'd be there shortly, so I found another hidin' spot in the cottonwood tree right beside the one they had chopped down.

Climbing that tree and finding the most perfect spot, a big old crevice between two branches, covered in leaves. I sat and listened to their plans. Each one talking in turn about the canoe they were gonna make, how far they could travel, what job each would take in making oars and such.

Day after day I listened, hidden in that tree, to two young boys making plans and all kinds of "boy" stuff as they took turns swinging an axe and trying to carve out a canoe with an old rusty knife. With each swing of the axe and each scrape of the knife they were fulfilling the dream of two boys about adventure and intrigue.

Much to my dismay, they never did talk about anything during those long, lazy days that I could use for "bargaining". I was however, able to get a little enjoyment by dropping hints to one of them once in a while that maybe I knew something about their plans. Then they would question the other one "did you tell her?", "how'd she know?"

Life in the cottonwoods was everything you'd think it would be, intrigue, adventure and a place to solve life's issues. If I could, I'd be back there dangling my feet high above the red dirt, knees and elbows scuffed, long hair full of leaves and twigs, listening to two young boys contemplating life's problems and allowing the wild and free spirit of a little sun soaked girl to reach the top of the world.



Kids Corner

By Sasha Harris (posted on Facebook)

Conversations with Stevie:

Me: If you go clean all of your messes in the living room, I will take you to dinner after your game. **Stevie:** Can it be A&E?

Me: nope, the game is out of town

Stevie: so you're saying our town is the only town with A&E? **Me:** yes that is what I'm saying.

Stevie: (eyeroll) that's crazy. All towns should have A&E! I guess it can be McDonlads.



Stevie

Guess The Baby

Each month we'll be playing a game called "Guess the Baby" Tune in next month to find out who this baby is! Think you know the answer? click the link on the last page to win a Craddock gift!

Please send your guess to
connection@craddock.org



Everything except who's in Jail...

Page 6

(Announcements)

Birthdays

Myles Jones - June 1
Joseph Dale Morris - June 3
Holly Turner - June 3
BJ Craddock - June 6
Kinsley McBride - June 6
Kennedy Vassar - June 9
Taliya Jobs - June 9
Aesea Morgan - June 10
Chantsee Jones - June 11
Wren Vassar - June 11
Brook Nath- June 14
Steven L Murrow - June 15
Jeremy Morris - June 15
Marquis Nevarez - June 17
Larry McBride - June 18
Jordynne Mills - June 19
Candace Locke - June 19
Marly Vassar - June 19
Karie Bowes Steckman- June 21
Chase Wright - June 27



Email anniversaries, events, etc to

connection@craddock.org

It's a given that our family has been blessed with incredible talent.

Our roots run deep with music being the one common denominator that brought us together, young and old.

Memories were made and continue to be made by everyone. We hope to share on the website soon. In the meantime.....

Larry D Craddock, Dan Craddock, Erik Craddock and Rodney Craddock currently have a band appropriately named "Binger Hill" you can find them on Facebook at

<https://www.facebook.com/BingerHill>



From the Editors

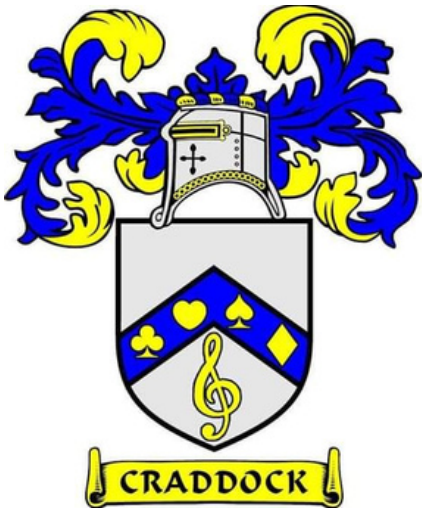
We hope that you enjoyed this edition of the newsletter . Please drop us a line and let us know if there is anything you would like to see added or even removed as we move forward. We truly want this to be enjoyable for all the family and will need all of your support. Until next month

Go neither RASHLY nor TIMIDLY!

Everything Craddock

Page 7

**This is where you will find
photos, videos, history**



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PHOTOS: <https://gallery.craddock.org>
CONTESTS: contest@craddock.org

Email your stories to
connection@craddock.org

**WALKING, I AM LISTENING IN A DEEPER WAY. SUDDENLY ALL MY ANCESTORS ARE
BEHIND ME. BE STILL, THEY SAY. WATCH AND LISTEN.
YOU ARE THE RESULT OF THE LOVE OF THOUSANDS. ~ LINDA HOGAN**

More photos and videos added weekly. Check last
page for links to all things Craddock!