

Happy Anniversary Craddock Connection

FAMILY NEWSLETTER

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Dear Family and Friends,

I've had so much fun doing the "Connection" that I find it hard to realize a year has gone by since the first issue. We have grown from 22 to 57 readers.

Thank you all, for the support and encouragement you have given. The bits of information, jokes, recipes, etc. have helped to make the letter more interesting and enjoyable. I especially thank Aunt Fay for her article of the Craddock History. Many have told me how much they enjoy it. Hang in there, Aunt Fay. Others may be able to add to the history; please do. I want your news also. Past or present. And, if anyone has suggestions or ideas, please write. I really mean that. Once a reader made some suggestions and I jokingly said some people could not be pleased (David still hasn't forgiven me) but, it was only a joke. Send your stuff, let's have more fun in 1990.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

1st	Tammy Dee Morris	1965
1st	Ada Pearl Morris	1977
6th	Aleshia Jean Morris	1977
6th	Tera Lynnae Olinger	1987
6th	Roger Don Morris	1959
7th	Debbie Sinfield Upchurch	1977
10th	Deanna Lynne Murrow	1960
11th	Chante' Smith	1971
13th	Billy Holderbee	1974
14th	Christy Lynn Morris	1975
19th	Krista Nicole Paxton	1984

Glen Craddock was born Nov. 7th, not the 9th as printed last month.



happy anniversary

1st	Carl & Ada Morris	25 yrs.
16th	Doug & Angie Wall	3 yrs.
18th	Dan & B.J. Craddock	2 yrs.
24th	Glen & Carrie Craddock	50 yrs.

If you have a birthday or anniversary this month, and it wasn't listed, yet you've

never taken the time to call or write and let me know, then please, don't expect me to have been born with this knowledge in my head. I am just like a computer, no input, no output.

Everyone has heard, "all that glitters, is not gold," but I wonder how many of us have been told "all that's gold, does not glitter." As a matter of fact, I have been learning, that most gold does not glitter, not true gold anyway, and especially before it is polished.

The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul;

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever;

The judgments of the Lord are true; they are righteous altogether.

They are more desirable than GOLD, yes, than much fine gold;

Sweeter also than honey and the drippings of the honeycomb.

Psalms 18: 7-10, New American Standard

Leonard and Daisy Craddock stopped in for a few days. We really enjoyed their visit. The last night they were here, everyone got together at Samie and Larry's house for a feast. Samie cooked a huge "STUFFED" turkey, Daisy made delicious dressing, we all pitched in and brought a dish or two, Pam added her famous oyster dressing, the young ladies, (Stephanie and Leesa) made cooldes and cake.

After the meal we had song and dance, with Nathan providing the dance. Leonard sang two or three old songs, with a new twist, to at least one of them. The next

day they left, headed for Indian City, south of Ansdarke. Then they stopped by Aunt Fay and Uncle Aubry's for a few days, on to Ninnekah to visit Nelda June Craddock, then on to Leonard's Aunt Cora and Uncle Floyd's and winding their way on towards Florida, Daisy nearly fell asleep in a hot spring bath in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Watch her, Leonard, we don't want you leaving her on the trail somewhere.

The following letter was sent to the Craddock Connection by the girlfriend of a very well known Craddock in these parts. I am turning the matter over to the proper department. The names have been omitted to protect the guilty.

Dear Gabby,

I 'm ---, ---'s girlfriend. I was reading ---'s Craddock Connection and enjoyed it.

--- is a hard working man and a good fisherman, but he has a couple of faults. I know baldness runs in the family, but does stinking feet run in the family also? If not do you have a cure for it or does anyone of your readers have a cure? Please help me! Please print this cause I can't tell him about his feet. Please send any cure for his feet.

Thanks a lot

Dear ---,

No, I don't believe any of the other Craddock's have had a problem with odorous feet. Have you noticed if he wears shoes when he fishes? Fishermen often use smelly baits when they fish, perhaps he is stepping in some of his bait.

If this is a chronic problem, you might suggest marinating his feet in rosewater for at least six hours a day. If this doesn't work try sulphur, it's also smelly but it may be an improvement. Thank you for writing.

Gabby

If any of the readers out there can be of any help to this longsuffering girl, please do. Send your replies to Gabby. I welcome any inquiries from readers.

As most of you know, I have two "batches" of children. The first batch are all grown and married and have given me 22 grandchildren, with one on the way, the current batch are, 12, 10, and 8 years of age. After a particularly harrowing week of meeting their essential needs, acting as referee, nurse, counselor and running them back and forth to ball games, the week-end

starts off as usual, with a big battle. and you know there is no appreciation, for your efforts of the past week, no thankfulness for the sacrifices you made, nor barely an uttered "I love you too" as you kiss them goodnight. You wonder why, what is it all about and then you run to the post office and you get a letter, very timely, and you know what it's all about and it's worth it all. At first I decided not to print the letter, but maybe it will be encouraging to some other frustrated, unappreciated mother. The reward will come later. The following letter is from my daughter Lynne, she's of the first 'batch' and a very special person:

I awoke this morning feeling that life was not as fair as I thought it should be. There were dishes in the living room, remains of the late night snackers, laundry in the hamper, waiting for me to wash it, toys and other unidentifiable objects lying about in my home. This morning was surely a preview to my entire day! I set about to follow the same routine I follow every day. As I "dig in" and quietly scream at the children to pick up their toys and clean their rooms, I hear a voice that sounds faintly familiar. I stop and listen, not hearing the voice, I start again, repeating what I've already yelled four times earlier, and again, there's that voice! This persisted all morning and every time I spoke I heard this same voice, I still could not place it nor find where it came from, I finally came to the conclusion that the voice was either a figment of my imagination or that my mind had finally snapped. Oh, well, I've got work to do. At last! The house is prepared for the next onslaught that will arrive about the time the kids get home from school. I walk across the room to plop, exhausted, in the first available chair. Before I got to the chair. I catch a glimpse of a woman standing across the room from me. I stare for a few seconds, she also stares. I open my mouth to address her and as soon as the first word leaves my lips, I stop, walk closer, peer into her face and recognition dawns in both of our eyes. It's Mom! The voice I hear is hers, the face I see is hers. I smile, Mom smiles back.

The day suddenly seems brighter, more cheerful and a lot less harrowing. I sing as I pick up a few overlooked items and I just can't help it, every little bit, I go across the room and look into the mirror standing there. I gaze at my reflection and smile and sure enough, there's Mom, smiling back.

It's funny how your words have a way of catching up with you. At the wise old age of 13, I recall telling my mother that I'd never be a housewife and mother. I was going to marry a millionaire and drink martinis all day. Her life seemed dull and boring to me, not to mention the amount of work that was lain at her feet everyday. Well, I'm now the mother of three, sometimes four (men can be children at times) and I've since found that role to be anything but, dull and boring.

I've learned many things, but none can compare with the patience and caring I learned from this woman I felt had to be insane to enjoy her life with a band of wild banshees cluttering her home and wrecking total havoc in her world.

These lessons have helped me in my own life, and in so many ways I see my mother in me now. I'm just happy that I had the sense to notice some of the things she'd done. I never would have survived in my world, had it not been for the world of patience, love, kindness, and most of all endurance, that she raised me in.

by Lynne Murrow

Wasn't that sweet? Makes it all worthwhile. I wasn't really all that patient, Lynne. Someday, I hope your little sister Leesa, will be just like you. For now she's making plans to marry a millionaire, live in a penthouse apartment with full maid service, and be a rock star.....

I'd like to welcome, Nelda June Craddock to our "Craddock Connection." Nelda lives in Ninnekah. Her husband, Elton Craddock, passed away over a year ago. His father was Wilbur Craddock, Aunt Rosie's son.

A baby girl was born to Rhonda and Jack Craddock, Nov.16. They named her Kindra Michelle. She was born with a hole in her heart and only one pulmonary valve. She underwent open heart surgery Monday, Nov. 27th. and died later that same day. We ask God to give Rhonda and Jack the peace that surpasses all understanding and to console them with his love.

Uncle Glen is back in the hospital and we all send our love and prayers to you. Hurry and get better. Uncle Glen, I lost the silver bracelet a few days after you gave it to me, when I was about seven, but I still have the thought with me. I love you.

Our bunch also sends sympathy and prayers to Uncle Aubry and his family. His

brother, Garnett Finley died in the Nursing home in Chickasha, Nov. 24th. Funeral services were held, Sat. 25th at Steverson Funeral Home in Anadarko. Garnett was 75 years old.

Now that Thanksgiving is over, people everywhere are stringing up Christmas lights and getting into the full swing of the holidays.

When I think back on Christmas and how it was when I was a child it makes me a little bit sad. It's not the same at all. The meaning seems to have become lost somewhere between Wal-Mart and Macy's. It has become a burden instead of a time for kindness and love and doing for others.

Folks wake following Christmas day with empty feelings, overdrawn checkbooks, maxxed out credit cards, exhausted savings accounts, a new mortgage on their home, even the piggy banks are busted open. What was it all about?

I remember one Christmas long ago, maybe I was seven or eight, Dad had trapped mink and saved his hides back for just this reason. I'm sure it was hard work running those trap morning and evening, I remember he came in from the creeks half frozen (the winters were very cold). He took his hides and sold them, I believe he got about \$30 for them. This was a nice little wad of money then. Most of it went for essentials, groceries, kerosene, clothing, etc. but there was some left to buy the little extras that meant so much to a passel of little kiddos that had played with stick horses, tin cans, and mud pies all year round. These few shiny little toys filled us with glee. The new mama baby doll was a delight to hold. But most of all there was a spirit of togetherness and caring that is missing today. The spirit that we so hungrily search for at Christmas time, should be a spirit that lives with us year round. Christmas should have no beginning and no end. Only the spirit of God living within us can satisfy the empty and lonely feeling of Christmas.

It appears that love is missing, gifts seem to have taken it's place, and gifts are O.K. but gifts alone are meaningless. If we could put love, kindness, joy, peace, consideration of others back into Christmas and then have Christmas year round, wouldn't that satisfy? The best gift has already been given and is available year round. The gift is forgiveness. God gave it through his Son, Jesus.

Lou, Rhonda