

1986

Little Creek Newsletter December 1986

Little Creek Academy

LITTLE CREEK ACADEMY
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

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December, 1986

Dear Fellow Alumnus,

Happy Holidays to all!!!!

As we approach this holiday season I would like to bring some thoughts to your mind. This is the season for giving and I encourage each of you to think about giving to Little Creek Academy through the Alumni Association this holiday season. I do this for three reasons:

First, as you know, it is traditional that the Alumni Association designates a special project and raises the funds to accomplish this. In 1986 vertical blinds were installed in the cafeteria. These are very nice and are a functional and aesthetically pleasing addition to the cafeteria.

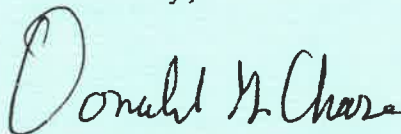
This year, Little Creek began construction of a new Administration Building/ Girls Dormitory, and we, the alumni officers feel that our project should be related to this undertaking. Therefore we have chosen as our project the furnishing of the main lobby in the Girls Dormitory. We estimate the cost of this to be about \$5,000. Any money received in excess of the cost of furnishing the lobby will be applied toward the furnishing of classrooms, offices and many other worthy causes.

The second reason is to give now to benefit yourself. Because of the Tax Reform Act of 1986 the deductibility of charitable contributions will be lessened sizeably. Therefore it is recommended that donations to Little Creek be made in 1986 rather than 1987.

Third and finally, I strongly feel that as Alumni we have an obligation to support Little Creek. Most private schools and many public schools depend on the generous support of their Alumni. We have received a lot from Little Creek and I count it a privilege and an obligation to give as an alumnus of Little Creek Academy.

In closing, I urge you to give this matter a great deal of thought. I hope that you will consider giving to Little Creek through the Alumni Association in your holiday giving plans.

Sincerely,



Donald G. Chase, '82
Alumni Association President



Seasons Greetings

Dear Creekers,

The most exciting news of November came as a phone call at 3:45 A.M. on Sabbath. A cheerful voice said "Grandma, this is Debbie. Sorry to awaken you so early, but just had to tell you your great-granddaughter was born at 3:00 A.M. on your birthday." So we announce the arrival of

Christina Elizabeth Tait
November 15, 1986
Stanton and Debbie (Straw) Tait
301 Glenheath Drive
Hendersonville, NC 28739

She was born in the new hospital at Fletcher where Stanton works as controller. Grandma Janet and Grandpa Stanford were there at just the right time to help babysit.

Quite a coincidence that Freda (McCall '48) Zollinger who helped deliver Debbie here at Little Creek and stayed with her all the first night of her life, is in charge of nursing at Fletcher Hospital and helped look after her again.

On November 29 we were privileged to be present as Christina was dedicated. The pastor gave them a plant symbolizing the constant, tender care needed to guide the baby. As I looked at this beautiful child, every detail from finger nails to eyebrows caused me to wonder how anyone could believe she evolved. We have an interesting tape called "From Goo to the Zoo to You". The students enjoy it. I try to show them that God has given all of us a creative power. No man can bestow this power to create. "The creative energy that called the worlds into existence is in the word of God. The word imparts power; it begets life." Education, page 126.

Enough of that, I can see this is going to be a personal letter, not a newsletter.

Guess what? I'm learning to type! Somehow no one ever encouraged me to take typing. But I have prospects of receiving a word processor. To use it, typing is a must, so Mrs. Wessman loaned me her typewriter, Rogene found an ancient typing book, Leland made me a holder for it and I started. I heard a little chuckle nearby and looked around to see a ghostly figure grinning. "Who are you?" I exclaimed.

"I'm your friend the magician named Voodoo."

"Oh, you won't expect it of me, will you? I have been your faithful supporter all these years! Surely you will excuse me."

"Ah, but you are mistaken. Voodoo you must, so get busy and don't fiddle hitch."

"You are not fair, sniff sniff jjj fff jjj ff jj ☹️."

"Have patience my dear, I'll produce some magical results."

"Sniff sniff aaa sss aaa sss aaa sss aaa sss ."

Enough foolishness! I'll let you know in the next letter how it all turns out. I hope to write the newsletter on the processor plus use it in English class.

Our trip to Pittsburg, PA that I wrote about last time was marvelous. Perhaps not too many of you know Beverly as she was here only her senior year.

My brother, Kenneth (her dad), died of typhoid fever when Beverly was six months old and we visited her and her husband Forrest Coyle. He is an engineer for Westinghouse. The leaves were still beautiful and we enjoyed every moment of the trip. Genevieve and Leland can recite poetry, all they ever learned. Roger and I attended public school and seemed to miss out some way. I love to hear Gency recite her morning poem-prayer. I've asked her to let me share it with you. She said it every morning of our trip.

"Good morning God, This is Thy day. I am Thy child, show me the way.

Prince of Peace control my will. Bid my struggling heart be still. Bid my fears and doubting cease. Rush this strife into peace.

Lord help me not to love alone my friends who are so true, but enemies as well. Forgive, they know not what they do.

In every leafy tree of green, in every budding rose, in every ray of sunshine, in every breeze that blows, if you will look and will listen you will find God's presence there, a beautiful reminder of His constant love and care.

I met God in the morning when the day was at its best. His presence came like sunshine, like a glory filled my breast. All day long His presence lingered, all day long He stayed with me and we sailed in perfect calmness o'er a very troubled sea. Other ships were blown and battered other ships were sore distressed, but the winds that seemed to drive them brought to us peace and rest.

I thought of other mornings with a keen remorse of mind when I too had loosed the moorings leaving His presence behind. So I think I know the secret learned from many a troubled way, You must seek God in the morning if you would have Him through the day.

Heavenly Father, look tenderly on me, a farthing sparrow chirps to me.

Lord, take my heart I cannot give it, it is Thy property. Keep it pure, for I cannot keep it for Thee. Raise me into a pure and holy atmosphere where the rich current of Thy love may flow through my soul.

Take me O Lord as holy Thine. I lay all my plans at Thy feet. Use me today in Thy service. Abide in me and may all my work be wrought in Thee. Amen".

I found a quote recently--"Ideas not coupled with action never become bigger than the brain cells they occupied." The air around me is full of these. One is an idea to create a replica of the history of Little Creek for the lobby of the new building. This would ease my pain of not preserving the old buildings and tell the story from tents to house, to log cabin, to Grace church, then wander up the hill to the first san, cannery etc. Wouldn't that be fun? Leland has made a rough sketch so thanks to him the idea has a few more cells.

As I think of the goals of Little Creek I wonder about their value. One was to give every student a training in music, not just those who could afford it. At first there was no charge. Gradually a small fee was added, and for many years the fee was \$1.00 per lesson for the first two years then free for the juniors and seniors to show our appreciation for their more efficient help. We operated a music department on a par with other academies without the ordinary facilities. The purpose was to develop leadership and prepare the students for service to the church. A by-product was to keep them busy. The teenage years are full of problems and the only way to survive is to be busy. Many resisted singing in the choir, but many also learned to enjoy it. The recent stress on developing both sides of the brain seems to justify this goal. The discipline required of music "rubs off" and those who develop this skill have gained a coordination that serves them well in many endeavors.

Teaching is fascinating to me. To watch a freshman boy who has been more or less staring into space for a month suddenly light up and say, bright-eyed; "I've found a hook to hang it on." Money can't buy that kind of fun. (This really happened first of October this year. He is doing A work now.)

Of course, all the stories aren't the same. Just last week I was giving one of my last mini-lectures on astronomy (purpose to teach them note taking). I waxed eloquent (only in my own eyes) about explaining the year determined by the earth's orbit around the sun, the month by moon around the earth, the day by the earth's rotation, but the marvel of it all is the week, only in the Bible do we find it. This helps justify our faith, as does every calendar.

One turned in his notes titled "The Marvel of the Wheat". Not so good for my ego, but a good laugh did increase my endorphins.

Something tells me I must get some news in this letter so the post office won't raise the rates.

Three cheers! We can see the green grass appearing through the straw. The late planting caused skepticism that green would appear before winter. Talk about miracles! Every rain since the crew began working on the lawn has been gentle, not even a hint of a gully washer which would have been disastrous.

If you think Little Creek rules are strict, you should meet the fire marshall who is all powerful and gives permission for us to use the new building! (I have put him on Santa's blacklist--but don't tell him.) The lab store rooms are completed and the teachers are moving in supplies, but only time will tell when they'll let us move in.

Mrs. Estelle Johnston broke her ankle, had to have surgery. When we visited her she said, "If I had known yesterday what I know today, I wouldn't have complained that I was standing up". I love to hear her talk.

Bob Folkenberg '82, who is assistant to the college chaplain at Southern College, was here November 21 and gave an interesting vesper service.

Phyllis (Keller '55) Wrate wrote about finding some old letters Papa Goodge had written her. We miss him so much.

Joy (Cobb) Morse writes about her business in Florida. She operates "Wordmasters" a fine service of typing and word processing of all kinds.

Brent Amos '83, who is a student at Hartland, wrote some good ideas for our outreach program.

It is so amazing to me the creative power God has given each one. Every talent can be developed for Him, a special work for each of us. We must rededicate these talents to the Lord each day and talk to Him. I like this poem. It is so easy to work in our own strength and spring a leak.

EMPTY VESSELS

What happens,
my friend,
when a dehydrated world
reaches out
for a drink of living water?

What happens
when we hand it
cups of overflowing water,
bubbling cool and clear?

What happens when the world
stretches out parched lips
for that first desperate drink
that will revive it?

What happens, my friend,
when just as it reaches for that first sip,
it finds that the cups
are empty from a leak?

For our Christmas greeting this year I've chosen this poem by Bernie Sheffield who founded Groveland Academy in Florida. His dedication to Christian education inspires us all.

HUSHED WERE THE HILLS

Hushed were the hills of Bethlehem that cradled the little town,
That night of splendor and surprise, when Christ the Lord came down.
All silent were the shepherd men who watched their flocks by night,
Nor little thought that vision fair should burst upon their sight.

Quietly slumbered host and guest at the little village inn,
With never a dream that a manger held Love's Ransom for their sin;
But to the shepherds an angel song swept down from heaven to earth,
As over a stable a shining star told of a Saviour's birth.

So to our hearts, o'erborne with care, the Christmas angels sing;
Once more God's message of Good will and Peace on Earth they bring.
Over the darkest of our lives, by us un-seen, un-guessed,
The star that beamed o'er Bethlehem sheds still its radiance blest.

--Bernie Sheffield

We have had some visitors since Homecoming and as usual we were happy to see them. Tim and Jane Leffew '78, Don and Kay (Williams '69) Stair, Bruce and Barbara Vogt '58, Laury Weitzel '79, Albert Heidinger '79, Jimmy France '86, David Hamilton '86, Kenny Lockhart '86, Sandra Lizardo '86, Kathi Folkenberg '86, Pam Saylor '86, Jodi Larrabee '85, Brent Amos '83, Kimberly France '84, Bob Folkenberg '82, Donald and Michelle (Kurzynske '80) Chase '82. Sorry if we left you out.

The Handbell choir is privileged this Holiday Season to perform at Biltmore Mansion in Asheville, NC. They will play on Wednesday, December 17 at 11:a.m., 1:00 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. If you are close by, come hear us!

NEW-COMERS

David Loren, September 12, 1986, to Eager and Clara (Wisdom '73) Kelly, 2112 Maple Road, Joliet, IL 60432.

Christmas celebrations are every where. Last night for the staff, tonite for the Kiwanis Club. Wonderful music fills the air. Thoughts of Florida fill our heads. ha!

*Best wishes to all of you - Much love,
Alice and Leland Straw*