

The Transition

Of and For Former N.C. State Park Employees

August, 2013

Issue No. 23

Greetings All,

This issue includes photos of Allen Rogers' and Paul Bailey's retirement celebrations. These retirement events should be significant to all of us "former employees" because of the opportunity to share in the beginnings of changing lives.

Mike Cavin's story of his first days of employment with N.C. State Parks may bring to mind humorous and/or informative stories of your own which I would love to include in The Transition. Send them in!!

Get in touch and stay in touch!

John L. Sharpe

News Updates

Mike Cavin relates (May, 2013) a humorous story about his first day at work with N.C. State Parks:

Howdy Friends and Comrades!

I have been out of the loop with "The Transition" for a while, and John Sharpe got me hooked up so I could join y'all again...Thanks John!

After reading some of the stories in the newsletter, I got to thinking of my beginnings with North Carolina State Parks, and decided to put one of those memories to paper. I entitled this little story, "CHICKEN FIGHT – by Mike Cavin".

Back in 1985, Claude Crews hired me as a seasonal naturalist at Cliffs of the Neuse State Park, and in 1986 he hired me part-time as a Community Service Supervisor. When I wasn't working part-time at the Cliffs, I was working on a chicken farm collecting eggs from 30,000 or so hens. The work may have been dirty at times, but it was very enjoyable; however, my dream was to become a full-time employee with North Carolina State Parks!

One day Morrow Mountain State Park Superintendent Joe Franklin called me for an interview, so I put on the cleanest dirty clothes in the closet and headed out to meet this man and to try to sell myself. I can still see Joe sitting behind his desk during the interview. He had all the characteristics of a veteran Ranger, and his experience and confidence in his position showed. I really wanted this job and to have the opportunity to work with this guy. During the interview, I kept looking up at a picture he had hanging on the wall behind his desk that portrayed a worn out old man followed by the caption, "There's A Helluva Lot They Didn't Tell Me When I Hired On With This Outfit"! Was that picture put there to give interviewees a head's up of things to come? Was it used as some kind of subliminal "screening out" process separating out the weak interviewees from the chaff? Oh heck, I can do it, so I tried to get my mind off of that picture and concentrate on the interview.

Well, so much time had passed since the day of the interview that I had almost forgotten about the application; however, I vividly recall where I was and what I was doing on the day Joe called to inform me about the job.

On the day of that long awaited phone call, I was at the chicken house. Just like most living creatures, chickens go poo-poo too, and when you have literally thousands of chickens in a chicken house, "it" has to go somewhere. The house was equipped with this ingenious design that had a machine that turned a chain that reached the entire length of the house under the chicken pens. Spaced about a foot or so from each other were these horizontal metal arms that scraped the manure to the back of the facility, then down into a pit where it was then augered outside into a lined holding-pond. Well there were occasions when these chains broke, meaning that someone had to perform the necessary repairs to get the chain fixed and running again, and that person was usually me.

One afternoon a chain broke, so I grabbed up the necessary tools, and while on my back, slid under the pens to fix the problem. A few minutes into the repairs I felt someone tap my boot. "Hey, you have a phone call." So I climbed back out from under the pens, wiped off as much manure and grease as I could, and answered the phone. It was Joe from Morrow Mountain! He asked if I was still interested in the Ranger position. As I wiped some sweat and manure from my brow, he didn't have to wait long for my answer. "Yes! And I can begin yesterday if that will fit into your schedule!"

After tying up a few loose ends at the farm, I loaded up my '76 Datsun pickup with everything I owned, which consisted of a bag of clothes, a guitar and a dog. We headed west and I thought I was the luckiest kid in the world!!

A few hours later I arrive at my new duty station, shook hands with my new boss, and got to meet my new co-workers. Joe then handed me keys to my duty truck, and had me follow him down to an old Civilian Conservation Corps barracks where he was allowing me to temporarily stay until I could find a more permanent abode.

Before leaving me alone to unpack and settle in, Joe invited me up to his house for supper. He just lived right up the driveway a bit from where the barracks were located, so at the designated time, I started up the hill to Joe's place. I felt like I was walking on a cloud! Eating supper with my new boss would be a real treat, and would be a great opportunity to try to give him a good "first impression" of his new employee.

I arrived in Joe's yard and spotted this great big white rooster. Now I've spent a lot of time around yard birds, and know all too well that there are some roosters that were simply born on the wrong side of the egg, and go through life with a chip on their shoulder. Just a few years earlier I got into it with two banty roosters who had the intelligence to "split forces", one spurring my right leg while the other had my left. So this kid didn't fall off the cabbage truck just yesterday, and I was pretty well versed in chicken psychology.

As I proceed toward Joe's front porch, I was trying to analyze whether this was a good rooster or a bad rooster. The critter was just milling around pecking at the ground, but I could tell by his actions that it is just a bluff to throw me off. He was pretending not to be paying me any mind, but he was watching me with his peripheral vision, and waiting for me to let my guard down so he could light into me with those spurs of his.

Now this was one big rooster, so just to be on the safe side, I picked up a stick and slowly made my way closer to the porch. One tip: Never turn your back on a bluffing rooster! Once I got close to the porch, I slowly backed up the steps, never taking my eyes off of this premeditating fowl. I safely made it to my destination, and left the stick on the porch to ensure my safe retreat after supper.

Supper went well, and I was looking forward to getting back to my quarters to prepare for tomorrow's assignments. By the time I stepped outside to head back down the hill,

it wasn't quite pitch dark, but my "old friend" had already gone to roost in a nearby tree; however, once he saw me, he came flying back to the ground and began pulling that "I'm just feeding" ploy, while secretly sizing me up.

I gently picked up my stick, and proceeded down the steps of the porch. All I wanted to do was get to the path without incident, but it didn't look like that was going to be the case. He was bluffing a little more aggressively than earlier. As I headed out, he started walking and pecking the ground faster than before. Feeding roosters don't feed in such a fast frenzy unless they're chasing a bug or something. I wasn't falling for this one bit! About the time I left Joe's yard and hit the path, the rooster appeared to be backing off. Well I don't want to walk backwards the entire way back to the barracks, so when I felt it was safe, I turned my back to head down the hill. What a bluff! He knew what he was doing by giving me just enough false hope to make me drop my guard! All I heard behind me was the sound of wind through wings! I closed my eyes, turned, and lifted both arms over my face to protect myself, and by pure coincidence, the rooster ran smack dab into the stick I was holding, fatally clothes-lining himself! He never knew what happened. He hit the ground flapping all over the place for a few seconds, and then the angels came for him. As I stare at the lifeless body of this dearly departed menace, I happened to notice Joe standing behind the screen door. He had seen everything. He had been my boss for less than one day now, and I already killed his pet that he had raised from a chick! So goes my first impression. The poor thing was given a proper burial, and as I slinked into the office the next morning ready to accept my termination papers, Joe just smiled and let me know that he was actually glad that the rooster had met his maker. A great weight was finally off my shoulders!

After working with State Parks from 1985 to 1996, I pulled up roots and headed to the Last Frontier. Shortly after arriving, Alaska State Parks interviewed me for a temporary position to build hiking trails. At the conclusion of my first interview, the District Ranger asked if I had any questions. Of course the only ones that came to mind were, "What time is supper and do you have any chickens?"

Scott and Janet Daughtry send greetings from Japan (May 10 , 2013):

At a National Park in Japan....thinking of ya'll....looks like NC.....Scott and Janet



Scott and Janet Daughtry send greetings from Haiti (June 26, 2013):

Sent: Wed, Jun 26, 2013 4:56 pm
Subject: "Hope for Haiti" 6.26.13

"Hope for Haiti"

June 26, 2013
Titanyen, Haiti

Bon Jou, Family and Friends,
"But those who hope in the LORD will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles." Isaiah 40:31a (NIV)

Scott and I are on our last week of our "third last" time in Haiti. You never know what the Lord has in store for you! As we pack up medicines and supplies here at the mission house, and move things out, we of course have some lingering sadness (at least I have) at leaving our Haitian friends and staff and our Missionary friends here at Global Outreach. Global Outreach has been so good to us....taking us in as family, caring for us, teaching us so much. The families here on the compound have become like family to us. **Please pray for their continued health, strength and service to the Lord's Kingdom.** This "last time" we feel confident in leaving...the photos are down from the walls...placed in a display album for the doctors to keep. The walls have been painted. Closets cleaned out. T-shirts and scrubs packed away. Sheets and towels given out to the staff. The Haitian staff is confidently taking the lead. A Good Work has begun here.

You have heard descriptions of our church services over the years. It is still early in the morning hours, still shoulder to shoulder seating for 1000 people(in a village that has no electricity), still hot, still 3 + hours of praise, worship, singing, praying and preaching. A Children's choir of 100 singing. The last couple of Sundays I have realized that we will have this same experience no longer. No where that we have been in the world (even Africa) have we experienced such passion in song and praise for the Lord. Hundreds of people with arms raised in praise, hundreds on their knees with faces bowed in prayer. People who can't speak our language shaking hands and greeting us.



Children's Choir at Second Baptist Church of Titanyen

The phrase "Hope for Haiti" seemed like such a cliché to me when we first came. So many organizations have the word "Hope" in their titles.

Pastor Kelly preached on Job on Sunday. How meaningful for the Haitian Christians....a story lesson about adversity, integrity, dedication to God. A passage presented itself to me during the service.

"...but hope that is seen is not hope; for why does one still hope for what he sees? But if we hope for what we do not see, we eagerly wait for it with perseverance." Romans 8:24-25

Haitians live with adversity every day. Every day is a struggle for survival. Death from preventable causes happens daily. (A US doctor on our team last week reported that Friday afternoon alone she treated 3 things that she had never seen: malaria, typhoid and syphilis.) Here you may see someone being stoned or hacked with a machete. Two days last week our doctors could not get to work because of manifestations (riots/roads blocked) over the need for water. Supernatural forces are at work here. Demon possession and patients who have been treated by voudou priests.

During some adverse circumstances of our own last week, Scott remarked to our driver Innocent that the Devil could just take a day off so we could get some things done. Innocent replied, "Oh, no he can't!" Why not, asked Scott. "Because he knows his days are short so he must work every day," says wise Innocent. Satan never takes time off. (Actually not in the US either.)



Tent Citè clinic...our first clinic site...

tarp roof...dirt floor...no steps...3 1/2 yrs still seeing 100+ patients

The Haitian story is one of adversity, hope and perseverance beginning from the times of the sugar and coffee plantations and French domination.

Every day the Haitian people persevere in the hope of a better tomorrow...a better future for their children. For those 188,000 patients who have been seen in our clinics, their hope for improved medical care has been realized. For those 1752 folks who have prayed the prayer of salvation in our clinics, their hope for an better tomorrow will come true.

"He raises up the poor from the dust and lifts the needy out of the mire that He may set them with princes, even the princes of His people."

Psalm 113:7-8



Scott at the latest Haitian staff meeting



Melon shopping at the Titanyen Tuesday market.

So as we leave Haiti we will... "thank God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine making request for you all with joy, for your fellowship in the gospel from the first day until now, being confident of this very thing, that He who has begun a good work in you will complete it until the day of Jesus Christ." (Philippians 1:3)

*In Christ's Love and Service,
Janet and Scott Daughtry
Titanyen, Haiti*

Events

Allen Rogers retirement luncheon (April 26, 2013) at South Mountains State Park:

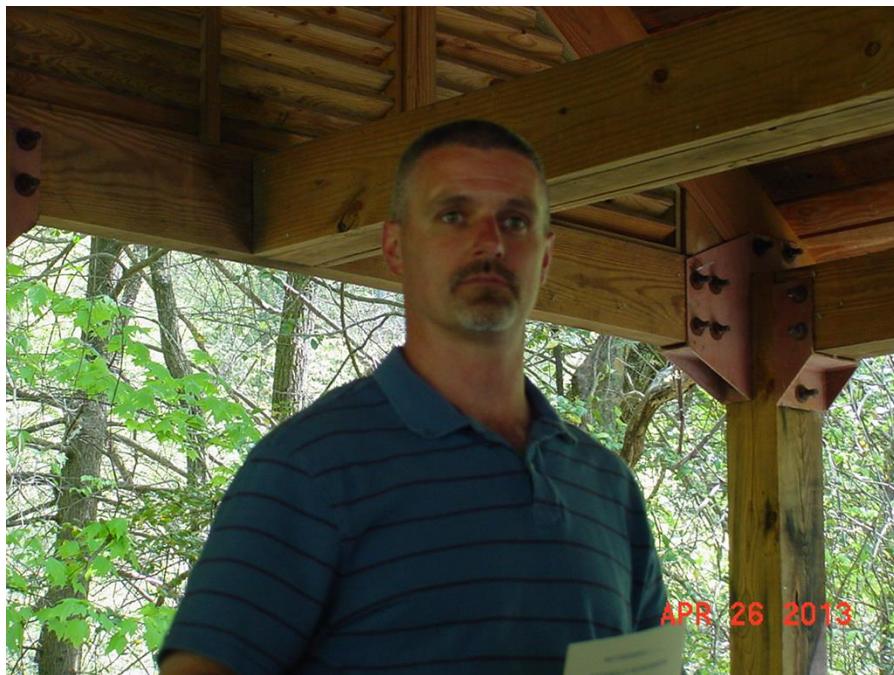
A really nice turnout made Allen's retirement luncheon one to remember. His sendoff to the life of the "I'll do it how I want to do it , when I want to do it " crowd was admirably assisted by the many friends and coworkers in attendance. Former employees in attendance included Tom Wells, Walter Gravley, Edward Farr, Thomas Sutton, and Lea Beazley.

Of course, having Thomas Sutton there to prepare a pig pickin' with all of the fixin's made the event so much more special.

Special thanks to Edward Farr for providing some very good photos of Allen's event for this issue of The Transition.



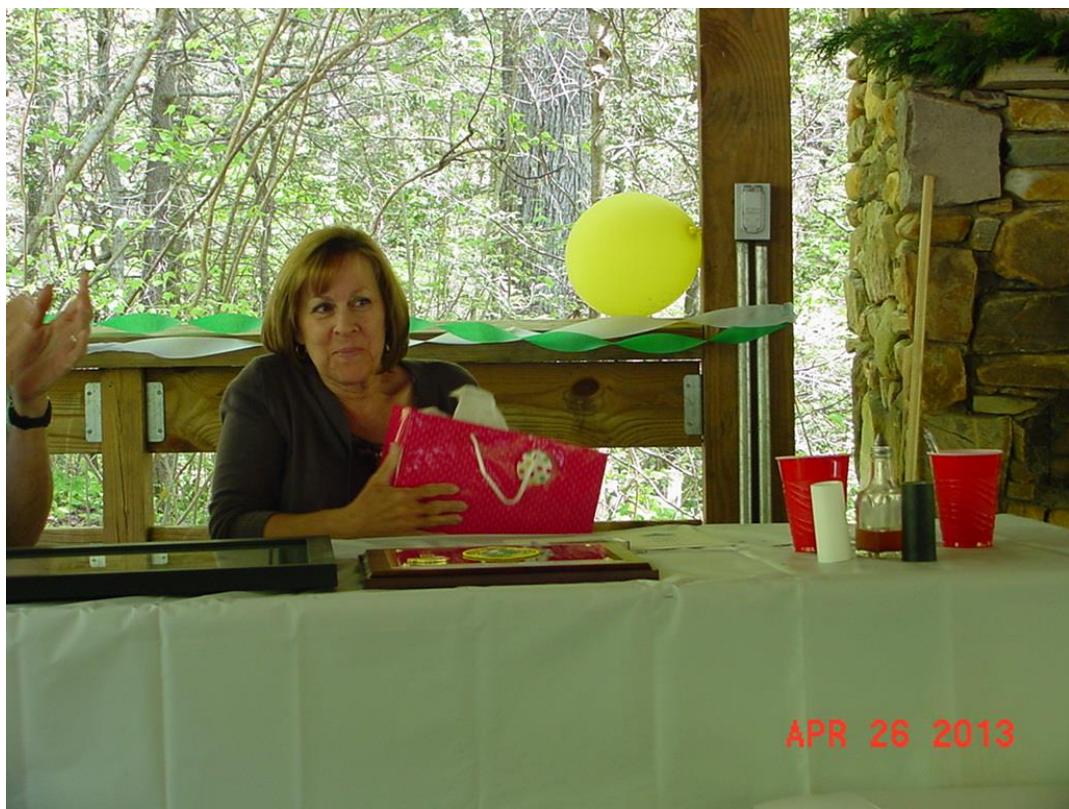
























Paul Bailey's Retirement Luncheon (April 27, 2013), New River State Park:

Paul had a fantastic retirement celebration with a great send off to the world of the “I don’t want to and I don’t have to” crowd. A great turnout of friends and co-workers helped Paul celebrate his transition. Former employees in attendance included Jay Wild, Kenny McGrady, Walt Gravley, Tommy Johnson, Larry Trivette, Dan Smith, Pam Laurence, and Lea Beazley.

Thanks to Jay Wild for providing excellent photos of Paul’s event.







