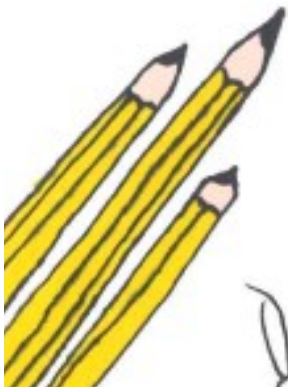


THE CRAIG SCHOOL

1st Annual Literary Magazine
2021 2022



Julian Barrows



Dedicated to Janet Cozine

Cover by: Julian Barrows

Poem by: Alyssa Crea, 10th

Perfect Anyway

It doesn't matter what people say you're perfect anyway
Doesn't matter how slow you go so long as you have hope
Can't think about the past that will give you no success
Feeling different every day all messed up inside my head
Feels harder to catch my breath don't want to deal with this stress
All my life growing up alone kept telling myself to keep pushing on

See a struggle going on, be a hero stand up tall
Obstacles blocking the way had to be overcome to get them away
Figured out what was holding me back to reach out of my safe space
Should not hide who you are because everyone is a shining star
For who they truly are so express everything that you love
Better to be true to yourself otherwise what's the point of life

Put a smile on your face so you will feel so free everyday
Stand up tall prove to them they are wrong don't be afraid to take the fall
People may knock us down we will rise up from the ground
Give them a helping hand in the face of trouble when evil is at hand
Be proud of your kind heart there is no other way to be
Making progress every day to make the world a better place

For everyone can be embraced don't have to follow their rules
To make you feel like you belong should have been the true you all alone
You're beautiful just the way you are no one can take that away from you
Each step you take ahead will point you in the right direction
Trying to make the world see who you really are is the greatest power of all
It doesn't matter what people think because their opinions are so weak

It doesn't matter what people say
Cause you're perfect anyway

3 Way Poem by: Halle Robles, 10th

Conscience

The wind whistling,

Racing against the clock

Swept up in the tornado

The wind consuming me,

Swallows my soul

The light goes
dark

My mind wondering

Time is running out

I feel the end is near.

There's nowhere left to turn

A plea for help overlooked

The final straw pulled

Tanka Poem by: Natalia Sebelle, 6th

Another Reality
The silence draws me
In, blinding reality.
Interesting words
Confining secrets within.
Painting a fantasy.

Poem by: Madison Yohanan, 9th

**Dancing is burgundy
Sounds like tapping
Looks like the spotlight on stage
The fresh smell of new shoes
Feels like cotton**

**Red is a warm
Jalapeno tastes spicy
Feels warm like the sun rays
Smells sweet like watermelon
Sounds like hot water running**

Foil Art by: Luca Bernasconi, 7th



**Dr. Seuss Style Poem by:
Anacaren Rivera Martinez, 7th**

Anacaren

I have a cat
It has a hat
with a bat.

The cat is cute
You should see it in boots
It is ticklish
It smells Pickleish.

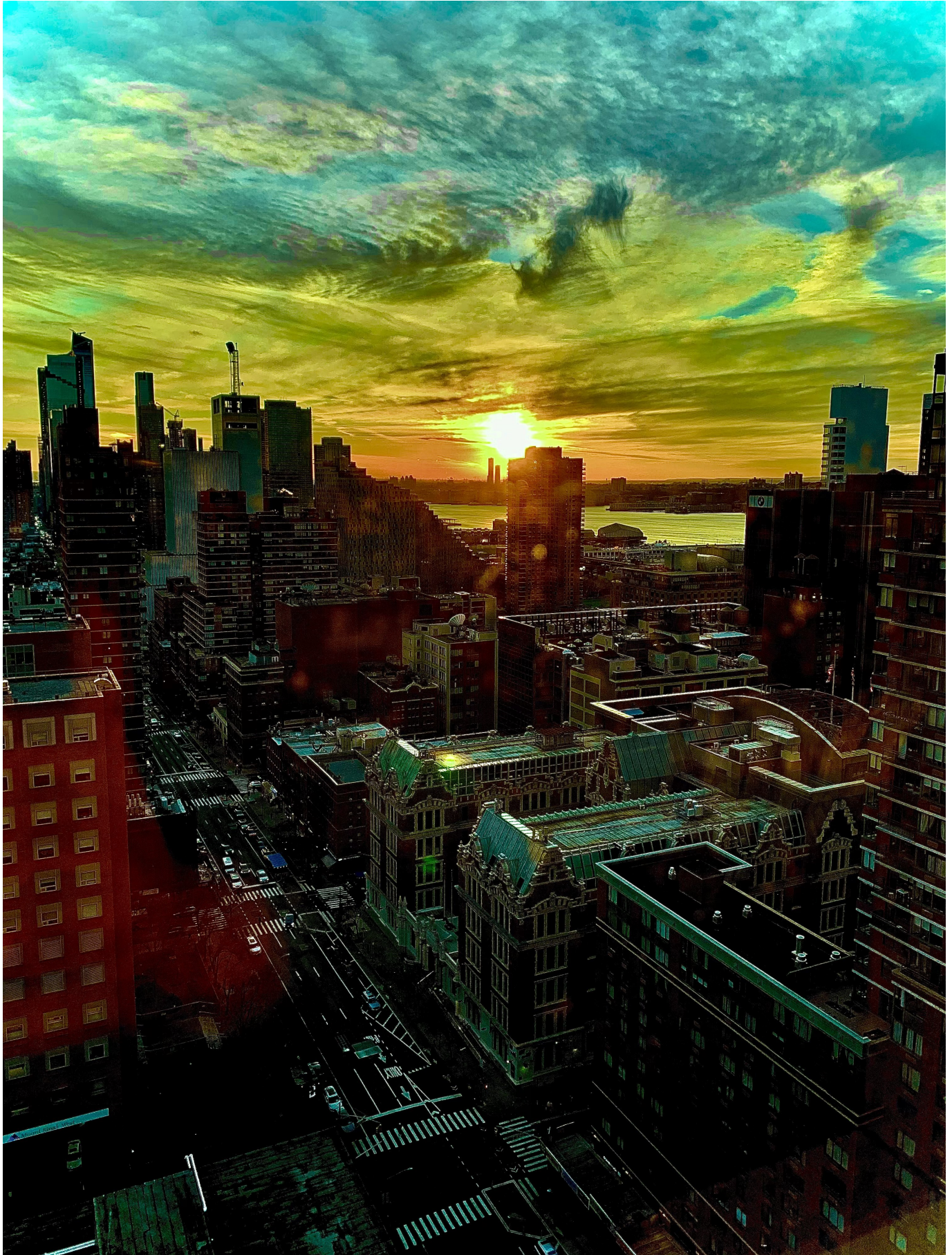
**Clay Sculpture by:
Katherine Partelow, 6th**



Graphic Art by: Genevieve Bright, 5th



Photography by: Nate Crisci, 10th



Poem by: Alyssa Crea, 10th

Love In the Air

Feelings of love all I can do is stare
Watching you be happy with that smile we share
Starting to catch feelings whenever you're near
Can't imagine what I'd do if you happened to disappear
Want you in my life every second of the year
When I'm with you there is nothing that I fear

Feelings of love with that smile we share
Starting to catch feeling whenever you're near
Heart stops beating when you enter the room
Can't stop looking at you while getting lost in your eyes
Don't want to leave your side just need you in my life
Hope our futures can intertwine one day

Whenever I'm asleep I start getting love dreams
See our hearts as one with a spark between you and I
Whenever you're close I start to catch feelings for you
Can't turn off love It's deep inside my kind thoughtful heart
Your walking by don't know how to act when it comes to you
I know that it's true always wanted to tell you how you made me feel

Feeling of love whenever you're near
Smell love in the air that's all I feel in my heart
of love

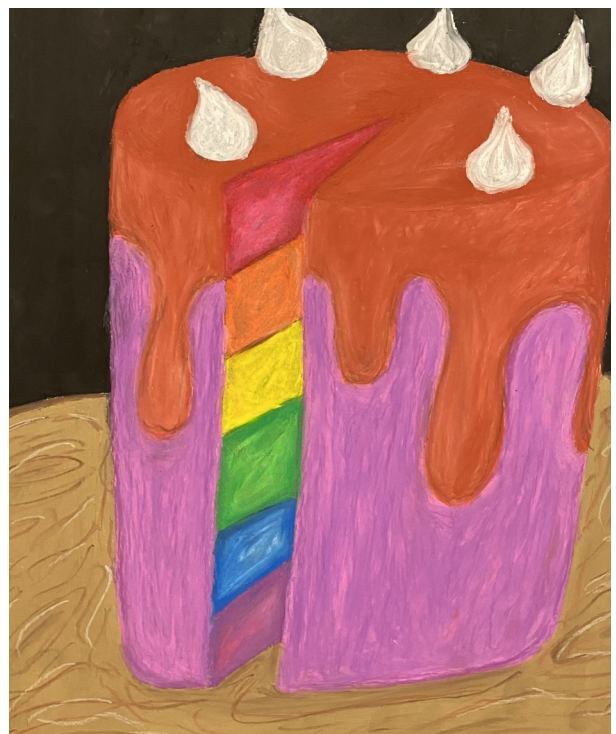
Graphic Design by:

Lynn Profeta, 5th

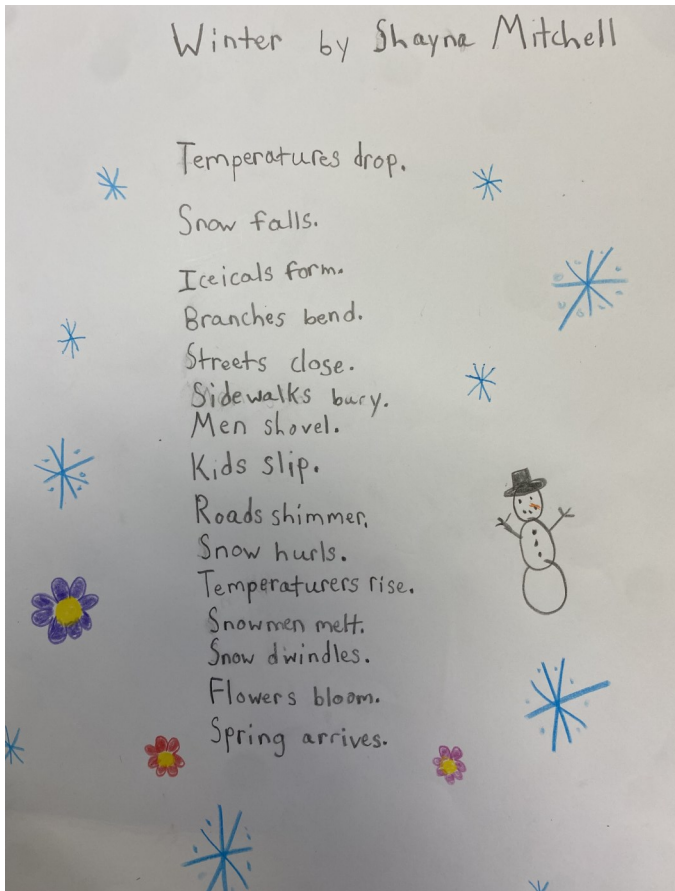


Oil Pastel- Celebration by:

Jules Christern, 12th



**Bare Bone Poem by:
Shayna Mitchell, 4th**



Poem by: Alyssa Crea, 10th

Dream

Falling asleep with dreams in my head
Feeling tired just want to stay in my bed all day
long

Didn't want to get up to start the day
Want to be a girl stuck in my dreams of mystery

Wearing unique pearls around my neck
Have control of my own dreams that I
create

Where I can do almost anything if I just
believe

Not able to leave even if I try so hard

Ever want to leave this amazing dream
Without the other missing part of who I am
Been looking far and wide for the true side of me

Living in these many great fantasies
Miles to go before I live my dream
To see many brand new possibilities
Dreams are my everything

Haiku by: Chloe Cetrino, 9th

March Days

Spring rains have fallen.
Whistling winds throughout
town.

Fog will roll in soon.

Swing chains will rattle.
The town has fallen si-
lent.

The fog comes again.

My eyes will rest.
Listening to the static.
Here is where I stay.

**Hand-Made Foldable Cutting Board
by: Gaby Levine, 5th**

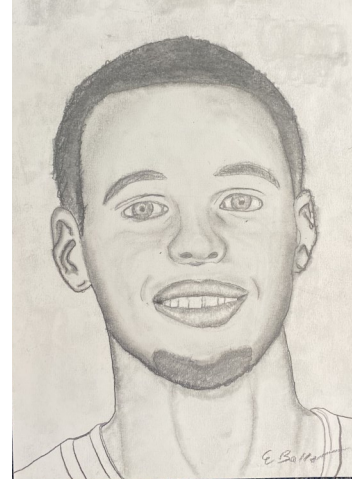
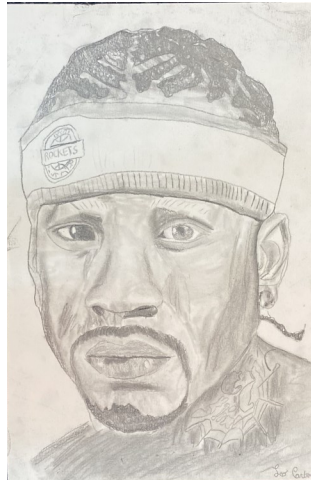
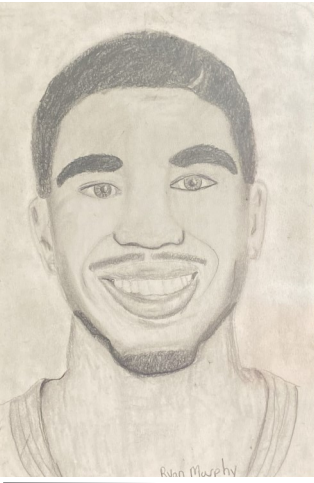


Poem by: Nate Crisci, 10th

Basketball is
Crazy action
It's intense
And all respect at the end.
I put up the mid range
Nothin but nylon
I can't miss
From the logo
Never mind that didn't go well.
I take it to the cup
Draw the contact
And one
I sprint to the bucket
And put it in
Three seconds remain
I gotta put one up
Fadeaway
Oh no!
The buzzer sounds
For the win
Off the rim
Into the air it goes
And
It drops in

A Competitive sport
And Fun.
But all love
I step back
Swish
I'm on fire!
HEAT CHECK
Airball
I drive
Put one up
Put it in
Down the lane
Scoop it up
With ease.
Tied at 62
I drive in...
Three ball
That didn't feel great out of my hands
The ball in the air
It clanks
Bounces
It's coming down
...
For the win

Pencil Renderings by: Ryan Murphy, 7th; Leo Carbonell, 8th; Evan Bauer, 7th



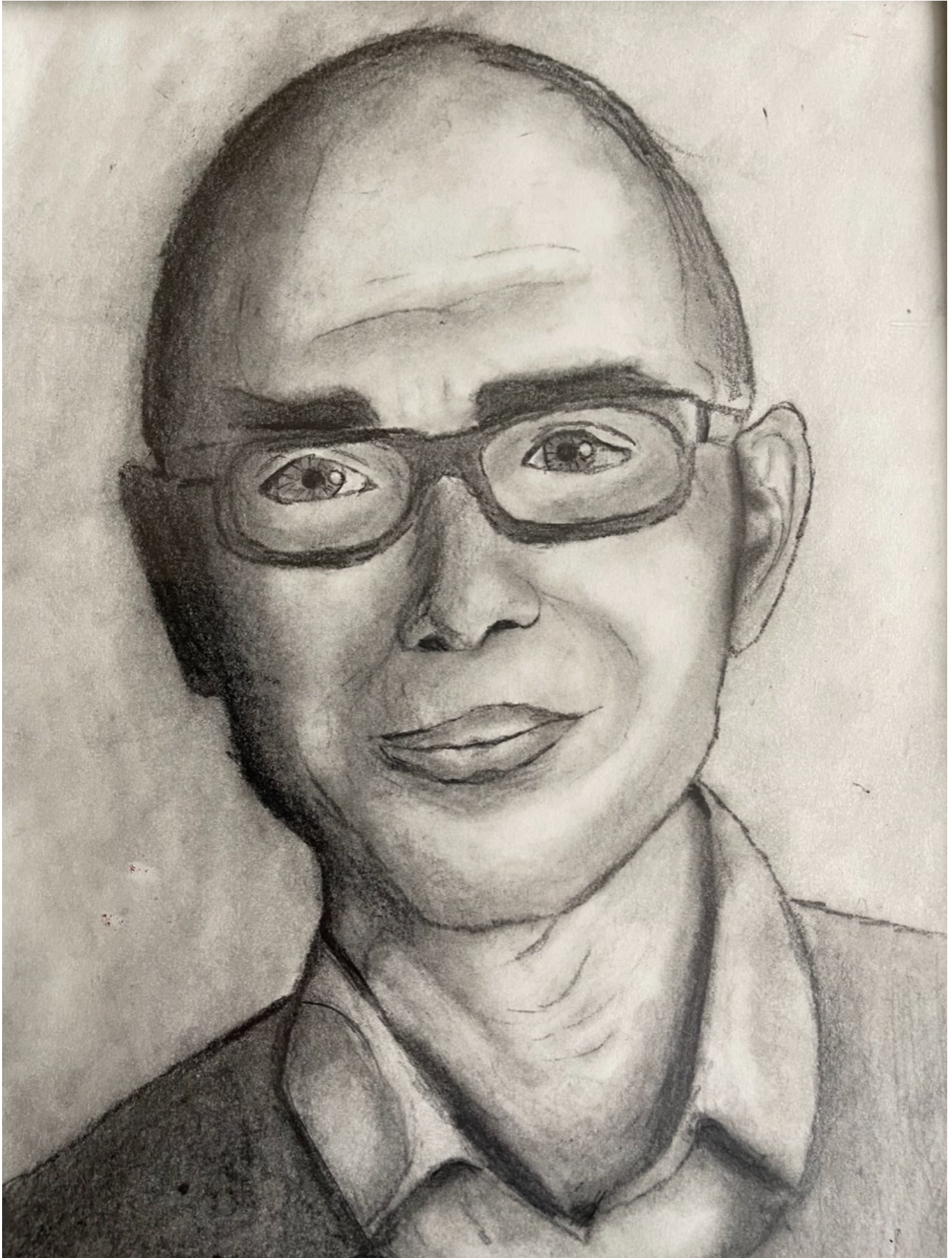
Three Way Poem by: Peter Olinto, 10th

Basketball

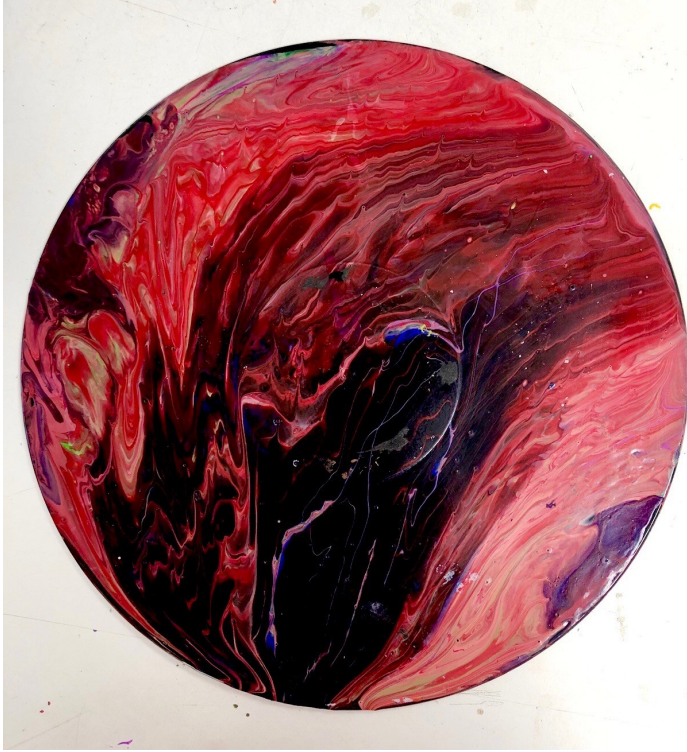
Basketball
Is exciting.
Dribble dribble
Penetrate the defense
Looking at the shot clock
3..2..1...
Bang! The announcer shouts.
The crowd jumps up and down

Fast-paced
Basketball keeps the crowd on their feet
In suspense.
Player does a crossover
Coaches yelling
The crowd is on their feet in anticipation
Swish!
Three pointer from downtown

Pencil Rendering by: Luca Bernasconi, 7th



**Record Paint Pouring by:
Bradley Taylor, 5th**



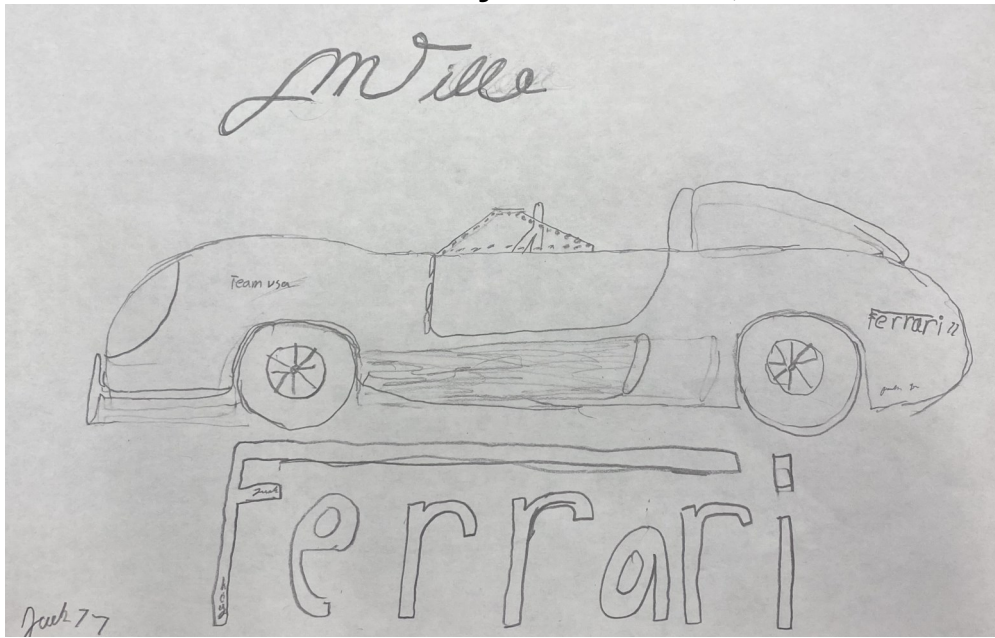
**Dr. Suess Writing Prompt by:
Kylie Donovan, 2nd**

I would secure my house if Thing 1 and Thing 2 came over for a visit. First, I would lock my Pokemon cards in the car, so they wouldn't be destroyed. Next, I would get my cat Zeiki and lock him in my bedroom, so he would be safe. Then, I would hide my tacos in a safe, so they wouldn't be eaten. Last, I would dig a hole in the backyard and hide my cash. These are the ways I would secure my house and prized possessions if Thing 1 and Thing 2 came over for a visit.

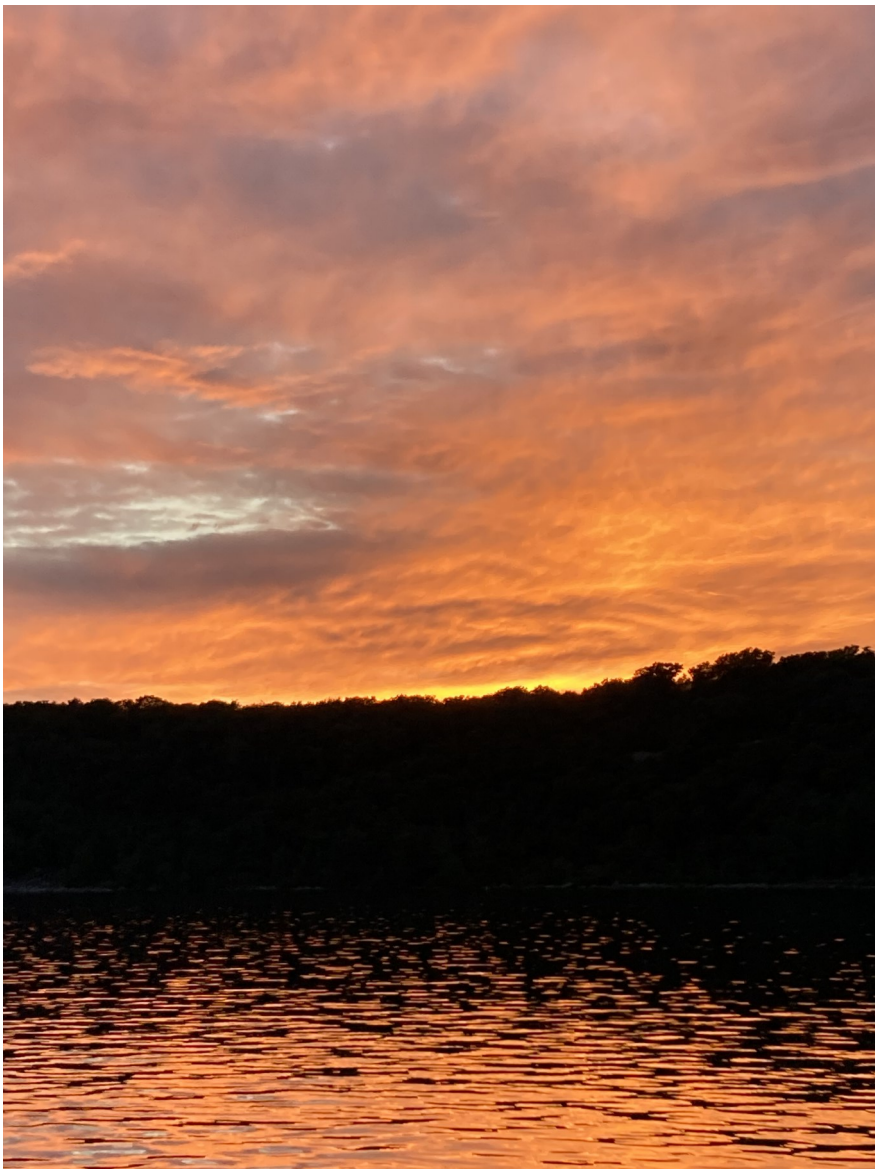
Pottery by: Riley Herz, 3rd



Pencil Sketch by: Jack Holder, 4th



Photograph by: Joey Profeta, 5th



**Cinquain Poem by:
Chloe Cetrino, 9th**

Terrier
Silly Love
Jumping Playing
An exciting goofy puppy
Zeus

Terrier
Funny Doggy
Coming playing fetching
Like a big puppy
Play

Frog
Small green
Sitting zapping hopping
High and fast like a car
Cute

Turtle
Slow tough
Waiting walking eating
Enjoying yummy chewy leaves
food

Epistolary Poem by: Maya Krikstone, 6th

Dear Rocky,
Why do you have to be so annoying
Every time someone comes to the door you bark
Every time I want to hug you, you just flop on the ground
Every time you play with Ellie you make her bleed
You always eat all the rugs in the house
And when you wake me up you walk all over my face
But you're also cute
And Loving
But every time you see someone you do your howl bark
But I also love when you wake me and Ellie up
But Ellie is still my favorite

Pastel by: Ella Simms, 4th



Polymer Clay by: Alex Cifrodilli, 6th



Bare Bone Poem by: Jack Holder, 4th

Pumpkin Picking

Farms open.
Cars park.
DONUTS BAKE.
Wheels roll.
Kids play.
Vines twirl.
Pumpkins harvested.
Relatives hug.
Kids pick.
Tractors drive.
Families run.
Gourds roll.
Birds chirp.
Memories created.

Informative Paragraph by: Ferris Slim, 3rd

Golden the Therapy Dog

Golden is a therapy dog. He is two and a half years old. This furry friend was a calm puppy. Dr. Loftin wanted her students to be happy, so she decided to have Golden become a therapy dog. This pup started to train when he was 6 months old. He went to school every Sunday for 1 hour for a year. After that, he had to pass the Canine Good Citizen Test. He worked at only one other school before coming to Craig. Golden's job is to be calm and help lower kids' anxiety. He also reads with kids. As you can see, Golden is a nice, calm therapy dog.

Model Magic Sculpture by:

Reilly Rothman, 3rd



Polyrene Plastic Sheet by:

Lizzy Lovell, 8th



Tanka Poem by:

Micah Fisher, 6th

Dad is Gone

Who will I talk to

Why did you leave so soon

Will I talk to mom

I really want you back

No more free throws with you dad

Model Magic by:

Brynn Michaelson, 8th



Short Story by: Andy Hallowell, 5th

The Day a Pencil Talked to Me

Has a pencil ever talked to you? Well it happened to me. I was in LA class when it happened. I just got a worksheet and I picked up a random pencil in my pencil box. Then suddenly I heard a little voice that talked to me. I looked down and it sounded like the pencil was talking. What happened next was crazy. I took my hand off my pencil and it had grown a mouth and it said, "Put me down now!" So I threw the pencil in my backpack and shut it. Was I going crazy or did I just see a pencil alive? I picked up another pencil and it did nothing. So I started to write on the paper, scared that it might talk again. I could hear the muffled sounds of the pencil talking. One of my classmates named Dean, behind me, heard the pencil talking and he asked me about the noises in my backpack. So I told him what just happened. After class, Dean and I opened my backpack and we opened my pencil case. The pencil was complaining about how dark it was in the pencil case. I picked him up and my LA teacher, Mrs. Dolan, came out and said, "Who is talking? I have never heard that voice." She looked down at the pencil and saw its mouth and it was talking. Mrs. Dolan said, "Is that pencil talking?"

I said, "It started to talk ever since I got my worksheet." Now the rest of his classmates came over to see what was happening. One of my classmates named Grayson said, "How is that pencil talking?"

My teacher, Mrs. Dolan, said, "We should all go inside and investigate how he is talking."

We all went back to the classroom and put the pencil on a desk. He was saying, "It is good to be out of that pencil dungeon case place. Everyone just stared at him until the pencil broke the silence, " Why are you all just staring at me?"

I stepped up and said, " How can you talk?"

He answered, "I just can, how can you?"

"Same with me. I just can." Then I asked, "What is your name or do you not have one?"

"My name is Jerry the Pencil."

Then Mrs. Dolan said, "You guys have to go to the next class," so then we all went down to math. I told Jerry the Pencil not to talk until I say so. In math class all of us could not focus on our work.

When the school day was over and I went home, the pencil started to talk and said, "Can I talk yet?"

My mom heard it so I told her everything. Then we went to a laboratory to investigate how it was talking. The scientist's name was Mr. Scientist. He said, "I have never seen anything like this and I have been a scientist for 20 years!" Mr. Scientist said, "This is an amazing new discovery. We need to talk about this pencil with the world".

A few weeks later the pencil was everywhere on the news, in the newspaper, on clothing, and even on the bus. It was the talk of the world. To this day, no one knows how the pencil named Jerry talked in the boy's pencil case.

Has a pencil ever talked to you?

Pen, Ink, & Sharpie - Sighting by: Chloe Cetrino, 9th



Journal Entry by: Grayson Carfagno, 5th

MY GARDEN

What is my garden like? My garden is in the Caldwell Community Garden. We have 2 plots which make it big. The first thing we do is take something called a rototiller. What it does is pulls all the roots. Next, we pour healthy dirt and fertilizer and mix it, and put it in the garden. After that, we take out the fence and we use a machine called a trencher which makes trenches. Then, we put a new fence down and put it deep and high so nothing can get in. We also bend the top so nothing can climb inside. After that, we wait a long time so it gets hotter so we can plant. We plant tomatoes, cherry tomatoes, all kinds of peppers, basil, lettuce, and for sure more stuff. As you can see, this is what I do in my garden, so I can get lots of plants. My family loves to eat the vegetables we grow.

Tempera Painting by: Mia McArthur, 6th

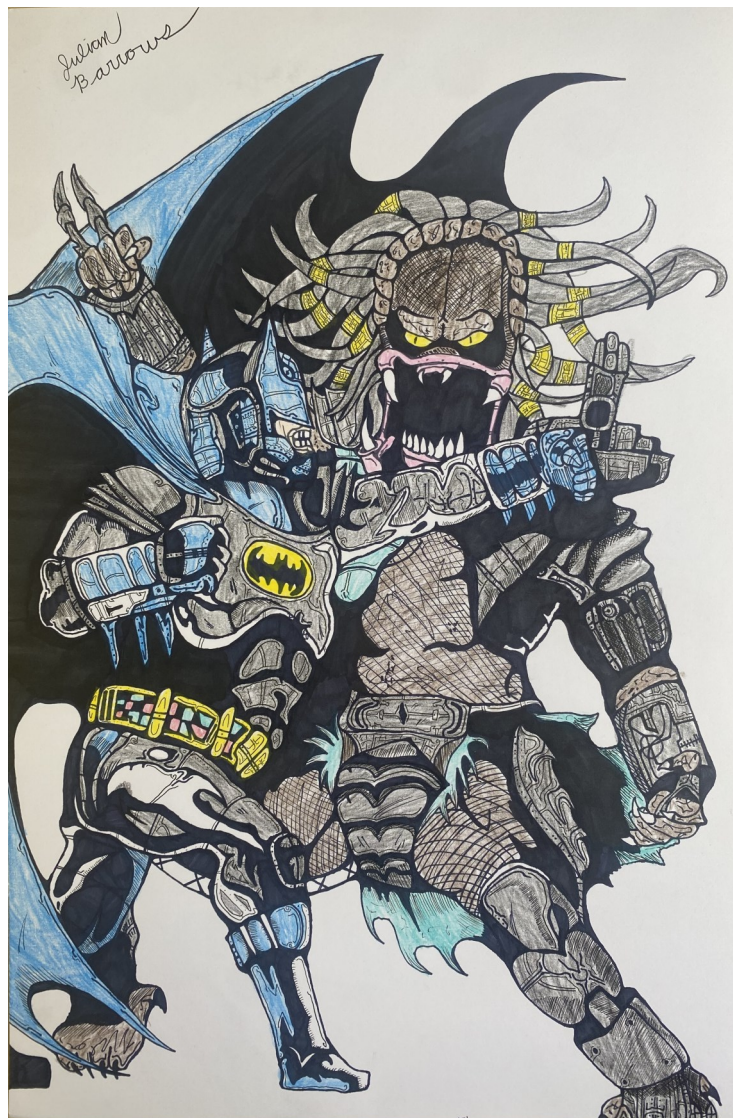
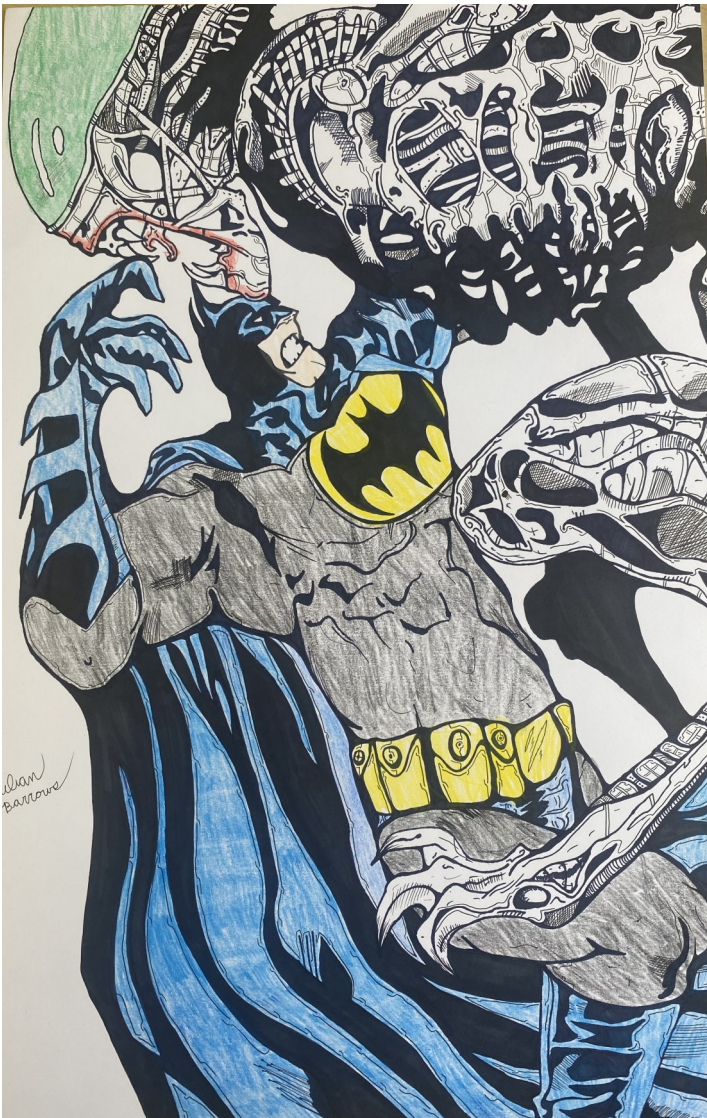


Journal Entry by: Sam Schrager, 4th

The House Across from Craig

One day I was walking around the side of The Craig School, and I saw a weird being. It went into the old house next to the school. After I saw it, I decided I had to follow it, so I went into the dilapidated house. When I went in, the door shut behind me. Bang! I was locked in. At this point, I decided I had no other choice but to find the being. Once I spotted it, I chased it around the dark creaking halls, and it led me to a room where I had to earn its trust. Thankfully, I proved myself worthy by showing it I am trustworthy. I asked the being, "Why do you protect this ragged house?" The being said, "Because it was my house, and I got turned into a monster many many years ago!" I replied kindly, "I will help you turn back into a human and help you fix up your home." The being found peace from my kindness, and we fixed up the house together. The being turned back into a kind human.

Free-Hand Drawings by: Julian Barrows, 7th



Alternate Ending - *Contents of a Dead Man's Pocket* by:

Evan Asquith, 10th

Tom is now on the ledge looking down to get his paper, but as soon as he reaches for it, the wind shifts the paper into the black night of New York City. He sees his essay drift into the wind as he tries not to lose grip. His hands were cold and bloody so there was no time to waste.

He was hanging for life as he saw his wife pick up the paper. It was a very cold night at Lexington Avenue. The wife picked up the paper and wondered how it got there. She looked up to see if their apartment window was open.

She stood still staring at the apartment until she noticed her husband clinging on the edge. She immediately rushes to get into the apartment building and call 911. Tom could smell the smoke from other people's apartments. He could only imagine him falling while his wife sat there and watched him suffer. Tom tried to yell her name as loud as he could but she could not hear him eleven stories high.

Tom knew this was the end of his life. Tom was desperately trying to get in his cozy apartment but he couldn't because he didn't have enough force hitting the freezing ice window. As Tom is trying as hard as he can to get in through the window, he sees his wife running to his office. He yells until she notices he is in danger for life. She immediately drops her things and tries to get the window to open and save Tom but sadly the window was jammed because of the paint.

Tom could only see her sitting inside panicking. She decided to run to the neighbors apartment to get their help and Tom could only take a few more minutes clinging onto the freezing edge.

Five minutes went by and the wife hasn't gotten back. Tom held his grip tight as long as he could. He finally saw his wife come back with a neighbor next door. Tom was very tired and couldn't last any longer.

He could only hear the neighbor breaking the window with an axe. Tom could feel free. Tom then noticed that the window was fully open and he could feel himself being pulled by the neighbor and his wife. A few hours later Tom wakes up and his wife is sitting by him as he's laying down on the bed. His wife is so pleased that Tom survived. Tom's wife then gave him the essay. Tom immediately got up and hugged his wife because she saved him and the paper. The next day he woke up and got ready for work with his brand new presentation. He was all bummed and thinking how bad it was going to go. He then got to work and handed his boss the paper. Tom was feeling so nervous. Later that afternoon, Tom got a call from his boss saying that he liked it, and he put Tom in a higher position and gave him a raise. Tom and his wife celebrated after the call. Tom was so happy because he is now in a higher position with more money. Tom did not expect this because after all that he went through he thought he was going to fail. Tom was relieved that he is never going to risk his life again for a pink piece of paper. He spent the rest of his day relaxing. Until tomorrow. Tomorrow is his first day in his new position. Tom is so happy and his wife is too. Tom and his wife went to go look for a nice outfit for him since they have a lot of time until tomorrow. They went to pick nice shoes and a nice tuxedo. The last thing Tom wanted to get was a watch. They looked all over for one and finally they saw the last watch sitting there ready to be picked up. Tom and his wife finished shopping and got ready for the big day tomorrow. Tom couldn't believe that his boss liked it and after all that effort he had put in for the paper. Tom had a nice outfit and everything for this day to come. Tom is so excited but nervous at the same time. The next day happens and he gets up immediately and prepares for the big day. He ate breakfast and got dressed as he finally headed out the door to get to work. He waited for the subway to arrive for work. Once he got to work, Tom realized he had forgotten his watch but he still went on with his day. He then walked to his brand new office and was in shock at how it was so much bigger than his old office. He sat down in his comfy cozy chair. He began working with his new position. He realizes that it's much more work but he is going to get used to it, he says. The day goes by and Tom is all relaxed with this new position. Tom then gets home and as he is arriving at his apartment he sees a pink piece of paper just flying in the air, outside of his window.

Pencil Sketch - *The Gnome* by: Ezra Hankin, 5th



LA Picture Prompt by : Conner McKenna, 6th

On a sunny Monday morning, Josh and his four friends decided that they wanted to go white water rafting. Since they all lived in Utah, they decided to take advantage of the beautiful day with an outdoor activity. First, they meet instructor Mike who would take them out on the rapids. Then, they were asked to pump up the yellow inflatable raft, and Mike handed out double sided paddles to Josh and his friends. Lastly, before they went out on the water, Mike went over safety instructions and how to paddle correctly.

Josh and the guys got into the raft and started to head out to the glistening water. Then, they began to paddle in the calm water, and everything was going great. Mike was telling them what to do and what direction to go. Suddenly, one of the guys lost his paddles because of the sudden strong current. The warm water was splashing them in their faces; it was difficult to see where they were going, and they were very close to hitting a big sharp rock. However, they avoided it just in the nick of time. Although the ride was very bumpy, the guys enjoyed the thrilling excitement of the rapids.

Once Josh and his buddies got back to land, they gave the paddles back to Mike and told him they all had a fantastic time. They all high-fived each other and couldn't wait to experience white water rafting again.

Short Story by: Mary Smart, 9th

The Story of the Two Sisters

The school year was just beginning for Margaret and Sally. Margaret was just starting 1st grade, while Sally was starting 7th. On Monday morning the sister's parents said to the two sisters that they had a surprise for them, but they would not tell them until Thursday afternoon when school was over. Margaret and Sally were so excited that they kept asking for hints. Their parents would not say anything or not give them any information about the surprise. Finally, after days and nights of waiting, Thursday afternoon came with excitement.

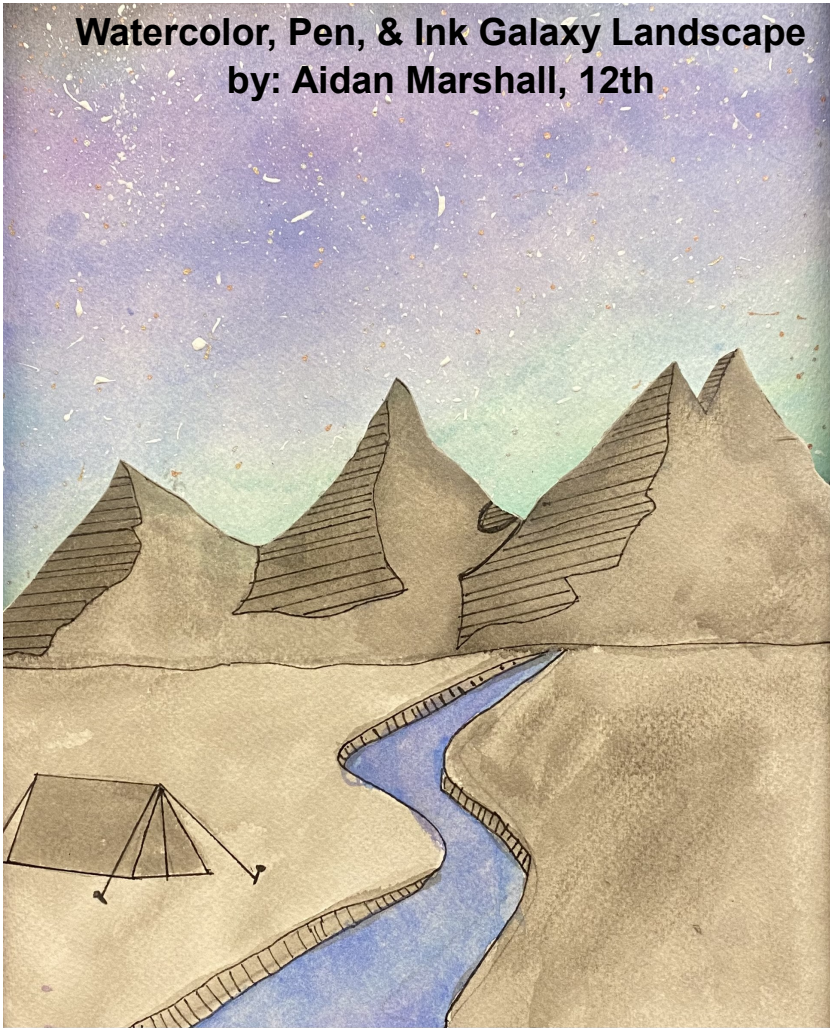
Their parents have a surprise for the girls. They must wait until Thursday afternoon, when school's out. At dinner, the parents tell the girls they'll be going on a camping trip and staying in a cabin. There will be swimming and other activities. This trip will be in October when it's still warm out—probably the first week. They will leave after school Thursday and return Tuesday evening. Margaret and Sally both start jumping up and down and are asking a bunch of questions. They are too excited to sleep, so they lay in bed and talk all night, after they get their things packed. The next morning everybody is up early, so they can just drive without hitting any traffic. The campsite has breakfast in the cafeteria. After they eat, they get to the cabin, unpack and do some exploring. The leaves are changing to pretty red, yellow, and orange colors. There are leaves on the grass. The cabin is near a path that leads to other cabins, the lake, the dining hall and to other activities, like tennis, archery, rock climbing, zip-lining, a tie-dye station, and candle making. Margaret and Sally both think it's peaceful looking, and know they'll have a good time.

Saturday starts out to be a really nice day. The day is filled with activities that they put together over breakfast. Later on, around 6:00 o'clock, Margaret asks, "Mom and Dad, can we go to the dock?" Mom says, "Yes." She looks over at Dad who agrees, but says to stick together and be careful. The girls run towards the dock. At the dock, they talk, until they see the lifeguards leaving. Sally tells Margaret the story about the little kids going swimming after dark. The little kids were in the middle of the lake floating on their backs, when they realized it was dark, and they couldn't see anything. That's when they heard a noise. It sounded like an animal in the water. Maybe it's a snake! They started to panic. The kids got out of the water really fast.

Sally, the older sister, told Margaret the story is real, but Margaret thought it was fake and wanted to go swimming. Even though Sally told her the story, Margaret didn't believe her. They go back to the campfire, and Margaret sneaks away and goes swimming anyway. When Sally gets back to the cabin she realizes that Margaret was not at the campfire. Sally tells her parents about Margaret not being at the campfire. They go looking for her, and trace back their steps through all of the activities they did that day. Sally realizes that since she told Margaret the scary story, Margaret may have gone swimming! She tells her parents what she thinks, and they all run down to the dock. The moon is glimmering on the lake, and it looks misty. They could hear night birds, crickets, and Margaret splashing in the water. They see Margaret swimming, so they call her name, but she gets startled. Margaret didn't realize they were there. Margaret is tired because she is not used to staying up so late, so she starts to struggle. The parents and sister realize she's starting to struggle, so they get a long stick to hold out so she can grab on to it. The stick won't reach. So they found and threw out a life preserver. They pull Margaret in and are happy that Margaret is now safe. Once they get back to the cabin Margaret, Mom, and Dad had a long chat. Sally is listening in. Margaret now understands that it isn't safe to swim when there is nobody there to make sure she is safe.

They all enjoy the rest of their vacation. Their parents decide to make this camping trip an annual tradition.

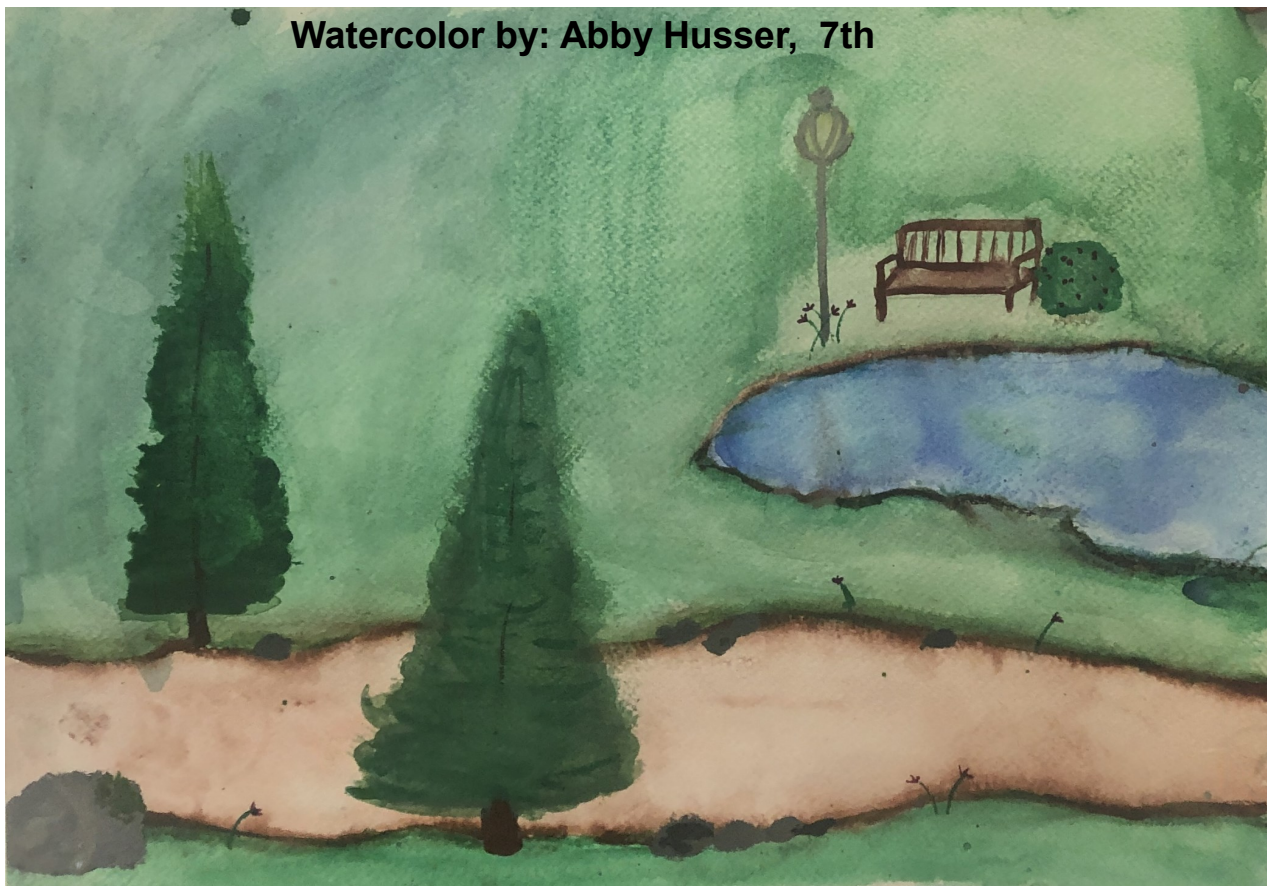
**Watercolor, Pen, & Ink Galaxy Landscape
by: Aidan Marshall, 12th**



**Persuasive Writing - *Buddies* by:
Cece Anderson, 2nd**

I strongly believe that we should have more time with our buddies. For one thing, we do not have enough time. There are so many half days or special events on Fridays. Also, I feel happy and excited when I see them. Plus, they are helpful. It's so fun to see all the older kids and be friends with older kids. For example, we talk and socialize while painting rocks. You might argue they have their own class work, but it is a great learning and leadership experience for them too. One time Gabby said, "We love you guys." I love saying hello in the halls. It makes me feel excited, and they give me hugs. For all these reasons, we should have more time with buddies.

Watercolor by: Abby Husser, 7th



Hand - Painted Mask, Mess by: EV Nutting, 7th & Paint Pouring Album By: Meghan Summa, 6th

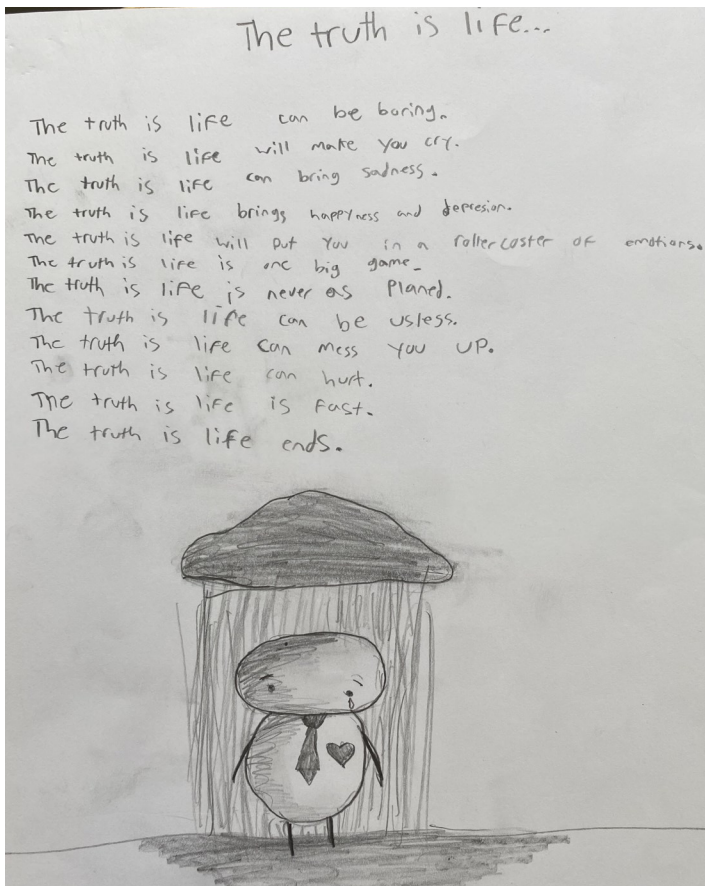


Journal Entry by: Kate Shaw, 6th

One Step Forward

On Monday, March 7th, all students will have the option to no longer wear a mask. It will undoubtedly change everything, considering we all have been wearing masks for almost two years. 2019 was when this catastrophe all started, and now it is 2022. It is tough to put into words how to explain my feelings. I wonder what would have happened if COVID did not happen. We have been in a global pandemic for so long. I am so much older than I was when it started, and I kind of wish I had time to focus on what was going on at that moment, but instead, I worried about the pandemic. Because of that, I do not entirely remember what it was like to be in 4th and 5th-grade because I did not just enjoy the moment. That's what I regret. Now, I think it will feel strange to not wear a mask, but it is a good thing that the pandemic is coming to a close, and we can finally find some time to figure out how to live without masks and social distancing. I do think we should still be safe and take precautions, though. Furthermore, I will be doing both because I still want to stay safe and try not to get sick. I hope soon it will feel like all of this was some bad dream because we lost being able to be normal kids due to COVID. We should try to get back to being normal, like it was before March of 2019, and let this chapter of our lives come to a close.

Poem by: Noah Popowitz, 6th



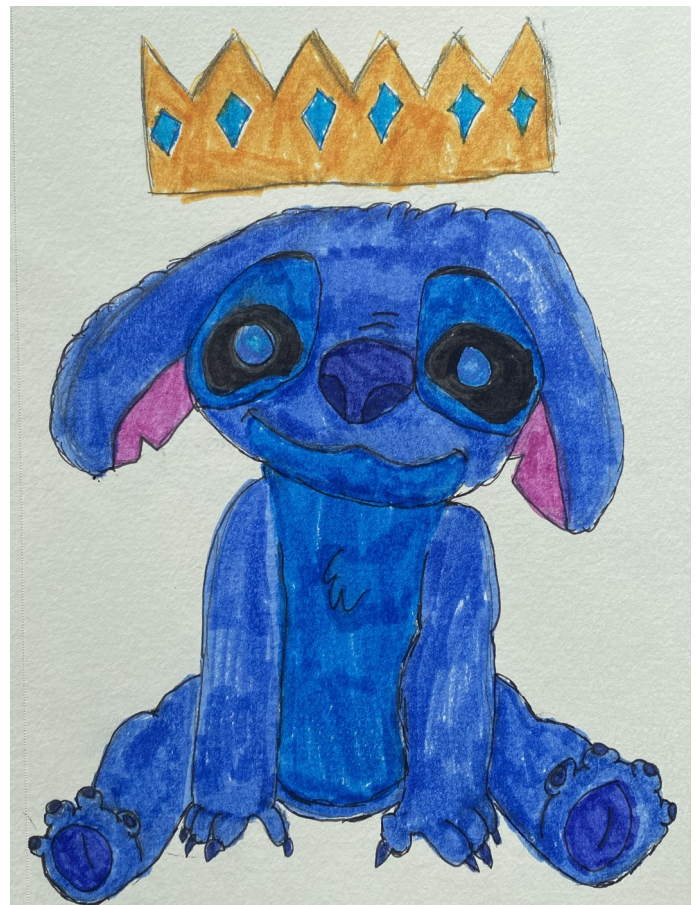
Poem by: Mary Smart, 9th

UNDER THE SUN
WE FEEL THE FUN
COME TO AN END
WAITING FOR SCHOOL
TO START AGAIN
LIKE WE ARE TEN
AS FRIENDSHIP GROWS
AND AUTUMN BLOWS

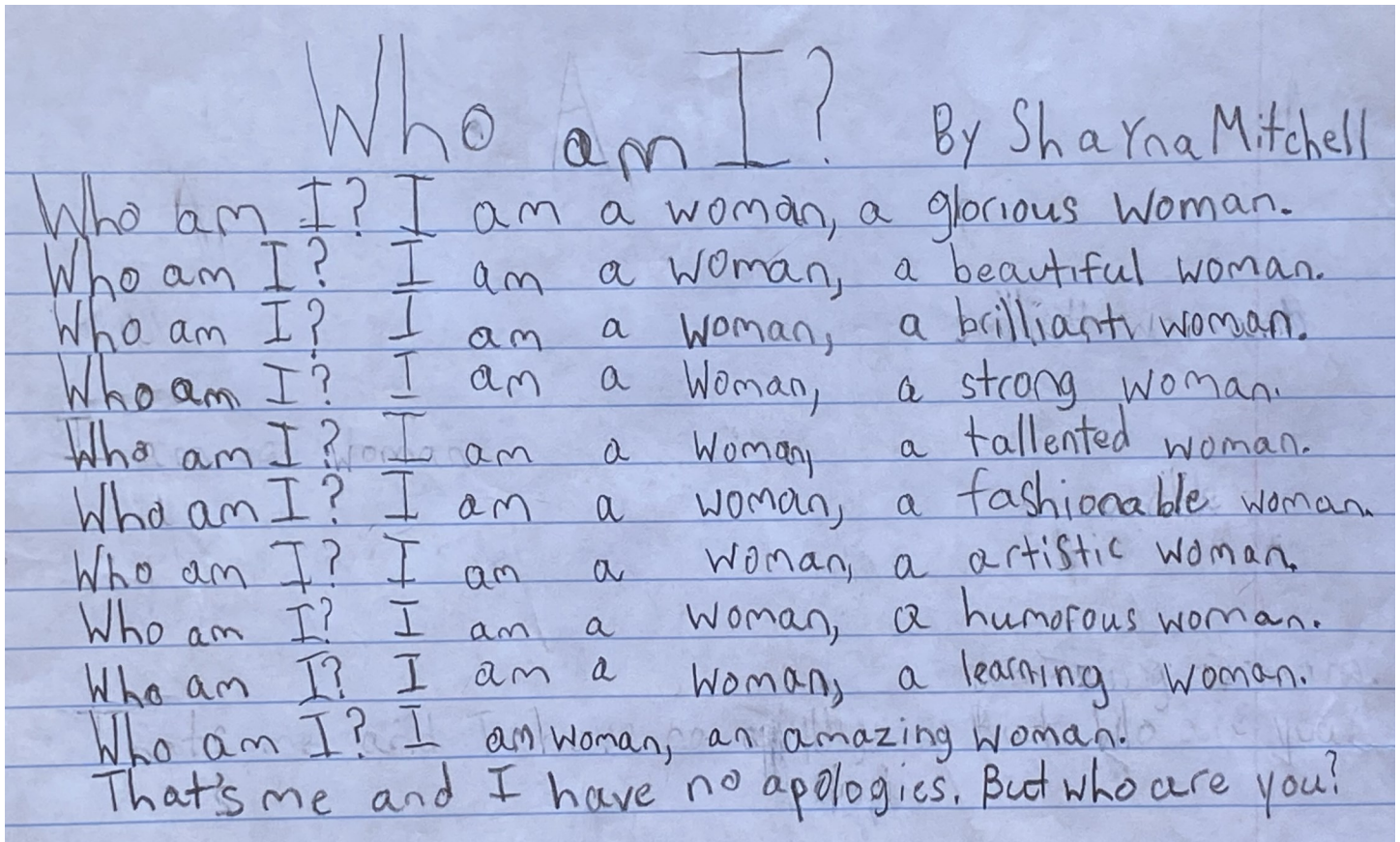
Orton Gillingham Vowel Team Poem
By: Ms. Gordon's Class
(Blake Thompson, Ferris Slim, Logan Pfeiffer, and Ella Simms)

Today, I want to play at school
With all my tools I think are cool
And then I want to read a book
And catch a fish with my new hook
When I am done with all this play
It's time to go home and be done with my day

Free-hand Sketch by:
Amanda Salem-Rosario, 6th



Poem by: Shayna Mitchell, 4th



A THANK YOU FROM THE EDITOR, Mrs. Brielle Miller

Dr. Loftin, thank you for entrusting me with this new Craig venture! To our talented, brave, & creative students, this would not have been possible without your hard work & dedication. A huge thank you to Jonathan Pieri for his technical expertise, Mrs. Kutcher for her willingness to always help & to Mrs. Butter & Mrs. Wiederlight for being on the editing team. Mrs. Given, Mrs. Dolan, Mrs. Kenny-Johnson, Mrs. Gallagher, & Mrs. Tartaglia, thank you for nurturing & encouraging your students to produce all these spectacular works. Finally to Mr. Furlong & our many students who helped generate student interest during morning announcements & newsletter videos, you rock.



Mrs. Janet Cozine

The Director of the Lower & Middle School

Mrs. Janet Cozine, finding the right words to honor your legacy here at The Craig School is a difficult task. Over the last 42 years, your accomplishments have molded The Craig School into the extraordinary place it is today. The work you have accomplished appears so effortless and has changed the lives of thousands of children, inspired generations of teachers, and helped change the course of countless families' lives. You are a leader, a mentor, a friend, and a colleague to so many. Your vast skill-set and welcoming smile will be missed each day, but the foundation you have laid for Craig will continue to move your teachers, families, and students successfully into the future. We cannot thank you enough.

Enjoy your retirement, and make sure to visit us often.