

James (Jim) R. Fletcher

Berry Academy Class of 1964

Berry College Class of 1968

I must have been born in a Western for I was strung up with the umbilical cord. In other words I have had cerebral palsy from birth. I remember walking on the College campus when I was three or four. We lived at Meacham when I caught the bus to school for first time. The school was Possum Trot which was closed after I went there 2 years. If this sounds like a tall tale I have to admit my life started as a Western. Then I went to Glenwood School grades 3 - 8. My parents sent me to Berry High School as it was then named because they thought I would be lost at Armuchee. I enjoyed going Berry Academy immensely.

After I finishing Berry College I worked for six months in the Development Office writing letters soliciting funds, gifts, and grants, but I went for about 9 years without work. Finally in 1978, Randy Broadway who went to College with me, helped me get a job at Northwest Regional Hospital as the Librarian after volunteering for 10 months. I ran the hospital library for 20 years and still do, but for the last 4 years I have been working also in the Hospital Therapy Center. I served on the DSU Behavior Modification Committee for 10 years and I am on the Adult Mental Health Human Rights Committee. In 1989 I got a Master's of Public Administration from West Georgia College. In 1992 I came into the Catholic Church and enjoy being a Knight in the Knights of Columbus. In 1993 I bought a house a block up from my parent's house where I had been living and moved in the first of 1994. In 1995 my mother had her first stroke and my parents had to move in with me because she could no longer negotiate the stairs in their house. In 1997 my brother, Julian died, as did my father in 1998. When he died I went from having my parents take care of me to take care of my mother. It was a very difficult time for me, but it was very gratifying to take care of my mother with the help of some sitters and Lamar's long-distance advice. My mother passed on last year and since then I have I been living by myself. I enjoy my house, reading books, walking around my neighborhood, and various social functions I go to. I have a full life far beyond my expectations.



David suggested that I write something about my parents. Dad came to Berry January 1, 1930. He went to both the High School and College, 8 years in all, working first on the mountain top for short time and then as one of Miss Berry's drivers. She must have liked him. She said nothing when he turned her car over at fork in the road below Pilgrim Hall – nobody else was in it. Another time when he was driving her party back from Menton she lean forward to ask him to speed up. He was already going 80 mph. After he graduated he was offered a job in the business office and eventually he became Postmaster. He was working late one night about 11:00p.m., when a student used a trashcan for a urinal. The student was mortified. Sometime later Dad told Dr. Bertrand in outrage and Dr. Bertrand said he handle it, but Dad did not give his name saying he did not think the student would do that again. Mother also went to Berry and worked at Oak Hill. She helped take care of Miss Berry when, Miss Berry broke her arm. When she went to see about getting me in Glenwood School, not only did she get me in but the Principal also hired her to teach which she did for 23 years.

*You can take the boy out of Berry but you can't take Berry out of the boy.
Berry Academy 1964 to 2004 & 40 years later*