

Received via email, Monday, October 23, 2006

Dear Carson & Barnes Circus,

I want to thank each and everyone, in your circus, for bringing so much enjoyment into my life, the night I went to your circus. It was the first night you set up in Franklin, NC.. I am 53 years old and have been to five circuses in my life. One was the Ringling Brothers Barnum Bailey, in New Orleans. Yours was the best of all. I hope each and every one of the members in your circus, realize the tremendous role they play. They say that you can never relive your childhood. You let me relive a little bit of mine. The moment I first caught a glimpse of your bigtop, an expectation filled my spirit. The expectation of going back in time. Yet most expectations, always seem to fall far short. As soon as I exited the car, my journey started. Walking through the mud, smelling the animals, seeing the lights, hearing the people and seeing the children trying to make their parents go faster (run if they could) all brought back the memories. I stopped to watch the children riding the elephant. Just the smiles on their face, knowing that this was something they would remember for the rest of their lives, was worth the price of admission. For the first time in over 16 years, I was entering a Big Top; it was better than I remembered. Did I want a program? Yes, I had to buy a program. How about some popcorn? Can you possibly go to a circus and not have popcorn. So with a program in one hand and popcorn in the other, I went further into the dimly lit tent (I had gotten there early). Then, I just stopped to watch everything happening around me, painfully knowing that this might be the last time I ever saw a circus. The ground crew was still setting up, patrons were moving to their seats and there was the Ring Master. Now came a most stressful task, the decision of where to sit? I had looked at the ticket booth's seating chart and knew the difference between the blue and red bleachers. After about a minutes deliberation, I knew I had to upgrage to the red. Shortly there after, I was sitting dead center at the top of the bleachers. Stress was gone and now I had to do was reminisce. As a boy, one of the most memorable movies, that I had ever seen, was the Walt Disney film, "Toby Tyler". The story of a boy who had run off and joined a circus. The realization, suddenly came over me, that everyone in your show had fulfilled that dream and I wondered what my life would have been like if I had joined a circus. It seemed ages before the time finally came to start the show. As the lights went up, I became a boy again. All of your performances were supperb. It's unfortunate, that most of us today are desensitized by computer generated action, as seen in the movies and on TV. It was then I thought about how each and everyone of you, risk your lives everyday, to bring the art of circus to life. From the guys who set up the tents and equipement, to the animal handlers and performers. Anything could happen, yet most patrons are oblivious to this. I loved the Hula-Hoops and found it hard trying to view all three rings at the same time. The animal acts were excellent. Although I have never found clowns to be funny, amusing would be more like it, I was laughing out loud at their antics. There wasn't one act that I did not give an E for excellence and a TE for Total Enjoyment. I carfully watched as each prop was put up between acts. One thing

that brought emotions swelling up in me, was when the Ring Master announced the sale of coloring books. I immediately had a flash back of begging my dad to please buy one for me and my sister. Then the joy, over the next couple of days, in coloring every picture. Is there any better value, in this world, than the \$1.00 price of a coloring book which brings so much happiness to a child. There just wasn't enough time to take in everything. Observing the other people and seeing their smiles, was just as enjoyable as watching the performers. All too quickly the show ended, but you had exceeded my expectations beyond my wildest dreams. I had gone back in time; to my childhood. I've enjoyed viewing the Circus Soli (spelled wrong). But that is not a real circus, more theatrics and it's definitely not like going to a real circus. It will be a sad day when the last true circus closes, due to apathy. Please, let all of your employees know, that in reality, their job is not in putting on a performance but in giving lasting memories. Memories that allowed me to go back in time. This was some of the best money I have ever spent. The Lord be with you all.

Sincerely,  
Jeff pritz