

MILK & HONEY

I love to tell the story: but are they hearing what I'm saying?

It seems appropriate that the first workshop held in our new “old” home at 186 Fred Craddock Drive should be led by the man who is the Fred B. Craddock Professor of Homiletics and Worship at Phillips Theological Seminary, the Rev. Dr. Richard F. Ward.

With expertise in preaching, storytelling, and theology relating to theatre and the arts, Dr. Ward will guide conversation around the place of storytelling in preaching and how the art of the storyteller helps in communicating what we want to say. You may listen to Dr. Ward in advance of his visit as he engages with scripture through performance. Several chapel recordings are available at ptstulsa.edu/ChapelRecordings?Richard+Ward.

Dr. Ward earned a PhD from Northwestern University, a Master of Fine Arts in drama from Trinity University, and a Master of Arts in religion at Christian Theological Seminary. He has been on faculty at Phillips Theological Seminary since 2010 and prior served at Iliff School of Theology and the Yale School of Divinity. Alongside Mike Graves, Dr. Ward assembled more than 200 stories by Dr. Craddock into *Craddock Stories* (Chalice Press, 2001). His latest book, coauthored with David A. Trobisch, is entitled *Bringing the Word to Life: Engaging the New Testament through Performing It* (Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 2013). Other titles include *Speaking of the Holy: The Art of Communication in Preaching* (Chalice Press, 2001) and *Speaking from the Heart: Preaching With Passion* (Wipf & Stock Pub., 2001). Dr. Ward is a member of the Academy of Homiletics and the International Network of Biblical Storytellers. He was recently a speaker at the 2015 Festival of Homiletics in Denver.



Register Today!

Preaching Workshop
Monday, October 5th
8:30—12:30

The Craddock Center
186 Fred Craddock Dr.
Cherry Log, GA 30522

To register, visit
craddockcenter.eventbrite.com

As always, preaching workshops are free of charge. Longtime friends and attendees are especially invited to bring along someone new. Breakfast is served at 8:30; the workshop begins at 9:00 and continues until noon; and lunch follows immediately after the workshop. Registration is required for meal planning. Travel vouchers are available for those whom assistance will make attendance easier and who travel greater than 100 miles. Please contact the Center with any questions. These workshops are made possible in part by a grant from the Cousins Foundation. —JJJ

He walked nonchalantly by the Story Express like he'd seen a thousand such vans. I tried to lure him in: “Hey! Come pick out a book! We've got lots of interesting things to read about.” He was unaffected and continued barefoot across the hot parking lot.

Minutes later, the four-year-old passed by again. “There you are!” I said. “I'll bet we've got something for you.” He climbed skeptically aboard and we talked quickly through several genres, landing on a great children's nonfiction book with vivid photos of weird reptiles. Together, we flipped to the first page, and I quickly scanned the text on the right for some factoid that might hold his attention. “Oh, this is the frilled neck lizard, and he *eats* other lizards!” He roughly flipped the page. “This one is called the *thorny dragon*,” I said, with my lowest, most conspiratorial voice. He was hooked. For the next five minutes, my new friend pointed eagerly at each subsequent photo and demanded, “What him eat?” or “What's him name?” At the last page, he snatched the book from my hand, and I readied myself for the end of his attention span. Instead, he coarsely flipped it over, thumped his finger on the cover, and ordered, “Wead 'gin!” And we did.

I didn't see my friend again this summer—not during any one of the six additional visits by the Story Express-Lending Library to his apartment complex. He never returned the book he borrowed that day, but I don't mind...maybe he'll “wead” his creepy reptiles book at home. And he should start preschool this week, where I'll catch him again, at least three times, with the Story Express and our new book giveaways. All thanks to you. *Thanks!* —JJJ

BY the Numbers
Story Express
Lending Library (SE-LL)
567 children participating
in the SE-LL
books loaned **2054**
7 sites served weekly
by the SE-LL
percent of participants
reading > 5 books **72**

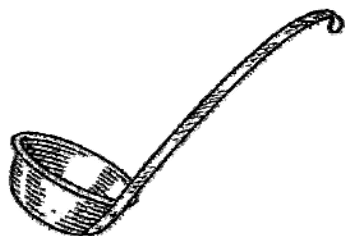
NORTH OF ASHVILLE, North Carolina, close to a little town called Walnut, I was there doing some kind of church work. I began my work and my ministry as a home missionary for my denomination in southern Appalachia. What specifically I was doing in that little village I don't know, but they had homecoming and I was asked by the leaders of that church—a little white framed church—if I would speak at the homecoming. And I said, Yeah, what time? They said, Sunday. We want you to speak on Sunday morning at the worship and then after we have our meal on the grounds, we want you to preach again. You want me to preach twice? Yeah.

Well, I was a beginning preacher and I didn't have any reserve of sermons, so I prepared two sermons. I went on Sunday morning, and sure enough, about 11 or so after some singing, they said, Now we'll have a sermon from Brother Craddock. I preached best I could and sat down, glad to be through with that, waiting for lunch.

Well, word had come from people attending to the food and the tables out back that they weren't quite ready. And they'd asked us to stay in the house and continue the service until they were ready. So, that was fine. We sang a few numbers, then the man in charge got up and said, Now we'll have another one of them sermons by Brother Craddock. Well, I had two, so I pulled out the second one, and I preached it on the assumption that that took care of the after the meal. Well, it didn't.

We had a big meal. They're specialists in curing hams and salt pork and country ham...it's really good. We just ate and ate and ate and went back in. Well, if you've eaten much salt pork or country ham, you get thirsty, especially in church. I didn't know what it was for at first, but right out beside the pulpit was a table. It had a gray porcelain bucket on it full of water and it had a dipper in there for people to drink out of the bucket. It wasn't simple or dinky, it was a bucket. I didn't need all that, but soon I saw that after the meal when went back inside (they told me I was to preach again—I was drawn in a knot thinking, What am I going to say now?), they started coming up getting drinks of water. It was just a parade of people. It occurred to me: they won't know what I'm saying. They're all getting drinks of water. So I put the two sermons together, turned them upside down, and went through it backwards. They didn't recognize it.

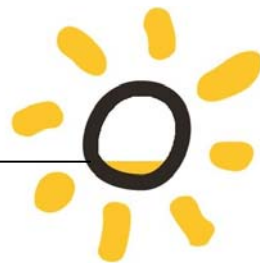
—FBC, as told at *Winged for the Heart*, 2002



*Thank you
for
continuing
the
vision!*

GOAL: \$252,000

Current: \$44,000
from 80 donations



The Craddock Center
presents
A
Christmas
Carol
with Appalachian Flair

starring Clark Taylor

Thursday Evening | December 10
Free event | Details TBA



1,000 LIKES...
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Thanks!



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