

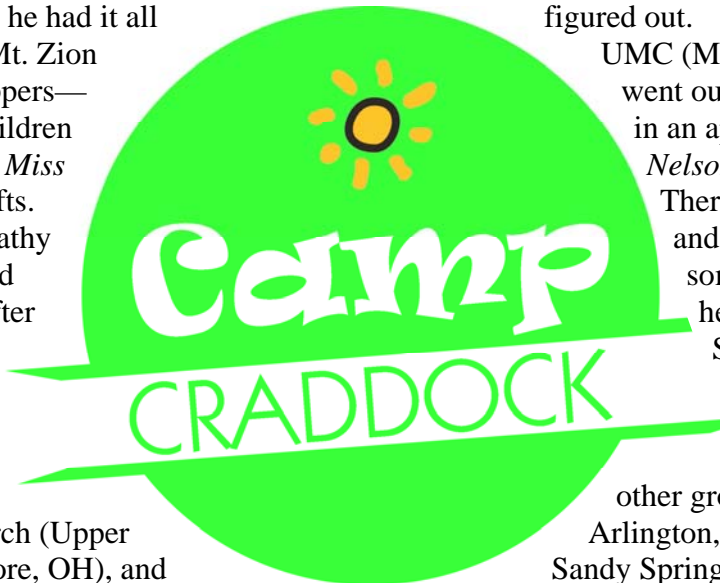
# MILK & HONEY

**Y**ou know how exciting summer can be. No matter how excited you are, however, it can't trump my excitement over Day 1 of Camp Craddock. Our first-ever, in-house mission group is here! The showers are completed. The first story was read. And the children were enriched...

correction: we were ALL enriched. As Dr. Craddock said about his vision for our work (*Enriching Lives through Service*), there is an underlying question mark: exactly *who* is enriched? The one who serves or the one being served? In fact, he had it all figured out.

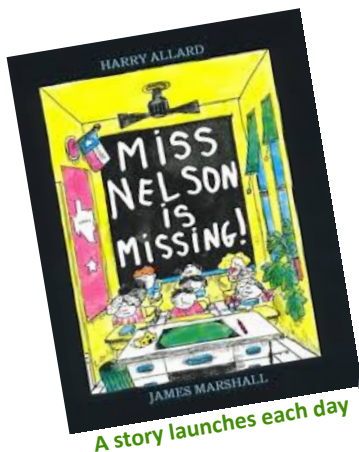
So, today, Team Mt. Zion eight intrepid mission trippers—breakfast to a group of children far away. Then, they read *Miss Nelson is Missing*, played games and did crafts. two-year-old, some sympathy covered in poison oak, and who was “wide open.” After by the Seamless group returned to the tired. And they'll do it

Across the eight Center will host three Northwest Christian Church (Upper Church of Christ (Baltimore, OH), and GA), and two more groups for mini-FL) and Level Creek UMC (Sewanee, GA). And we can't forget Team Mt. Zion, which travels from Marietta each Wednesday in June to the Gilmer Food Pantry to spread “happy & hope.” Thanks to your generosity, our new, beautiful facility will play host to our friends and provide them with a place for fellowship and devotion to service as they stage our summer enrichment. We are so grateful. —JJJ



UMC (Marietta, GA)—a group of went out into the world to serve in an apartment complex not too *Nelson is Missing*, sang songs, There was a bit of chasing of a and empathy for a little boy some minding of a preschooler helping with lunch, provided Summer Meal Program, the Center both fulfilled and again tomorrow!

weeks of summer, the other groups for one week each: Arlington, OH), Trinity United Sandy Springs Christian (Sandy Springs, missions: Girl Scout Troop #204 (Miami, FL) and Level Creek UMC (Sewanee, GA). And we can't forget Team Mt. Zion, which travels from Marietta each Wednesday in June to the Gilmer Food Pantry to spread “happy & hope.” Thanks to your generosity, our new, beautiful facility will play host to our friends and provide them with a place for fellowship and devotion to service as they stage our summer enrichment. We are so grateful. —JJJ



A story launches each day

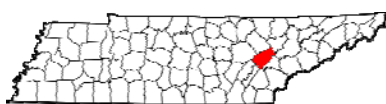


New showers in progress...now 100% complete!



Happy Camp Craddock campers!

## OOPS!



As everyone who is anyone knows, there is no Rome County, Tennessee. No, Glen Alice is located in *Roane* County. If you noticed this blunder in the March newsletter, well, you're at least as smart as Calvin Hopper, who hails from Clinton, Tennessee and reported our error by way of his sister, Ida-Anne Clarke. Apologies for the error; clearly, I didn't place in the Geography Bee—JJJ

## BY the numbers

children enrolled in our Story Express-Lending Library research project

11

6-9 age range of participants

months we'll have to wait to know the results

3



**Expressions of gratitude...**  
“Ms. Adele. This is you, Mrs. Sonya, & me & we're reading stories together. Love, Savannah” —a thank you quilt square gifted to Ms. Adele from one of our preschool classes



**This family not only fed me,** when I was in that community to preach, but kept me for the night. They kept the preacher; they fed the preacher.

There was something about it when I arrived at the home that seemed out of place. It was strange. I couldn't put my finger on it. I didn't know what it was. There were two kids in the family about nine and eleven, I would guess: a boy and a girl. But they had a strange look about them. They never said anything when spoken to. They seemed frightened or from somewhere else. Rather queer looking kids, big eyes and meant well, I'm sure, but it looked like if you just said *Boo!* they'd just fall apart. It just felt ill at ease. Then I met the mother and the wife in the home, and she was really strange. What she said and what I said didn't meet. I would say something to her and she'd say something back, but there was no connection. And I tried it the other way. I let her speak and I responded. It didn't fit. Very unusual.

He was a minister. He was the minister of the church. The reason I accepted the offer of hospitality is because he was the minister, and that should be safe enough. He was very, very ministerial. He would sit around there in the house—this was the parsonage—in a black suit, white shirt, and tie, like he was the guest. But he was the husband, the pastor of the church, the father of the two children.

Well, by and by, I was shown to my room one of the kids had been ousted for me. I said, "I can sleep on the couch, no problem."

"No, no, no, you're a guest here."

So I had one of the kids' rooms. I went in, in the dark, there was no light in this little sub-room where I was so I went in in the dark. I put on my pajamas and lay down. There was something wrong with the bed. I fumbled around in the dark and discovered that the bed was full of cornflakes. Well, I swept them off to one side as best I could, and I thought I heard giggling in the hall, but I wasn't sure. It wasn't funny. You never really get rid of all the cornflakes, but I did the best I could. I tried to go to sleep—no air conditioning there. It was really hot. And then, while I was asleep, apparently the door was opened and one of these huge fans, like tornado fans that are on wheels, wheeled right into the doorway next to my little bed, single bed, and then turned on high. And my first waking experience was that my top sheet was plastered against the wall. And I was there in front of this big fan. There was giggling and laughter, and the fan went off and moved. I had an enemy in the house. There was a lot of night left to go, but I made it through the night and kept awake.

The next morning, I went into breakfast...everybody looking at each other, but not looking at me. There's something wrong here. I sat down at the table, and the woman said, "I hope you like cornflakes."

Well, I wanted to be sort of funny and I said, "Well, I hope it's not the same cornflakes I had last night."

And she said, "Yeah, they're the same; we wouldn't waste 'em."

So, there was a pitcher of milk and I poured some milk over my cornflakes and took one bite, and it was soured milk. It was just awful—I spewed it out—just really nauseating. And then I knew who was my antagonist: it was that woman, the wife, the mother. She had given me soured milk on cornflakes I had slept on the night before. This is not a good experience.

Well, everybody was having a good time except the man. He's very sober, very reverential, and it's Sunday morning. He doesn't have time for laughter. What's left of the soured milk in the pitcher, she walks around behind her husband, Reverend, and pours it over his head. "I anoint thee, Sir Reverend."

And he in his Sunday ready-to-go clothes. Without a sound, he got up and said, "I will change now." He sounded like it was a repeat experience. He seemed to have gone through it before: *I'll go change now.* And he when he changed, he came back and said, "I'm going on to the church."

I said, "Me, too." I went with him.

And then at the church, he said, "I suppose, if I invited you to come back to the house for lunch after the service, you would say *No.*"

And I said, "You're right. I would say *No.* I'm not coming back."

He said, "I don't really blame you." And it was over, except I got word, less than a week later, that he had died of a heart attack.

Coward. I mean, he got out of it easy, didn't he? -FBC, as told during *Winged for the Heart*, 2007

Pursuant to GA Code Section 43-17-8 this charitable appeal is made on behalf of The Craddock Center, located in Cherry Log, Georgia. Full program and financial information is available upon request: PO Box 69, Cherry Log, GA 30522 | 706-632-1772 | craddockcenter@tds.net

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**Our Campaign**

**Goal:** \$268,000

**Pledges & Gifts:** \$22,065

The Craddock Center  
Happy & Hope, We Deliver

P.O. Box 69  
Cherry Log, Georgia 30522