

# MILK & HONEY



## Home Warming

*In Celebration of the Life of Fred B. Craddock*

JOIN US in celebration of the life of our founder Fred B. Craddock and of our permanent home at **186 Fred Craddock Drive**. The entire community is welcomed to the festivities, which will include

- ✧ Live music and singing
- ✧ Storytelling and book readings
- ✧ Story Express book giveaway for children
- ✧ Biblical quilt display (April 25-May 3)
- ✧ Ribbon cutting
- ✧ Prize giveaways

*Heavy hors d'oeuvres will be served.*

**Thursday, April 30**

**5:30-7 p.m.**



# BY the NUMBERS

Wow! Last month we posted a Camp Craddock Wish List on amazon.com. We are delighted each day the delivery man comes as you deliver "happy & hope" in preparation for camp this summer. Check out the exciting supplies your generosity produced in a short month!

48 ounces of food coloring 36 scissors  
 900 sheets of construction paper 62 bean bags  
 2 speakers 1350 ft of plastic cord  
 700 pieces of cardstock 18 segments of hoola hoop  
 10 squeegies 1000 pipe cleaners  
 24 cans shaving cream 18 clipboards

Curious about how these supplies will be used in the fields of Camp Craddock under the warm summer sun with loads of children running about? Search Abby's "Camp Craddock" boards on Pinterest; or better yet, volunteer to be a part of Camp Craddock this summer!

# I HAD A CURSE

put on me one time, and I'm here to tell you, there's nothing to it. It was by a barber in Nashville, Tennessee. I don't know why, my father consented rather easily; my mother had to be persuaded to allow me—I was between 14 and 15 years old, and I went alone from our rural setting on a Greyhound bus to Nashville, four hours travel. I went by myself. I had the smothers. I just felt like I'd never been anywhere or done anything, so I saved my money and I had four dollars and a half. I had checked at the bus station: a round trip ticket from the little town near where I lived to Nashville was three dollars and a half. I had four dollars and a half, so I had a little spending money. I took the bus. I was a little afraid when I got to Nashville and got out in a city like that—scared me to death. What if I get lost? What if I miss the bus going back? I had my round trip ticket and had a dollar.



I wandered up and down the street in front of the bus station. I didn't want to get out of site of it. I might miss the bus going back. Finally I got up the nerve to turn the corner and there was a barbershop. At that time, I had never had a barbershop haircut. Our mother cut our hair. You know, just scissors, plain old scissors and comb; she didn't have any equipment. And you could tell by our haircuts that she didn't have any equipment for doing it. But she did it because it was the way without money...but now there was a barbershop. I could get a haircut—it said on there Haircuts 50 Cents. I had a dollar. Haircut 50 Cents. I could have a haircut and I could go back home and then at school, when the other kids would say Well, who cut your hair? I'd say I got that in Nashville. I got that haircut in Nashville. You went to Nashville? Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.

I went in the barbershop and said, Cut my hair. I felt real good, too, because they didn't use that little platform they put across the arms of the chair for the little kids. I sat in like a grown person. He cut my hair. When he cut my hair he said, Well, little fuzz here at your ears and your neck. Look like your getting some sideburns. Do you want me to shave that? And I said, Yeah. So he took his mug and warm water and that little brush, doing it around in the mug and put that foam on there. You know. And shaved my neck and down...like I had sideburns. He evened that down there, and man! It was nice and warm, and then he said, Do you want some bay rum on your hair? And I said, Yeah. Hey, that smells good. You can smell it a long way. So he worked that into my hair, combed my hair down.

He said, Well, that's it. I got out of the chair and he said, That'll be a dollar and a half. I said, It says on the window 50 cents. He said, You had a haircut, 50 cents. You had the shave of your neck and sideburns, 50 cents. And you got the bay rum, 50 cents. That's a dollar and a half. I said, I only have a dollar. He said, Dollar and a half. He got snotty with me. I said, Look, I don't have any more. I have a dollar. And I handed him the dollar and said, That's all I have. And he took the dollar and he said, Now, boy, if you don't go home and get that other 50 cents and come back here, your hair is gonna fall out.

Now, I'm here to tell you those curses don't work. They don't work at all. —FBC, as told at *Winged for the Heart*, 2004

# Craddock

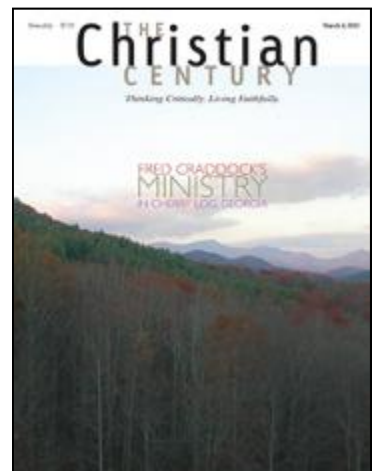
by Brandon Gilvin

And so I pass on to you  
 what was handed down to me  
 That when Fred Craddock  
 came to Saint Peter  
 he told a whopper of a tale  
 about a man, a son, a giant,  
 a sound, a dog, a rhyme, a song,  
 a silence, a word, a child.

With a stern look, Saint Peter  
 asked him if his story was true.

“Grace,” Fred said, “Is always true.”

*in pace requiescat (March 6, 2015)*



Did you read the article in The Christian Century by Rev. Dr. Bill Brosend featuring the February interview with Dr. Craddock? Access it online at [christiancentury.org/archives](http://christiancentury.org/archives)



If you're wondering, yes! We *are* in our new “old” space thanks to many of you and countless hours of help from our volunteers! And we will be ready to celebrate our permanent home and Dr. Craddock's life with you on April 30th. In case you didn't get to participate, we are still missing a few things...chairs to sit in, tables to sit around, coffee pot for 100, etc. Feel free to drop your contribution in the mail before our April 30 celebration. And, then, come sit! I promise you'll be glad you did! —JJJ

*Please come!  
 of the Life of Fred, B. Craddock.  
 In Celebration  
 Home Warming*



Happy & Hope. We Deliver.

**P.O. Box 69  
 Cherry Log, Georgia 30522**



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