

MILK & HONEY

Celebrating the Modest Life and Monumental Accomplishments of Dr. Fred B. Craddock



Friends Karen and Kevin Zimbrick with Board Member Lynette Nelson in front of one of the Biblical quilts on display as part of the collection of Rev. Dr. J. Donald Graham



Craddock Center arts specialist "Miss Amanda" leads little attendees in song to rhythm produced by spoons and later, a washboard



Our own "Miss Debbie" tells her Wide Mouth Frog tale...told with little friend, "Frog"

Balladeer Steven Darsey, long-time friend of Dr. Craddock, leads *Skip to My Lou* and then gentle spoof, *Fred & Nettie* to the same tune



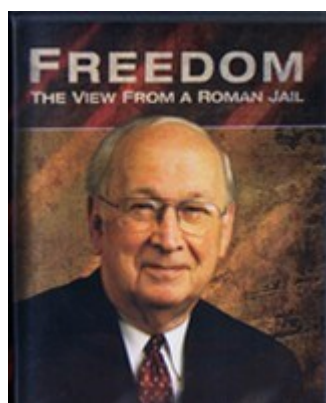
Author of *Hidden Biscuits*, Rev. Audrey Ward, reading from her new book about Scratch Ankle, Alabama...the memoir, chronicling her life as a little girl and her Evangelist father ministering to Appalachians in the deep South, includes a Foreword by Dr. Craddock.



Friends choosing new books from the Story Express



Fred was like a tube of toothpaste...you kept on squeezing the tube thinking it would never end.
—Rob Levins and Joe Maranto, formerly of *Cherry Log*



Freedom—The View from a Roman Jail

"A four-session study on Paul's letter to the Philippians - four chapters in the letter, one chapter per session, right? Not if the teacher is Fred Craddock! Dr. Craddock chooses to focus on themes. He often leads his listeners to ponder more questions than answers; and in both, God's grace is central - for Paul and for us!"—*The*

Parrish Class of Fayetteville (GA) First UMC

Looking for Sunday School class topics? Email or call the Center to order *Freedom* (\$39.95 + S&H). These DVDs have been generously donated by Peachtree Christian Church in Atlanta. All proceeds benefit the Center. —*JJJ*

BY the NUMBERS

85 % of brain development that happens before age 5

% of public investment in education & development spent on a person to age 5 **<4**

53 % of Craddock Center programming budget invested in preschoolers

% of Craddock Center programming budget invested in children **90**

What I'm going to tell you now is a bit sad. Demsey, named for Jack Dempsey...our dog, was dead. Dempsey didn't just die, Dempsey was shot. It was a terrible thing. It's hard to tell. My father's brother, a stately, magisterial man, always dressed up—three-piece suit summer and winter—had come to visit us. He ate a lot of food and he made pronouncements. He had a large, heavy black overcoat, so obviously this was winter time. It was at our home. We'd finished the meal. He talked awhile by the fire with my father, his brother. We listened awhile, got sleepy, and went to bed.

The next morning we heard a gunshot outside the house—a shotgun blast. We all jumped up and our uncle had discovered he had not carefully enough hanged his overcoat in the closet off from what was the parlor, and his coat had fallen to the floor. He didn't know, but that closet was where Demsey slept. So when the coat came down, it simply added more to Dempsey's bed. My uncle got up, had breakfast, was ready to go on his way. He went in to put on his coat, and there was dog hair on the coat. So he took my father's hunting gun, a 12-gauge shotgun, and whistled for Dempsey. Dempsey came, and he killed Dempsey.

I had an awful time with that. There's no hole so deep, so black, so empty in a boy's heart as the death of his dog. I tried not to hate our uncle because he came later in his crippled years to live in our home. I had to attend to him a great deal. I tried to erase that from my mind, but I never was successful.

One thing that helped was when I came home from school the Monday following that weekend. There was at our backdoor a large German Shepherd, tan and black and beautiful, well cared for. It had a collar with a number and name, Rocky. My mother said this dog came up here just before you came home from school. I guess he was running along the road, maybe hungry. She had given him a little something. He seemed friendly, like he knew me. And I really cared for him, another dog...Can I keep the dog? No, you can't keep the dog—this dog belongs to somebody. He has a collar, has a number, has a name. They'll be by. Oh, I was hoping they wouldn't come by because this dog and I, we got along. I called him a police dog. Did you call them police dogs? We called them police dogs—it's a German Shepherd, but I associated them with the police. If you have a police dog, then you're a policeman. I arrested my brothers, my sister, everyone. I was in tall cotton. I had a police dog. I was sure hoping when I went to bed that night that he would still be there. We fixed a bed on the back porch. I got up the next morning. There he was, wagging tail, happy as he could be. I had to go to school, but I didn't pay attention because I wanted to get home to my police dog, Rocky. He was still there. We went down to Sugar Creek. He would run in the sand—wouldn't get in the water—he didn't like the water. Chased a rabbit here and there, but apparently had been well trained because I could just say, Sic 'em, and whatever was moving, he went for it. I had to be careful because, you know, he could get anything—big dog, really a good dog. We were really close—immediately very, very close. He was there the next night, the next morning, the next night, the next morning. I told my mother I have a dog. She said, You don't have a dog. They're probably looking for it now, and they're probably feeling bad about it. They've got to have their dog. Well, if they're not here tomorrow, it is my dog, just like the Bible says. If they're not here tomorrow, it's my dog. She said, Well, it's not in the Bible, and it's not your dog. You just don't get too close to this dog because you know how you got close to Dempsey, and it can hurt you. Well, I know, but I've got another dog: Rocky, my police dog. He was there, all through the weekend. Off to school on Monday, came home, and he was gone. Mama, did they come and get Rocky? No, no one came. Where is he? And she said, He's just gone. He's gone like he came. I don't know how, I don't where.

I never saw Rocky again. But if any of you are having any trouble believing in God, think about that. I know God is busy, but sometimes I think God takes a time to send a little replacement when the boy's dog is dead. The next day, our father came with a puppy, a little fox terrier, and that was it. I got well. It's remarkable. Where did Rocky come from? And where did Rocky go? —FBC

A PRAYER OF THANKS TO GOD FOR FRED CRADDOCK

By Marian Wright Edelman

O God, we thank You for Your and our great servant leader, preacher, teacher and friend Fred Craddock.

He made us laugh a lot!

He made us listen to, think about and try to understand Your work.

He showed us by his life how You wanted us to live.

He challenged our stereotyping of others and made clear that "othering" in Your diverse universe was here to stay.

He reminded us that You were a single parent and loved every single one of Your children.

He declared child poverty a travesty and making children ashamed to be poor a sin.

He gave generously of his time and wisdom to the children of Cherry Log and to the Children's Defense Fund's Proctor Institute as our "Sunday School Superintendent"—hands down the best one in the whole United States of America.

We will always remember him with love and know he's the life of the party in heaven and makes You laugh like we did.

We miss him very much but will never forget him.



Oh, no! He swallowed my toe!

Remember the boa constrictor song? Rich vocabulary, rhyme, excellent sequencing, and a lot of fun! Our arts specialists sing this song with our preschoolers, and *they need your help!*

All of our classroom teachers want their own boa...that's about 60 giant "pillowcases" with eyes and a tongue (as shown). Deliver a lot of happy for next year—craft a boa constrictor!

Oh, dread! He swallowed my (gulp)... —JJJ



*Come volunteer!
Deliver Happy & Hope!*



The Craddock Center
Happy & Hope. We Deliver.

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

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