

MILK & HONEY

BY the numbers



80

in attendance
at the October
Preaching Workshop

10

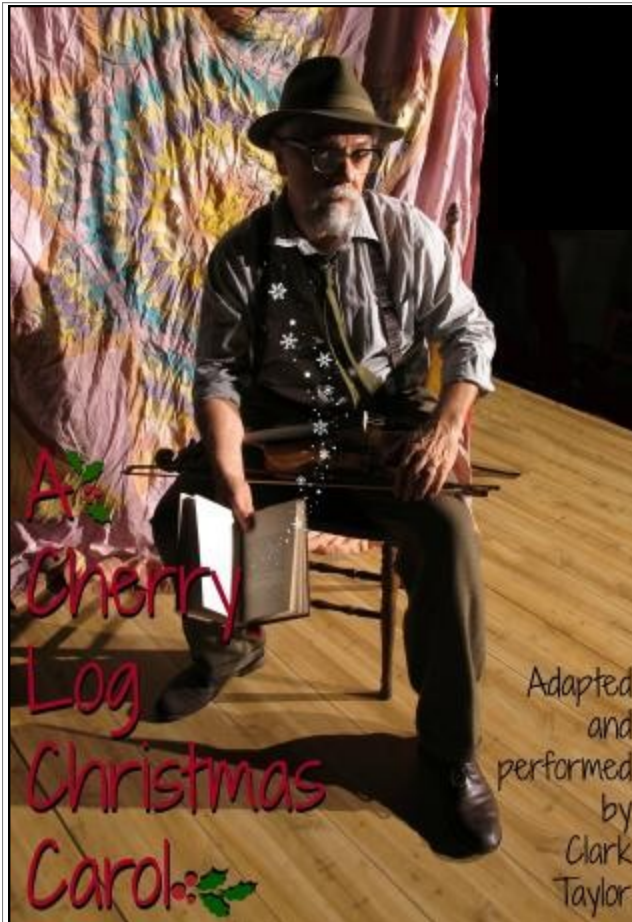
states
represented

38

CDs, DVDs,
& books sold

816

longest distance
traveled--in miles



Mark your
calendar!

**THURSDAY
DECEMBER**

10TH

5:30 p.m.

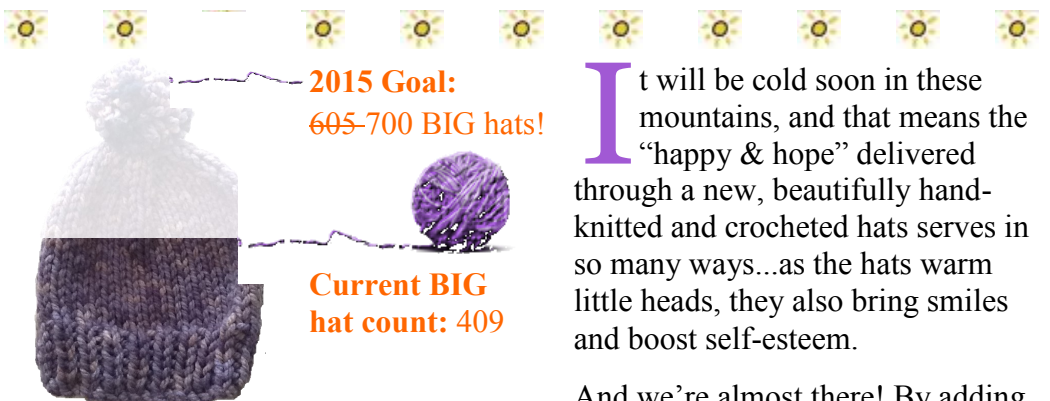
The
Craddock
Center

“I have endeavoured in this Ghostly little book, to raise the Ghost of an Idea, which shall not put my readers out of humour with themselves, with each other, with the season, or with me. May it haunt their houses pleasantly, and no one wish to lay it.

—*Their faithful Friend and Servant, C.D. (December, 1843)*

Clark Taylor brings to life Charles Dicken’s *A Christmas Carol*...with a twist! This performance articulates a unique Cherry Log flair. With all parts played by the Atlanta-area actor himself, a magical evening of storytelling unfolds as the classical tale of Christmas love and redemption is shared. From a bare stage in a distinctly Appalachian setting, dozens of characters reveal themselves in a holiday event you won’t want to miss!

First-come, first-served seating for this family-friendly evening at the Center. Please join us early for a light dinner beginning at 5:00, curtain at 5:30.



It will be cold soon in these mountains, and that means the “happy & hope” delivered through a new, beautifully hand-knitted and crocheted hats serves in so many ways...as the hats warm little heads, they also bring smiles and boost self-esteem.

And we’re almost there! By adding three new schools to our programming, we’ve increased our goal from 605 to 700 large-sized children’s hats. So, knitters, please keep the hats coming! The Story Express will begin making rounds mid-November to distribute new hats alongside a new book...

There are many ways to be a part! Knit and crochet, of course, but you can also deliver! Experience the joy of placing a new hat on a child’s head! Contact Helen at the Center (helen-craddock@tds.net). You will be duly enriched! —JJJ

I think I've told you before that after public school I began my college education beyond high school at a little work school up near Strawberry Plains, Tennessee and Kimberlin Heights. It was a bible college. I went there because I had to work my way; I had no money. And you could work on the farm. You work on the farm all summer, you got the winter's education free with your books and your meals and your room. You could work during the school year as well. Corn was raised on an island out in the French Broad River, pretty good sized island...barged it back and forth. There were turkeys and chickens to be raised, but the principal occupation of the students as workers was milking the hundred or so Holstein cows that were there. The cows were milked at three-thirty in the morning and three-thirty in the afternoon. Breakfast was at five-thirty and classes began at six-thirty. For four years every morning, at six thirty, I had Greek class. Some of you probably can think of some things you'd rather do at 6:30, but we didn't get that luxury; we had Greek at 6:30 every morning. By the time the class of which I was a part were seniors, we thought we had developed enough muscle to protest. The protest went nowhere...it fell to the ground. They just killed our words with a response. We didn't know what else to do.

There was in the class a young fellow from Georgia who had a suggestion which went over pretty well at the class meeting, and we followed through on it. Since the one who was the rejecter of our protest for a little later beginning of classes was the teacher of that six-thirty class, it was decided—unanimously, I think—that we would get sick in his class.

Now I know some of you don't have the power just to get sick, but this is the way it worked: this young fellow said he thought we would get sick if we drank warm Pepsi Cola and ate sardines right out of the can. Well, we weren't sure of this, but he put it to the test, and I can guarantee (we were on the same floor in the dorm) he got sick. What was important was for him to let us know how long it was between the eating and drinking and the getting sick at his stomach and just throwing up like crazy. He said it was about an hour.

Well, on the appointed day, we had gotten a lot of Pepsi and some cans of sardines and we met in the gym because we didn't want anybody turn-coating on us. We felt fairly strong in this activity because the daughter of the president of the school was in our class and voted for this activity. So, instead of breakfast at five-thirty that particular morning, prior to the six-thirty Greek class, we all went in the gym, the president of the class took the attendance. We were all there—nobody could say, "I didn't do it!" We're the senior class; we're the cream of the crop. The Pepsi's were opened at five-thirty, the little cans of sardines opened with the little key. Everybody consumed as much and as rapidly as possible. Then we went from the gym to our Greek class.

I don't know what went on with the class; we just kind of looked at each other: who's turning green? Who's not turning green? When is this going to start? We thought that if thirty something students, serious students, senior student, fourth-year Greek students all threw up at the same time, it would get the attention of the administration. It was a marvelous idea. I don't know what went wrong, but there was not a one who got sick in the class. We struggled through that class, but during the day, at different hours, we were heaving everywhere—at the barn and everywhere else, turning white and then turning green. It's not a good thing to do: warm Pepsi and...

But what was so terrible is our witness, our testimony was lost, just absolutely lost. Here is the teacher of the class feeling sorry for different students. He said, "It must be a bug going around." And we let him live with that fiction.

I still think if properly synchronized, if we calculated the constitution of each person, if according to size and weight, we had measured out the drink and the sardine, I think it would have worked. I challenge any of you who belong to the same group or maybe in the same church and you've tried everything else during the sermon...I'm here to help you. —FBC (as told at *Winged for the Heart*, 2003)



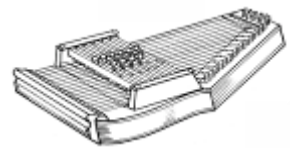
A BIG nod to our friend, Helen Lewis, who just celebrated her 91st year...and an invitation to all to join us for Songs & Stories this **January 30, 2016. WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW? A Tribute to Helen Lewis** will be featured live, for the first time and perhaps the only time, at the upcoming Songs & Stories.

Brenda Bynum has spent enviable hours passing time formally and informally with Helen this summer as well as making a deep dive into her life through her book, interviews, and other sources. There is rumor that whisky sours were sometimes imbibed and that breakfast may have been served at supper.

What has emerged from this primary and personal research is a beautifully crafted story, told in Helen's own words and in her own voice. What will she say? You'll have to be there!

If THAT weren't enough, long-time Center friend and colleague of Brenda **Don Saliers** has arranged music drawn from Appalachian sources which mark distinctive notes in Helen's life. The score will include tunes ranging from Nimrod Workman's "I Want to Go Where Things Are Beautiful" to civil rights music to pop songs that Helen loves.

It will be a night to be remembered.



Helen!
Happy Birthday,



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