

# MILK & HONEY

## Enriching Lives through Service

Dear Julie,

Up until today, I had vicariously understood the Story Express's importance—reaching out to impoverished children with education and gifts.

Now I know it had only been an intellectual understanding. Today I had the Story Express Experience—a ministry to delightful, excited, and grateful children.

Thank you for the opportunity!

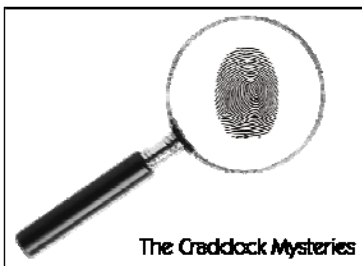
—Patty



When I arrived to work Wednesday following the Preaching Workshop, there was an envelope on the door. I busied myself upon entering the office with acknowledging the beautiful hats we had received recently, scanning a few documents, answering email, making notes to prioritize my day, and feeding Mattie, the Center cat. Only by 10:30 did the little envelope resurface in my pile, and I felt a moment of guilt that I hadn't opened it immediately. Inside was something unexpected: a two dollar bill and this note: *For the Center. Thanks to Dr. Ward. Not much but something from someone on the poverty level. You have my Prayers. Thank you.* It was not signed.

I get pretty emotional yet when I think of Dr. Craddock. As many can imagine and others have heard me say, his visits were full of work-related business, yet somewhat of an indulgence. I miss them—and him. Still regularly, something or someone recalls his memory and makes tears well. That day, it was this note. The two dollar donation makes was rich and *enriching*. We don't know everyone who comes into contact with the Center. As Dr. Craddock characterized, some give and some receive: we do not discriminate. We try to greet everyone with a smile, a handshake, and an acknowledgment. Last January, during a meeting with the Board, the "official" vision of the Center, *Enriching Lives through Service*, was confirmed. Enrichment is a two-way street—a concept I hadn't thought of deeply enough until Dr. Craddock explained it with a question: *whose life is enriched when we serve?*

To the person who attended the Preaching Workshop: Thank you. Please come again.—JJJ



Our inaugural storytelling fundraiser, where a mystery was told by all and solved by some. It was a success! Thanks to all who attended, volunteered, and sponsored this fun event. The next installment: April 15 & 16.

## Thank you, sponsors!



**WILL HUNT WAS LIKE THAT.** He was my friend. I was preteens and he was in his eighties. I asked him one time, Will, have you ever been inside a church? See, I had never been inside a church. I didn't know what it looked like in there...

He said, Oh! I've been in a hundreds of churches.

What's it like inside the church? Tell me about it.

He said, Most beautiful thing you've ever seen in your life. Now, don't go by the outside of the church. The outside of the church, it sometime looks pretty bad—just old frame building up on cinder blocks, not painted very well, but don't let that bother you. See, the good Lord disguises the good stuff. And it doesn't look real good. That's even the way he was with his own son when he sent him here. He was all disguised. Even his mother, Mary, she said, *This is a puzzlement to me.* She didn't know. She didn't know who he was 'til it was nearly too late. Rocking her baby, him pukin' up on her. *Who is this?* she pondered in her heart. So don't let the outside fool you. You just walk on in. The top of the church dome is blue and has stars in it like diamonds sparkling and little fleecy clouds. From behind the clouds come the angels singing. When the angels start singing and the choir starts singing and the whole church is singing, it just lifts you up to glory. And sometimes those angels will open up the blessed boxes and scatter the blessings down on you, just like stardust or gold dust. It changes you forever.

Really?

He said, Yeah. That's the way they are. But don't be fooled by the outside. The outside is not very much to look at.

I took it as true. Will died; I was still preteen. I went to his funeral with my mother and sister. Little ol' building. He was right—not much to look at. The good Lord disguises a lot of the good stuff. Little frame building up on cinder blocks. Didn't even look like it would hold a crowd. Inside, there were enough pews, I'd say, to take care of eighty people. They were crowding in there and it was hot. The windows were open and the flies were swarming. It was sweaty and loud. Will had told me one time, When you go into a church, the best way to really see is to close your eyes. Some things you can't see 'til you close your eyes, so you close your eyes when you go in. I went in and I closed my eyes and the mourning started. Mary, his wife, was up front, people crowded around her. She was moaning and crying. They were moaning and crying and after the moaning, there was the praying. And there was a lot of praying all around her. After the praying, there was the singing.

I opened my eyes because I thought, now, that is some choir. And it was angels singing. I looked up, and the ceiling of that little ol' church was as blue with stars, like diamonds, angels flying in and out around the fleecy clouds. He was right. I'll bet there were a thousand people there with more standing outside. And all of them singing. And, then, in a few minutes, one of the angels brought out the blessing box and sprinkled the blessings down over the people below. Like snowflakes they came down, just floating gentle like and one of those blessings lit on my shoulder. I didn't know what to do. I walked real straight home. I didn't want it to fall off. I didn't want it to melt like a snowflake. And it stayed on there. And I found out that it'd stay on there if I walked straight. I decided I would walk straight.

I've tried for years to walk straight to keep that blessing on my shoulder. And I keep that little sweater in my closet. Sometime I'll let you see it 'cause the snowflake is still there. But you'll have to remember where it came from, and don't judge that little church by the outside because some of the best stuff God does is in disguise. —*FBC, as told at Winged for the Heart, 2007*

# See you Dec. 10th!

**A Cherry Log Christmas Carol** will be performed **Thursday, December 10** at The Craddock Center.

This family friendly event, spun specially around our Appalachian roots, is free and open to all. A light dinner

will be served at 5 p.m., and the **show begins at 5:30.** Join us as Atlanta-actor Clark Taylor creates an evening of magic to entertain and delight!



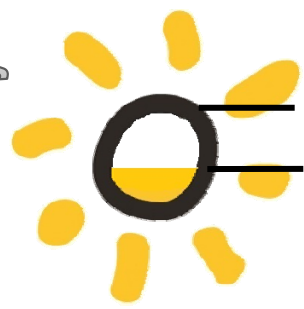
## SONGS & STORIES

*In Honor of Helen Lewis*

Mark your calendar for **Saturday, January 30th.** The first production of *What Am I supposed to Do Now? A Tribute to Helen Lewis* will be put into production right here at The Craddock Center! We'll see you soon!



Thankful for you!



**GOAL:**  
\$252,000  
*Since*  
**June:**  
\$85,760

## By the numbers where it comes from

**268** donors & businesses

**churches/ church groups**

**3** foundations

And the angels brought out the blessing box



Happy & Hope. We Deliver.

The Craddock Center  
P.O. Box 69  
Cherry Log, Georgia 30522



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