

MILK & HONEY

Notes from the field

After two years of preparation and fund raising, 39 youth and adult leaders representing NWCC boarded a bus early Saturday morning June 11 to go to serve with The Craddock Center in Cherry Log, Georgia. We had no idea what the days ahead would bring. Fifteen hours and four busses later, our work began.

The purpose of our trip was to lead CAMP CRADDOCK, a summer day camp for children of southern Appalachia. We were divided into 2 groups; 10 of us at a housing project, and the other 29 at a trailer park. You might think 29 volunteers at one site would be too many – but we had 60-90 small kids attend every day! On the evening before each day’s camp, we met together in smaller groups to create our daily plan. Activities included reading, songs, games, and crafts.

Much of the interaction with these marvelous children was one on one. There were many stories read aloud; there were countless piggyback tag games or other outdoor challenges;



So, we like to play dress up at Camp Craddock...it goes with the story!

there were songs and instruments (many of them made up on the spot!); and there were crafts that were gratefully appreciated by the kids as they took them home. By the end of one week, we had come to know and fall in love with so many children whose interaction with us and great need for love and care were so evidently needed! It was very difficult to leave them on the last day of camp.

It is impossible to put into words the EXTREME poverty we worked in the midst of. Children, beautifully spirited and ready to be with us, came from trailers that should have been condemned as unlivable. Using the word “poor” does not begin to describe the trailer park site. And yet, these precious children, who literally have nothing, emerged full of energy, smiles and enthusiasm! The needs at the housing project were different, yet just as pervasive.



Come closer—we have a secret to share!

On Friday, we also handed out 170 weekend food packs that we had prepared. We ran out and had to turn away families – which was quite upsetting! It was a good reminder that there are so many people in our own country who go to bed hungry at night.

One might imagine that living, sleeping, eating, and socializing in one big room that had only two showers would cause great distress among us – but I can assure you that it only brought us closer to one another. That statement is true for only ONE reason: OUR YOUTH ARE ABSOLUTELY EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE!!! It is an HONOR and PRIVILEGE to be with them in any setting!



Jammin’ with Pastor Cindy!

We thank our church for supporting us and for sending 345 new books along with us that will be distributed throughout the school year to these kids. It is because of ALL of us, and your undergirding prayers, that we were able to share the love of God to many in need. God has blessed us so that we might bless others. But the truth is – WE received the richest blessing. Each of us is called to continue to DO MORE for the sake of the Gospel! —Cynthia N. Adcock, Co-Pastor of Northwest Christian in Upper Arlington, Ohio



Well, of course, reading Robot Zot leads to the need to neutralize robots!



That...beautiful song, *I'm Going Home*, reminded me of the first funeral I ever conducted. I was just a boy preacher, still single, had never attended a funeral, and I was to conduct the funeral. I was to conduct the funeral for a man who died in the timber woods, that's what they called it. He worked in the timber, and he had a mule and he was snaking logs out of the woods. The log got caught or scotched in on a tree or something. He couldn't get it loose and in the process of it, strained himself, badly ruptured, and died in the log woods.

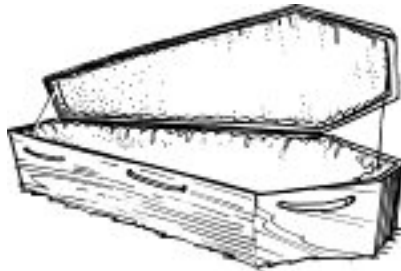
Nobody around there knew them, but they sent word wanting to know if I would have their funeral and "could we use that church." I said that would be fine; I'd be glad to. I got the name, but I didn't meet anybody. They lived up on the other side of the mountain, up toward Crab Orchard and Ozone, up that way. It was a strange family. I had no information about their faith or lack of faith or connection to anybody or anything. They just stayed like a clan, huddled together. They came as a group and just talked to each other.

Well, I did the best I could and tried to share the promise of God with them. When it was over, the custom there was—it' still a custom in many places—that the casket, which is in front of the pulpit, is then opened and everybody comes around and views the deceased. Well, that's what they did, and I was told by the undertaker to stand at the head of the casket and speak to the people as they come by.

Well, you run out of things to say, but I was standing there at the head of the casket, just really wishing it were over is what I was doing. And the last to come up, in the tradition of that community, the last group to come up are the next of kin. Here was this family that came up and started by the foot of the casket, moving up to the head and pausing there, looking down on the face of the deceased who was to them a brother, husband, father, whatever.

The first one to come through was a large woman. By that I mean real heavy. She blanched, her eyes rolled back, and I knew she was going down. I didn't want her to hit that floor. Well, I caught her about 8 or 10 inches off the floor. I was holding this stiff body just a little bit off the floor. Nobody made a move to help me. Finally, somebody in the back said, *Just lay her there on the floor, Preacher!* ...which is what I did. The next one came by, whitened, eyes rolled back, and I grabbed her. And then I grabbed a man. I had seven members of that family on the floor. And they began to come to. I was totally, totally out of my mind. I quit the ministry during that funeral.

Then we were to go out back of the church to the little pine grove for the burial because they said they didn't have any place for him to be buried. So we said, *Well, there's a place out here.* He was buried out there. The undertaker came over to me just as we approached the grave and he said, *Now, get ready, they gonna do it again.* And sure enough they did. —*FBC, as told during Winged for the Heart, 2002*



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@ids.net



1 CAMP MEETING

Saturday, August 13th at 3 p.m. | Epworth UMC

Our arts specialists Amanda Galloway and Connie Chancey will lead the children's program and the Story Express will be on site giving away a free book to all children. Preaching, singing, and music will abound. Presented by Meridian Herald. **For more information, visit meridianherald.org**

2 PREACHING WORKSHOP

Monday, October 3rd | 8:30-12:30 | The Craddock Center

Rev. Jerry Hershops will lead the workshop. Seating limited and registration required! **For workshop details, please visit craddockcenter.eventbrite.com**

3 SONGS & STORIES IN HONOR OF HELEN LEWIS

Saturday, January 28, 2017
Doors open 3:00 p.m.
Join us for an evening celebrating singing and storytelling. Famed teller Andy Irwin will entertain and amaze with his stories, most malleable mouth, and whistles. Young singer and musician Hannah From will enchant listeners with her talents as the doors open. Seating is limited; more details to come...



Current hat count: 668

2016 Goal: 1,300 hats!

Hat-O-Meter



P.O. Box 69
Cherry Log, Georgia 30522

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