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200906

June 26, 2009

Ol Roff



This will be a good letter for you to read clear through as some nice prizes will be coming your way--- This newsletter is growing by leaps and bounds. Please pass it on or have your friends sign up to read it.



**We will share some stories with you---
Brimstone From Heaven—And the Lord
Laughed With Us!**

The photo to the left is a portion of a Face jug created by master potter, Freeman Loughridge. Freeman has a website and he sells on ebay. His work is fantastic! Here is

a message from him: www.wildmud.com

”Preacher Stories” sounds like a good idea. My grandmother dragged me to church every time the doors were open until I finally rebelled at age 13. Sunday school teacher told us that our friends were going to hell if they didn’t belong to the church. On the other hand, my mean, pruny old aunt Sally was going to heaven because she was a pillar of the church. I decided to go to hell with my friends instead of spend one miserable day in heaven with aunt Sally.

Cheers,
Freeman

Lets talk a little bit about our dear friend, Joe Adams. He is very well known in this folk art work. I understand he was an advisor regarding

folk art to former President Bill Clinton (Joe won't say much about Monica!) Joe was an advertising executive, a columnist, an art dealer, and most of all, a special friend to the art world.

Joe is hearing impaired, as well as blind in his right eye. We love this great man! He is a man of great stature!

The photo below was taken a few years back in the church built by Juanita Leonard.

This is Joe's first story to you he swears that it is true!

I lived in a small Southern town when I was a boy. We had one movie theater which changed films every two weeks. We had no tv back then, so the main thing we had to do was go to church.



We went to anybody's church and often they had evangelists who would come and preach nightly for a week or more. One came and

the first

night he promised if we came every night that on Saturday before he left he would "show us something we had never seen before. And once we saw it, we would never see it again." I had been waiting twelve years to witness a miracle, and this surely would be a miracle. The word spread like wildfire and every night the church was packed...and so was the collection plate that got sent around nightly. By Saturday night, it was

standing room only. After the collection and the sermon, the preacher said: "I told you that on the final night I would show you something that you have never seen before. And once you saw it, you would never see it again. The time has come." We were all on the edge of our seat, murmuring to ourselves in anticipation. What could it be? Then the preacher took a peanut out of his pocket...a peanut in the shell. He carefully broke it open and held up the two goobers inside. He yelled, "Anybody ever see these goobers before?" Like fools we shook our heads in the negative. Then the preacher plopped the two goobers in his mouth, swallowed and then said, "And you'll never see them again."

Silence fell over the whole church...then loud outcries...LIAR. CHEAT. SON OF A BITCH. We booed. We hissed. We demanded our money back. But the preacher just quickly exited. Miracle indeed! I'm still waiting for a miracle but I'm not trusting anybody with a peanut in his pocket.-----Joe Swears "Its True!

Joe is the author of "Butter Beans for The Soul"---A gift to some lucky person! Please email and enter your name for a copy of his book.

Well, I write about my grandkids kids---thirty something---I don't know for sure but here are the children of Cindy Graves, my middle daughter----better yet I will make it easy on myself and send this letter I just wrote to The Record Columnist. Michael Fitzgerald—

Hi Michael

Who is to say that a single lady can't raise six boys alone and have a happy, wonderfully adjusted tribe?

You may have heard talk of her in Lodi. Well she is my beautiful daughter, Cindy Graves. She has two sons from a previous marriage to Dechen Yu. They are Johnny Graves Yu, age 10 and Alex Graves Yu, age 9.

4 or 5 years ago she adopted four little brothers of Hmong Descent. They are Ger, now 10--- Yang. now 9, Meng---now 8, and charming Pao—now 6.

I wish you would drop in for a breakfast any Saturday morning. It is a tradition or should I say, a feast. All members participate and usually you will find a neighbor child or two or three partaking.

I am so happy to be the grandfather of this great family—and Michael, I truly mean it.

Roff



The intelligent looking kid in the red T-shirt is Alex. He will be writing some for me, doesn't he look the part! What Fun



Well here comes the part that hurts my wallet—please note---This costs me but it is a free \$60 gift to one of you folks.

This face jug is by Terry Hosey. If you want it—please email and I will place your name in for a drawing.

If you collect face jugs you owe it to yourself to check my website for

more by this Buffalo Swamps potter!

Please watch and read monthly---I will have articles by the artists, potters, preachers, writers, Men at War, Pregnant Wife of man at War, **and** I will have articles about them!---Please pass this on. I think we have in excess of 500 readers now---lets make it 1,000 by my next birthday, June 8, 2010.

Oh yes----Drawing will be July 4th---To be included will be a \$50. credit toward any item on my website.

We love you Myles Corbin! Damn you for volunteering to go back to Afghanistan! Sorry---But I am his grandfather and it scares me to death! When you get back over there, please pass this to the troops and let them know America Loves Them!

Arleney and I Love You All

Oi Roff

Please, if you are interested in contributing to the content, let me know.

Remember July 4--

