



Sertoma Bulletin

Special Edition

May 17, 2008

I left the Carolina Children's Home Barbecue, with two confessions to make:

- 1.) This was my first time at this BBQ, and
- 2.) I stole an apron.



What I experienced over the last two days was a wondrous cultural event, not soon forgotten. I missed Thursday, but on Friday, the cooking teams started arriving, and before long I began to figure out this was going to be a



Heck of a party, but also a challenge for us Sertomans.

By Friday afternoon, this RV City was set up. Each team's site had a theme, like a log cabin, or a country kitchen, or the Hawaiian Islands..., and they had some **big honkin' cookers**.

Each site also had a special dish to sample; anything but pork. I was assured by one team that their Buz-zard's Stew was really the other white meat.



As a neophyte, this scene seemed like a cross between the best of a NASCAR race and a progressive dinner.

We Sertomans were



hanging banners, marking sites, arranging barriers, making slaw & beans, organizing supplies and gathering equipment. Joby was reading his Sertoma manual.



Saturday morning after breakfast we received all the pork cooked during the night and we ourselves cooked over 500 chicken halves.

We were responsible for the preparation and sale of hundreds and hundreds of chicken & pork dinners, some to-go and some eat-in.

I was impressed and gratified with the response from Our Club. At the time I left, we had never been short of people. Everybody worked hard, except me— I was tak-



ing pictures, but I noticed no apparent stress. Chris & Elizabeth had this event pretty well laid out right. Four people, in my mind, stood out.

Chris Weston: for

leadership in organizing the details and spearheading this project, (more about that later).

James McComb was everywhere, seeming to know what needed to be done. He got 2 hours sleep last night, much less than his normal 4, he's single.



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Heather Fairchild, is always a sparkplug anytime there's some work to be done, but if you noticed her limping, it's because last week she broke two



toes AND the bone underneath...inside her cute tennypumps, were stitches still in place. She didn't complain & wouldn't slow down a bit. I tried.



Elizabeth Caulk, the CCH coordinator had her hands full and her ducks in a row,, smiling all the time. There wasn't a question asked or problem discovered that she



didn't handle. When I complimented her, she gave Juli Washburn, her predecessor, credit for leaving her a "well-run" event. Those there know how instrumental she was. Keith was happy.



Back to Chris spearheading this project...here's some background. For years the Optimist Club has been handling this event for CCH and we have been assisting the



Optimist Club. The Optimist Club is disbanding and Bill Reamer has given our Club about \$30,000 worth of cooking equipment, and a place to store it. This most excellent event is now ours.



Our Club is the unique fit. We are strong enough to put large numbers of experienced volunteers on-site, and we have an abiding commitment to CCH. With the number of people we had, the labor was spread, and we all enjoyed it much more.

Side note:

When I left the barbecue I headed over to Dad's place at Still Hopes. Molly and I are staying there a few days, another story. Anyway, I was walking the dog and ran into Clyde Nettles on the walking path. He saw my CCH Barbecue shirt and probably smelled me, and asked where I had been.

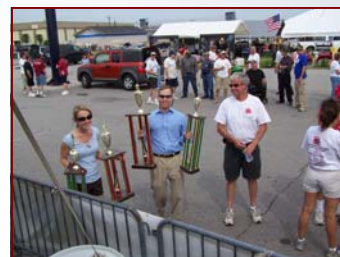
It turns out, Clyde is a Charter Member of our Columbia Sertoma Club. Yes, there are now three. He's in great shape. We walked together down the path and he talked about when Dad gave him a call, and said there were 9 guys who wanted to build a service club, and would he be interested. ?

Then I gave him an update on the Club he helped start. I told him the CCH Fundraiser total was now over \$3 million, and he stopped walking, mid-stride. I told him I thought our average member age was getting younger, that we had a very healthy influx of committed new members. I said we now had women and we couldn't do without them, but no more "Fashion Shows".

The satisfaction I saw in his face was priceless. It is also indeed gratifying to know that we have kept his work alive and are building on it. We are helping make a difference if the lives of people



in our community.



Editor