

THIS IS ONEIDA FLYING ROBES

Some of my fondest childhood memories involve my father taking me to Cincinnati to see the Atlanta Braves play the Cincinnati Reds. My father was a Reds fan and I grew up on the Braves, since one of the only television stations we got in Oneida was WTBS, which carried a lot of Braves games. Oftentimes we would go on a day when there was a doubleheader in order to get more bang for our buck.

On the first Sunday in May, our choir had a day/night doubleheader. We visited Barnesburg Baptist Church in Somerset for the morning service. After lunch at Barnesburg, we headed for central Kentucky. We made a McDonald's ice cream and WiFi stop (it amazes me how addicted today's youth are to WiFi, but that is perhaps a story for another day) and a visit to a park, where my nephew also happened to be playing baseball that day. We then visited New Hope Baptist Church in Lincoln County.

We had a great visit at both churches, and the trip was pretty uneventful, at least until the ride home. I had driven separately that day in order to go from Lincoln County to Louisville for the KBC's Mission Board meeting the following morning. Just as I pulled into the hotel parking lot, I received a call from our choir director. I could tell from the sound of his voice that something wasn't quite right. We had forgotten to close the door for the under-storage of the bus. Almost all of our choir robes had flown out somewhere along the highway. The bus had circled back and they found a couple of the robes along the road, but the rest were nowhere to be seen.

Our choir director and bus driver felt badly about what had happened, and the fact that I am a bit of a cheapskate probably concerned them somewhat. I asked how long we had had those robes and was told 19 years. I guess it was time for some new ones anyway. I told our choir director not to worry about it, and that I would have a lot of fun telling the story as we visit churches next year. I expect to get a lot of mileage out of this mishap. He is currently pricing new robes, and of course I asked him to find some blue ones.

Ironically, when the pastor of New Hope visited for graduation a few days later, he told us someone had found a robe on the side of the road. Of course, we told him the story behind that. If you are ever in Lincoln County and see a stray choir robe on the highway, just pick it up and bring it to us when you can! As a matter of fact, just come visit, even if you don't have a robe to bring back to us. Just remember to close the trunk before you hit the road.



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