

Round Up Spotlight: The Attic Outlet

For more than a quarter decade, The Attic Outlet has been serving the community through a number of outreach care ministries—from providing essentials directly to those in need to working in tandem with other nonprofits to provide support for those who are rebuilding their lives after abuse or other life-altering catastrophes.

Sometimes the need is financial, other times it is tangible: food, clothing, or furniture. There's even a new ministry for those who are no longer able to maintain their own lawns due to mobility problems.

The ministries began as an arm of Grace Baptist Church and over time blossomed into a nonprofit organization that's funded by the sale of used goods at the Attic Outlet thrift store and by donations from the community, including those who participate in the TUA Round Up program.



Executive Director Lisa Cardwell and staff minister Ernie Jones stand in front of the Attic Outlet Blessing Box, where those in need can select food items outside of business hours. Since 2005, Attic Outlet has operated a 22,000 square-foot thrift store at 108 W. Hogan St. — Photo courtesy of the Tullahoma News

Rural Route 4 Blessings

There's a hymn we sometimes sing during worship entitled, "Count Your Blessings."

"When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed, when you are discouraged thinking all is lost. Count your many blessings every doubt will fly, and you will be singing as the days go by."

Is there a better time to count our blessings than at Thanksgiving? I don't think so.

In the terrible winter of 1620-21, the Pilgrims who had ventured on their epic voyage to America lost almost half their population to the cold, sickness, and starvation. Those who survived found reasons to be thankful even under these terrible hardships. They gathered with about 90 Wampanoag Native Americans, who had helped save the Pilgrims during that harsh winter by teaching them to fish, hunt, and plant. This first Thanksgiving celebration lasted three days.

In a few weeks we'll celebrate Thanksgiving. Granted, it will be different from the first one so long ago, but the sentiments will be the same. Bounty. Beauty. Life. Liberty. The pursuit of happiness.

My blessings are endless.

There's my wife, Catherine, who stands by me with agape love that I don't deserve.



Phillip Burgess

(Continued on back)

Watts Happening

Christmas Parade

The Tullahoma Christmas Parade will travel down Jackson Street on Friday, December 1. If you can't be there, you can watch it **LIVE** on LightTube Channel 6 and on our TUA LightTube Facebook page. Replays will air throughout the month on Channels 6 and 15.



Deen joins TUA Board

Former educator Patricia Deen has joined the TUA Board of Directors following an August appointment by the Tullahoma Board of Mayor and Alderman. Deen joined the Tullahoma community in 2018, having relocated from the coastal region of Southern California. Deen is a member of the Friends of Short Springs and Tennessee Trails Association.



(Continued from front)

There's Matthew, my firstborn, whose birthday is a few days after Thanksgiving, and who arrived about 15 minutes before the 1976 Alabama-Auburn game, and who our doctor, Dr. Bonds, would forever call "Bear." There's Bradley, my second son, who sees nature unlike anyone I've ever known, and who uses his talents to capture it in indescribable ways.

There's Sawyer, Ben Fischer and Sloane, my grandkids whose smiles melt my heart like nothing else. There's Brooke, my daughter-in-law, who is a devoted spouse to my son and is a wonderful mother to my grandchildren.

There's Daddy Grand, my father, who taught me that work was honorable. There's Mama B, my mother, whose painful life exemplified perseverance and determination.

And lest I forget, I am thankful for loyal friends who stood by me during some very dark days when I was lost and wandering. And conversely, for those who didn't, thus helping me know who really cared.

There are my mentors, alive and dead, who encouraged and gave opportunities to a country boy who dreamed of someday becoming a writer.

There are the folks whose word is their bond.

I am thankful for farmers. For older folks. For those serving our country. For preachers. For brethren, whose lives mirror God's word. For small churches. For teachers. For the Bible. For mountain streams and long trails. For lazy beaches and crashing waves.

For country fried steak. For milk gravy and country ham. For sweet potato pie. For cowboy boots. For purring cats. For mongrel dogs. For dirt roads. For country stores.

For frosty mornings. For hot afternoons. For swimming holes. For Southern accents. For hay fields. For sweet tea. For old barns and scary lofts. For campfires. For hot coffee and sweet tea. For a repaired heart.

Happy Thanksgiving!

Yes, even writers run out of subjects. So, if you have a favorite topic or remembrance, please share them with me. Send me an email at smokiesguy17@gmail.com. "Rural Route 4, The Good Ol' Days Were Never Better," is available on Amazon.

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