



Pot Luck And Biscuit

In the wonderful years past (about 1950), a little guy was born in Candler N. C. Pot Luck only weighed two pounds and four ounces and the doctor said that the little fellow would not live. His parents were told that to end his life would be the best plan. Because he was born into a home where life was sacred, he not only lived but he grew to about twenty five pounds.

While he was still a toddler, Pot Luck was given a little Dashound who was named Biscuit, cause he loved biscuits. From day one, Pot Luck and Biscuit were always together. Biscuit slept with his little friend and protected him. Because he was so small other children made fun of Pot Luck. He always had a friend in Biscuit though, and life was good in and around Candler.

His mom home schooled Pot Luck because she was afraid other children would hurt him. He learned to read, write and to count, and that was important in the fifties. All was well until a terrible automobile accident took Pot Luck's mom and dad. It was two weeks until Pot Luck's sixteenth birthday when he and Biscuit hit the road.

Because he was used to being alone, Pot Luck and Biscuit soon settled into the new life. Trains were special to him and Biscuit loved the click-clack of the wheels, and oh that train whistle! Most of the other transits were kind to the traveling pair and taught Pot Luck the ways of a hobo.

Having a lot of down time, Pot Luck spent a lot of time talking to Biscuit. He would tell his ever listening partner about what he wanted in life and what was missing. You see, every where they went there was a lonely spot in his heart. Pot Luck was taught the Bible when he was young and he sure missed the stories mom told him about a little Sheppard boy who whooped up on a mean ole giant. She told him about a man named Elijah that, with God, defeated about eight hundred false prophets. She told him about a little man who climbed up in a tree to see Jesus as he walked by.

The more he traveled the more lonely Pot Luck became. One day he decided to go home to Candler and see if he could find the missing piece in his heart. Rain clouds were rolling over the Blue Ridge Mountains and there was a chill in the air as Pot Luck stood outside the little Pentecostal church in Luther N.C. "Biscuit, you will need to wait outside, cause dogs are not allowed," Pot Luck said.

Reverend Ingle was telling his small flock about a boy who left home and lost everything and landed in a pig pen. When he came home he realized that he had been lost, hungry, dirty, and without friends. Hey, that's me, thought Pot Luck. Pot Luck prayed with Reverend Ingle and immediately the missing piece in his heart was no more. Pot Luck found Jesus as his savior and walking outside he and Biscuit had a new look at life. After he was baptized he let a friend take his picture, the only one in existence. Pot luck and Biscuit lived a simple life in Candler and grew old together and their days of wandering and loneliness were over.

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