



THE CRAWDADDY CHRONICLE

ANCHOR ON THE REEF



What's New on the Reef

Welcome to Summer, our favorite time of the year on the Reef. It can get quite busy for the northerners, because they have to pack in a whole load of fun in 8 weeks. And that's only after they get their houses in order to support a full host of summer recreation. All Yanks above the Mason-Dixon Line better get busy as we here on the Reef get down to business.

The second quarter growth staggered. Those in love with the gumbo re-ordered; however, our marketing effort for new members dwindled and the sales followed suit. Justification for such is understood, but that does not move us forward with the mission. Uncle Squig is looking to the circle out from the nucleus to share some of their gumbo and the story of our mission with a friend. Our circle of friends will only get larger, let's load up the Reef!

With this call for new excitement, we need someone to champion the next move for the Spirit Award. We are all bashful, until the cameras and attention are on us. Put together your own little plug for Uncle Squig; you'll find that you and all our friends will enjoy it as much as the gumbo.

Our friends at Western Edge Seafood have provided feedback. Uncle Squigs is gaining popularity among their loyal customer base as the reordering increases. They have placed another order to meet the demands at their store locations. This is great news from our great partner in this venture. There is plenty of gumbo available from Uncle Squig or Western Edge, so don't make a run on the bank.

Education leads to opportunity, opportunity to achievement, achievement to happiness, and happiness to peace. At peace, we are postured to steward the needs of others. There is no better feeling than that to know you have made a positive impact in supporting another human being for a better way of life. As mentioned in the previous issue, I am committed to implementing the scholarship fund to support students who are pursuing the preservation of the arts. I am still working on the mechanics of it a bit with the team, and ultimately we will need some of yall's help. Remember, sometimes it takes a village.

Don't forget the jingle- ***Get off the couch and out your digs and get yourself some Uncle Squigs: Uncle Squigs Gumbo, The Best in The Bayou!***

Lastly, here's a warm THANK YOU to the following folks who have recently dropped anchor on Uncle Squig's Reef:

Araceli Beltran
Jeff Roberts

Beth Engle
Chich Sobol

Jim Ferraro
Horacio Sobol

Seth Williams
Tanya Duke

Kathy Smith
Richard McCollum

Squig's Squibbles: Comfort Food

I like to watch cooking shows on television. Now, I can binge watch these things at times, but not nearly like my great friend Jon Bruno. He could roll with them 24-7, maybe except for sports. Watching Emeril, I always remember his references to "Comfort Food," or things that have a pleasant warming effect on your appetite, and more so your state of mind. Whatever that psychological thing is that happens when one thinks of comfort food, it is the same trigger I have with the mention of Gumbo. Far beyond my appetite's excitement for a hearty bowl of this treasure, is the rush I get for the whole Gumbo Mission for Uncle Squig and his team. What started as a trial run of making a side of gumbo for a party, has turned into an entire program, mission and way of life. The outpouring of accolades and sincere gratitude from the circle of friends and beyond supercharged the fertilizer that deeply rooted not only the love for cooking it, but more so the mission! How many people can we touch with this mission? For me the best part, as I stand in front of a new customer who's the most excited by the sale, is the validation of everyone's need for enrichment.

Chances are, wherever we are, we could all be doing better. I'm not speaking financially. No, I mean within ourselves, our minds seek peace as a result of enrichment. The chess board of life has pushed us into patterns which interface with others peoples' patterns that have developed into a tightly woven blanket: our lives as we know it – our "matrix." Turn the tide, God our Creator wants us to live in abundance and by the rules of his Word. Each of us have been put here with unique gifts that will serve His and our mission. Break the pattern; look to that thing inside that you have been thinking about since childhood and get after it! Do it without thought of if it's in style, today's happening thing, or 'what would my friends say?' It is you. It is yours. GO FOR IT. You can do it! Remember, adults are just really tall children. Approach it like a child, and your make believe will become a reality. And all God's People Said: Amen!

"The largest waste is the difference between what we are and what we can be!"

-Uncle Squig

One More with Winnie: The Day a Bull Stood in My Way

This quarter I have to depart from my usual pair of quotes, as I stumbled upon this story not long ago and it was too good not to share. The following I attribute to Ruth Dryer.

One day I was standing on a road. This road had several names – Life, Growth, Achievement, Success and Happiness. But I was just standing still on this road, looking at something up ahead. The thing I saw was a huge, mean-looking bull. And this bull was blocking my path. I knew that to keep moving ahead, I was going to have to get past that bull, and it scared me just thinking about that. For a long, long time I just stood still, looking at that bull, hoping and praying the bull would somehow move from my path so I could continue along the road. Nothing changed but I heard someone say, “Do whatever it is you have to do in order to continue along this road.”

That was the day I decided to take a deep breath, gather up all the strength I could muster, and take that bull by the horns. I knew that in so doing I would have to take whatever consequences followed – good, bad, or indifferent. Having decided to be completely responsible for whatever happened to me, I set aside my fear and marched right up to that bull, looked him straight in the eye, grabbed those horns firmly in my hands and said, “All right!! You’ve been blocking my path long enough! You’ve got to get out of my way or fight with me – which will it be?”

You’ll never believe what happened next! That crazy bull sat right down on the road, sighed and said, “What took you so long? I’ve just been standing here waiting to offer you a ride. Hop on my back and show me where it is you want to go.”

The moral of this story is that what I had thought was going to be an enormous, insurmountable problem turned out to be a great blessing instead. All I had needed was the courage to find out.



The congress convened again with Jefferson’s document in hand. They struck out a few phrases, and formally ratified the document that is known as the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. Jefferson’s declaration was sent to a press and circulated to the people.

There was no concrete celebration of an Independence Day for several years. As the new constitutional government took root, John Adams’ political party, The Federalists, imploded and Thomas Jefferson’s party reigned virtually unopposed for several presidential terms. Right around this time, a much more concentrated celebration culminated around Jefferson’s declaration signing day of the 4th of July rather than the “vote” day 2nd celebrated by Adams.

In the decades following the signing of the declaration, the two political foes developed several differences in their political careers. They nonetheless rekindled respect for one another as they aged, with several letters passing between Monticello and Massachusetts. Their ever-contentious friendship developed into a competition for one to survive the other.

On July 4th, 1826, John Adams’ time was running short as Americans across the country celebrated the 50-year anniversary of the signing of Jefferson’s declaration for independence. He used his last breath to argue a final plea, “Jefferson still lives.” Adams was unaware that Thomas Jefferson had passed away three hours earlier that same day under similar circumstances. This half-centennial celebration of independence would serve as a symbolic crescendo to the lives of two great men, exactly 50 years after they signed the Declaration of Independence on July 4th, 1776.

The Juke Box: The 4th of July

Why do we celebrate the 4th of July?

The story of American democracy is one of an ever-continuing drama between two political foes wrestling against the other to advance their idea of America. Political differences and the people who create them are certainly not a new feature of American politics. The people who ran the burgeoning government of the United States could be just as stubborn as today’s politicians. The story of “The Fourth of July” takes us back to the very beginning of this wrestling match beginning in 1776. At the center of it we find two men of opposing political views who would spend their lives fighting from opposite corners of the 18th century political spectrum.

On July 2, 1776, the Continental Congress formally voted in favor of, dare I say it, “secession” from the empire of Great Britain. The speaker asked,

“Say “Yea” if you want to kick it from Britain,”

and most men said,

“Yea!” and then they may or may not have yelled,

“Raise a glass to free-dom!”

This symbolic vote was the culmination of much debate and meant that the colonies would betray the King of England, declare independence, and likely go to war. Mr. John Adams, a delegate representing Massachusetts, was very excited about the July 2nd vote for freedom. He wrote to his wife Abigail of the events of the day:

“[Independence Day] will be the most memorable Epoch, in the History of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated, by succeeding Generations, as the great anniversary Festival... It ought to be solemnized with Pomp and Parade with shews, Games, Sports, Guns, Bells, Bonfires and Illuminations from one End of this continent to the other from this Time forward forever more.”

To make this *Amexit*, if you will, occur it would take more than a group of men yelling, “Yea!” Five men of the congress were tasked with authoring the formal declaration document to be ratified: John Adams, Roger Sherman, Robert Livingston, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson. Most of them were very busy celebrating or writing long letters to their wives. One eager member of the five penned most of the document as it was decided that he had the most superior writing prowess. Thus, Thomas Jefferson would get credit for writing the Declaration of Independence and the others would get a hangover.

The Buck Naked Truth: Patriots and Fathers

With Summer upon us, Independence Day and Father's Day just behind us, I felt compelled to share a few stories to honor all that are deserving a thank you for all you do and have done. So, here we go, for all you patriots and fathers!

Patriot Pride:

World War II produced many heroes. One such man was Lieutenant Commander Butch O'Hare. He was a fighter pilot assigned to the aircraft carrier Lexington in the South Pacific. One day his entire squadron was sent on a mission. After he was airborne, he looked at his fuel gauge and realized that someone had forgotten to top off his fuel tank. He would not have enough fuel to complete his mission and get back to his ship. His flight leader told him to return to the carrier. Reluctantly, he dropped out of formation and headed back to the fleet. As he was returning to the "Lady Lex", he made sight of an entire squadron of Japanese bombers speeding toward the American fleet. The American fighters were gone on a sortie and the fleet was all but defenseless. He couldn't reach his squadron and bring them back in time to save the fleet. Nor could he warn the fleet of the approaching danger.

There was only one thing to do. He must somehow divert them from the fleet. Laying aside all thoughts of personal safety, he dove into the formation of Japanese planes. Wing-mounted 50 caliber's blazed as he charged in, attacking one surprised enemy plane and then another. Butch weaved in and out of the now broken formation and fired at as many planes as possible until finally all his ammunition was spent.

Undaunted, he continued the assault. He dove at the planes, trying to at least clip off a wing or tail, in hopes of damaging as many enemy planes as possible and rendering them unfit to fly. He was desperate to do anything he could to keep them from reaching the American ships. Finally, the exasperated Japanese squadron took off in another direction.

Butch and his tattered fighter limped back to the carrier. Upon arrival he reported in and related the event surrounding his return. The film from the camera mounted on his plane told the tale of his daring attempt to protect the fleet. He had destroyed five enemy bombers. That was on February 20, 1942, and for that action he became the Navy's first Ace of WWII and the first Naval Aviator to win the Congressional Medal of Honor.

A year later he was killed in aerial combat at the age of 29. Today, the "Butch" O'Hare Airport in his home Chicago is named in tribute to the courage of this great man.

A Father's Gift:

Al Capone, a notorious gangster in Chicago had his hand in everything from bootlegged booze and prostitution to murder. At that time, he virtually owned the city. All successful gangsters had lawyers to keep them out of trouble. Al Capone's lawyer was a man named Easy Eddie. Capone used Easy Eddie for a reason, as he was a good enough lawyer to keep Big Al out of jail for a long time. To show his appreciation, Capone paid him very well. Not only big money, but Eddie got special dividends. For instance, he and his family occupied a fenced-in mansion so large that it filled an entire city block. Despite living the high life with little regard for the crimes committed around him, Eddie did have one soft spot. He had a young son, and saw to it that his he had the best of everything; clothes, cars, and a good education. Despite his own profession, Eddie tried to keep his son from going into the family business.

Yet, with all his wealth and influence, there were two things that Eddie couldn't give his son.: a good name and a good example.

One day, Easy Eddie reached the difficult decision that being a good example to his son was more important than any amount of money.. He would go to the authorities and tell the truth about Al Capone. He would try to clean up his tarnished name and offer his son some semblance of integrity. To turn on the Mob is very risky and would put Eddie in grave danger. But more than anything, he wanted to be an example to his son. So, he testified. Within the year, Easy Eddie's life ended in drive by shooting. He had given his son the greatest gift he had to offer at the greatest price he would ever pay.

I know what you're thinking. Uncle Buck is just rambling on again and can't get to the connection point fast enough of these two stories. Well...

Butch O'Hare was Easy Eddie's son... and that's the Buck Naked Truth!

Icky's Noodle Factory: The Joy of Creating

Not long after God created humans, we began creating things ourselves. I like to think it is just another example of proof we are indeed created in His image. Indeed, the world is proof that creating new things, often only for the purpose of creating something itself, is a core tenant of the *human experience*. Anyone who's paid attention at the beginning of an old MGM movie will be familiar with the phrase *Ars Gratia Artis*, proudly displayed around the head of the roaring lion. The Latin phrase, also seen in French as *L'art pour L'art*, means *Art, for Art's Sake*. In other words, making something new, for the sake of having done it.

Too often we now think of art strictly as a painting we might see on a wall, an actor on stage at a play, or maybe, by a looser definition, as a song we've heard on the radio. I contend that art is the process of any form of creation, regardless of usefulness, novelty, or otherwise. That can be a hearty bowl of Uncle Squig's Gumbo, a hand-made bookshelf, a Zach Bryan song, or even a new made-up game you might play with your family. These creations need not be made for a commercial purpose, and certainly need not be anything more remarkable than previously stated. Rather, the process of creation itself is inherently fulfilling. As the world around us moves faster and faster, and focuses more and more on commercial value, usefulness, and efficiency, sometimes it's good to slow down and try doing something new. Make a loaf of bread. Draw a picture. Write a poem. Take some time to slow down and be with your own thoughts, and you just might find something new about yourself.



Chelsea's Cupboard Creations: Cheesy Orzo with Vegetables

It's officially summer! What a blessing, and what a great time to start using some of those wonderful vegetables growing seasonally and/or locally in your recipes. This delicious cheesy orzo and vegetable pasta dish is the perfect comfort food while the addition of bright, crisp vegetables brings the lightness of summer.

- 1/4 large red onion
- 3 cloves of garlic
- 1/2 teaspoon of Italian seasoning
- 1/2 Teaspoon of red pepper flakes
- Salt to taste
- 1 cup of Orzo
- 3 cups of chicken broth
- Zest of half a lemon
- 1 cup of parmesan (set aside some to sprinkle on top)
- A couple handfuls of Spinach (can also use Kale)
- 1/2 bunch of asparagus or 1 cup of edamame

Finely chop onion and garlic and sauté in a large pan with seasonings.

If using Asparagus, add to the pan and cook until the vegetable turns brighter green (should only be a couple minutes)

Add several handfuls of spinach and cook until slightly wilted.

Add broth

Add orzo

Once liquid has come to a boil, add cheese, lemon zest, and (if using) edamame.

Let orzo cook until most of the liquid is gone and the pasta is cooked fully through.

Serve dish with some additional cheese on top and with your protein of choice.

This dish goes well with shrimp, white fish, chicken, or even turkey meatballs.

Enjoy!



Shorty's Short Stories: Blackfish

Set Sail!!

There I was, 16 years old aboard the "Blackfish" with Cap'n Larry Long of the 'Blackfish.' We set course due East of Little River Inlet, South Carolina. Rightfully scared, I was unknowingly on my 1st adventure with Uncle Squig. Juke, also along for the ride, was 8 years in age, and we along with Uncle Buck and Uncle Squig, were assisted by 1st mate RICHARD as we set sail into the open ocean. We started our day trolling with spinners for Spanish Mackerel and while we dropped a trawling net for bait. We caught several mackerel and a net FULL of shrimp that we would later use for the Gumbo. Once we were full of bait, the drift was on and the chum was thick. Bobbing off the coast for several hours, we waited and waited. Only later in life did I understand the patience of shark fishing.

Wait, wait, and wait all day until...the bite! Holding the rod, as thick as a ball bat, the line started to fly, and the rod bent in half. The sound and speed of the line is indescribable. Cap'n Larry hollered, "RICHARD, MIND DAT LINE!" as it spooled several feet per second! I was instructed to 'set the hook' and I pulled as hard as I possibly could. "RICHARD DON'T YA LOSE DAT FISH!" were the instructions barked from the captain. Even at a young age, I could tell how big this fish was. Line kept spooling out, the farther and the faster. It was coming to the end, and I wasn't sure what to do. Just as soon as the line was about out, Richard clipped another line to an eye hook on the bottom of the rod, and said "LET IT GO BOY!!!" And I did as I was instructed not, knowing what to do next. The rod flung from my grasp and entered the water. Just then Richard handed me another pole, this one attached to the last for a fight of the beast. Captain assured us, it was a Tiger, a big one! I was scared and excited to say the least. More line left the rod as the Tiger dived to the bottom of the ocean. Just then the line went slack. The shark bit through the leader and left us empty handed. To my surprise we eventually recovered the rod, and reeled the rest of the line in. Sure enough, the shark frayed the leader. We were bummed, but it wasn't all bad. We had caught another shark before this, and still had a cooler full of shrimp from the trolling net. That evening, as always in the company of Uncle Squig, we had a boil. Shrimp were added to the pot, and shark steaks were eaten by all. Though the record for the Blackfish was lost, the Gumbo was still made, and the stories were still strong around the pot. I will never forget that epic day that I shared with my family, especially Uncle Squig.



Uncle Buck and Squig aboard the Blackfish (left and right) and Juke proudly displaying the day's catch (center)