

Ladies and Gentlemen,

We need to talk about a few things. The first is that Macon actually has a minor league sports team named Bacon. The Macon Bacon. Don't ask me what kind of sport it is. Hockey? This is truly hilarious, because any young person that has ever received a mission call to Macon has mispronounced it and I am willing to bet that at least half of these young people had their pronunciation corrected in the same manner I did, "it's Macon, Macon like bacon."

Also, I am leaving Macon Monday morning at 7AM. This is big because I HAVE NOT LEFT THE BOUNDARIES OF THE MACON STAKE OF ZION since August 7, 2017. That's nearly 9 months. I'm a little bit weepy about it. I am going to Pine Mountain, a small branch with two sets of sisters near Columbus. I also have had car #87 my entire mission, but Sister Parkinson is taking it with her to Albany. That's okay because Jesus Christ is "an high priest of good things to come" (Heb 9:11).

Moving on to this week's email headlines. The numbers correspond to the attached pictures for your convenience.

1. ONE MAN'S TRASH

The Chadwicks are in charge of missionary housing. Meaning they are charged with keeping a roof over the head of 160ish missionaries. This is no small task. Often after closing an apartment, they come back to Macon with a trailer of things that need to be taken to the dump. The Chadwicks LOVE the dump because where dirt has been unearthed to cover the landfill, wetlands have developed and the Macon Bibb County Landfill is prime bird watching territory. This week I exclaimed, "I can't leave Macon without going to the dump." So the Chadwicks, being just my type of people, made it happen. It took two attempts. The first time we tried going without trash AND THEY WOULDN'T LET US IN. So we wrestled up some trash and went back and saw all sorts of birds and a bald eagle nest.

2. WEDDING CRASHERS

On our trip to the Tubman Museum several weeks ago, we were unable to visit the Otis Redding section because of a wedding taking place. I was super bummed because I super love Otis Redding, but it was okay because wedding watching turned out to be really entertaining. Fast forward to last Saturday, we went on a field trip to see the Otis Redding statue by the river (see #5), and then went to take pictures with some of Macon's many magnificent churches. Well, guess what? We crashed another wedding. Sister Parkinson took this hilarious picture of Sister Chadwick and I smelling the flowers. They smelled pretty good for the record.

3. THE SISTERHOOD OF THE TRAVELING DRESS

On Monday morning, I went to pick out a dress from Sister Orton's closet . . . and pretty soon all four of us roommates were wearing one of Sister Orton's floral dresses. Her mom bought her three of the same dresses in different colors . . . because she must be cut from the same cloth as Rebecca Waggoner.

4. ELDER McPHERSON CHANGES HIS TIE

We had a dinner appointment that night with all of the Macon missionaries at the Chadwick's apartment. Elder Sommer was here in Macon with Elder McPherson & just happened to wear a floral tie. Elder McPherson, hearing legend that we were all wearing floral dresses, changed his tie to a floral one so we'd all match. Y'all, I love matching. It makes my heart sing. Elder McPherson is always making miracles happen.

5. SITTING ON THE DOCK OF THE BAY

See #2.

6. STATTON ISLAND SWIM TEAM

One day this week, our morning devotional turned into a girls camp story telling session. I didn't even start it. The Chadwicks told one of my new all-time favorite girls camps stories. They raised their kids on Statton Island for the most part. Their daughter Abigail attended girls camp and at the girls camp there was a lake forbidden to be swam in. Well Abigail and some of her friends went swimming in the lake and were caught. The girls camp director banished them in the craft cabin while she called their parents to come pick them up. In the mean time, the girls made t-shirts that said, "Statton Island Swim Team." So good. I guess that's neither here nor there to this picture, but this week was Elder Jenkins last day of his service mission and we had a little gathering. I made the banner and Elder Chadwick fried homemade donuts. If you are noticing a theme in this email, it's that the Chadwicks made this week for me in every way and I am grateful.

7. BISCUITS & GRAVY & WAFFLES & CO-COLA OH MY

After district meeting this week, we decided to go to Waffle House. I ordered the above items and afterwards hoped never to eat again. I certainly do not recommend it.

8. JUST TAKE THE HONEY BUNS

Have I told y'all about Sister Hallman? She's an angel. She's the one that brings treats for all the missionaries every Sunday. We'll here's a picture of her. #girlaftermyownheart

9. THE JUMBO PEANUT BUTTER WIDOW'S MITE

I went on exchanges with Sister Andersen last week and we visited Sister Shepherd who tried to give us a jumbo container of peanut butter. Friends, this woman has nearly nothing. I found the kindest possible way not to accept it, because there was no way I could walk out of there with it. The world is full of hearts of gold . . . if you don't believe me stop watching the news and start making friends.

Anyway, that's enough.

I love y'all.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS. PRAYER WILL TURN THE NIGHT TO DAY.

Sis Waggoner