

Speaker 1:

When you explore Asheville's diverse food scene, you'll get to try Spanish tapas, Caribbean staples, and contemporary Appalachian delights, sometimes all on the same street. Local produce is the norm here. With each bite, you'll feel more connected to the land. Learn more at exploreasheville.com.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Hi there. This is Kyle Tibbs Jones from The Bitter Southerner, and this is Batch, a brand new Bitter Southerner podcast where we have our favorites read some favorites. And by that, I mean we're reaching into our archives to record batches of stories, the stories that you all love.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

In our first Batch series, we're sharing some of our most popular food stories. We southerners love our food and we take our regional recipes very seriously. In the next few episodes, we'll talk about collards and peaches and pound cake. But today, we begin with the story of a very special restaurant.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

So get comfortable, put in your AirPods and travel to Brewton, Alabama to visit a wonderful woman on a mission. From Troy Public Radio inside the Rosa Parks Museum in Montgomery, Alabama, Jennifer Kornegay reads her piece, The Difference Between Happiness and Joy. Okay. Without further ado, this is episode one of Batch.

Jennifer Kornegay:

The Difference Between Happiness and Joy.

Jennifer Kornegay:

9:00 AM. One lady is tending a pot of diced white potatoes, watching them bounce as they come to a boil. Another is mixing a slurry of corn meal and buttermilk, select with slivers of green onion. While a third is hauling jugs of tea out front to the dining room, bumping the kitchen swinging door with her hip to make her way back and forth.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Lisa Thomas McMillan, the owner of this restaurant, Drexell and Honeybees and Honeybees in Brewton, Alabama, is slipping steaming skins off baked sweet potatoes to reveal flesh the color of a setting sun. The groups laughter and chatter have fallen into harmony with the rhythm of stirring, chopping, and peeling. Add the room's warmth and the scent of pineapple simmering down to a glaze for smothering ham, and for a moment the space has a tropical vibe.

Jennifer Kornegay:

It begins to feel less like a commercial kitchen and more like an informal party, like ladies at home preparing a feast for a big family, swapping advice and tips with the matriarch pausing in mid story to holler directions.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"Cindy, that's probably enough on those potatoes." Lisa warns, "They're for potato salad. We don't want them mush." "Gotcha, Lisa." Cindy Grissett affirms, moving the pot off the heat.

Jennifer Kornegay:

A family meal is more accurately what these women are fixing. The family is anyone and everyone in Brewton, and family is always welcome at Lisa's tables. They have been since day one in March 2018. Drexell and Honeybees and Honeybees opened in a red brick building on the edge of downtown Brewton, about 10 miles north of the Florida state line.

Jennifer Kornegay:

It's unique in the small town, population 5,300, but not for its food or ambiance. You'll find the usual suspects like meatloaf, fried chicken, veggies, mac and cheese, ribs, and other Southern favorites. What you won't find are listed prices. That's because the rule at Drexell and Honeybees and Honeybees is everybody eats. When diners are done with their meal, they put whatever money they can or not a single cent in a box by the door. Drexell and Honeybees and Honeybees is a donation's only restaurant. One of only a handful in the state. And one of the only ones not run by a church.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Every Tuesday through Friday from 11:00 AM to 1:00 PM it satisfies the stomachs of, on average, 100 people daily. The restaurant is just the latest battle in a war on hunger that Lisa's been waging for a long time. Her efforts have all the hallmarks of a calling passion, devotion, determination, and the unshakable belief that good work makes a good difference.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Yet Lisa admits it all came about quite suddenly and initially with no clear vision. "If you had asked me 25 years ago, if this is what I'd be doing, I'd have said, "Naw." She says.

Jennifer Kornegay:

10:00 AM. The sweet potatoes have cooled. And Lisa is mashing them in a metal pan, blending in some butter and then a few shakes of sugar and cinnamon. She pauses and dips a spoon in the pan and then quickly in her mouth, "Needs more cinnamon." She says, adjusting the black bandana on her head, "I'm going to tell you. I knew that even before I sampled it after so long doing, you just know."

Jennifer Kornegay:

The Brewton native has spent much of her adult life feeding others, waiting tables, working in hotel kitchens and in catering where she learned and honed her skills. But that was to make money to feed herself. It's what she was doing in 1994 in Los Angeles, when a major earthquake shook her, literally, and figuratively. "There had been a few in a row and I thought, that's it, I'm going home." She says.

Jennifer Kornegay:

The return to her roots reawakened the giving spirit her parents had nurtured in her as a child despite their meager means. She grew up with her family of 14, packed into a six room house her father built. From the age of six she spent her summers picking cotton in unrelenting heat.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"We didn't have much, but we always found a way to help others with even less." Lisa says. She remembers a childhood friend telling her she didn't even know what cheese was until Lisa's mom gave her some. Her father worked three jobs, but spent his scant free time in the woods hunting, always trying to bag enough game, not just for his family, but for the neighbors too.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"Them always looking for ways to do for others stuck with me." Lisa says. Not long after a return to Brewton a mundane moment, turned out to be life changing. "An old lady in front of me at the grocery checkout had about \$12 of items and she couldn't pay for them." Lisa says. "She was standing there digging in her purse, trying to scrape together enough."

Jennifer Kornegay:

Lisa didn't think. She acted. "I told her I'm going to pay for that." She says. The lady put up a few feeble yet heartfelt protests, but noting the growing line behind them accepted Lisa's help. After paying for the ladies and her own groceries, Lisa felt moved to do more.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"I was like, wow, she can't afford \$12 of food? And if you don't have that, you are really doing without." Lisa ran to the parking lot after her and asked the woman if she had this issue a lot? She said she did and so did some of her friends. Again, Lisa left, before she looked. She asked if the woman would share these friends' names. She gave Lisa a list of 27 senior citizens. Lisa contacted them and then began cooking breakfast for them in her house every morning.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"I don't know what made me do it, but I was going to help these folks." She says. She'd pack up the food, go to Burger King, get 27 copies and deliver it all to 27 homes before she went to her job as an insurance agent.

Jennifer Kornegay:

For months, her breakfast operation subsisted on nothing but the recipient's gratitude, but it was becoming difficult to do so much from her home kitchen and out of her own pocket. She knew she needed a commercial kitchen. She got a deal on a rundown building, six months rent free if she fixed it up, she named her new spot, Drexell and Honeybees, a name she'd come up with when she was still in California.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"It doesn't mean anything. I just like the sound of it and thought it would be a nice name for an ice cream shop." She tells me as she roots through a rack of hot sauces, "When I was younger, I wanted to have an ice cream shop."

Jennifer Kornegay:

In addition to feeding needy seniors, she opened Drexell and Honeybees up as a restaurant for the general public offering lunches for \$3 a plate thinking she could help others too by providing cheap tasty meals. It didn't take long for reality to come calling, "Of course I was making no money," she says, "That was okay by me, except for the fact that I had rent and utilities to pay and food cost kept rising."

Jennifer Kornegay:

A friend suggested she reach out to the food bank in nearby mobile. A conversation with folks there introduced her to the intricacies of the nonprofit world. She realized if she wanted to continue making meals for the needy and wanted to use food bank supplies to help her do it, she'd have to create her own nonprofit. So she did.

Jennifer Kornegay:

With the assistance of the local library and an attorney friend in a few months, Lisa had her 501(c)(3). She created a small food bank for Brewton, supplied by the mobile food bank and other donations, and used the food to nourish the areas poor and elderly once again. She called it Carlisa, in honor of a friend who'd recently passed.

Jennifer Kornegay:

She built a basic structure with a store room and a kitchen in her backyard and was soon cooking almost 100 meals a day and delivering them as far as 40 miles away. "I was back doing what I knew I was supposed to do." She says. She did it for three years and in that time made two journeys to bring attention to issues she had encountered in her work.

Jennifer Kornegay:

In 2003, she wrote a letter to Alabama governor Bob Riley outlining her area's hunger problems and walked the 105 miles to Montgomery to hand deliver it. In 2005, she wrote a similar letter to President George Bush and walked 900 miles from Brewton to Washington DC in a trip that took 54 days. She didn't get to see either man, "But I completed what God laid on my heart." She says.

Jennifer Kornegay:

On her return from the DC walk, Lisa's focus on the elderly was widened when she took a job at the local Community College's Student Center, "I was running the nice new kitchen they had and they were fine with me using the facilities to make meals for my seniors too. It gave me the space I needed to better serve them." She says.

Jennifer Kornegay:

But she soon noticed many of the students scrounging change to get a pack of crackers from the vending machines instead of buying meals from her, "These students were hungry. They were doing without to pay for school and books." She says.

Jennifer Kornegay:

She began offering no cash, no problem meals, getting donations and often augmenting with her own money just as she'd done to feed her seniors. With this experiment the idea for the Drexell and Honeybees of today began to take shape

Jennifer Kornegay:

10:40 AM. Drexell and Honeybees opens at 11:00 AM and I offer to help with the final prep since I fear my questions have slowed Lisa down. She waves a hand and huffs at the notion, but gives me a broom to sweep leaves away from the front door. Walking through the empty dining room I wonder what will it look like in 20 minutes? With its wood panel ceiling and an exposed brick wall, it could be a trendy cafe

booth slide, two sides, four top tables are scattered in between them, a few of Lisa's artworks, scenes rendered in paint and textiles, add bright color.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Outside, I see a mix of cherry spring flowers spilling over large planters, framing the entry. I pause at the donation box by the door. It's shielded by two screens to ensure whatever slides into its little slot remains the knowledge of each individual solely. Above it is a painted board with a Bible verse Matthew 18-20, "For where two or three gather in my name, there I am in the midst of them."

Jennifer Kornegay:

While Lisa avoids preaching, faith's role in her story is obvious. Some might say she stumbled upon her current location and called the circumstances that made it available good luck. But Lisa believes God guided every step.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"It was time to go bigger with what I was doing. And then I found this place." She says. A string of what Lisa calls, heaven directed events, allowed her and the man she had recently married Freddy McMillan to buy the building and transform it into the second coming of Drexell and Honeybees, using credit cards and Freddy's pension from the Marine Corps to fund it and doing much of the work themselves.

Jennifer Kornegay:

This time Lisa tweaked her business model, thinking back to the community college, "Before I thought I was doing right to sell meals for \$3. But I learned that even that is too much for so many." She says. Since that small sum never covered her cost anyway, she decided Drexell and Honeybees wouldn't try to be a business at all. It would feed anyone and everyone for whatever they could afford to pay, even if they had not a penny.

Jennifer Kornegay:

In March 2018, the first guests arrived to eat at the new restaurant. And according to Lisa the group then resembled the crowd I see forming outside. News of today's menu, glazed ham, fresh peas, potato salad, collared greens, sweet potato casserole, and cornbread has spread. Two men are the first in the door. Both are middle aged, one black, one white with the white man carrying clothes and other possessions in a grocery sack.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Next through the door is a group of young women. One with an infant. More follow, all ages and races get in line judging by the only evidence of socioeconomic status I can see, clothes and cars. The crowd includes all levels of wealth right down to no wealth at all. The quiet room instantly comes alive with sound, "How are you?" and other chatter, forks scraping, ice cubes rattling in plastic cups of tea.

Jennifer Kornegay:

11:10 AM. Robert Simmons is the first to sit down with his food and lets me join him at a booth as he digs into the sweet potatoes, I'm picky about sweet potatoes so I ask how they are. "Best I've had in a while." He says. He keeps eating while bragging on Lisa's other dishes, "The corned beef, the bread pudding, the blueberry cobbler. It can't be beat."

Jennifer Kornegay:

I start on my own meal. The ham is smokey and pineapple kissed. The greens are silky with a punch from pepper vinegar and the sweet potatoes, surprisingly to my liking, I had been suspicious of that extra cinnamon. I asked Robert if he thinks the restaurant is helping people. "Absolutely," he says, "A good meal in a nice place like this could make all the difference for somebody. You just never know."

Jennifer Kornegay:

He's right. He takes his time eating and I watch others who came in after him finish and leave, noting those stopping by the donation box and those heading straight to the door. The ratio is about three to one. With every person I assumed might have nothing to give, putting something in the box, and at least one suit and tie bypassing it all together.

Speaker 1:

Asheville is home to Foodtopia, a deeply rooted community of culinary collaborators. The culture of the Appalachian Mountains, our Southern roots, and the spirit of creativity all come together to inspire our chefs towards innovation. Where else can you forage for mushrooms in the morning and enjoy those same mushrooms in your lunch?

Speaker 1:

Asheville is a city of James Beard award-winning chefs who find joy in the craft of cooking. Each artisan creates amazing cuisine for our community of like-minded people. Locally sourced produce is the norm here, with each bite you'll feel more connected to the land.

Speaker 1:

When you explore Asheville's diverse food scene, you'll get to try Spanish tapas, Caribbean staples and contemporary Appalachian delights, sometimes all on the same street. Long known as a premier destination for local beer, Asheville is now a full fledged craft beverage Mecca, whether you love your hard cider or you're a blossoming wine connoisseur, you'll find a beverage experience so heavenly you'll understand why our culinary scene is known as Foodtopia.

Speaker 1:

Spend a week eating with us. It's all waiting for you in Asheville. Start at [exploreasheville.com](https://www.exploreasheville.com).

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

I'm your host, Kyle Tibbs Jones, and you're listening to Batch, a Bitter Southerner podcast. Let's get back to The Difference Between Happiness and Joy.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Robert Simmons has been coming since Drexell and Honeybees opened, but others in Brewton were skeptical at first. "Honestly, when people first heard you can eat for free a lot thought there was a catch," David Kyles, Lisa's brother-in-law says making short work of his potato salad mountain, "I mean who'd ever heard of such a thing?"

Jennifer Kornegay:

Now most of the talk he hears is about the food, "The word is out on how delicious everything is and the nice atmosphere," he says, "that's bringing people in from other towns."

Jennifer Kornegay:

For Dale and Sam, a retired couple from Massachusetts who moved to nearby Castleberry four years ago, Lisa epitomizes the Southern hospitality that drew them down here, "This is loving your neighbors." Says Dale. She and Sam have lunch at Drexell and Honeybees several times a week and have been struck by the diversity.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"Every kind of person is in here." says Sam. Dale nods to an elderly man moving slowly toward the booth behind her with a plate piled high, "He's a regular, he had a stroke a while back and can't work. He has no family here. I think this might be all he eats each day."

Jennifer Kornegay:

The youngest diner so far, other than a few babies and toddlers in tow, arrive around noon. A couple of boys in T-shirts and athletic shorts. On a rare moment out of her kitchen, Lisa spots them and rushes over to say, hello. They're both on baseball scholarships at the community college where she once worked. And though she left before they arrive, she's obviously thrilled that she can still help local students.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Drake Wright, a freshman and Devon Foreman, a sophomore are quick to express appreciation. "It takes some of the financial burden off of us," Drake says, "Plus it's real food." "I was eating a lot of fast food before." Devon says.

Jennifer Kornegay:

The boys know that by comparison they are pretty lucky. "This is helpful for us, but for others it's essential. There are people who would go completely hungry without it." Drake says. Devin points to his plate, "This is all good. Lisa could be cooking this and make real money. But her heart is for this."

Jennifer Kornegay:

In Lisa's heart there's no room for judgment. She doesn't question or even wonder why anyone might be at a point in their lives where they need Drexell and Honeybees. She never watches the donation box.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"Sometimes somebody I know will snitch telling me, Lisa, you know who was in here, ate up a whole bunch, and didn't put a dime in the box?" I say, "No. And I don't want to. Do you know how crazy I'd go if I tried to keep tabs on that? That's not what this is about."

Jennifer Kornegay:

The donation box was designed to keep Lisa and others out of it, "You could drop a thousand dollars in there and I would not know," she says, "You could drop a quarter in there and I would not know. And there's a chance you could give so much more than that quarter, but there's also the chance that a quarter is everything you had left."

Jennifer Kornegay:

Her diners aren't always as open minded. I watch whispers and sideways glances move like a wave through the dining room when certain folks show up. A man wreaking of stale smoke and booze soaked sweat, he's talking too loudly. Some rowdy teenagers on their phones who clean their plates and rush out. Human nature is tough to kill even when a river of compassion tries to drown it

Jennifer Kornegay:

Noon. There's a short lull before a second crowd arrives. Cindy is dishing out hearty portions pausing to ask every person if they prefer the potato salad with or without onions. No matter how they feel about that, they'd better be okay with paprika. Earlier her sprinkles of the rusty dust across the top of both batches were heavy handed. L.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"Lisa likes everything to have some color and potato salad can look a little drab." Cindy explains, "Presentation really matters to her. And so does quality. When we make blueberry cobblers with the fresh berries Brewton is famous for, she always reminds us to take real care, not to let any berry stems in the mix. She tells us they don't taste good and our food tastes good."

Jennifer Kornegay:

Drexell and Honeybees is taking at least a small bite out of the area's poverty problems. And there are plenty of them. Brewton sits in Escambia County, one of Alabama's poorest, but it's also feeding more than physical hunger in a way shelters and soup kitchens can't because Drexell and Honeybees feels and basically operates like any other restaurant, emphasizing quality and presentation in an inviting atmosphere, it's also associating the innate desire for dignity.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"Everyone wants respect. Everyone wants to be acknowledged and valued. We owe others at least that." Lisa says.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"The connections formed at the restaurant are equally crucial. I want these different folks in this space together," she says, "I want them interacting, doing it over food makes the fellowship more natural."

Jennifer Kornegay:

The fellowship is so important to Lisa that she stopped offering to go orders. And this communion is opening eyes showing those in Brewton who have, how many there are, who have not.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"I have seen this community really come together to support Lisa and this place." Says Brewton native, Janie Chamberlain, "When you come in here, you get a better idea of the need here. That's something I think people have not been aware of. That may be the most far reaching impact of this generous work."

Jennifer Kornegay:

Thanks to some statewide media coverage that the restaurant's first anniversary garnered, Lisa's generosity is becoming known beyond the city. But there is one thing that Lisa will not share much to the chagrin of a favorite customer, 82 year old Mary Weaver.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"She cooks so much better than me. I'm begging for the recipes." Mary says. "No, no, you already know. I don't give those out." Lisa says. Mary often donates groceries to the restaurant, even though Lisa tells her not to, "She's on a fixed income." Lisa says, in an aside to me that Mary easily overhears. Mary puts a hand on her hip and retorts, "Everyone who can help should. I can help."

Jennifer Kornegay:

To continue Drexell and Honeybees needs all the help it can get. The building is paid for, but utility bills come monthly and there's still renovation costs to pay off. Plus the ingredients for each day's lunch. Freddy's pension helps underwrite much of Drexell and Honeybees expenses while also keeping a roof over his and Lisa's heads. But the restaurant depends on the money in the box and kind services and other donations. Small gifts add up too.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Lisa flings opened the door of a large freezer to show off such gifts, "We've been getting so many veggies from local farmers and backyard gardens," she says, "I've had to get a lady in here just to help cut them up and get them put up."

Jennifer Kornegay:

1:15 PM. The last guest is gone and I've got a broom again, corralling crumbs of cornbread and stray black eyed peas into piles dusted for the dust pan. Lisa comes out from the kitchen, locks the front door, and takes the donation box off the wall. She opens it and dumps the day's take on the table. She counts silently while I sweep.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"165.39," she announces, "it was a good day, but not the best. Some days we make \$40 and that doesn't even cover the food. And then sometimes I look in there and there are five, \$100 bills. So right now, at least it's evening out." Like mana, the pleasant surprises always seem to come when most needed.

Jennifer Kornegay:

When I ask, if she thinks she'd take in more if she puts suggested prices on the menu, as some other donation only restaurants do she's emphatic, "No, no, I will not do that." She says, "Let's say you are poor and hungry. And you'd really like a ham sandwich. And it says, suggested price 6.99. I actually don't think you're going to come in here at all, because you don't want to be spotted saying I can't pay that. You can run people off with that." She says, "Some people who operate, some of the other restaurants, might not understand because they've never been poor. But I have been, I know the pride of the working poor."

Jennifer Kornegay:

2:15 PM. If you find yourself in South Alabama, near Brewton around lunchtime and you pop into Drexell and Honeybees to eat, you'll find a warm welcome and heaping helpings of Southern comfort classics.

Jennifer Kornegay:

When you're done, Lisa hopes you leave full and happy. She hopes you had some enjoyable conversation with the other folks gathered, but her number one wish for what you take away is the parting thought she gives me along with a tight hug as I leave.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"Years ago, I met an old, old man on the outskirts of town and realized he had no refrigerator. It was 100 degrees in the shade. And I was worried about him having no cold or even cool water to drink." She says.

Jennifer Kornegay:

She couldn't afford to buy him a fridge, but she got him a cooler, loaded it with ice and water and juice, and kept it filled for months, "The day I met that man, I had bought a new pair of shoes. When I got home and saw those shoes, it bothered me. There are people right next to me who have nothing, not even a cool drink on a scorching day." She says blinking back tears.

Jennifer Kornegay:

She knows the money she paid for those shoes wouldn't have bought a fridge, but she dug for deeper meaning in her uneasiness. She uncovered a message that hit her hard, and it's this she most wants to pass on, "Don't ever let your wants override someone else's needs." She says, "And God's going to put needy people in your life to test you. Don't fail."

Jennifer Kornegay:

Lisa is getting top marks in that regard, but how much difference is Drexell and Honeybees making when it comes to food insecurity? There's little doubt it's helping people. The evidence is found folded up and scattered among the change and bills in the box.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"We get thank yous all the time. One scribbled note from a man said, if not for us, he and his family would not have eaten that day." Lisa says, "I believe that is true of someone here every single day."

Jennifer Kornegay:

Perhaps the return on investment that's most difficult to measure is the one that matters most. Drexell and Honeybees is proof, kindness still exists in this often cruel world. When Lisa talks about beginning this work with no grand plan, I'm struck by a thought, "She didn't need a plan. She simply made a choice, the choice to look beyond herself."

Jennifer Kornegay:

It's a choice that greets every one of us every day. And when we make the right choice, it's contagious, "A young lady recently told me that what we are doing here has changed her heart." Lisa says, "And not

because we're feeding her, but because she's now volunteering to help others. If I can do that with this, my goodness, that's it. That's the joy growing."

Jennifer Kornegay:

The pursuit of joy has long motivated Lisa, "I've learned the joy you get when you serve others," Lisa says, "and don't mistake it. Joy is not the same as happiness. Happiness is fleeting. Joy is something down in your soul."

Jennifer Kornegay:

At Drexell and Honeybees, Lisa deepens the idea of soul food. She pours the joy from her soul into fried chicken, stewed okra, and tomatoes, mac and cheese and pork chops only to find herself continually refilled.

Jennifer Kornegay:

"The more you do, the more you're able to do and the richer you become, not with things or money, with love." She says, "I don't think nothing can top that."

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Jennifer, that story, your story and Lisa's story, it is just so beautiful. When we published that story, it went viral. Everyone picked it up. People were sharing it. I remember our hero at the New York Times, Sam Sifton, put it in his newsletter. Were people reaching out to you? Did you hear from a lot of people?

Jennifer Kornegay:

I did. I probably got 40 or 50 emails. I had people reaching out directly to me. They were emailing me and asking for an address or how could they get in touch with Lisa because they wanted to make a donation. And then I know people actually contacted her directly for the same reason.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

We had so many people asking us for ways to help her. It was really wonderful to see. The Difference Between Happiness and Joy, it seems like after maybe people were already talking about that and culture, the difference between those two words, but I felt like we saw it more afterwards.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Yeah.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

It's just the perfect example of food is love, you know?

Jennifer Kornegay:

Yeah. And it is so inspiring to me that it was a kind of a simple single moment, that one act of kindness, at the grocery store that then just opened her eyes.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Right.

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Jennifer Kornegay:

To what was right around her. And then she just kept going. She kept building and growing with it and made what she made, but it started small.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

And I love that. She said she didn't have a plan. And you were like, she didn't need a plan.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Just do it.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Just do it. Have you been back?

Jennifer Kornegay:

No, I haven't. But it's funny. I'm actually going to be going to Brewton, I think in about two weeks, and I plan to be having lunch there.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Will you tell me again, where is it in Alabama?

Jennifer Kornegay:

If you're in Brewton, you're only about 45 minutes from the Alabama Gulf Coast, I think.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Well, I want to encourage everyone to go to The Bitter Southerner. The photographs are absolutely wonderful.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Yes. They're beautiful.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Of Lisa, and at the time, her new husband, and some of her customers.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Yeah, it is. And I really encourage people on their way to the beach this summer or or whenever they're going down that way, hop off 65 and go over to Brewton. Go see Lisa and go have a meal.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Have a delicious meal and put some money in that box.

Jennifer Kornegay:

That's right.

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Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Go support them.

Jennifer Kornegay:

That's right.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Well, I cannot thank you enough to have you read this. Just, for everyone listening, Jennifer and I were like, "How are we going to make it through this without getting teared up?" Because it's a wonderful story about wonderful people doing amazing things and good things in this world. And good Lord, we need more of those stories.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Yes we do.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Well, we appreciate you. Thank you. What's our next story to do together? We'll figure it out.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Yeah, yeah. I got some ideas.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Okay. Okay. Okay. All right. Thank you. Thanks for being here.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Thank y'all.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Okay. Bye Jennifer.

Jennifer Kornegay:

Bye.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

The Difference Between Happiness and Joy written and read by Jennifer Kornegay. You can find Drexell & Honeybee at 109 Lee street in Brewton, Alabama. You can also send money for the box at drexellandhoneybees.com.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

If you would like to read this story, you can find the original with all the photos of Lisa and the restaurant on our website, bittersoutherner.com. All of our food stories can be found in one spot at bittersoutherner.com/food-stories.

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Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Our fabulous producer is Ryan Engelberger. He also created the theme music for Batch. We love you, Ryan. And PS, thank you, Drew Vanderberg for the introduction. The people who helped put this episode together, our engineers, Kayla Dover and Kyle Gassett. And as always the Bitter Southerners, editorial and creative director, Dave Whitling.

Kyle Tibbs Jones:

Special thanks to Troy Public Radio in Montgomery and Tweed Recording in Chase Park Studios in Athens, Georgia. This episode of Batch was made possible by the support of Explore Asheville. I'm your host Kyle Tibbs Jones. And I'll be back soon with another episode of Batch. Until then team Bitter Southerner will be sharing stories, hoping for, and working on a better south and a better world.