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## HUCKABY: Good Southern eating not too far from home

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Mike Sellers likes to eat, and he is quite good at it. And Mike Sellers knows good food when he tastes it. What I am scrambling around trying to say is that when Mike Sellers speaks about food, I listen and follow his advice.

Mike has sent me to places all over Georgia and beyond and he has yet to steer me wrong where a plate full of groceries is concerned. Not once. And how many people can you say have ever given you perfect advice about anything? See what I'm saying?

Now I told you all of that to tell you this. A while back Mike gave me a dining tip that worked out really well, and I am finally willing to share — which is great news for all of you. No longer do you have to drive to Dahlonega, Dillard or Social Circle to enjoy fine Southern cuisine. In fact, you now have to drive no further than Railroad Street in Olde Town Conyers. Let me explain.

Back in November, Mike Sellers ran into my lovely wife, Lisa, and gave her a message to give to me. "Tell Darrell," he told her, "that y'all need to try out **Sharon's Southern Cooking** in Olde Town. It's where Michelangelo's used to be."

"Is it good?" Lisa asked.

"Good don't begin to describe it!" Mike insisted. "They cook it all from scratch. I don't think they even own a can opener. And it's good Southern food, the kind everybody used to eat at home every night. And there is plenty of it. It's reasonable, too — and they are about to start having a seafood buffet on Friday nights with shrimp and crab legs. Y'all need to give it a try."

Lisa didn't just pass the message along to me. She told our entire Sunday school class about Sharon's and suggested that we hold our annual Christmas dinner there — on seafood night. They acquiesced and a couple of weeks before Christmas about 35 of us showed up, purely on Mike Seller's recommendation, and had one of the best meals any of us had ever enjoyed.

There was a carving station, a pasta bar, and salads and desserts galore, along with fish and shrimp and the aforementioned crab legs. Let me tell you. We all got our \$25 worth — and we ate so much that the next Sunday we felt compelled to abandon our planned study of Luke’s gospel and take a refresher course on the evils of gluttony.

Well, I have been back to **Sharon’s** a couple of times since and have been impressed each time. The seafood buffet is only on Friday night, understand, but the food has been delicious each time I have been there. Fried chicken, creamed corn, macaroni and cheese, a fresh salad bar — not to mention some of the best collard greens you’ve ever put in your mouth. My daughter Jamie said so, and she has become a connoisseur of collards since moving to Savannah in May.

And there are grilled and roasted entrees on the buffet and — well, I could go on and on and on, but suffice it to say that if you ever had it for supper growing up, you will probably find it on the buffet at **Sharon’s** sooner or later, and it will be as good as you remember it being, too.

Monday night, I decided to celebrate MLK Day by taking Lisa out to dinner, and we wound up on Railroad Street. I am glad we did, too, because I finally got a chance to meet Eleanor Johnson, who is the person responsible for the delectable Southern food served at **Sharon’s**. She’s the cook, in other words.

I learned that Eleanor was raised in North Carolina, and even though she spent several years in exile in New Jersey, she still prepares food the way her mother taught her to cook it back home.

“We don’t serve soul food,” she told me. “We don’t cook with lard or a lot of pork seasoning. We serve Southern country food, and I cook everything we serve as if I were fixing it for my own family.”

I am here to tell you they do a good job, too. There are white linen tablecloths and napkins and an upscale environment and on some nights there is actually live entertainment — all for less than \$15 when it is not seafood night. Right here in Conyers. And even though they have been practicing for a couple of months, the official grand opening is Saturday night.

If you decide to give them a try, tell ’em me and Mike Sellers sent you. But come hungry — and save room for me in the buffet line.

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