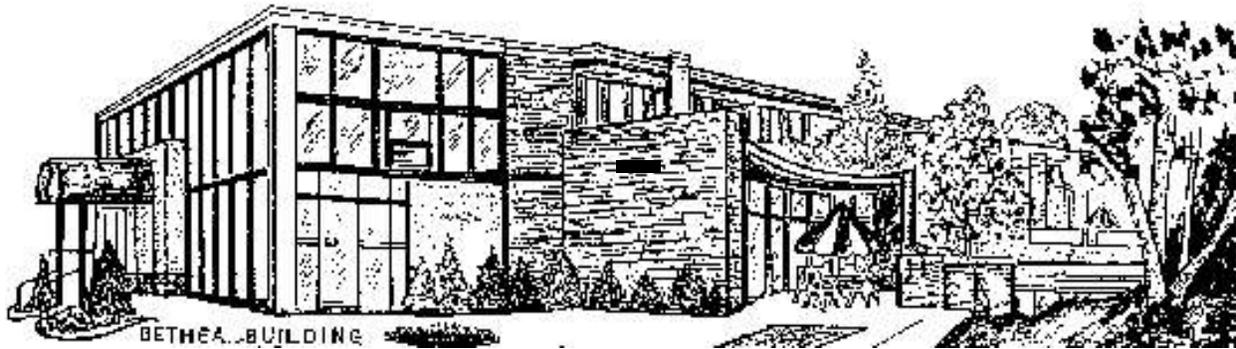


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NANCY GARRISON, Executive Director

Asheville, NC 28801-1218
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July-August 2014

IT'S SUMMER AGAIN

Jeannette Byrd



Hamburgers grilling, watermelons chilling,
Politicians expounding, tubas resounding
Drums rat-tat-tatting, neighbors out chatting



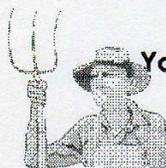
It's summer, it's summer again.



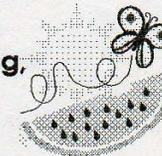
Large storm clouds drifting, sandy shores sifting,
Temperatures soaring, concerts encoring,
Corn farmers planting, butterflies enchanting,



It's summer, it's summer again.



Flags gaily waving, kids misbehaving,
Day lilies blooming, vacations resuming,
Young couples eloping, cowpokes calf roping,



It's summer, it's summer again.



Warm breezes blowing, creeks gently flowing,
Back packers hiking, grandparents biking,
Church folk picnicing, ice cream cone licking



It's summer, it's summer again



From Our Administrator - -



Our electronic medical reporting system is finally underway. We have been learning how the software operates. This will be a great tool when everything is up and running.

After thirty-five years our social services director Jeannette Byrd has decided to retire and enjoy her husband Ted and their homes in Asheville and Jacksonville, Fla.

Jeannette was honored at our employees' appreciation day on June 16 for her thirty-five years of service to the residents of Brooks-Howell. Our theme for that day was "A BYRD (not Bird) Theme" (See page 6 for more on the "Byrd" party.)

A few weeks ago at 6:30 a.m. I received a call from a nurse telling me they were having a fire. I was already up, but I was dressed and in the B-H parking lot in fifteen minutes. Our employee David Carter had already put the fire out by the time the fire department arrived. The fire was in one of our laundry rooms where a short occurred in one of our dryers. When I arrived, the nurses had everyone outside and out of harms way within a ten minute time frame. We then moved people to the Activities Building. As I went to speak to the fire inspector I passed the med and food carts on their way to the Activities Building. Our team did not miss a beat, and I am so proud of them. Thanks to the fast thinking of David Carter there was no damage to the building. The dryer was destroyed but thankfully no one was hurt. The residents told me they were not afraid and that they thought it was sort of fun!! But it scared me to death!

At the end of August Don Turman will be retiring as our chaplain. We have appreciated his years of service but understand that he wants to spend time now in other ways. Plans for his replacement have not yet been completed.

We welcomed A.J. Adams, who returned to Brooks-Howell after some years of absence, and

Dr. Donald Harris from the local community. Helen McCracken passed away, and Bettie Sue Smith, deaconess, early in May. (See her life story on p. 3.) They will be missed.

Your Sister in Christ,
Nancy Garrison, Administrator

The Fire Poem



We don't like to have things
boring
Early on a Friday Morning!

While we're dressed in our
nightclothes
When that dratted siren still
blows

Pull on a robe! Kleenex in the pocket!
Find your glasses! Hurry like a rocket!

Ho! Hum! Sleepy us!
Ho! Hum! We won't make a fuss.

Then comes Frieda with the latest word
Leave this floor. Fly like a bird!

So, we stumble down the stairs,
Leave it all behind. Nobody cares.

There they are! Other people just like us...
Standing in a group, seated without fuss.

We wait and talk and time moves slow
Danny takes our picture. Where will it show?

Here we are, the nearly naked us.
No makeup, no combs, no fuss.

But, Lord, could you make the next one
Happen after we've had coffee and a bun?

-Ann Janzen

(Photo: Danny Denmore)

In Memory--

Bettie Sue Smith

July 25, 1932

May 4, 2014



Bettie Sue Smith was born in Almo, Kentucky to Parker C and Euva B. Phillips Smith. Because her father was a tenant farmer, they moved frequently, and consequently were not regularly involved in a church during her early childhood.

When she was twelve, the family bought a small farm near Benton, Kentucky, where she lived until going away to college. She became a Methodist quite by accident because the nearest church was a small rural Methodist church. Shortly after joining Oak Level Methodist Church she began her long career in teaching Sunday School.

By age twelve she knew she wanted to be a teacher, a seemingly impossible dream for a girl whose family had no money. Listening to her mother who taught her that with God all things are possible, she enrolled in Lambuth College after graduation from high school. With strong support from her mother, her pastor and her church, and by working in the cafeteria and in restaurants during summers, she was able to earn a BA in 1955.

Two life-changing events happened during her junior year at Lambuth. She had her first severe attack of rheumatoid arthritis, and Anne McKenzie spoke in a chapel service about the US-2 program and the deaconess relationship.

After two years teaching in public schools, she was finally convinced that she would not be happy until she answered God's call to be a US-2. Her assignment was at Allen High School in Asheville as an English teacher. She enjoyed her work so much that she stayed for fourteen years. During summers she earned a MA in Teaching from Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

In 1971 she left Allen and moved to Red Bird Mission School in Southeast Kentucky, where she taught English, Appalachian studies and Bible. While at Red Bird she took courses at St. Paul's Seminary in Kansas City and was commissioned a deaconess in 1983. After twenty-seven challenging and rewarding years at Red Bird her arthritic joints convinced her that it was time to retire.

She moved to Brooks-Howell in 1998 and joined St. Paul's United Methodist Church, where she had been a member while at Allen. She taught an adult Sunday School class and was also Chair of the Administrative Council until her death.

At Brooks-Howell she was Chair of the Hospitality Committee and enjoyed showing groups around the home.

She is survived by several nieces, nephews and beloved cat "Miss Kitty."

I have chosen you--

"You are
my servant.
I have chosen you and
have not rejected you.
So do not fear
for I am with you..."

Isaiah 41:9-10



I Remember –



Some of my most memorable and interesting experiences on the mission field involve people met in passing.

The church we served in Santa Cruz, Bolivia, was next door to an overgrown lot owned by the church. It boasted a surrounding wall with a small lean-to in one corner. One day a couple of Chilean men came by asking if they might camp out there while looking for odd jobs to earn enough to continue their journey. The company that employed them in Chile had promised them jobs at the next site--the only problem being that the site was in Brazil, so they were trying to work their way across the continent. They stayed a week, cleaning up our grounds beautifully and leaving delightful memories with our sons and their friends of daily soccer matches.

This was mid 1960s so we were able to pay them enough to take the train into Brazil. We have always hoped that these pleasant, hard-working young men were able to make the schedule for their new construction jobs.

My Uruguayan memory is of two young women who showed up on our doorstep one evening as I was preparing dinner. LeGrand went out to see what they wanted and returned saying that they seemed giddy and might be on drugs. As it turned out, they were simply so exhausted they could hardly place one foot in front to the other. They were students at the University of Venezuela which was closed due to strikes (not an uncommon Latin American occurrence in those days) and were backpacking to Buenos Aires for Christmas. They were afraid to sleep in the open for fear of having their packs stolen and were looking for a safe place to spend the night. Protestant churches

were high on the list of safe places! No telling how long it had been since they had slept and I invited them to use our guest room. They refused food, although one did accept a cup of coffee, and went straight to bed at about 6:00 p.m.

When we had heard no sound from either girl by noon the next day, I began to wonder if they were OK. They were and turned out to be charming young women who joined us for lunch. One was Venezuelan; the other the daughter of a Spanish diplomat working in Venezuela. They were to meet the Venezuelan father in Buenos Aires for a flight back home.

Esquel, Argentina is a long way from everywhere and hospitality to strangers is a "given." So when a young couple arrived on our doorstep one day we were not surprised. Neither of them spoke a word of Spanish, but the man was fairly fluent in English. After some halting conversation, we allowed them to occupy a storeroom behind our parsonage, and they were more than pleased with the bare floor accommodations. They had hiked through the tropics to arrive in the Argentine Patagonia, giving away their blankets and warm clothing which seemed like excess baggage in the heat. However, that was not an auspicious preparation for hiking through southern Argentina where few days ever rise to our idea of summer temperatures. They were elated to find a bag of used clothing (for giving away) in their "bedroom" and asked to appropriate sweaters and long-sleeved shirts to replenish their wardrobe.

We saw little of the girl during the two days they stayed, but the English-speaker was so hungry for conversation that he nearly talked us to death. He was German, and I do not remember if we ever discovered the girl's nationality. She appeared when they were leaving with her long straight hair on the left and a completely shaved head on the right, souvenir of her stay in an Asian convent. According to her companion, she always camouflaged the shaved head until they secured

(Continued p. 5)

Jayne Smith (Continued from p. 4)
lodging, having found that the unusual hairdo prejudiced folks.

I have often wondered if, how, and where these two "wanderers" ever settled into a normal life style and if they remained together.

In 1984, our attempt to visit Ushuaia in Tierra del Fuego, Argentina's southernmost city, was interrupted by a shattered windshield from a rock spit up by a passing car. Since Toyota had no agency in Argentina, we had to go to Chile to have it replaced. That trip involved a ferry across the Magellan Straits. As we crossed, we struck up a conversation with a young woman and told her the purpose of our trip. She was going to visit her brother who lived in Punta Arenas, Chile, our destination. She thought he could probably help us locate the Toyota agency. Time was of the essence because it was late in the day, and we hoped to get our car in for the repair that evening. Sure enough he led us to the agency, waited while we made arrangements, then said, "You might like to know of a modest hotel." Of course we did--again he led us to the hotel, pointed it out, honked, and took off. Our trip was great success due to this man's kindness, but he drove away before we even had the opportunity to say "Thank you" or to reimburse him for his time and trouble. Moral: our world is home to generous people and one is blessed to run into them!

–Jayne Smith

A little boy was overheard praying:
“Lord, if you can’t make me a better boy,
don’t worry about it.
I’m having a real good time like I am.”

My grandson was visiting one day when he asked,
“Grandma, do you know how you and God are alike?”

I mentally polished my halo, while I asked,
“No, how are we alike?”
“You’re both old,” he replied.

–Authors unknown

News from Resident Services--

National Cancer Survivor Awareness Week

Many of our residents have survived a battle with cancer, so we decided to honor them during Cancer Survivor Awareness Week, June 2-6. Residents who wished to be recognized for surviving cancer gave their names to Alycia Johnson in the Resident Services office. We created a board with colored ribbons symbolizing the type of cancer that each one survived.

Of course, we had to put some fun into the week’s celebration, so each day of the week we wore a different color, associated with a particular type of cancer:

- Monday – PINK (breast cancer)
- Tuesday – BLUE (prostate cancer)
- Wednesday – WHITE (lung cancer)
- Thursday – GOLD (childhood cancer)
- Friday – LAVENDER (all kinds of cancer)

Did it make life easier knowing what color to wear each day?

--Alycia Johnson, Resident Services

Tracey Owens, Activities Coordinator (Resident Services) who was recently consecrated as a deaconess, was commissioned by the Bishop at the Western North Carolina Annual Conference on Sunday, June 22 to her work at Brooks-Howell Home.

The “Byrd” Sanctuary Tea Party



On June 16, everyone arrived at the noon meal to a festive dining room -- breezy summer hats, beautiful flowers, and cleverly-painted birdhouses. It was Employee Appreciation Day.



Nancy Garrison, Brooks-Howell’s Executive Director, welcomed everyone, especially the employee honorees. She explained that, since Jeannette Byrd, who is retiring at the end of the month, did not want an official retirement party, this “Tea Party” was named in her honor.

Nancy and Carole Gilham, Director of Business/Human Relations, presented the employee awards. They were assisted by Betty Swarhout, President of the Brooks-Howell Advisory Board. The following employees received monetary awards:

5 Year Awards

Brittany Edwards, Nursing
Susan Gerrie, Dietary
Tracey Owens, Administration

10 Year Awards

Marselino Plascencia, Dietary
Aileen Mangum, Nursing

15 Year Awards

Carole Gilham, Administration

20 Year Awards

Sallie Burns, Nursing
Debra Lambert, Environmental

25 Year Awards

JoAnn Muse, Nursing

35 Year Awards

Jeannette Byrd, Administration

At five-year intervals, the employees are given ten dollars for every year served. Jeannette broke up the house by saying, “I didn’t want a party, but I didn’t say I didn’t want this award.” She will be spending more time in their home in Florida, especially during the winter – her husband is already waiting there for her – where they are going “to do nothing,” she said. They will, however, keep their home in Asheville and she will continue working in her church (St. Paul’s).



Jeannette Byrd

The sumptuous meal offered an amazing array of festive food: strawberry soup, glazed ham, Cornish hen, truffle macaroni and cheese, roasted mini potatoes, veggie blend, green beans, deviled eggs, veggies and dip, fruit, mini quiches, mini wellingtons, mini sandwiches (tuna, turkey, cheese), mini croissants (egg salad, pimento), Wonderland Salad, mini muffins, Danish, biscuits, yeast rolls, butter, lemonade, berry punch, coffee, hot tea, cold tea, mini cheesecake petit fours, and hydrangea cupcakes!

Special thanks for the “Byrd” Sanctuary Tea Party go to employees of the Administrative and Dietary Departments, and to the following folks who painted the bird-houses: Carole Gilham, Nancy Garrison, Colleen Owensbey (Bookkeeper), and Kim Miller (Director of Environmental Services).



Not only the employees but the residents, too, felt privileged to be a part of this lovely home and family!

–Gail Hipkins

(Photos: Alycia Johnson)

From Our Chaplain—

A Sent People

In Jesus' prayer in John 17, he speaks to God in this way concerning those who have chosen to follow him: "As you sent me into the world, I have sent them into the world."



Those of us who are now retired and living at Brooks-Howell Home can relate personally to that prayer and can remember a clear sense of being called and sent to be communicators of God's love in some vocation somewhere in the world. We have been flexible enough to be used in different ways according to our gifts and the circumstances of our location and ministry. We look back with gratitude and amazement on lives filled with exciting and challenging opportunities to be the instruments of God's love among people with whom we were privileged to live and to love.

The coming of retirement hasn't changed our being called and sent "into the world." At least we should not accept a mentality of believing that we are no longer needed as God's channels of love. Our physical worlds may shrink a little and we may become more dependent but with imagination and creativity we can discover new ways through which God can use our gifts "in the world."

A few weeks ago while in Rome I thought of the apostles like Peter and Paul who had been imprisoned and killed in that city far from their birthplace. It was a reminder that choosing to be a follower of Jesus is a willingness to be sent into the world until we draw our last breath.

I write about this because I am preparing to retire as chaplain at Brooks-Howell Home. These past five years as chaplain have been a high point in my life and ministry and I am deeply grateful for the richness of this experience. Although I am ready for less responsibility in planning and carrying out our chapel worship, I am not ready for less service. I look forward to a new adventure of involvement in life and ministry here at Brooks-Howell Home and to discovering new dimensions of being sent into the world.

--Don Turman, Chaplain

One Sunday in a Midwest City, a young child was "acting up" during the morning worship hour. The parents did their best to maintain some sense of order in the pew but were losing the battle. Finally, the father picked the little fellow up and walked sternly up the aisle on his way out. Just before reaching the foyer, the little one called loudly to the congregation, "Pray for me! Pray for me!"

A Sunday School teacher asked her little children, as they were on the way to the church service, "And why is it necessary to be quiet in church?"

One bright little girl replied, "Because people are sleeping."

(Authors unknown)

Journeying Through the Seasons

Engaging, thought provoking, meaningful, creative, challenging, inspiring, and enjoyable! These are words BH residents have used in describing our annual May spiritual retreat, skillfully led by Deaconess Cameron Kempson.

The theme was “Journeying through the Seasons: Connecting Nature and Spirituality.” As we explored the relationship between Spring and rootedness; Summer and balance; Autumn and thankfulness; and Winter and surrender, the soil of our spirit lives was cultivated, planted, and tended.

For each season we did a visualization exercise, reflected on related questions, meditated using art materials, and shared our insights and thoughts. The retreat was carefully constructed to involve all of our senses and residents readily engaged.

Our quiet time apart, Cameron’s sensitive leadership, the retreat content, creative expression, and the easy flow of the schedule, encouraged us to relax, open and go deeper in our spiritual experience.

This spiritual retreat gifted us in countless ways and it will continue to bear fruit in our lives. Thanks, Cameron.

–Bev Reddick



BIRTHDAYS

RESIDENTS

4 ALICE PARADA
4 DON TURMAN
9 DEBBIE PITTMAN
13 JIM HIPKINS
29 FRIEDA MORRIS
30 LEGRAND SMITH



EMPLOYEES

1 TAT'YANA DEMETS, NURSING
1 CRYSTAL REEMS, NURSING
2 MIKE WALKER, RES SERVICES
4 EFFIE WILLIAMS, NURSING
8 NINA KNIGHTEN, DIETARY
10 DONNA ANDERSON, NURSING
19 PAMELA RICE, NURSING
23 ERIKA SANCHEZ ORTIZ, ENVIRON S
26 LONNIE MORRIS, MAINTENANCE
29 JEANIA FISHER, NURSING
30 SANDY HARRISON, DIETARY
30 KIM MILLER, ENVIRONMENTAL SVS

RESIDENTS

8 DOUG WINGEIER
8 NAOMI WRAY
11 CYNTHIA WARD
15 COY HOWE
19 HELEN FREY
29 EVERETT WOODCOCK
31 ELIZABETH HOWELL



EMPLOYEES

5 KEVIN SMITH, ENVIRON SVS
7 JILL BANYAI, RESIDENT SVS
8 KAREN MACNEIL, NURSING
8 NADIYA MARRENGUYLE, NURSING
11 DEBORAH CLOSE, NURSING
12 AILEEN MANGUM, NURSING
19 ANNA SHELEY, NURSING
22 IRINA ANTYUFYEVA, NURSING
22 ELIZABETH REED, NURSING
26 SARA PENLEY, NURSING
27 ROSALIE COWLES, NURSING
31 MELISSA HARPER, NURSING

