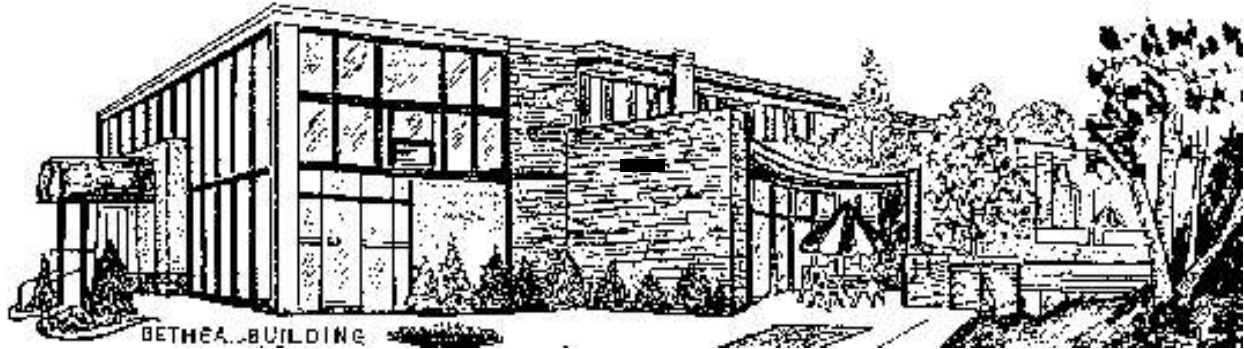


# SERENDIPITOR



Brooks-Howell Home  
Phone: (828) 253-6712  
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266 Merrimon Avenue  
NANCY GARRISON, Executive Director

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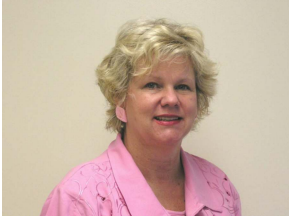
As we express our gratitude, we must never forget  
that the highest appreciation is not to utter words,  
but to live by them. ~John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Thanksgiving Day comes, by statute, once a year; to the honest man it comes  
as frequently as the heart of gratitude will allow. ~Edward Sandford Martin

He who thanks but with the lips  
Thanks but in part;  
The full, the true Thanksgiving  
Comes from the heart.  
~J.A. Shedd

Happy  
Thanksgiving

# From Our Administrator—



Each time I write to you I always talk about the weather or the beauty of this campus, and I will again this time. The leaves this year have brilliant colors of yellow, orange, red with a hint of green mixed in. We who work here or live here are very fortunate indeed. No matter which season it is, our garden staff, Joe and Patti, keep the grounds looking beautiful.

Last week a large group of United Methodist Women came for an Unbuntou day here. They cleaned the grounds, washed windows, helped several residents fall clean, and worked in our enlarged archive library. We can now settle into the winter months knowing we are clean and organized.

I am so happy to have someone here to help me in the mountains of paper, hundreds of e-mail, and stacks of federal and state forms that must be filled out. Karen Underwood came to work with us two weeks ago and has already made a big difference in my work load. Karen will be able to assist the residents in many situations they may have, as well as helping me make appointments. So now when you call and my voice mail is full (as it is daily), you can call and talk to Karen.

**GOD IS GOOD!**

We had two local community ladies move in with us this month Ms. Juanita Hill and Ms. Marjorie Jamison.

Since our last issue of the *Serendipitor*, we have lost Deaconess Laura Wells, Missionaries Eunice Sluyter, Libby Johannaber and Vera Woodcock; and from Asheville Ms. Donna Shaw. We will miss their loving faces.

Thanksgiving will be here before we know it. It is always a beautiful time at Brooks-Howell. May you have a blessed holiday with friends and family.

Nancy Garrison , Executor/Administrator

## **For Your Entertainment—**

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.”

\*\*\*\*\*

A little boy opened the big and old family Bible with fascination, looking at the old pages as he turned them. Then something fell out, and he picked it up and looked at it closely. It was an old leaf from a tree that had been pressed in between the pages.

“Momma, look what I found.” the boy called out.

“What have you got there, dear?” his mother asked.

With astonishment in his voice, he answered, “It’s Adam’s Suit!”

—Author and Source Unknown

# In Memory--

## **Eunice Hope Sluyter**

**December 13, 1916**

**August 27, 2014**

Eunice Sluyter was born December 13, 1916, in New York, to the Rev. Dr. Henry Sluyter and Bertha L. Erskine.



She graduated from Hope College in Holland, Michigan and taught in Crossnore, North Carolina. The Reformed Church Missionary Board then assigned her to India. While in India she met Sarah Chakko, principal of Isabella Thoburn College, the first women's college in Asia. Because of their meeting Eunice was invited to teach at Isabella Thoburn College, which she did for five years. Afterwards, Eunice joined the United Methodist Woman's Division and earned her MA from New York University. She then worked in the treasurer's office of the Woman's Division.

She later became publisher of the Lucknow Publishing House for the Methodist Church in India. When she returned to the United States she worked with the Area Agency on Aging in Florida, and then went to Nova University in Fort Lauderdale as adjunct professor in the Learning Technology department.

She retired to Brooks-Howell Home in 1998, and was a member of Central United Methodist Church.

## **Laura Belle Wells**

**Sept. 1, 1927**

**Sept. 21, 2014**



Laura Wells was born September 1, 1927 in Auxier, KY, to Carrie (Music) and Leonard Wells, the second of seven children. She spent all twelve years of elementary and high school in the Auxier school system and graduated valedictorian in 1945 with a

class of five.

She received her Provisional Elementary Teaching Certificate from Pikeville Junior College

in Kentucky, and earned a BS in Elementary Education from Eastern Kentucky State College. In 1954 she received her Master's Degree in Church and Community Work from Scarritt College in Nashville, TN.

Her life was one of service, teaching elementary school in the Auxier Public Schools, serving with Clay County Group Ministry, NC and Lawrence County Group Ministry in KY. From 1967 to 1972 Laura worked at Scarritt College in the Church and Community Department and was Acting Dean of Students from 1969 to 1972.

During her years at Scarritt she became involved in prison ministry, prompted in part by learning that one of the youth she had worked with in one of her assignments had been incarcerated.

From 1972 to 1977 she was with the Office of Creative Ministries, Missouri East and West Conferences and from 1977 to 1988 Laura served in the Church in Prison in the Tennessee Conference. In 1989 she was commissioned as a deaconess, and continued in church and community ministry as Coordinator of We Care Ministries in Martin, Tennessee.

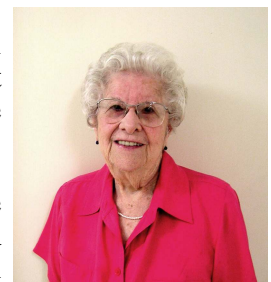
She retired on Sept. 1, 1944, and became a resident of Brooks-Howell Home and a member of St. Paul's United Methodist Church. She was active in United Methodist Women, Church Women United, and the Methodist Federation for Social Action.

## **Elizabeth Carol Johannaber**

**Nov. 22, 1912**

**Oct. 2, 2014**

Elizabeth "Libby" Johannaber was born on Nov. 22, 1912 in a devout Christian family in Lone Wolf, Oklahoma.



College during the depression was interrupted in order to teach in rural and public schools before earning a Bachelor's degree in Early Childhood Education from the University of Nebraska, Omaha in 1937 and a Master's in Educational  
(Continued p. 4)

Elizabeth Johannaber (Continued from p.3)  
 Psychology from the University of Minnesota in 1941. This was followed by work as a school psychologist in the schools of Shorewood, Wisconsin and as a psychometric counselor in the regional office of the Veteran's Administration in Woods, Wisconsin. (This was later used by the Communists to say that Libby was a "subversive agent of the United States government.")

Libby was commissioned a missionary in Christ Church, New York City in 1947, under the Woman's Division of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church. She was assigned to train kindergarten teachers at Laua Haygood Normal School in Soochow, China. This was cut short when Communists dominated China in 1949. However, Bishop Kiang gave the missionaries the choice of remaining in China or returning to the States. Libby decided to remain in China under two conditions: 1) that she could do what she felt the Lord wanted her to do and 2) that her being there was not an embarrassment to her Chinese colleagues. Following her service in China she was sent to the Philippines where she taught from 1952-1963 at Harris Memorial College in both the Kindergarten and Christian Education departments.

Family health needs required an extended stay in the States from 1963-1976. During that time she worked in Long Range Planning at the General Board of Global Ministries, was Program Director for East St. Louis Inner-City United Methodist Parish, and was Conference Director of Christian Education for the Redbird Missionary Conference in Kentucky.

In 1976 she was invited to teach Christian Education in both the Chinese and English departments of Trinity Theological College in Singapore. Supervision of student interns in the churches in Singapore gave her an opportunity to observe and appreciate the growth and expansion of the Christian church in Asia.

After retirement in 1980 she lived in Dallas for twenty-five years, and then came to Brooks-Howell on September 6, 2005.

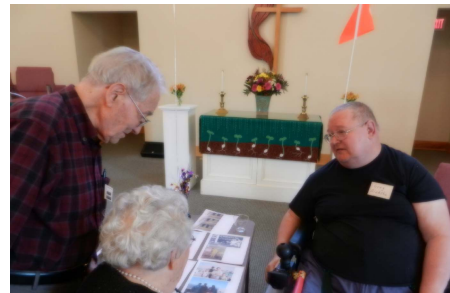
## New Resident Reception

The Courtesy Committee of the Brooks-Howell Residents' Council held the Annual New Residents Reception on Wednesday, October 15, in the chapel. Eighteen new residents were honored with a reception line, fine refreshments, festive balloon decorations, and welcomed by several Brooks-Howell residents. Each new resident was invited to bring pictures or mementos to share regarding their lives before Brooks-Howell.

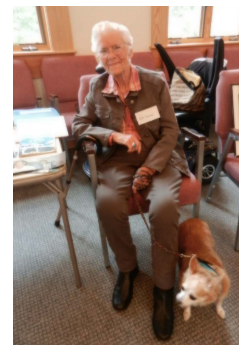
New Residents are as follows: A.J. Adams, Greg Bieksha, Nell Brigman, Mary Fugelsang, Carol Greenspan, Hortense Gunter, Don Harris, Marguerite Hays, Juanita Hill, Jo Lovelace, Lucille McBeth, Pauline Precise, Donna Shaw, Juanita Sigmon, Dot Smith, Betty and Art Swarthout, Harry Taylor.

Everyone enjoyed conversation, food, and stories. Thanks to the Courtesy Committee for planning and making the arrangements for this important event. Brooks-Howell looks forward to greeting more new residents in the year to come.

--Marcia Knight



*Everett & Vera Woodcock talk with Greg Bieksha about his display.*



*A.J. Adams, newly returned, with her companion, Robin.*

(Photos: Mary Z. Longstreth)

## Ubuntu\* Day at Brooks-Howell Home

October 18

There were forty-three women (UMW, staff and residents) from across the Western North Carolina Conference who participated in the Ubuntu Day of Service at Brooks-Howell. Twenty-three UMW units and individuals provided Lowe's or Home Depot gift cards for Brooks-Howell to use for maintenance, repairs, gardening, etc. Thank you to all the United Methodist Women for your support!

Responses to the question: "What did you think about the Ubuntu Day of United Methodist Women?"

### Alycia Johnson, Chaplain:

I spent most of the time with the window washers who toured through the public spaces of Brooks-Howell. We did a lot of laughing together as we scrubbed and polished. We learned what each was doing in her personal minister and shared our admiration and respect for each scrubber. As we cleaned window, we enriched each others' spirits and the spirits of others who were working at other tasks.

### Debbie Pittman, Resident

Ubuntu was a day of women gathering together to accomplish things. They helped me sort, stack, dispose of and store my belongings in my upstairs office, and make space to enter my office in my chair. All of this was done in the midst of sharing our life stories and laughing at ourselves. We met as strangers and parted as friends. Plus it was great to get the jobs done.

### Ann Janzen, Resident

We residents process greeting cards to go to programs that make them available for making new cards. I had wondered how on earth we were going to remove the personal messages from the pictures of about a thousand cards. The Ubuntu women set up a production line and set to work. When it was over, we heaved a communal sigh of relief when we looked at the neatly stacked boxes of card fronts and gave thanks for the blessing we had shared.

### Esther Megill, Resident

I was grateful for the four women who helped me in the Missions/Archives Library. None were strangers to me, and two had helped last year during Ubuntu Day. I had been in the process of getting the library expanded from one small room to the entire area. One woman carried many books to the new book shelves in the main area; three worked on cutting out articles about or by residents in previous *Serendipitors*—beginning with the first issues in 1976. These I am putting in the files of former and present residents—part of the history of Brooks-Howell. And I mainly sat and told them what to do!

We too were able to carry on conversations as we worked, and enjoyed the company. I am grateful for all the work that was done, and am looking forward to more help at another time!

Other volunteers worked outdoors on the lawn.

Before they began work the volunteers met in the Activities Building with Joanie Strohm, Blue Ridge District President and representative of the Conference UMW. They were divided into work groups, and at the closing they reported on their experiences.

—Assembled by Tracey Owens,  
Director of Resident Services

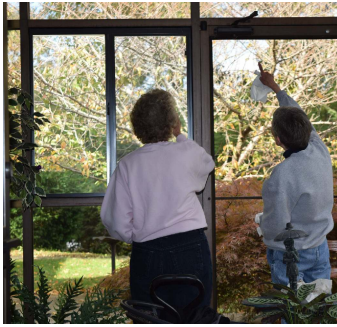
\**Ubuntu* (oo-buun-too) is a Nguni Bantu term roughly translating to "human kindness." It is an idea from the Southern African region which means literally "human-ness," and is often translated as "humanity toward others," but is often used in a more philosophical sense to mean "the belief in a universal bond of sharing that connects all humanity."—Wikipedia



*Joanie Strohm giving instructions to the volunteers*



*Working in the Missions/Archives Library*



*Washing Windows*



*Lunch Time in the Activities Building*



*Gardeners*



*[The editor apologizes for using photos without the names of the persons. No record was kept of the persons in each group, so, although some are known by the editor, no names have been given, except for that of our District president. Of course, we did not get permission to use the photos either, but everyone knew their pictures were being taken, and no one objected!]*



*Cutting Cards with Ann Janzen*

(Photos by Debbie Pittman)

# From Our Chaplain--

## “Remember to breathe”

Fall is not my favorite season. I know, this may shock many of you. As an artist the beautiful colors of the fall leaves, the sky so blue, the active squirrels and singing birds should all be inspiration for my creative spirit. And I DO enjoy these things, especially the brilliant colors of fall. But as I left our house this morning, I could see my breath. I do not like being able to see my breath. I like warm breezes, not chilly ones. I like the promise of a spring day that heralds warm summer evenings...

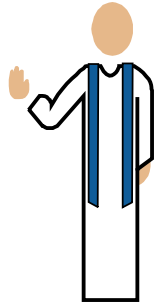
As I grumbled about being able to see my breath, (and the need to get new gloves so my hands won't get so cold on the steering wheel), the word “BREATH” stayed with me.

In the second creation story in Genesis 2:7, “God formed the human from the topsoil of the fertile land and blew life's breath into his nostrils.” (CEB). Then there's Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones and God's promise: “I will put my breath in you, and you will live.” Ezekiel 37:14a. And John 20:22 – “And Jesus breathed on them and said, “Receive the Holy Spirit.”

As we go about the things we do every day: doctors appointments, church and UMW meetings, letter writing, talking with friends, eating breakfast, lunch and dinner... the hours and minutes fill up. And we need to be reminded to take a breath.

So even when the season turns cooler and we can see our breath in the crisp morning air, let it be a reminder for us to stop and breathe. Breathe in the Spirit, Who gives us life.

--Chaplain Alycia Johnson



[Steve Taylor, a Home Missioner candidate, shared the following poem in a chapel service at Brooks-Howell. He had attended a Mission U Regional School in preparation for teaching Spiritual Growth course, when he said, “During a time of silent reflection and centering the poem just bubbled up from within my soul.” He has given permission for it to be printed in the *Serendipitor*. Many of you who read this will have had the course in a Mission U or District study, or will some time during the year. We trust that this poem will be meaningful to you.]

## How Is It With Your Soul?

How is it with your soul . . .

Soul. . .soul. . . soul

As if to say,

How is it down in that deep part of you, that little shattered part. . . that cries, and grieves, and loses, and suffers, and weeps, and claws for a way to be heard.

And then, how is it with your soul. .

with barren wombs and suffering servants and silenced prophets and calling out when all around you have gone...

Abandoned in the garden . . . and waiting for the soldiers to come . . . and everyone around you sleeps.

How is it with your soul

Inside the broken heart, in that beating, pulsing, yearning place where all that is left is . . . prayer.

Only inside prayer, in silence, in special space, where the LOVE flows and wraps around the wounds and acts as humus... rich and real and moist and BIRTHING.. .

Hope.

How?. . . anyway. . .when?. . .anytime. . . where?. . . in my head, where, in my heart, where, in my loneliness, where, in my brokenness, in my lostness, in my fear,

(Continued p. 8)

How Is It With Your Soul (continued from p. 7)

In my joy, in my songs, singing and laughing and  
in community,

in that space where when I can't believe,  
you believe for me ...  
it is, you see, my, our ...life.

How is it with your soul ...

Through the word . . . made flesh . . . holding . . .  
carrying. . .moving us to the edge . . .  
into relationship with those who are spilled  
upon, put down, shut up, shoved aside . . .  
with the ones he calls "the least of these,"  
which includes, of course,  
that little busted up part of my own self ...

And in their liberation  
...my liberation  
...our liberation.

It is, you see, the movement of justice,  
It is, you see, the reality of transformation,

It is, you see, simply ... Jesus.

It is ... how it is ... with my, with our ...soul.

\*\*\*\*\*

**I've Learned**

I've learned—  
that you cannot make someone love you.  
All you can do is be someone who can be loved.  
The rest is up to them.

I've learned—  
that no matter how much I care,  
some people just don't care back.

I've learned—  
that it's not what you have in your life  
but who you have in your life that counts.

I've learned—  
that you can get by on charm for about fifteen  
minutes.  
After that, you'd better know something.

I've learned—  
that you shouldn't compare  
yourself to the best others can do.

I've learned—  
that it's taking me a long time  
to become the person I want to be.

I've learned—  
that you should always leave loved ones with  
loving words.  
It may be the last time you see them.

I've learned—  
that you can keep going  
long after you think you can't.

I've learned—  
that we are responsible for what we do,  
no matter how we feel.

I've learned—  
that either you control your attitude  
or it controls you.

I've learned—  
that heroes are the people  
who do what has to be done  
when it needs to be done,  
regardless of the consequences.

I've learned—  
that my best friend and I can do anything  
or nothing and have the best time.

I've learned—  
that sometimes the people you expect  
to kick you when you're down  
will be the ones to help you get back up.

I've learned—  
that sometimes when I'm angry  
I have the right to be angry,  
but that doesn't give me  
the right to be cruel.

—Author and source unknown





## Birthdays



### Residents

- 2 Martha Strunk
- 9 Lois Mohansingh
- 16 Brigman, Nell
- 19 Grace Estel
- 19 Kathryn Jones
- 20 Alberta Gravatt
- 21 Barbara Crouse
- 25 Irma Higgins
- 30 Jane Mitchell

### Employees

- 1 Wyndi Whitaker – Nursing
- 3 Tracey Owens – Resident Services
- 5 William Cowan - Nursing
- 7 Jeannette Mayfield – Enviro. Services
- 10 Sara Marshall - Nursing
- 11 Olena Marrengulye - Nursing
- 14 Henry Gordon - Dietary
- 14 Natalya Zvarickevsk - Nursing
- 28 Augustin Pretrick



### Residents

- 1 Irene Hoefener
- 2 Marguerite Hays
- 3 Richard Smyth
- 4 Daisy Walder
- 7 Jayne Smith
- 10 Dr. Harry Taylor
- 25 Susan Carmichael
- 25 Margaret Craven

### Employees

- 7 Retina Halai – Dietary
- 8 Garrett Ruley – Dietary
- 10 Sallie Burns – Nursing
- 13 Carletta Williams – Nursing
- 14 Jo Ann Muse – Nursing
- 14 Shelia McCarty – Nursing
- 16 Takina King - Nursing
- 18 Bessie Robbs - Dietary
- 21 Harrin Mary - Administration
- 22 Patrice Higgins – Resident Services
- 23 Brenda Muse - Nursing
- 31 Samone Hall - Nursing
- 31 Jacynthia Lordman - Nursing
- 31 Mary Jo Messer - Nursing

Serendipitor is published six times during the year. It is sponsored by the Brooks-Howell Home and is written by and for residents, staff and friends. It focuses on people and current happenings here, features past and coming events, and points the way to creative Christian living. EDITORIAL STAFF: Esther Megill, editor; Ann Janzen, Gail Hipkins, Marcia Knight, Tracy Owens, Nancy Garrison. Mailers: Barbara Markham and Virginia Miller. RATE: \$10.00 PER YEAR; SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO SERENDIPITOR, checks made payable to Serendipitor. Check your label for an expiration date.

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