

SERENDIPITOR



Brooks-Howell Home

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September-October 2010



Ah, September!

Scholars returning

Buses making rounds

Leaves swirling

A cacophony of red, orange, yellow

We're beginning again

Scholars and parents

What do we want?

What do we hope?

What do we expect?

What is real?

Ah, October!

Pumpkins and ghosts and goblins

Carving faces, spitting seeds.

There's magic in the air!

Catch it if you can.



-Cynthia Ward

From Our Administrator - -

Hello, friends,



I hope that September will bring cooler weather, and that you have survived the hot summer without too much difficulty.

On August 6 to 8 we hosted the Western North Carolina Conference executive and finance committees for their meetings. While here, many stayed in our residents' homes, which saved the conference money and gave the officers a chance to know our residents. We always enjoy sharing our beautiful facility with groups, especially those who help make it possible to provide a home for our missionaries and deaconesses

In addition to that group, Kathryn Mitchem will be leading a spiritual retreat for Church and Community workers here in early September; the Deaconess and Home Missioner candidates will be here to study the Old and New Testament in late September; and Jorie Ruegger will be hosting the Stony Point 1965 class reunion in October.

I can't close without mentioning our maintenance director, Stuart Bryan, whose mother Eevie started work here and lived in our staff house when Stu was ten years old. When I took my first job here replacing Eevie, she told me Stu came with the job, and of course he is still here and still lives in the staff house. The big news is STU IS GOING TO BE FORTY, (going on 16). Besides being the campus clown, Stu is an excellent artist, and in fact has a contract with Flipside, a company which makes skate boards. He is working on three graphics now that will be put on skate boards. Stuart is one of a group of artists, and the company rotates using them, so he expects that in about six months he will be working on a new consignment.

Did I tell you he is a very good skateboarder? Well, at least he was until he went South and the board went North, causing him to break a hip. (The most recent of several broken bones as a result of his skateboarding.) However, being the 16-year-old he is (ha ha) he was back to work in a few short weeks, and wants to ride the board again as soon as possible.



(Stewart Bryan)

On July 18 we lost Ms. Nina McIntosh, one of our local community residents. We were happy to have Ms. Dolores Carnegie, also from the Asheville area, come live with us.

Til next time,
Nancy Garrison
Executive Director/Administrator



Winnie & Nancy at Winnie's Recognition
(See p. 8)

Photo Debbie Pittman

Our Family Visit to Indonesia



Our dream of taking all of our immediate family to Indonesia finally was realized in June when Ramona and I were able to go with ten other family members for an eighteen-day visit to Singapore and Indonesia. Our group included our three sons, two daughters-in-law, and five grandchildren. Our oldest grandson, Ben, was unable to go because he was finishing up a year of study in China and beginning a summer internship at the U.S. Embassy in Vilnius, Lithuania.

We spent ten days in Jakarta and also visited friends and cultural sites in central and Eastern Java and on the island of Bali. Our greatest satisfaction came from introducing our family to longtime co-workers and friends and for them to visit some of the places where we have lived and worked. We were pleased with their stamina for the demanding itinerary we had planned and their adjustment to strange foods and customs. We were amazed that almost every day all twelve of us were invited out for a wonderful variety of delicious meals. We were overwhelmed by the kindness and generosity of our hosts in welcoming our family and helping to make our visit most enjoyable and memorable.

We also visited with Bishop Amat Tumino and several pastors from the autonomous Methodist Church of Indonesia. Although the churches in Indonesia face many challenges in this predominantly Muslim nation, opportunities for ministry and growth abound. Wesley Methodist Church in Jakarta where I once served as pastor has added an early Sunday morning worship service using the Indonesian and Mandarin languages to expand worship opportunities for persons who do not speak English. Small group ministry has grown as has social outreach to the surrounding community in Northwest Jakarta. Wesley School is also growing and has added programs that include a music curriculum.

Wesley School of Theology is now one of several faculties of the newly established Wesley Institute. This university-like institution will facilitate starting departments of study in addition to Theology as well as including facilities that will be a direct benefit to local residents. Wesley Institute has an exciting vision for building a new campus outside of Jakarta but has many obstacles to overcome in getting necessary government permits.

It was a joy to worship with the congregation of Denpasar Methodist Church in Bali where our son, Keith, was the guest preacher. After a spirited worship service we visited their new multipurpose center for worship and community outreach now under construction.

There were many encouraging signs of life and growth in the Methodist Church and in this young, developing nation. We can hardly wait until our next visit!

--Don Turman



Joy is contagious. Commit to being a carrier.

—Kevin Harney

Happiness seems less a matter of getting what we want than of wanting what we have.

—David G. Myers

I Remember—

The Birth and Near Death of Our Youngest Child



Remembering is often an iffy thing. To one it might be this way and to another that way, but this is how I remember the most memorable experience of my past.

We were an excited couple with two small boys getting ready for our first adventure to a place halfway around the world, Indonesia. We had gotten much advice about what we should take of our worldly possessions to this tropical paradise, but we still took far too much in the drums that we shipped, which, by the way, arrived a year after we did. One thing I did take in my suitcase was a Lamaze book for help in natural childbirth. We knew at the time we might want to expand our family and we also knew that medical facilities might be limited.

Two years later I found myself holding onto the cold tile wall trying to make my way to the delivery room. On my insistence Don had taken me to the hospital early on the morning of July 20, 1970, on our Vespa motor scooter. (A neighbor had offered his car when the time came for me to go to the hospital but Don insisted we could easily get there -- I sort of agreed!) We had house guests that were leaving that morning to fly to visit our missionary friends, Warren and Jo Harbert, in Jambi. So, when not so frequent pains started that morning I wanted to get out of the house before anyone got up. Being assured I was in good hands at the hospital, Don went home to take care of our guests and children. When pains soon got harder and frequent calls for the nurse failed to get a response, I just went to the delivery room myself. Twenty minutes later our darling blonde baby boy, Cary Wayne, was born.

My Indonesian Chinese doctor was amazed that I didn't yell and carry on like other westerners he had helped in delivery. Little did he know that I

didn't have time to do that but also I had religiously studied my Lamaze book. (That was my first "God thing.")

Our pediatrician, Dr. Gepito, was a tall middle aged Javanese doctor who was fluent in English, Dutch, Indonesian, and probably other languages. He told me to be sure not to let the nurses in the hospital give our baby the smallpox immunization. He knew we would get this shot in a year as was recommended. I understood all too well what he was talking about because I had just corrected a thesis for a medical student. The topic was the instances of infant mortality after newborns received the smallpox vaccination. It concluded that there were a high percentage of deaths from this immunization but it was far less than the deaths that occurred if the infant became ill with smallpox. The problem was that parents usually did not take their babies back to the doctor at the recommended time, so the shots were given before they left the hospital. I was really troubled by this position but understood the reasoning. When the nurse brought in our beautiful newborn for the first time, you can imagine my horror when I saw a big bandage on his leg. I asked about it and she casually said, "Oh, that's his smallpox vaccination. All babies get this." I was so angry and upset but really didn't know how to express that anger in Indonesian. (That was the second "God thing.")

We happily went home after a week. Cary was a "spitter," just like his older brother, Steven. It was more than spitting. You would have thought he hadn't kept down a bit of milk. Dr. Spock was my constant reference book for childhood diseases. He called it projectile vomiting. The advice was that if this persists, see your pediatrician. Our first two-week visit did raise some concern because Cary had lost weight. Dr. Gepito said he wanted to watch Cary very carefully but he was going out of town for two weeks. He assured us he would be leaving a very competent resident and he would alert her of her condition. After two days Cary seemed to be worse, so we returned to the doctor. Sure enough, it was almost like she expected us, and immediately sent us to the hospital. She wanted to observe my nursing him and his response. Now if you haven't been in a hospital in a third world country, it is

(Continued page 5)

I Remember–Turman (Continued from p. 4)

quite a different experience. In this clean Catholic hospital the rooms were like glass cages running down the middle of two hallways. Families came and camped out in the hallways where they could easily see the patients and respond to their needs. Being the private person that I am, this was not a good scenario. Immediately there was a crowd around our window looking in at this white lady sitting on a mattress on the floor with her very sick baby. The resident seemed to be at a loss as to what to do. First she said maybe he was allergic to my breast milk. Naturally I wanted to try anything, but was a bit fearful of their sterile techniques in preparing the formula. After that seemed to make no difference they said he would need an I.V. Their method was to inject the fluid with a very large needle into his back which bubbled up like a very big balloon. I was so afraid. Then a small still voice said, “Remember I am with you always, even to the ends of the earth.” I remembered! A surgeon was called in and said, “I think he is obstructed but we can’t operate on babies here. So if you want him to have surgery you will have to go to Singapore.”

Don, having sensed that we might have to go out of the country to Singapore, had already started the long process of getting an exit-re-entry permit from the immigration office. They wanted this paper then another one and on it went for several days. Don began to suspect they wanted a bribe but being the new missionaries that we were, we were not willing to pay a bribe. Finally, the officer said, “Well, I can’t give you a stamp because the baby doesn’t have the smallpox immunization.” Oh, but thank God, he did! So we got the permit.

That day there was no direct flight to Singapore so we booked to leave Palembang from the hospital, fly to Jakarta, and then on to Singapore, arriving the same day. The resident again gave Cary an I.V. in the back and told us to be sure to go straight to the hospital because he would need immediate care. When we arrived in Jakarta to get our connecting flight, there were no flights to Singapore that day as we had been told. We were forced to spend the night in a hotel pacing the floor with a sick baby and

praying that we would arrive in time for his urgent medical care. Missionary friends, Peter and Susan Purdy, who lived in Jakarta, came and comforted us during that long night.

The next day two distraught parents, two active little boys, and a sick baby arrived at the Singapore Adventist Hospital at the end of the surgeon’s office hours. His presence was calming. He immediately showed us how Cary was obstructed and said he would do surgery the next morning. Just like Dr. Spock had written in his book, it was *hypertrophy pyloric stenosis*.

Don and the children enjoyed a week at the New Leone Guest House while Cary and I recovered in the hospital. I admit I was a bit envious of the delicious food they were enjoying at this very British guest house. Then I remembered all the silverware at each place setting and was glad I wasn’t there to witness the numerous times Steven and Keith dropped theirs on the floor.

Since my brother is a surgeon, we chose to call him to tell our parents about Cary’s surgery. When I heard his voice, of course I began to cry. He said in a very professional voice, “Oh, that’s a very common surgery. I did three of those this week. Nothing to it!” If we had been in the same room, I would have thrown something at him. Then I composed myself and said, “Please, just tell Mother and Daddy we’re all O.K.” (And that was a “God thing.”)

–Ramona Turman

A dentist’s ad in a Hong Kong paper:

All the latest methodists are used.

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.

–Anonymous

Deaconess Candidates' Visit-- As Seen by a Resident

Twenty-one hard working, excited candidates for commissioning as Deaconesses or as Home Missioners spent two weeks studying United Methodist History and Polity with Dr. George McLain at Brooks-Howell Home early in July. They stayed in empty suites or apartments, and filled BHH to the brim.

What a wonderful two weeks we had! We had put a welcome sign on each door with the name of the occupants so that other candidates (and the residents) might easily find each other. We did see each other often! We passed in the halls and greeted one another, and we often met the candidates on the second floor lounge and joined them for a short conversation. The lounge is where the second floor residents put on one of the famous pizza and salad dinners with the candidates.

Occasionally, there were a few quiet knocks on residents' doors with requests for information about washing clothes or how to dispose of recyclables. We had a feeling of younger (much younger in some cases) brothers and sisters.

We did manage a few special events with them. Betty Letzig, Barbara Campbell and Esther Megill met with the candidates during one of their class sessions to share stories of their experiences in the church in the 20th century. There was a great display of sparklers to celebrate the 4th, and s' mores were roasted and eaten with gusto on another evening.

Now we await the coming of another group the last week of September and first week of October, when they will be studying the Old Testament and New Testament with Dr. Eleanor Moody Shepherd as their teacher. We will be delighted to have them with us!

—Ann Janzen

From the Bookworm--



The Zookeeper's Wife, by
Diane Ackerman

This is the sorry of how Jan & Antonina Zabinski helped to save many Jews from Warsaw's Ghetto by giving them shelter in the empty caves, rooms, and passages of the destroyed Warsaw Zoo.

The privations suffered by the Polish people are clearly shown as well as Antonina's ingenuity that enabled her to feed not only her own family, but her many "guests" as well.

Two interesting sidelines to the story are described. One is the Nazi obsession with "bloodlines": the other is the near miraculous preservation of Dr. Szymon Tenenbaum's extensive insect collection.

The book, well written and researched, is truly worth enduring the horrifying details of the invasion and occupation of Poland by the Nazis.

--Jayne Smith



Jayne Smith, Head Librarian

Photo Debbie Pittman

News from Resident Services

Watermelon Seed Spitting Contest

On a hot August afternoon underneath the shade of the oak trees, the residents of Brooks-Howell enjoyed delicious cool watermelon. Besides eating watermelon, the event was also a seed spitting contest. However, the watermelons purchased were seedless!!! Seven watermelons were cut in hopes that at least one of them would contain seeds, but alas, no!! Thanks to the quick thinking of the Resident Services' staff, raisins were substituted for the seeds and the contest proceeded. Winners in three categories were: Distance (10 feet, 7 inches) – Esther Megill; Best aim – Loise George; and Best form/style – Dolores Carnegie. Congratulations to the winners and thanks to all who participated.



Photo Leon Strunk

Ice Cream Social

The annual Brooks-Howell Ice Cream Social was held on August 24 in the Activity Building. This year the event was sponsored by the Resident Services Department. Brightly colored balloons decorated tables covered with red place mats and white napkins. Bowls, banana boats or waffle cones were filled with vanilla or Neapolitan ice cream (low-fat and no sugar added varieties were also available.) Toppings included strawberries, pecans, M&M's, sprinkles, whipped cream, maraschino cherries and chocolate, caramel or strawberry syrups. The favorite topping of the day was crushed Oreo cookies!

Everyone seemed to enjoy the ice cream thoroughly, but most of all the time of fellowship .

--Tracey Owens, Activities Coordinator



Enjoying Ice Cream

Photo Esther Megill

The “Dinner Divas”

This was the second time out for “the Dinner Divas (and escorts).” It was a lovely evening, and so eleven of us went to Stone Ridge Tavern (new to all of us!) for dinner. There were four wheel chairs. All were well accommodated. Tracey Owens, Social Services, met us there, since she lives near.

All went well—excellent food, good accommodations, delightful fellowship and fun. We sang “Happy Birthday” to a young boy named Kye at a nearby table.

And then Adventure! Someone left the bus lights on, so the bus would not start! Well! Two staff members called their husbands for help. It was Phyllis' husband and also help from AARP that did the trick. Of course Tracey helped—when the motor finally came on, it was she who kept her foot on the gas as the crowd was gathered and loaded. As for all of us, we enjoyed the privilege we had with some unexpected time to chat about “whatever,” including the recent Residents' Council meeting. It was a pleasant evening out. We arrived home by 8:30, all safe and sound!

—Helene R. Hill

From Our Chaplain - -

Community

Most public prayers by Brooks-Howell Home (BHH) residents include some expression of gratitude for the community in which we live. Many conversations also mention the good aspects of life at BHH, including our caring and dedicated staff. Life at BHH is indeed very good.

Here we are secure and never need to be lonely. We know we are cared about and cared for by fellow residents and staff. Opportunities for growth and service stimulate us to remain active in productive living. Involvement in local churches and the Asheville community keep us involved in a variety of ministries.



But the kind of community enjoyed at BHH requires that each person be responsible for maintaining the community. It begins by committing oneself to be in community with others. This is not easy for those of us who are not used to living twenty-four hours with so many other persons. It is not easy always to be seen and known by others or even to be cared for by so many others.

When I think of my responsibility for living in community, I realize that I must be willing to sacrifice for the good of all and to make sure all of my words and actions are intended to edify others and glorify God. I must be understanding and respectful of the circumstances of others, to empathize with others during difficult times and to admit my flaws and limitations.

Living in community requires us to accept all others for the persons they are and to be genuine and transparent about who we are, thus enabling honest, respectful and sensitive sharing of opinions, emotions, perceptions and aspirations.

Living in community is one of God's greatest ways of meeting human needs. We have been created to live in community and to be dependent on each other. For this reason, we only discover our true selves and find fulfillment in life as we live in close relationships with other persons. When we "hide" our needs from others, we limit God in meeting our needs. When we make known our needs, God can use others to help meet those needs. We are also created to serve others, and the response to another person's need is an opportunity to serve.

It is with much thanksgiving that I want to be a responsible member of the BHH community.

--Don Turman, Chaplain

Winifred Wrisley Honored

At the Chapel Service on August 5, Winifred (Winnie) Wrisley was honored for her long service as the accompanist for the choir. The songs were chosen from Winnie's favorites, including hymns written by Fred Pratt Green. A lovely corsage was presented to her before she began to play several selections for the prelude.

During the sharing of joys and concerns, many residents and friends of Winnie's spoke of her joy of music and gave thanks for her willingness to serve by using her musical talents. After the service, a reception was held in her honor in the Chapel foyer.

--Tracey Owens, Social Services



Winnie Wrisley & Don Turman

Photo Debbie Pittman

BIRTHDAYS



September

RESIDENTS

1 JOYCE ANDEREGG
1 JEAN HOSKA
1 LAURA WELLS
6 FRANCES BURNS
6 BARBARA CAMPBELL
7 ED EHRESMAN
7 AL GRASSO
13 ROSEMA BREWER
16 HARRY BURTON-LEWIS
17 GLADY KIGER

EMPLOYEES

1 STUART BRYAN, MAINTENANCE
4 SHEILA MURRAY, ENVIRON. SERVICES
15 SUSAN GERRIE, DIETARY
17 EVANGELINA GUARDADO, DIETARY
29 CHARLENE WRIGHT, DIETARY



October

RESIDENTS

3 FRANCES MAJOR
7 MARY FREEMAN
13 JEWEL BROWN
13 VIRGINIA MILLER
13 RUTH WALTHER
22 BEV REDDICK
25 ANN MCKENZIE
29 SARA FRANCES BOWDEN

EMPLOYEES

1 ROSA BAXTER, DIETARY
6 JAKIMA GASKINS, DIETARY
7 PAMELA DILLINGHAM, NURSING
23 ANDINA HARRISON, NURSING
24 JEANNETTE BYRD, RES. SERVICES
28 CARETHA YOUNG, ENVIRON. SERVICES
31 TERESA ANDERSON, DIETARY

Serendipitor is published at least six times during the year. It is sponsored by the Brooks-Howell Auxiliary 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; Joyce Anderegg, Elaine Gasser, Helene R. Hill, Doug and Carol Wingeier, Ann Janzen, Cynthia Ward, Tracey Owens, Nancy Garrison. Margaret Craven, mailer. **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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Reunions--

LeGrand & Jayne Smith attended a Smith Family Reunion in Manson, MO, from July 16 through July 23. Their four children with their spouses were there, plus six of their ten grandchildren and one great grandson.

The Bolivia Reunion convened at the C. A. Vines Arkansas 4-H Center outside of Little Rock from July 23 through July 25. Jayne and LeGrand attended along with several members of their family.

Esther Megill attended the reunion of the “Servants of Sierra Leone” in Cedar Rapids, Iowa July 30-August 1.

Have you found the Brooks-Howell web-site (still in progress)? Click <http://www.brooks-howell.org> . You will also find the *Serendipitor* there – in color! (Also available on the Western North Carolina Conference UMW web-site). If you are receiving the paper copy, and would like to change to the internet copy, please let the editor know at emegill@bellsouth.net. She will remove your name from the mailing list and save trees and money for Brooks-Howell.