

# the CRANberry VINE



## Normal?

After the Covid-19 intrusion in our lives, I ask myself and hear others asking, *when are we going back to our normality?* This also begs the question, what is normal? Everyone has its own “normal”. There are also community normals. I miss meeting with my friends to worship together. Personally, we don’t like restrictions that encroach on our personal freedom. “You must use a mask... don’t get closer than 6 feet... do not congregate... etc. etc.

After I retired, I breathed a sigh of relief, because my life would not be controlled by a daily schedule, a to do list, or a watch to tell me that it’s time to get up, go to work or go to a meeting. I left that “normal” life behind and now I was free and ready to enjoy my new normal...until ... I discovered that I was getting forgetful and had to write everything down or run the risk of forgetting something important. Like the day I drove quickly to the supermarket to buy something, but when I got there, I had no idea what I was looking for. Has it happened to you too? (Good! Glad I am not alone!)

People say that forgetting things when you become of certain age is normal. Also, that aches and pains that are creeping up on you are normal. What is normal about that? Do they mean that when you get old, we, humans, all of us, suffer the same condition? And that makes it normal? If that is normal, I don’t want to be normal!! I want to have a sharp mind, and remember things as in my younger years, when there weren’t “smart” phones, PDAs, iPads, even computers! I don’t want to wake up every day with a new pain! But I guess that while we are on this side of heaven I am going to have to accept to be “normal”!

*(Continued on next page)*



Those who receive  
The CRANberry Vine by  
email, receive it in color.  
Do you?

## URGENT REMINDER

Don’t let this be your last newsletter!!  
Your annual member fees were due in March but since we have not been able to get together, you can still pay your \$10 annual dues by mailing it to our CRAN Treasurer:

Carol Hayes, Treasurer  
103 Oakwood Place, #1  
Hendersonville NC 28792



## **ATTENTION Please!**

**Do you have a new phone number?** Or a new email or mailing address? Please keep CRAN informed so we are always able to reach you. It is especially important during these difficult times should we need to notify you of any change of plans. Call or email any Board member with changes to your contact information. Thank you.

## **WHAT 'S NEXT?**

We do not know what the future holds,  
but we do know Who holds our future.

**Fall Virtual Retreat - September 21 & 22  
at 7:00pm**

The present situation that is not allowing us to meet as we have in the past for our annual Fall retreat at Nosoca has opened the opportunity to look for alternatives to celebrate our friendship and the joy of being part of CRAN. After discussing possibilities, the CRAN Board agreed to do a virtual retreat. We are pleased to announce that on the day when our in-person retreat was to begin, we will start two days of virtual retreat. Please invite your church friends to watch and enjoy it with you. Maybe they will want to become a member of CRAN!!

To view go to: <https://www.cransda.org>

*(Continued from page 1)*

I am glad that there is hope. One of these days when we are on the other side of heaven, we will all get back to being normal. Normal will be to be young forever, with no aches and pains, or suffering of any kind, with no memory loss, no threat of any virus, because the old things will have passed away.

One thing for which I have never had to make a "to do" list, is to remember God's love for me! I remember without making any effort, that He gave His Son to save me from this old world and to return me to the normalcy He intended from the beginning. I don't make a "to do" list to remember that His promises are good, and that He is faithful, and soon will make good the promise of His coming. I hope that these thoughts will sustain you as we struggle together to adjust temporarily to what this world calls "normal".

"God will wipe away every tear from their eyes; there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away." Rev. 21:4

*Sam Leonor, Sr.*, President

# Carolina Retirees Retreat

Coming to a TV near you . . .



This year's annual retreat will be a two-night "virtual event", and will be broadcast on **September 21-22**.

## Presenters for this year's event . . .

- Richard Duerksen, well-known Adventist Story-Teller
- Leslie Louis, President of the Carolina Conference
- Dan Buettner, National Geographic Fellow & author of *The Blue Zones*
- Charles Ferguson, retired pastor and lecturer
- It Is Written, The Methuselah Factor
- Music by Harmony



Begins 7:00 PM - September, 21-22  
Go to: [cransda.org](http://cransda.org)



"Simply go to [cransda.org](http://cransda.org) for further details"

**CRANSDA.ORG**  
Carolina Retirees Association Northwest



## Remembering

### Don Bankhead

passed away on May 30. He and his wife, Marjorie, served as missionaries in India for four and a half decades. After retiring Don worked as a chaplain at Advent Health Hendersonville and as a stipend pastor in Georgia. He felt called to serve and was an active worker his entire life. Don's life was a living testimony of a willing servant!

**Wilma Brunner** died on August 14 leaving two living children, five grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

She was always a sweet, loving Adventist Christian and her first love was Jesus. Then came family and Christian music. She loved flowers, babies and helping people. Everyone loved to hear her laugh! We look forward to seeing Wilma again in the Kingdom.

## CRAN BOARD MEMBERS

President, Sam Leonor	321-356-1704	seleonor@gmail.com
Vice-president, Merle Peterson	828-845-5988	merle693@yahoo.com
Treasurer, Carol Hayes	828-595-3118	chayes1940@gmail.com
Asst. Treasurer, Joy Thomas	240-310-5662	joyfulthoas@icloud.com
Secretary, Ann Wilkinson	704-798-4192	annwilkn@yahoo.com
Asst. Secretary, Ellen O'Connor	828-684-9356	ellensh44@aol.com
Newsletter Editor, Peggy Peterson	828-845-5995	peggy.merle@yahoo.com
Communications, Ron Quick	704-609-1919	ronaldquick@me.com
Hosting Chairperson, Nancy Schell	828-551-5383	nancym220@hotmail.com
Decorating Chairperson, Linda Miller	704-898-4694	mmggngnr9@gmail.com
Pictorial Directory Coordinator, Carol Johnson	919-418-6526	cnjhome1@gmail.com
Candid Photographer, Bill Johnson	919-961-4969	beecre@gmail.com

## **The Special Olympics** - A Parable by Jay Davis based on Hebrews 12:1-2

There is great interest these days—and excitement created—in the Olympic games. There is also growing support for a movement called the Special Olympics, a program that gives those who are especially challenged—the handicapped—a chance to strive, to feel the thrill of putting their best on the line and going for it. A chance to run all-out to a dear friend who calls encouragement from the finish line, to keep coming no matter if the performance is awkward or clumsy. Everyone who finishes is a winner, and he or she gets a prize and hugs and glory.

Every time I witness one of these contests, I choke up because, you see, I am handicapped. I have a birth defect. I am a born sinner. And waiting at the finish line of the special race I'm in, reaching out to me and calling is my beloved Father, who loves me. Why? I don't understand. I'm clumsy. I'm awkward; and my limbs won't work the way I want them to. Sometimes I look away from Him and I stumble. I get off course. I fall down, embarrassed and ashamed. But I have an older Brother right beside me, who helps me up, who holds me, and who even carries me.

Now, throughout this race, there's a heckler who delights in brutally beating me. He keeps calling me and telling me there's no use, that my Father, at the finish, is disgusted with my performance, that I'm just making a spectacle of myself for nothing. However, when I look at my loving Father, He's still there, always there, reaching out to me, "But I've shamed you!" I call. He calls back, "Get up. Keep coming. I love you. Keep coming."

The longer this race continues, the more my attention span lengthens. Distractions grow weaker, and the more clearly I can see his face. He *does* want me to reach the finish line. And His Son is not going to let me fail. This is becoming a glorious race because He keeps reaching and calling to me, and I just keep coming, even when I falter.

I'm also beginning to realize that the others in this special race, all with birth defects, are not my competitors at all. They are running to their beloved Father as I am, struggling to finish, because everyone who finishes is a winner. And the day is not far off when each one of us can stumble in our awkwardness across the finish line and lurch into His waiting arms. He'll gather us in and clasp us 'round. We'll know that we're winners, and we'll know why—because He kept calling, and we kept coming. And most important, we will be winners because He was there. He loves us. He really loves us.

PLEASE  
PLACE  
STAMP  
HERE

### **Carolina Retirees Association Northwest**

693 N Rugby Road  
Hendersonville, NC 28791

RETURN SERVICE  
REQUESTED

Peggy Peterson, editor

