

the CRANberry VINE

Retirement? Not me! I still have work to do!

“Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might, for in the grave where you are going, there is neither working nor planning nor knowledge nor wisdom.” Ecclesiastes 9:10 NIV

I can't believe it has already been one full year since my retirement from Fletcher Park Inn! Where has the time gone?! So many special projects I was planning to do “after retirement” that I haven't even gotten started on! Can you relate?

I began my association with FPI in October 1991 as part-time Activities Director. As I recall, they had 26 residents at that time. I was having difficulty getting people to participate in the activities I had planned. I distinctly remember saying “these are the **busiest** retired people I know!” And I believe that is still true today at FPI with the current count of 187 **busy** residents.

Dare I say that that is true of most 7th Day Adventist retirees? We are still finding things for our hands to do and we are doing it with all our might! I think that is one reason why we SDA's live longer, too. God isn't finished with us yet. We still have work to do — for Him.

We need to spend time with Him every day – listening for the *still small voice* that will lead us to the paths that He wants us to take. We have known all our lives that there are special assignments that only *we* are equipped to do for Him. We all have unique talents, abilities and special gifts. It is our privilege and duty to respond to His calling and to continue to find ways to use those talents, abilities and gifts in His Service, even as we are “retired”.

So, may you each have a Happy, Blessed, Fulfilled and **BUSY** retirement!

See you September 19th at NOSOCA!

Your CRAN President,

Linda McIntyre



The Bible is real.

Jesus is real.

Heaven is real.

Reminder

Hurry! You can still send in your Application to attend the Fall Retreat.

Please mail it to our CRAN

Treasurer:

Joy Thomas

**P.O. Box 2031
Fletcher NC 28732**

"I LOVE HOW SUMMER JUST WRAPS ITS ARMS AROUND YOU LIKE A WARM BLANKET " KELLE ELMORE

Picnic In the Park . . .



WHAT 'S NEXT?

September 19-22: Fall Retreat at Nosoca Pines Ranch
This is the main event of the year. You will be missed if we don't see you there.

December - Holiday Luncheon at Pisgah Academy
You are welcome to Bring a Friend, show them the fun we have of being together!! Then encourage them to join CRAN!!



Carolina Retirees' Fall Retreat

September 19-22 — Nosoca Pines Ranch

A retreat for those 55 years and older



- Fellowship
- Exciting Events
- Special Speakers

Don't miss this event . . .



Our theme for 2022 is: Forever Young in Christ

Featuring Dr. Philip Samaan

Philip Samaan is an educator, recently retired. Formally he was an adjunct professor and Professor Emeritus at Southern Adventist University.

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A Child Leads

The little boy put on his clothes for the cold and then told his father: "Ok dad I'm ready" His Dad, the pastor, said: "Ready for what?" "Dad, it's time to go outside and distribute our flyers." Dad replied: "Son, it's very cold outside and it's drizzling." The child looked surprised at his father and said: "But dad, people need to know about God even on rainy days." Dad replied, "Son, I'm not going outside in this weather." With despair, the child said: "Dad, can I go alone? Please!" His father waited for a moment and then said: "Son, you can go. Here's the flyers, be careful." "Thank you, dad!" And with this, the son went out into the rain.

The 11-Year-old walked all the streets of the village, handing out the flyers to the people he saw. After 2 hours walking in the rain and cold and with his last flyer in his hand, he stopped at a corner to see if he saw someone to give the flyer to, but the streets were totally deserted. Then he turned to the first house he saw, walked to the front door, rang the bell several times and waited, but no one came out. Finally, the boy turned to leave... but something stopped him. The child turned back to the door and began to ring the bell and pound the door strongly with his knuckles. He kept waiting. Finally, the door was opened gently. A lady came out with a very sad look and gently asked: "What can I do for you, son? With radiant eyes and a bright smile, the child said: "Lady, I'm sorry if I upset you, but I just want to tell you that God really loves you and that I came to give you my last flyer, which talks about God and His great love. The boy then gave her the flyer. She just said, "Thank you, son, God bless you!"

Well, next Sunday morning, the pastor was in the pulpit and when the service began, he asked: "Does someone have a testimony or something they want to share?" Gently, in the back row of the church, an older lady stood up. When she started talking, a radiant and glorious look sprouted from her eyes: "Nobody in this church knows me. I have never been here; even last Sunday I was not Christian. My husband died a while ago leaving me totally alone in this world. Last Sunday was a particularly cold and rainy day, and it was also in my heart; that on that day I came to the end of the road, since I had no hope and didn't want to live anymore. Then I took a chair and a rope and went up to the attic of my house. I tied a noose and the other end of the rope to the rafters of the roof; then I climbed onto the chair and put the rope around my neck. I then stood on the chair, so alone and heartbroken, I was about to throw myself off the chair, when suddenly I heard the loud sound of the door being knocked. So, I thought: "I'll wait for a minute and whoever it is will go" I waited and waited, but the door knocking was getting louder and louder every time. It got so loud that I couldn't ignore it anymore. So, I wondered, who could it be?

No one ever comes close to my door or comes to visit me! I released the rope from my neck and went to the door, while the bell was still ringing and the door was still being knocked on. When I opened the door, I couldn't believe what my eyes saw, in front of my door was the most radiant and angelic child I've ever seen. His smile, ohhh, I can never describe it! The words that came out of his mouth made my heart, dead so long ago, come back to life, when he said with the VOICE OF A CHERUB: "Lady, I just want to tell you that God really loves you"

"When the little angel disappeared between the cold and the rain, I closed my door and read every word of the flyer. Then I went to the attic to remove the chair and rope. I didn't need them anymore. As you see. Now I am a happy daughter of the King. Since the direction of the boy, when he left, was to this church, I came personally to say thank you to that little angel of God who came just in time and, in fact, to rescue my life from an eternity in hell. And replaced it with an eternity in God's presence. "

Everyone cried in the church.

The Pastor came down from the pulpit to the first bench in the front, where the little angel was sitting; he took his son in his arms and cried uncontrollably.

[Allen Dave](#)

PLEASE
PLACE
STAMP
HERE

Carolina Retirees Association Northwest

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RETURN SERVICE
REQUESTED

Owen Spencer, Editor

<https://www.cransda.org>

