



AUGUST

2026

SUPER ULTRA DELIGHTFUL SENIORS

6/

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

Helen Inscoc	8/02
Dan Cuthriell	8/03
Linda Mangum	8/07
Ruth Limpscomb	8/08
Lynn Yarbora	8/09
Tony Freeman	8/09
Buddy Owens	8/10
Lynda Carrington	8/11
Carol Blount	8/12
Buzz Shelton	8/12
Joan Reese	8/12
Meredith Chapmon	8/13
Jackie Bernard	8/14
Joy Dunlap	8/18
Jeff Lott	8/18
Amanda Garrard	8/18
Jan Perry	8/20
Drew Benfield	8/20
Nerissa Deschamps	8/12
Tony Moore	8/22
Rodney Shaw	8/22
Tom Jones	8/23
Linda Chambers	8/23
Joyce Childress	8/24
Glenn Williams	8/24
Randy Hemric	8/25
Deborah Mitchum	8/25
Don Hill	8/26
Thomas Bullock	8/27
Ronnie Blake	8/29
Joy Watts	8/30

Forever Remembered:

Janice Cutts
James Gurley
Doris Bass

RANDALL'S WORDS OF WISDOM

Thoughts on Faith from Visiting London from Pastor Randall



I recently had the opportunity to join with our IMB partners on a short exploration walk through London UK as we prepared for future missions. Walking through London is more than a journey through history. It's an opportunity to witness the enduring footprints of Christian Faith. From ancient churches that survived war, witnessed changed lives through powerful sermons, to places where timeless hymns were born, each stop offers a reminder that God has faithfully worked through generations. I had the opportunity to see several mean-

ingful sites:

Standing outside Westminster Abbey, a location for centuries of Christian worship, one cannot help but reflect on Hebrews 12:1: "Since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses... let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us." Kings have been crowned there, but far greater is the King of Kings, whose kingdom will never end.

The magnificent dome of St. Paul's Cathedral points heavenward, reminding visitors that our lives should also direct others toward Christ. Its remarkable survival during WW2 became a symbol of hope for a nation under attack. Believers today are likewise called to shine as lights in dark times. See Matthew 5:14-16.

A visit to St. Mary Woolnoth, where John Newton served as rector and where the message behind the hymn Amazing Grace continues to echo, brought the gospel into sharp focus. Newton's life as a former slave ship captain reminds us that no one is beyond God's redeeming mercy. His beloved hymn reflects the truth of Ephesians 2:8: "For it is by grace you have been saved, through faith."

At All Hallows by the Tower, London's oldest church, the stones tell stories dating back to the 7th century. Though much of the city was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666 and later scarred by the Blitz during WW2, this church remains a testimony to God's preserving hand. Like the psalmist declared, "God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble." Psalm 46:1.

London's landmarks are more than historical treasures—they are reminders that buildings may weather centuries, but the gospel never grows old. Wherever our journey leads, may we build our lives not on monuments of stone but on the living foundation of Jesus Christ, whose faithfulness endures forever. I hope you can plan to join us in July 2027 as we visit London on our Educational Faith Tour; or on a future mission with our partnership projects on location. (Details and info meetings are coming soon).



Covid-19 waking up, Cyclospora marches on, and measles is close to hitting a milestone

Do you remember the game of whack-a-mole. Well, that's how I have felt regarding infectious diseases of late.

What do you need to know?

Covid-19 is waking up and how measles is about to make headlines (again). There is also a spotlight on the ongoing Cyclospora outbreak, which deserves an award for the most opaque and confusing outbreak ever, leaving consumers in the dark.

Covid-19 is quietly waking up

Right on cue, Covid-19 is starting to stir, just as it does every summer around mid-July. Several data signals are pointing the same way nationally: levels of spread and infection are still very low, but they're beginning to climb.

Regionally, the clearest signal is in the West, where emergency department visits, test positivity rates, and wastewater data are all rising, along with anecdotal reports. The South and Midwest are showing early signs of an increase too, though the signal there is less consistent across data sources.

Measles milestone coming up

As of July 19, 2026, the U.S. has reported 2,278 measles cases this year—already nearing the total for all of 2025 with five months still to go. At this pace, 2026 is on track to set a new 33-year record. Expect headlines soon.

These outbreaks are peppered across the U.S.

Cyclospora cases continue to increase

The United States now has over 11,000 cyclosporiasis cases across 46 states, which is close to triple the number of cases in a typical year. You can easily see how insane this outbreak is compared to previous years, with a massive spike in diarrhea complaints at doctor visits.

Spotlight: This Cyclospora outbreak is a real mess

If you feel lost trying to follow this story, and are confused about what's actually been impacted, where, and how, you're not alone. This is one of the most opaque, confusing, and unclearly communicated outbreak responses I've ever seen. Most of what we know has come out through press releases or leaks, leaving us to piece things together and read between the lines.

We know that this farm doesn't just supply Taco Bell

Distribution networks are complex, and suppliers don't just serve one fast-food chain; they supply grocery stores and food service operations in bulk, too. Taylor Farms provides up to 160 million servings of produce to stores and restaurants every week.

Buried in Taylor Farms' own recall notice was a list of the retailers and outlets it distributed to, written in coded language and it's still unclear whether Taylor Farms lettuce ends up in other bagged salads that don't carry the Taylor Farms name. Given that uncertainty, **the safest move right now is to avoid iceberg lettuce altogether.**

We also don't know how this outbreak started yet. This information is helpful for accountability and fixing systems in the future, but more immediately, it will help us know if it's just lettuce or cross-contaminated with other produce.

Why is this so hard?

Watching this unfold has been like watching a train wreck. What we are all experiencing is a perfect storm with a few factors colliding:

1. **Cyclosporiasis is a hard-to-investigate parasite.** Symptoms can take up to 2 weeks or more. (Can you remember what you ate 12 days ago?) This work is laborious and confirming it requires specialized lab testing. Often, a source is never identified.
2. **Federal food safety agencies are stretched thin.** Neither the FDA nor the CDC has a permanent director right now, and both agencies have lost staff and lab capacity and undergone major reorganizations, some actively happening when the largest outbreak in history occurred. Their centralized role is critical to help stitch together what is happening in the states.
3. **The private company linked to the outbreak is muddying the waters with its PR approach.** For example, in the Taylor Farms voluntary recall, they listed customers where this lettuce was sent, but in coded language. Typically, this information would have been shared with lot numbers, source names, and much more clarity on where else this lettuce went, beyond Taco Bell. There have been questions about Taylor Farms linked to this administration and Trump White House officials as well.

Good news

- The Ugandan Ebola outbreak is ending. Ugandan hospitals discharged their last Ebola patient on July 16th. They are currently in a 42-day waiting period before the outbreak can officially be declared over, but there are no known cases of Ebola in Uganda anymore.

ROBERT'S "TIDBITS OF LIFE ENCOUNTERS"

The Farmer's Market Adventure

I don't know why something exciting always happens on a Senior trip coming home from the Farmer's Market in Raleigh.

Last year, the front tire exploded while we were cruising down I-40 at 70 mph. Navigating six lanes of traffic to reach the emergency lane was an experience that instantly moved everyone's prayer life to a higher level.

Then the Prayer Breakfast moved from Wednesday morning to Tuesday morning... which happened to be the day that contained approximately 95% of everything we had planned. I agreed with the change because it made life easier for the staff. I figured we'd simply shuffle a few things around. Simple. Have you ever tried putting toothpaste back into the tube? Exactly.

We managed to move the Murder Mystery Cookout to Sunday, but Battle of the Imagination got squeezed from a relaxed hour and a half into a marathon of about two and a half hours. What could possibly go wrong?

I had designed four levels of imagination, each one a little more difficult than the last, followed by a championship round after every level. Then I had a surprise ending planned. It was beautiful...on paper. The moment I began explaining the rules, I knew I was in trouble. You could actually feel the tension rising in the room like a pressure cooker that had lost its owner's manual. I've gotten pretty good at reading faces over the years. These faces said things like: "I'm suddenly feeling sick." "Did I leave the oven on?" "Maybe my cat needs CPR." Mutiny wasn't just possible. It was warming up in the bullpen. One player said, "This is way over my head, I'll think I'll just watch." I tried easing the tension with a few jokes. It was about as successful as doing stand-up comedy during your best friend's funeral service. I got one spat of laughter but it quickly died out. You know the kind of laughter that burst out loud and then immediately stopped when tragedy was about to happen. You could slice the tension with a butter knife.

I had arranged four large whiteboards facing inward with five chairs at each one. I had four large white boards facing inwards but spaced out nicely. Then had five chairs set up in front of each board. This means all the player's back would be to each other. All they could see was the board. They weren't allowed to turn around because I didn't want anyone accidentally mouthing the answer. I stood in the middle like the referee of what I thought would be friendly competition.

Turns out I was the captain of the Titanic. Level One began. The easiest drawing? A Top Hat. I figured, "Everyone can draw a top hat." Apparently...I had greatly overestimated the players. When I looked at the four artists, every one of them had that familiar expression. The lights were on. Nobody was home. In hindsight, maybe I should have started with drawing a circle. Or a square. Then I saw what was drawn on the board, my worst fears became surreal. My imagination was making me feel like I was sinking in quicksand. Finally, one team shouted, "TOP HAT!" Success!

Before anyone could see the other drawings, the artists frantically erased their evidence like they were destroying classified government documents. After a few rounds, I stopped the panic. "Leave your drawings on the board!" The room gasped. That's when the real entertainment began. Leonardo da... Maybe. People slowly started looking at everyone's artwork. If you've ever wondered what a top hat would look like after surviving a tornado, an earthquake, and a blender...I now know. The teasing began. The laughter started. The embarrassment slowly turned into comedy. It was almost as if every childhood nickname suddenly came flooding back. "Four Eyes." "Freckle Face." "Pumpkin Head." "Ugly." In those days, it was hard for us to laugh at ourselves. We took everything to heart.

Even now as adults, we think we judged by the drawings we painfully try to draw. Now, these adults were not children and

most have lived a very successful life and have overcome obstacles of great pain. But it took over an hour before they could begin to laugh at themselves.

I admit a lot of the correct answers I heard were amazing and honestly I believe each of those who guessed could decipher the hieroglyphics in Egypt. Because there was no way you could feasibly guess that drawing on the board. I even heard one teammate asking a fellow teammates how in the world did you guess that?

One player stared at the whiteboard with a look of complete surrender. Finally, they announced to everyone, "That's it. I'm done." Their imagination had officially filed for retirement. Oh...by the way, they were supposed to be drawing a gladiator. None of their teammates guessed it. Personally, I think it was the giant smiling head that threw everyone off. Gladiators usually aren't remembered for looking like they just won the Publisher's Clearing House Sweepstakes. When I revealed the answer, their teammate looked back at the drawing, looked at me, and burst out laughing. Trying to encourage the artist, I innocently asked, "So...did he just win the battle?" The look I received could have peeled paint off the wall.



Medusa right?

No....Eclipse...

I think?

We trudged along a little farther until someone quietly leaned over and whispered, "Why don't YOU draw the pictures... and we'll guess?" Are you getting the picture yet? It was bad. Really bad. The good news was that as soon as I announced I'd do the drawing, you could almost hear the room exhale. The laughter returned. Blood pressure dropped. Color came back into people's faces. Then came the next disaster. The pizzas that were supposed to arrive at 11:30 a.m. weren't coming until...11:30 p.m. Apparently Domino's thought we were planning a late-night prayer vigil. To their credit, they apologized and managed to move the order up a few hours.

Now my imagination had to kick into overdrive because I had already used every activity I'd planned...except for one. The surprise. This wasn't just any surprise. This was one of those activities you can only ask volunteers to do once in their lifetime. Ask them a second time and words like tar and feather immediately come to mind. Naturally, I couldn't tell them what they were volunteering for beforehand. That would've defeated the whole purpose. So I asked for four volunteers. The room became so quiet you could hear people pretending not to make eye contact. It looked like I had just asked, "Who would like to be the first to walk the plank?" After what felt like ten minutes, four brave souls reluctantly stepped forward...encouraged, volunteered, and gently



shoved by their cowardly teammates. By now everyone had learned that whenever I said, "I've added a little twist," it usually meant someone was about to need counseling. One sweet lady who is naturally very shy quietly said, "This is WAY out of my comfort zone...but I'll do it." I almost felt guilty. Almost.

We moved the four whiteboards so they faced the audience, creating a wall between the volunteers and everyone watching. I like volunteers for this activity because if I simply called on someone and they had a nervous breakdown, I wasn't sure what my legal liability would be.

Then I gave them the assignment. "Draw Santa Claus." You could actually see relief spread across their faces. "That's easy." Then I handed each of them a blindfold. The light that had just come on...went completely out. Literally and figuratively. As they began drawing, one volunteer had their blindfold upside down. I could've sworn they tilted their head back trying to sneak a peek.

They insisted they couldn't see a thing. Maybe they couldn't. But somehow they managed to draw two ears perfectly spaced on each side of Santa's head. Then came a curly beard that lined up perfectly with his chin. To finish it off, they carefully placed a cotton ball directly on top of the Santa hat they had supposedly drawn blind. Meanwhile, another Santa by a neighboring player looked like one ear had moved to another county. When they finished, we turned the boards around. To everyone's surprise...they were all pretty good! Since the pizzas were still somewhere between here and Italy, I needed another activity to buy time. So I called for four more volunteers. Poor souls. I told them to draw a fireplace with Christmas stockings. This time, without the audience hearing, I whispered, "Don't put your blindfolds on." The audience couldn't believe how beautiful the drawings looked. People were clapping. Someone may have even been considering an art exhibit. Then I confessed. "I told them not to wear the blindfolds." The crowd groaned. Then I had them turn the boards around and draw the exact same fireplace...this time blindfolded. When we compared the two drawings...believe it or not...a couple actually looked better with the blindfold on.

And... still no pizza. So I begged two of the men to take a crack at one more promising this was like no other. The moment they saw my name, they started laughing. That's when I knew I was in trouble. They had already decided exactly what I was going to look like—and I doubted it was going to be flattering. Then one of them looked me straight in the eye and said, "I hope your feelings won't be hurt." Well... there went the game. We never got to see just how horrifying my portrait would have been because he had basically announced to the entire room that the drawing was me before he ever picked up the marker.

Not wanting to waste perfectly good entertainment, the crowd suggested the two artists draw other staff members instead. So I wrote down Jamison, our Family Care Pastor. That attempt lasted about five seconds. The other man stood on his tiptoes, looked up at the white board, then looked at me and said, "I can't reach that high." Before he ever drew a single line, everyone shouted, "Jamison!" Then the crowd wanted them to draw our Senior Pastor just for fun. He too escaped with his dignity intact.

About that time, the Angel of the Lord who appeared to the shepherds proclaiming the good news that Jesus had been born must have taken the afternoon off and sent Randall in-

Randall walked in and announced, "The pizzas are here!"

I've never seen a room of Seniors move that fast. If someone had fired a starter pistol, they couldn't have gotten to the door any quicker. It was less of a walk...and more of a stampede. I managed to squeeze out a very short blessing while everyone was already halfway to the pizza boxes.

Looking back, I can honestly testify that the rest of the day went wonderfully. I'm grateful to every person who participated. In fact, I'm thinking about sending each of them a sympathy card. Then again...they might use it as evidence.

So with that said, by the time you get this newsletter, we'll only have three to four activities left. So register to claim your spot.

FINAL NOTE:

All activities we plan is for you to get to know each other. So staying home because this or that activity doesn't interest you,



DO NOT PASS BY, READ ON!

Senior Choir (Sounds of Joy)

Being a part of this group is much more than a choir, it's experience. The fellowship in itself is worth your time. Speaking of time, if you have the time, we would love to have you. There's no audition. A special note to men. We have some awesome men already in the group, but in need of so much more.

Starting Wednesday, August 26th at 4:00 PM in room B102. This is the best time to join us to we will be introducing new music for the upcoming season. If you're unable to come, just come the next week or the next etc.

SENIOR ADULT WEBPAGE

We are working to improve our Senior page on our Church's website. Yes, we have a page. Go to www.greystonechurch.com and in the upper tab click on Connect and a drop down window will allow you to see the Senior Adult Page. It's still under construction but check out what's there.

This year, we drove through a torrential downpour. It was dark. The wind was howling. Rain pounded the van like it was trying to get in. Water pooled across the interstate. The only thing missing was Dorothy's house spinning overhead. At one point, I could have sworn I saw either Noah or Poseidon standing on an overpass holding up a staff and pointing us toward dry land.



Even on a normal day, everyone riding in the van—especially those in the front—is already a little amped up. Add a storm, and suddenly every passenger becomes a certified driving instructor.

I think it's because every terrifying travel story they've ever experienced comes flooding back. One passenger reminded me of a storm she rode through between Indianapolis and West Virginia. She said she was such a nervous wreck she called every spiritual person she knew and asked them to pray. Then she recalled telling her husband she couldn't see out her side of the windshield.

His response?

"Well, I'm glad you're not driving."

As the driver on this turbulent adventure, I'm amazed at what goes on inside the van. Did you know everybody has their own brake pedal? Oh, they do. You can hear them lightly tapping the floor whenever taillights appear a mile ahead. But let a brake light flash directly in front of us and suddenly six invisible brake pedals hit the floor at once with a thunderous THUD. And if they feel my braking response isn't happening quickly enough—even though I'm applying the brakes gently to avoid hydroplaning—someone inevitably announces:

"They're braking!" To which I'm tempted to reply: "Thank you. I thought those red lights were Christmas decorations."

My favorite moment is when a car squeezes into our lane with approximately a clearance of a credit card and immediately slams on its brakes. Naturally, my foot reacts before my brain does because I'm trying to avoid tattooing their license plate number on our front bumper. The reaction inside the van is always spectacular. One passenger curls into the fetal position. One emits a sound somewhere between a gasp, a squeal, and a dolphin call. One nearly sprains an ankle stomping on their invisible brake pedal. Another announces, "I think I just wet myself." The passengers in the back grab the seats in front of them like they're riding Space Mountain. And at least one person suggests we pull over and wait for the storm to pass—even if we're only ten minutes from home. What most passengers don't realize is that by this point I've entered Defensive Driver Mode.

My hands are firmly locked in the 10-and-2 position. I'm monitoring the cars ahead, beside me, behind me, and probably two counties over. I'm tracking brake lights, standing water, wind gusts, and every vehicle that appears to have been driven by someone who got their license from a cereal box.

The conversations around me become little more than background noise. People are talking, but all I hear is, "wah-wah-wah-wah." The worst part? I get quiet.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your driver speaking. We are currently experiencing moderate turbulence. Please remain seated and keep all arms, legs, and panic attacks inside the vehicle at all times."

The passengers don't necessarily want to know I'm in defensive-driving mode. They just want evidence that I'm still in the game. For example, if a semi-truck beside us starts drifting toward our lane, every passenger—including those sitting in the very back—instinctively lifts their feet off the floor. I've never understood this. Are they afraid the truck is going to run over their toes? Then there's lightning. Lightning adds a whole new dimension to the experience. The flash is immediately followed by thunder so loud that several passengers temporarily levitate from their seats. If NASA ever needs volunteers to test anti-gravity technology, I know exactly where to find them.

Eventually, though, we make it through.

The rain eases.

The skies brighten.

Heart rates return to normal.

People start breathing again.

A peaceful calm settles over the van.

Everyone relaxes.

Until the next storm.

Because apparently no Senior trip to the Farmer's Market is complete without at least one event that makes us all wonder if we should have stayed home and ordered tomatoes online.

A Tale from SUMMERGANZA

I normally, wouldn't write two articles but I wanted to capture one of the events from our Summerganza. Most all of our events have been awesome. As you know, I try and put a little twist on some of the events, trying to help "stretch" one or two people out of their comfort zone. However, I found one that affected everyone. BATTLE OF THE IMAGINATION! This was one like no other.

Battle of the Imagination

I normally don't write about the games we play, but this one deserves to be documented for future generations... mainly as evidence. Battle of the Imagination was my twisted version of Pictionary. It was supposed to be a fun, relaxing morning. It was. For about three minutes.

The Planning Session

As a rule, Randall plans the trips. I (Robert) plan the games and activities. Jan plans the meals and gently tells us when one of our ideas belongs in the trash. We've become a pretty good team.

My goal has always been to stretch our Seniors beyond their comfort zones. I'm pretty sure some of them are thinking, "Robert, we worked forty-five years so we could finally HAVE a comfort zone. Stop trying to take it away."

That's exactly why I enjoy taking ordinary games and giving them a little twist. This year's activities were planned by April so we could send everyone a schedule in May. Great plan.

SUMMERGANZA

AUGUST

4 ENO RIVER FARM



A wonderful time of ice cream and relaxing conversations. No activity planned other than sitting on the terrace talking about days gone by or just catching up with some old stories. Starting @ 3 PM



11 CLEMENT'S GRILL OUT



New to Summerganza. This a great time for some fun, food and fellowship with a friendly fishing competition for who want to do more than talking. Travis will be cooking us food off the grill at his homestead. We can take the van for those that can't drive out to the Clements. RSVP. The van will leave at 9:30 AM. No cost.



18 YAHTZEE SPLOTZEE



New to Summerganza. This will be a fun time playing to see who is the best Yahtzee player at Grey Stone. Prizes will be for those who obtained the highest scores. The top four scores will compete to be the all time champion which will receive a grand prize envious of us all. 10:00-1:00 PM Dining Hall. Cost: \$5.00 for lunch.



25 MYSTERY DAY TRIP



New to Summerganza. This is our last event for the summer and we think you will love it. If you have to know what it is, it's best you stay home and let everyone tell how wonderful it was! Cost: \$14.00 (Lunch will be on your own)



SEPTEMBER

8 TAP 4 CARD GAME (Beginners and Pros)

Tuesday, September 8 @ 1 - 3 PM in the CAFE

Because of Summerganza and our Greece trip, we're keeping the September schedule fairly light. However, I do want to get together with everyone who can come and teach you a fun card game that Rusty Herring and Liz Cheek taught me while we were on a bus trip to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Trust me—it's easy to learn, a lot of fun, and I think you'll really enjoy it!



THERE ARE
THREE SIGNS
OF OLD AGE.
THE FIRST IS
MEMORY LOSS.
I FORGET THE
OTHER TWO.



Save the date!

Friday - Sunday - December 4-6

Pray

Give

Serve

With just over four months to go, we'll soon be sharing more information about how you can be part of this exciting outreach to our community.

To get started, we'll gather on Saturday, August 29, from 9:00 a.m. to noon. After that, we'll meet every other Saturday to work on a variety of projects (details to be announced).

We hope you'll join us as we serve our community

CRAZY CAT GUY



DOG SLED



COMEDY/TRAGEDY
MASKS



CROSS-COUNTRY SKIS



ALUMINUM FOIL



DIVER'S WATCH



SUMO MAWASHI



JERUSALEM
ARTICHOKE



MUD FLAP



GYROSCOPE



GAUDI'S
SAGRADA FAMILIA



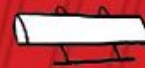
TIRE SWING



**ANDREW LLOYD
WEBBER**

**THONG**

VOYAGER 2



POMMEL HORSE



Illustration by Chuck Dillon

49 TOP CANDY BARS



G W F R G E H G V B
 Z N B W J S A K W J L E P K G H
 F R F K Y A D Y A P E I U T U P K S J G
 V I Y O J D N O M L A S I R O T K X G U O Q
 J G S F B A B Y R U T H S D N U O M I P H W O D I R
 S I Z D T M L H N N H S Z K C H L V W S R T Y B C F Q F
 C A H H A H A U D K M T A V E H Z J T D E B G J E N L K E J
 A J V A E A N J E H T S G R K E C H S G F P D H R K I A W H Q
 W Z M E C H V D R T O I A P J N P S X N Y R D D
 J N V A V A R E M U J P D T J I K C X D W S T K P D
 S I T S M I T I N S B M Y N H F P K S R C R C L D B D P
 E J Y R K A O A U D R K O A R J Q P F X A E E L M Y A P
 U I Q W E F H L H E B A G K E T X E D G R T Y T N T R L R S
 T C S K K F D U P X P T Y T K J W D K D W V M W N B D X I X
 Q I D I C Z H F A K N S T O I K E P E N T E N E C B C G D Y
 Z Z L I W I L P C W V X U P G M I K X D Z Z G L S S M T H W K K
 C N B K A N T S K I B H J V K B D A H C N U R C E L T S E N P X T M V N B B B V
 O X Y H M S O S K I T T L E S T H R E E M U S K E T E E R D V I R Y Z N Q C I R
 B P L C U S H F S D A E H N O M E L O I B O A Q M Q P C N G U G D K H H I Q R W
 G W Y T A R Y K N U H C P C J J S N O C A P S C S E T A M R O X J Z F O S N B M
 F S A A G E Q Y G K Q T O O T S I E R O L L P C Z A D S F O O M Y P P T R G M L
 Z E W P T H R A I S I N E T S K T D T A T N M Q H O Z Y D R A B E V O D E V E V
 D L Y R S C E Z R A B Y E H S R E H J X V V J Q O H J B M F K A Y P X I L Q V T
 B T K U O N E L V F S E L A M A T T O H Q F G Z U A I P U Z W O J J Z K Q R
 D R L O C A F T I L L A C A M A H C T A H W E J R S Q Y N A A L H F Z O O M
 U I S I R A C D Y T T A P T N I M R E P P E P K R O Y S R E M I K B
 T M M G Y R E E S E S P E A N U T B U T T E R C U P S R I W M Y
 X K R O L H Z L L T X F
 T V W L Y V E K K T N
 K V T O K C P O R Q D J P
 F Y J Q Q W O I J S P U H
 N D G R A N D N X K W A N D U
 E O N O R W H O P P E R S O J X G S T N P S T T A B R E I D K S
 K H I C H E W W D Z L C F H Q V R N Q A K Y Q R L E A N O T
 T A K E F I V E K S S M B R F J O L G I Y S Z T B D Y F
 C I B X R T Z X Y F X W J O L T L D T D Z T Q Q W M
 D D V U S W E D I S H F I S H M O K M A N F P O
 J B L H U P O P E I S T O O T A R M U B
 D R F V N U C X A N S N K T L O
 V H V Z K J F S K S



- AIRHEADS
- BABYRUTH
- _____
- FIFTHAVENUE
- GOODANDPLENTY
- HEATH
- HICHEW
- JOLLYRANCHERS
- KITKAT
- MANDMS
- MILKYWAY
- MRGOODBAR
- NESTLECRUNCH
- PEZ
- REESEPEANUTBUTTERCUPS
- SKITTLES
- SNOCAPS
- STARBURST
- SWEETTARTS
- THREEMUSKETEERS
- TOOTSIEPOP
- _____
- WHATCHAMACALLIT
- YORKPEPPERMINTPATTY
- ALMONDJOY
- BUTTERFINGER
- CLARKBAR
- DOVEBAR
- GOOBERS
- GRAND
- LEMONHEADS
- MIKEANDIKE
- _____
- _____
- RAISINETS
- POLO
- SNICKERS
- SOURPATCHKIDS
- SWEDISHFISH
- TAKEFIVE
- TOOTSIEROLL
- TWIZZLERS
- WHOPPERS
- TURTLES
- HERSHEYBAR
- HOTTAMALES
- JUJYFRUITS
- _____