

Inside View

For the next few months, members from the Leadership Team will use this column to share their thoughts and vision for Westminster Towers

Jones Overtones

We have an incredible staff at Westminster Towers! I am sure that most of you agree with me because you have experienced the care and dedication by so many of them. Last month we recognized 17 employees for years of service. It was a very exciting time to celebrate the people who are so dedicated! The following employees have served Westminster Towers for 20, 15, 10 and 5 years:



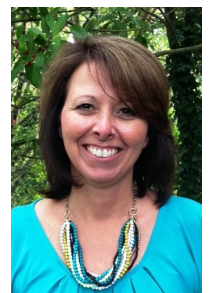
As a human resource professional, one thing I look for in a healthy Life Plan

Community is the longevity of their employees – we are blessed with a very healthy community. In case you are not aware, we have a “Wall of Fame” located in the hallway going to the Health Center. At this wall you see the pictures of ALL the employees who have dedicated 10+ years to serving our residents at Westminster Towers.

As we move forward in 2016, my goal is to continue to work on the retention of our staff. One way that helps our staff feel valued is when we appreciate them, so you may notice a few more appreciation events but also you will hear us encourage and support our staff more. I encourage you to help me with this goal by telling our employees who are doing a good job that you noticed and appreciate them.

For the employees as you read this article – Thank you for being a part of our team! Westminster is very blessed to have you and you are appreciated more than you know.

Cindy Ashworth	20 Years	Michael Rivera	5 Years
Glenda Davis	20 Years	Trina King	5 Years
Cora Boyd	15 Years	Jacquelyn Haselden	5 Years
Christine Harris	15 Years	Roxina Woods	5 Years
Peggy Jordan	15 Years	Patricia Hedgepath	5 Years
Sylvia Garrison	15 Years	Catherine Bolen	5 Years
Hattie McCullough	10 Years	Chakia Dixon	5 Years
Perlie Long	10 Years	Shanita Wilson	5 Years
		Twaneka Jamison	5 Years



Kathy Jones
Director of
Human Resources

Author Series 2016

Thursday, June 2 at 1 pm

Karen White

After playing hooky one day in the seventh grade to read *Gone With the Wind*, Karen White knew she wanted to be a writer—or become Scarlett O'Hara. In spite of these aspirations, Karen pursued a degree in business and graduated *cum laude* with a BS in Management from Tulane University. Ten years later, after leaving the business world, she fulfilled her dream of becoming a writer and wrote her first book. *In the Shadow of the Moon* was published in August, 2000. Her books have since been nominated for numerous national contests including the SIBA (Southeastern Booksellers Alliance) Fiction Book of the Year, and has twice won the National Readers' Choice Award.



Karen White

Karen will be promoting her new book ***Flight Patterns***. ~ \$35 per person

Tuesday, August 23 at 2 pm

Dick Wall

Husband and spokesman of author Carol F. Wall (1951-2014), Dick Wall titles himself “Plan B.” Carol sadly died from complications of breast cancer on December 14, 2014, just nine months after *Mister Owita's Guide to Gardening*, her first book, was published to critical acclaim. In accordance with her wishes, her husband and children have carried on the message of her book, speaking to readers and groups across the country.



Carol Wall

Dick will be promoting Carol's book about her friendship with Giles Owita, an African gardener, and their remarkable struggles and joys: ***Mister Owita's Guide to Gardening***. ~ \$25 per person

Thursday, October 27 at 1:30 pm

Mary Alice Monroe

Westminster Towers welcomes *New York Times* bestselling author Mary Alice Monroe for the third time! Already a successful author, she found her true calling in environmental fiction when she moved to coastal South Carolina, as she was captivated by the beauty and fragility of her new home. Her novels have achieved many lists, including the *New York Times*, *USA Today* and SIBA. She has received numerous awards and *The Beach House* will be adapted into a Hallmark Channel Original Movie, starring three-time Golden Globe nominee Andie MacDowell and premiering exclusively on the network in 2016.



Mary Alice Monroe

Mary Alice will be promoting her new Christmas-themed novel, title unknown at this time. ~ \$35 per person

Reservations and prior payment required. Seating is limited.

Contact Amy Laughlin at 803-328-5018 or alaughlin@westminstertowers.org

At each event attendees will meet the author, listen to their presentation, enjoy delicious refreshments and receive a signed copy of the author's latest book.

Monday-through-Friday War

Lancaster County was one of the 16 counties of the two Carolinas in which the U.S. Army staged “maneuvers” from October 6 to November 30, 1941. More than a half million troops were involved — nearly one-third of the entire army.

The Carolinas were chosen for the exercises in mock warfare for a number of reasons. The rolling terrain and numerous streams were considered ideal. There were adequate highways, yet the population was not so concentrated as to interfere with the soldiers’ training or the civilian daily routines.

The soldiers “fought” over an area that formed a rough triangle anchored by Fort Bragg, N.C., Fort Jackson, S.C., and Fort Benning, Ga.

At one point a line of over 2,500 military vehicles stretched from Fort Benning to Rock Hill, a distance of 425 miles. Near the end of the 7-week exercise, two army divisions with 40,000 men went through Fort Mill. It took 36 hours for the column of trucks, light tanks, artillery, and 500 mounted cavalymen to pass through the town. Army planes droned constantly with as many as 20 in one formation.

An engineering unit built a pontoon bridge across the Catawba River at the Van Wyck ferry crossing that preceded the construction of the Hwy. 5 bridge which wasn’t built until 1959. The two armies that were labeled the Red Army and the Blue Army fought each other for control of the pontoon bridge. Units of the two armies also fought over control of the Spratt bridge between Fort Mill and Rock Hill.

A landing field for army planes was located close to the river on land now occupied by Sun City-Carolina



M9 Gun Motor Carriage (3-inch Gun Motor Carriage T40) - Tank Destroyer (1941)

Lakes. Access to the landing fields was off Hwy 521 between present Del Webb Library and Sun City Commons.

Headquarters for the maneuvers was at Camden’s fine old resort hotel, the Kirkwood, which was also used as the press center.

The Blue Army was designated the defender. The numerically superior Red Army was the invader. Umpires designated the “casualties” who made up about 20 per cent of all the participants. The umpires also determined the prisoners of war who were handled exactly as they would be under wartime conditions. The prisoners were taken 50 or 60 miles behind the lines and held until they could be exchanged between the armies at the Camden headquarters.

Tested for the first time was a tank destroyer battalion with guns on top along with jeeps and swamp buggies.

The army had on hand 12 huge field guns that were produced too late to be used in World War I. They were so big that each projectile weighed 345 pounds and so accurate that one missed by only 25 feet a target auto parked nine miles away.

It was a Monday-through-Friday war. Weekends were for rest and recreation. Homes, churches and civic organizations threw open their doors to the men. After roughing it for five days, the soldiers were delighted to take showers, sleep on mattresses, and share home-cooked meals.

On a personal note, I have a number of memories. One memory is that a company camped on my family’s land and, after they left, my 6-year-old brother, Hall, Jr., found a pistol and took it to our father who was able to return it to a very grateful officer.

The Indian Land High School building burned in August so we were bused to Van Wyck High School. Once we didn’t get to school until about 10 o’clock because there were so many tanks turning off 521 on the road from Crenshaw’s store to Van Wyck.

Only a week after the end of the Army maneuvers, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.



Calvin Hall Pettus, Jr., grew up to be a paratrooper preparing to fight in the Korean War. *circ. 1951*

Julia Tuttle ~ Mother of Miami

You may remember the story in the May *Windows* of recent new residents **Dave and Bev Henriquez** who were originally from Miami and moved into the Towers. **Bev** is the great-



photo from Florida Photographic Collection

granddaughter of **Julia Sturtevant Tuttle** the original land owner of Miami. **Julia** had inherited some land after her parents died. She decided to move to the area on the north side of the Miami River, so **Julia** purchased 640 acres and moved into the old U.S. Fort Dallas.

She envisioned the area as becoming a major city, but the only way to get there was by steamship. **Henry Flagler** had built a railroad as far south as West Palm Beach but did not see any reason to extend it further. **Julia** negotiated with **Flagler** to extend it to Miami. As part of her negotiations, she agreed to give him half her property, a place for a hotel, and also got the Seminole Indians to protect **Flagler's** workers as they built the railroad across the Everglades. The story goes that with a hard freeze just north of Miami, **Julia** sent **Flagler** a bouquet of orange blossoms by personal courier to help encourage him to

complete the railroad, showing him that Miami was freeze free.

As we all know, all of this has happened, and Miami has developed into a modern metropolis, and **Julia Tuttle** has become known as the "Mother of Miami."

However, she died in

September, 1898, at the age of 49, two years after the city was founded.

In the 1990's a statue of **Julia Tuttle** was commissioned and was dedicated in 2010 and is now located in the Biscayne Bay Park.

~ **Bill Whitman** ✍️



Bev Henriquez standing by the statue of her great-grandmother, **Julia Tuttle** in Bayfront Park - Miami

A wife of noble character who can find?
She is worth far more than rubies.
She considers a field and buys it;
out of her earnings she plants a vineyard.
She sets about her work vigorously;
her arms are strong for her tasks.
She sees that her trading is profitable,
and her lamp does not go out at night.
Proverbs 31:1, 16-18



Julia Tuttle Causeway

I have a hero ~ I call him Dad



John Hunter,
Apt. 619

My Father, **John H. Hunter, Sr.**, was a pilot in World War I. He flew the old “Flying Jennies” biplanes in 1918 and 1919. There was not a separate Air Force as such then so he was a member of the “Army Air Force.”

He once told me this true story— if we had trouble while flying, we would land in a cotton field, get out the bailing wire, fix whatever was wrong, get the propeller going and take off.

He said that when he left home his mother would warn him to fly low and slow, not realizing that was the most dangerous way to fly a plane—the higher and faster the safer, so he would have more time to find a landing place.



John Harris,
Apt. 301

One of my favorite memories about my Father was his love for protecting and preserving our wild life.

One day, late morning, while returning from an early morning duck hunt in a canoe, we saw an old pelican on some piles and he tried to fly away, but he fell floundering in the water and Dad told me to paddle over and get him out of the water. Dad told me to put my shirt around him to keep him warm and to keep him from hurting himself. The pelican, we named him “Old Joe,” had tried to catch a fisherman’s wooden minnow while fishing for himself and hooked his big beak together and was starving to death. Dad took the hook out of his beak and we took “Old Joe” back to the clubhouse to feed him and get him well. Dad sent a check every month to the cook to feed “Old Joe.” Every time after that, when we went to the club to hunt ducks, “Old Joe” was still there to get his free meals. Can you believe a pelican would adopt a duck club as his home!

My son, do not despise the LORD’s discipline, and do not resent his rebuke, because the LORD disciplines those he loves, as a father the son he delights in.

Proverbs 3:11-12



Pinky Funderburk,
Apt. 208

Fathers have many obstacles to conquer. My obstacle was to live through being a red head, left handed and with a first name of **Cletus**.

My father’s obstacle was to survive in a family of 22 kids and with a name like **Cletus Tiburtus**.

My Father was so smart! Unlike many of today’s generation I did not think I was smarter than he. I knew he was the smartest man I ever knew. (Actually my boys are also much smarter than I.)

Not overly educated, my father only finished about 7th grade. His 21 brothers and sisters gave him a lot of education. Raised on a farm where everyone was part of a team he set out on his own at age 19 and was a true entrepreneur.

First he learned to be a butcher, then an electrician and later the best salesman in the world.

Once when he found himself stranded in Tennessee with a dollar in his pocket, he bought a few paper bags from a grocer, found some nice red bricks, ground them up into a fine powder, put a few ounces into each paper bag and went door to door selling the bags of “Amazing secret powder,” which, when put into the kerosene in the home lantern, would prevent fire if the lantern was knocked over. In a few days he made enough money to buy an old car and drive home to open an electric company. He made lots of money selling Delco Power plants for making home electricity all over the Carolinas, including many on the Outer Banks of North Carolina in the 30’s.

He always had my back and was always my best friend! And, yes, I still miss him.



Louise Clark,
Apt. 424

My Dad was always my hero. I grew up in an old red Victorian house and Dad’s Mother, my grandmother, lived on the 3rd floor. He was always looking after her and taking her where she needed to go.

A favorite memory is camping on Nantucket Bluff off Cape Cod — just Mother, Dad and me. He pitched the tent and set up cots. He

Continued on Page 6...

I have a hero ~ I call him Dad

...Continued from Page 5

had a big motor boat and we all went fishing and caught our dinner. When we got back from fishing we all jumped in the ocean and went swimming. On other days I paddled the canoe while Dad was hunting ducks. I always hoped he would not get one.

I learned a lot about nature from my Dad — trees, flowers, animals, walking along the Cape in the woods — my favorite. He took me to meet a friend who was a book collector — and I still have the book he gave me, *The Coming China*. It was my favorite subject in history, I still treasure the book.

My Dad will always live in my heart and I will never forget him.



Gaylon Syrett,
Apt. 624

In Western Oklahoma in 1903, when my father was seven or eight, he was found sitting on the back steps of his parents' farm house crying. He was sad because school was over for the season, and he knew he would have to spend the summer assisting with farm chores instead of attending classes. I was amazed at his description of that time, since most children jubilantly celebrate the end of school.



Lou Ardrey,
Apt. 524

My father died when I was only three years-old so I don't have many memories of him. Several years ago I wrote these words that express some of my thoughts.

Getting to Know You

I look at your picture and meet your steady gaze. The blue eyes pierce my thoughts and bring uninvited tears.

A chubby child of three crawls up in your lap and snuggles against the warm wool sweater. Soft words of love are whispered as strong arms hold me close. I am safe—secure—protected.

The baby came shortly after your death. Mother named her for you — Willie G. for Willie Gaston. We nicknamed her Wiggie. The hardware store went bankrupt and everything was sold at auction. We got used to seeing Mother cry.

She remarried when I was six and we moved across town. My step-father was a widower with two daughters. We five girls each had a bedroom of our own upstairs in the big white house that became our new home.

When I grieve over the years we missed, I take comfort in the fact that some day we will be reunited in heaven. I'm looking forward to getting to know you.



Elizabeth Nash,
Apt. 326

My father, **William Hubbard Shaw**, ran a flower and corn mill in Virginia. During the war, my father worked for the government surveying farms. He did this because at that time you could not farm but so many acres.

I was one of eight siblings and was the sixth and youngest girl. So being the youngest of that large group, I was not surprised that my father would sit me on his lap and tell me he loved me the

most. Of course, he would always tell me not to tell the others. Of course I would never tell them, because it would only make them feel bad!

Later, I would find out he told all my sisters he loved them the most. Just one of the many ways my father made each of us feel special — even though we were many.



Marion Schaefer,
Apt. 602

My Daddy and I were good pals. Two principles ruled his life: 1) If you are going to say something about another person make sure it is good or say nothing; 2) If you see a need, do all you can to help. He truly practiced what he preached.

During World War II many of the men from our neighborhood were in the service. Daddy shoveled sidewalks, helped with doctor appointments, took folks shopping. He took the young people to ball games, movies, their school activities and any need that arose.

He taught me to enjoy all sports, to go for walks in the woods so I would appreciate nature and animals, we looked for and collected American Indian artifacts, and sometimes we would lay on the grass in our yard and watch the clouds drift by and point out different images. I have wonderful memories of my Dad.

A friend said he never knew a happier or more contented man than my Dad. I believe it was because of the principles he lived by.

Hero

Noun: A man who is greatly admired



Contributions

Capital Campaign

In memory of 'Becca Dalton
Frank Kiser

Endowment Fund

Hugh Barnett

In memory of Jane Watkins'
brother, **DeBreil Epps**
Lynn Hornsby

In memory of **Mary Gene Hardin**
Pix Drennan
Sig and Judy Huitt
Vernon Sumwalt

*Any gift to the
Endowment, Capital
Campaign or
Employee Assistance
Fund can be made in
honor or in memory
of a loved one or
neighbor.*

*Thank
you*



Don Hunt

*From the Resident
Association
President's Desk—I
cannot confirm the
truthfulness of this
story I recently
received. It could
easily have happened and hopefully,
with deep appreciation and
gratitude, it still happens with all of
our service men and women.*

The Sack Lunch

I put my carry-on in the luggage compartment and sat down in my assigned seat. It was going to be a long flight. "I'm glad I have a good book to read. Perhaps I will get a short nap," I thought.

Just before take-off, a line of soldiers came down the aisle and filled all the vacant seats, totally surrounding me. I decided to start a conversation.

"Where are you headed?" I asked the soldier seated nearest to me.

"Petawawa. We'll be there for two weeks for special training, and then we're being deployed to Afghanistan," he answered.

After flying for about an hour, an announcement was made that sack lunches were

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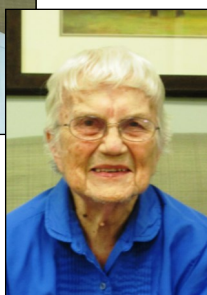
Pix Drennan, Ruth Page and Odel Hope
Riverwalk Hiking Trail, April 27, 2016

In Memory

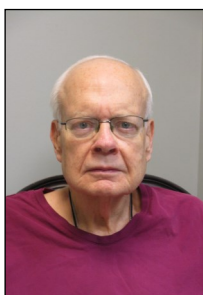
**Kitty Barrett
Mary Gene Hardin
Jeanne White**



John and Dot Hunter
Apt. 619



Larry Stroman
Apt. 503



Not pictured: **William and Louise Bell**, Apt. 501

The Sack Lunch...Continued from Page 7

available for \$5. It would be several hours before we reached the east, and I quickly decided a lunch would help pass the time...

As I reached for my wallet, I overheard a soldier ask his buddy if he planned to buy lunch. "No, that seems like a lot of money for just a sack lunch. Probably wouldn't be worth \$5. I'll wait 'till we get to base." His friend agreed.

I looked around at the other soldiers. None were buying lunch. I walked to the back of the plane and handed the flight attendant a fifty-dollar bill. "Take a lunch to all those soldiers." She grabbed my arms and squeezed tightly. Her eyes wet with tears, she thanked me. "My son was a soldier in Iraq; it's almost like you are doing it for him."

Picking up ten sacks, she headed up the aisle to where the soldiers were seated. She stopped at my seat and asked "Which do you like best—beef or chicken?"

"Chicken," I replied, wondering why she asked. She turned and went to the front of the plane, returning a minute later with a dinner plate from first class.

"This is your thanks."

After we finished eating, I went again to the back of the plane heading for the rest room.

To Be Continued in July Windows

**Make Time for
Channel 99**

**You stay in the loop
And know the scoop**

Riverview @ The Towers

**Urgent and Primary Care
Clinic
Located in the Lower Level**

**HOURS
8—noon**

**Monday
Wednesday
Friday**

803-328-WELL (9355)



Westminster Windows is published monthly for the residents, staff and friends of Westminster Towers continuing care retirement community.

Submissions and column ideas are welcomed in writing to the following members of the newsletter committee (submissions will not be returned, and they will be used according to space availability and content appropriateness).

Editor, **Bette Christensen**; Newsletter Committee — **Ginny Dunn**, *Chair*, **Louise Clark**, **Vernon Sumwalt**, **Bob Benson**, **Pinky Funderburk**, **Gaylon Syrett**, **Bill Whitman**; Residents' Association President, **Don Hunt**; Interim President and CEO, **Jim Bright**; Director of Life Enrichment, **Amy Laughlin**.