

Inside View

Mother's Day

When I was asked about writing this article, I was so honored and felt very privileged to write about what is dearest to my heart.

Growing up, I always thought everyone had the same relationship as I did with their mothers. I watched my mother give 110% to her family. She laid out my father's clothes, as well as my brother and mine until we were able to do it ourselves, but always my father's. She worked full-time, made sure we all had our lunches, and made a full meal every night. The home was always spotless, and she took us to my dance lessons, music lessons and my brother's baseball and basketball practices. As a family, we all played tennis. As we grew, she gave us responsibilities and held us to them. On weekends, we always made time to go visit both of my grandparents. Both of my grandmothers were dynamic women. My mother's mother was a preacher's wife and stood proud of her family. She always supported my grandfather and doted on every child and grandchild. We often would go to the music room when family was gathered. Someone would play the piano, others of us would play our trumpets, and the rest would sing the hymns my grandmother would choose. My father's mother was always in the kitchen cooking and baking or outside in her yard. She had those arms open wide and the biggest smile when she had her family around. I wanted to share all that to say that no matter how busy my mother was looking after her family, she showed by her actions what

it meant to be a mother. She made time to play with her children – swimming, pitching the ball, riding bikes, ping pong, ice hockey, etc. My personal favorites were the bedtime stories and snuggling on the couch to watch a movie. One memory I have was waking up every Sunday, hearing the singing to "Gospel Jubilee." It was time for church. My mother was a preacher's kid, and she had 2 brothers that were ministers. She made sure we were always in church. There were many nights her bedroom door would be shut, and you could hear her praying. I remember I opened her Bible one time saw all the names she had written that she prayed for. I couldn't believe the names of people that had done her or her family wrong who were even on the list. She sang in a quartet at church, and sometimes I'd look over and see tears streaming down her face.

My mother taught me the value of loving and doing for your family – to work hard and always let them know you are their biggest cheerleader. She taught me about being firm and always said, "God chose me to be your mother, not your friend." But most importantly, she taught and showed me to love God and to love others as God loves us.

Continued on page 4.

Teresa Carpenter
Director of Social Services



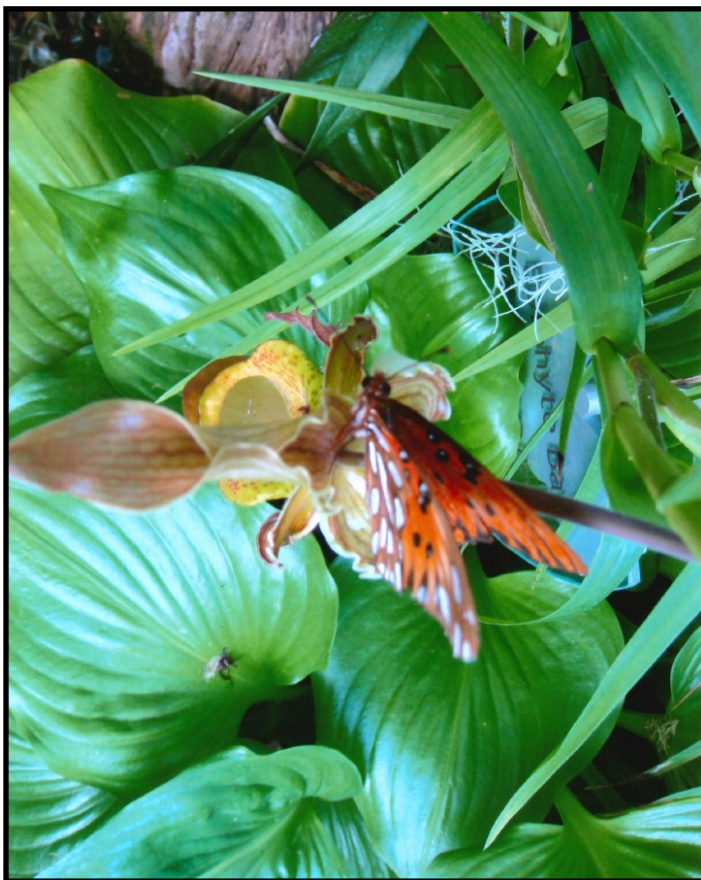


Photo Credit: Barbara Ingelse

Contributions

Endowment Fund

Mr. & Mrs. Huitt

John Eason

In memory of **Nancy Thomas**

Dicksie Ward

Jeannette "Pix" Drennan

In memory of **John Player**

Mr. & Mrs. Southwell

Edmund Fitzgerald

In memory of **April Amos**

Lynn Hornsby

Capital Campaign

John Eason

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.

May Recognition Dates

National Blood Pressure Month

National Salad Month

May 6th-10th - Nurses' Week

May 1st - May Day

May 2nd - Brothers & Sisters Day

May 4th - Star Wars Day

May 5th - Cinco de Mayo

May 6th - National Nurses Day

May 7th - National Teachers Day

May 10th - Military Spouses Day

May 11th - Twilight Zone Day

May 12th - Mother's Day

May 16th - Wear Purple for Peace Day

May 18th - Armed Forces Day

May 18th - Visit Your Relatives Day

May 20th - Be a Millionaire Day

May 23rd - Lucky Penny Day

May 25th - International Jazz Day

May 27th - Memorial Day

May 28th - National Hamburger Day

May 31st - Save Your Hearing Day

May 31st - World No Tobacco Day

Notice from Your Library Committee

Written by:

Donna Reese , Chairman & Betty Worrell, Co-Chair

Your newly formed Library Committee has set a goal of providing the best library possible with good books to be enjoyed by all.

The first step on this endeavor is to ask each resident to go through their apartments and return to the main floor library any books you may have that you are not currently reading, as we have many outstanding books that cannot be located. We will be taking an inventory during the next two weeks.

Your cooperation and assistance is greatly appreciated.

Thank you!



Puzzle Page

Answers now on the last page!


ACROSS

- 1.) "Much ____ About Nothing"
- 4.) Design detail, for short
- 5.) Martin Luther King Jr. led one on Washington
- 6.) Spy's assumed name
- 7.) Holler

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DOWN

- 1.) Ron's assistant on "Parks and Recreation"
- 2.) Sticker on a car's back windshield
- 3.) Arthur ____ Sulzberger Jr., publisher of The New York Times
- 4.) 50% off event
- 5.) Possibly will



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Sudoku: How to Play

Sudoku is a logic-based, combinatorial number-placement puzzle. The objective is to fill a 9×9 grid with digits so that each column, each row, and each of the nine 3×3 sub-grids that compose the grid contains all of the digits from 1 to 9. The puzzle setter provides a partially completed grid, which for a well-posed puzzle has a single solution.

Enjoy!

Did You Know?

This month in 1921:

- May 3rd - West Virginia imposed its first state sales tax.
- May 8th - Sweden abolishes capital punishment.
- May 12th - National Hospital Day was first observed in the United States.
- May 19th - Congress sharply curbed immigration, setting a national quota system.
- May 24th - The first parliament for Northern Ireland was elected.
- May 30th - Austria voted to join Germany.
- May 30th - Tommy Milton won the Indianapolis 500.

Have You Considered....

"Six Red Roses"

By: Dr. French O'Shields
(Former Syndicated Columnist)

It was Friday afternoon. The noise of the car pulling into the driveway announced my mother's arrival. She had come to the beach to spend the weekend with us just several days after her birthday.

By the time I got there to greet her, she had gotten out of the car, clutching in her hand six long-stemmed roses. At the moment, getting her clothes, food, and other items out of the car didn't seem important to her. This was not like her.

It was evident the roses were something special. She had wrapped each bud separately in foil and nursed them carefully during the five hour drive. She wanted to share their beauty with us, but there was another reason. When I heard the story, I understood why the roses were so special. I think you will also.

On a Friday evening in May, a high school class held its twentieth reunion. Like all such reunions, each marveled at how much older everyone else looked than they did. Around the banquet tables, conversation flowed as "do you remember when..." stories were shared.

At one table, the conversation turned to more serious things as they noted only one member of their class was deceased, Bob O'Shields. One spoke of the industrial accident which fatally injured Bob just six years after graduation. Others shared remembrances of him.

Dean, who had driven all the way from South Florida to South Carolina for the reunion, was sitting at this table. He

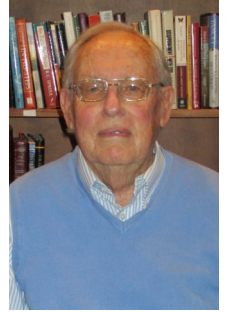
could not hold back the tears. Bob had been his close friend. After fourteen years, the pain of the loss came alive again to Dean. For him the moment was filled with sobering thoughts. Rather than dwelling on the sadness, he was motivated to an unusual expression of love and appreciation.

The next morning there was a knock on my mother's door. When she opened it, Dean was standing there holding one red rose. As they sat in the living room, Dean shared what had happened at the reunion. He put the rose in her hand and said, "This is to let you know that I have not, nor will I ever forget my friend Bob, and I love and thank you for having him."

Dean never forgot. From that day until my mother's death six years later, he sent her six red roses on Mother's Day and on her birthday every year. Dean's life had not been all happiness. He was rejected and deserted by his wife of seventeen years. He went through the trauma of a divorce he didn't choose and a painful court experience to secure the custody of his four children. But his unusual and continued expression of tender loving care provided much happiness for Bob's mother and mine.

Such is the nature of happiness. God did not design happiness as something we selfishly obtain for ourselves, only something we can unselfishly provide for someone else.

Now you know why those roses were so special to my mother. Maybe you can also understand why I wish I were more like Dean.



**Dr. French
O'Shields**
Writer

Continued from front page.

Being a mother myself, I could never be the mother that my mother was to me. But I have tried to show and teach my children the same values and ways that my mother gave to me. My mother only got to meet one granddaughter, and they shared a bond that was unbelievable in the short 2 years they spent together. My mother passed at the age of 52 from cancer. It was a privilege and honor to care for her during her short five month battle. We were open and honest about the process. She told me the songs to sing and what she wanted. Her wishes were for us to all remember to have child-like faith. She also told me that when she was gone to remember my calling with seniors and love them as if they were my mother.

My daughter Ashley just got married in November 2018 to her high school sweetheart and best friend. My other daughter Erica decided it was time to make her way as a mother – she is due in August – and continue the special heritage we have been given. I always felt loved by my mother. And there's nothing more special to me than to hear the words "Hey mom," "I love you, mom," or "Thank you, mom."





Glen Miller



Louise Whitfield, Helen Bennett, Frances Workman,
and Dorothy Modla



Louise Whitfield, Helen Bennett, and Don Hunt



Woodrow Feemster and Helen Bennett



Last Day in the Old Dining Room



Mary Alice Mitchell



Davis Kirby and Patricia Bramer



Helen Bennett, Dorothy Kerr, and Sarah Goforth



Buzz Benson, Alma O'Shields, and French O'Shields



Joann and Lloyd Twedt



Lou and Jim Ardrey



Howard and Carole Barber



Janice and Carlos Gardner



Ed and Lana Harding



Madeline and Harry Hazen



Beverly and David Henriquez



A Day in Westminster Park



Wellness Outing

Our wellness outing to Westminster Park was quite refreshing and tranquil. We loved admiring the river and spending some time in the beautiful Living Water Chapel. It was a place of beauty, and shaded areas provided a great place to play a few games of corn hole.

Please join us for our next outside walk or wellness trip! All levels are welcome!

**Next Outing in May 2019:
Landsford Canal State Park**

Think **Green** This Summer

The Health Benefits to Walking and Spending Time in Nature

A walk in the park may soothe the mind and, in the process, change the workings of our brains in ways that improve our mental health, according to an interesting new study of the physical effects on the brain of visiting nature. Most of us today live in cities and spend far less time outside in green, natural spaces than people did several generations ago. People that do not go outside or live in a larger city have a higher risk for anxiety, depression and other mental illnesses than people living outside urban centers, studies show. People who visit natural environments have lower levels of stress hormones immediately afterward than people who have not recently been outside.

Join the Wellness Department for **“National Senior Health and Fitness Day”**

Please help us promote campus-wide health, happiness, and wellness on Wednesday, May 29th.

Special activities will include:

- Zumba! Dance Class
- Outdoor Walk
- Fitness Assessments
- Prizes/Goodies

See schedule and bulletin board for more information.



Mother's Day

An Excerpt From: The Old Farmer's Almanac, 2019 Edition

By: Robert B. Thomas

Submitted By: Linda Lenz

While the Mother's Day that we celebrate on the second Sunday in May is a fairly recent development, the basic idea goes back to the ancient mythology - to the long ago civilizations of the Greeks and Romans.

Mothering Sunday

In 16th century England, a celebration called "Mothering Sunday" was inaugurated -- a Sunday set aside for visiting one's mother. The eldest son or daughter would bring a "Mothering cake," which would be cut and shared by the entire family. Family reunions were the order of the day, with sons and daughters assuming all household duties and preparing a special dinner in honor of their mother. Sometime during the day the mother would attend special church services with her family.

Anna M. Jarvis

After her mother died in 1905, Miss Anna Jarvis wished to memorialize her life and started campaigning for a national day to honor all mothers

Her mother, known as "Mother Jarvis," was a young Appalachian homemaker and lifelong activist who had organized "Mother's Work Days" to save the lives of

those dying from polluted water. During the Civil War, Mother Jarvis had also had also organized women's brigades, encouraging women to help without regard for which side their men had chosen. At the time, there were many special days for men, but none for women.

On May 10, 1908, a Mother's Day service was held at a church in Grafton, West Virginia, where Anna's mother had taught. Thus was born the idea that the second Sunday in May be set aside to honor all mothers, dead or alive.

Mother's Day

In 1914, President Woodrow Wilson signed a bill designating the second Sunday in May as a legal holiday to be called "Mother's Day" -- dedicated "to the best mother in the world, your mother."

For the first few years, the day was observed as a legal holiday, but in absolute simplicity and reverence -- church services were held in honor of all mothers, living and dead.





Health Center Tea Party

In Memory Of: Nancy Thomas



Nancy Thomas Jr. & Aileen Wallace



Ruth "Lorraine" Burton



Pan Coulter, Frances Leitner, Nancy Thomas, Margaret Altman



Ruth Ann Johnson, Linda LeGrande, and Mary Gettys

The Greatest Generation

Written by: Janet Yocum

Borrowed from the Title of a Book by: Tom Brokaw

About twelve years ago, my husband and I lived in a small town, a bedroom community, of Gainesville, Florida. According to the 1980 census, just 1300 citizens resided there. The 1990 census showed 1302, and our brother laughingly said that was us. We became leaders of the Senior Group at our church and learned a terrible statistic. At that time, 11,000 veterans of World War II were dying each day. Today there are less than 500,000 still living of the sixteen million who served, and just under 500 die each day. It was May, and my husband and I decided rather than celebrate Memorial Day remembering those who were gone, we would honor those in our church who were still with us. We gave a dinner for all the veterans and asked each World War II veteran to speak to us for about five minutes.

Fulton B. spoke first. He said that the depression hit our small town hard, his mother had died, and left eight children. Some days they were hungry. He, being the oldest, went to enlist in the Army to help support his family. He was turned down because he had flat feet. World War II began, and he was among the first to be drafted. He said that those flat feet landed on Normandy Beach and walked all the way to Berlin. His most poignant memory was being on the landing craft in the cold rain, looking at Normandy Beach. He said companies were racially segregated in those days, and a company of African American soldiers called engineers was on the beach, running, holding helium filled balloons attached to steel cables to keep the German airplanes from strafing our soldiers' landing on the beach. He said when one was shot, another ran to take his place and that they were the bravest men he ever saw. They never hesitated or faltered. He said he would never forget them, and he didn't.

Next was Dan D. He was a farmer who had never been out of the county, but he was a good shot, as most young boys in those days were. He became a tail gunner on a bomber who flew almost daily missions over Germany. On one day, his plane was shot and headed down. He had never parachuted, but he made the jump. He said a strange thing happened that day. On the way down, he met the Lord and was saved. He was a prisoner of war for ten months and lost forty-five pounds, but also said the German guards were hungry as well.

Then came George Brown, also a farmer living right across the highway from Dan D. He was captured and also a prisoner of war. He was freed from the prison camp by the Russians and walked all across Russia to get home. It took him over one year.

Next came Ray M. He was a paratrooper at only eighteen years old. He jumped behind the lines on D-Day, and his commander told them to be aware that the Germans hid their tanks under hay stacks. He said they jumped low and when he cleared the clouds, he found himself landing in a field of hay-stacks but thankfully, no tanks under those hay stacks. He was trapped at the Battle of the Bulge in a foxhole filled with branches, which he slept on because there was standing water in his foxhole. He said it snowed, and they put branches across the top of the foxhole so they could peer out a small hole to see the German tanks passing by. They waited three days for General Patton. His feet became frostbitten, and they were never the same until the day he died.

Next to speak was Clarence. He survived the Normandy landing, but moving inland, a machine gun nest hidden in the Hedge Rows shot his legs. He brought with him a cigar box full of the shrapnel they took from his legs. His leg was saved from amputation by a new drug called penicillin. Tears formed in his eyes as he spoke saying, "It's so good to be with the guys again." Although he was hospitalized for eighteen months, he said it was almost worth it because Esther Williams came to see him. He was able to return to Normandy for the fiftieth reunion. He said it was a lot more fun the second time.

Last to speak was Doug. Doug was an accountant who never left Elmendorf Field in Anchorage, Alaska. He talked for what seemed like ages. I whispered to my husband, asking what were we to do? My kind husband said we were to do nothing. Those who flew a desk also served.

Sadly, they are all gone now, but this Memorial Day, let us remember all our veterans. If you should happen to know one of the 500,000 remaining, please tell World War II veterans how much we appreciate them and will never forget their service and sacrifice. They were indeed "The Greatest Generation."

God bless you all.



War Came to Australia

By: Pix Drennan

Co-Authored By: Janet Yocum

It was September 3, 1949, and the call went out 400 miles to the green hills of Scotland and 9,500 miles to the great deserts of Australia. England was at war with Germany. They answered the call. The Scots came down from the hills, playing their pipes, and the Aussies together with their neighbors from New Zealand came across two large oceans in response.

I was sixteen years old, and the women of Australia also answered the call by filling the jobs at home. On December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. That created another war zone, and it was now in our part of the world. The Japanese were taking island after island and heading rapidly towards Australia. Their submarines lurked in our harbors, awaiting their arrival. But then came the Americans, and things began to change.

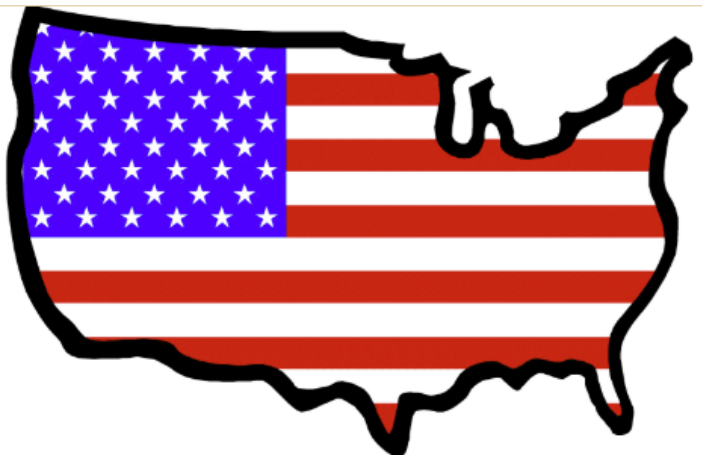
American troops were sent to all our big cities on the east coast, -- Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne. They began to build airfields inland on the flat parts of our country, and one was built just outside our small country town. Soon six

hundred young airmen began to arrive. Camps were set up in every available space -- parks, golf courses, YMCA camps, and fairgrounds. All available space was used. Officers were billeted in private homes, and life long friendships were formed between hosts and soldiers.

A very handsome young airman, twenty-two years old and named Judson Drennan, and his friends made our home their home away from home. Many of the young women had their eyes on "Jud," as he was called. But Jud seemed to have eyes only for me. Jud's job was being in charge of bombs.

Soon, after a brief courtship, Jud was called to the battlefield as the Americans and Australians attempted to take back the islands captured by the Japanese. When he left, he promised to come back to me. After fighting in the Philippines and New Guinea, he was one of the fortunate few who did come back after suffering from malaria, which plagued him for many years.

When the war ended, I became one of the six thousand Australian girls who married Americans and became "war brides." I joined the others and came to America with our new husbands.



Visit to Orchard Park Middle School

By: Tom "Pinky" Funderburk

One of our World War II residents, Tom Funderburk, made a presentation made a presentation to the fifth grade.

The students are studying World War II, and Tom ("Pinky") told the students of little known humanitarian effort by the Mighty 8th Air Force and the British at the very end of the war.

When we think or talk about World War II, most think of devastation, killing, aggression, and occupying other countries.

Although I flew in a number of combat missions over Germany, France, and Austria, when I think about the war, I enjoy thinking about the humanitarian missions flown by the Mighty 8th Air Force.

Toward the end of World War II, our ground forces had pushed the Germans out of France and Holland, but there remained a pocket of Germans around Holland who cut that country off from the rest of the world. They flooded the fields, destroyed the railroads, mined the canals and highways; Holland was isolated. The Swiss and Swedes tried to use ships to bring food in, but this was too slow. Thousands had starved, and many thousands were on the edge of starvation. The people were eating tulips to survive. This was in early May of

1945 before an armistice was signed. Timing was critical, so we pretty much forced the Germans to allow these food drops which we called "Operation Chowhound."

The United States and Britain combined

forces to fly 2200 missions and drop 4200 tons of food to the Dutch people. Drop zones were established and designated with white crosses on the ground. There were ten drop zones. The B-17 Flying Fortress bombers were rigged up with plywood in the bomb bays, which would hold the food. The airplanes flew at an altitude of less than four hundred feet and with gear and flaps down to fly as slow as possible, and the food was dumped out. We did this every day for six days, and I flew as a B-17 pilot on all of them. On the third day, the Dutch people had cut tulips, and they painted the rooftops to spell out "THANKS!" This was very emotional and still brings tears when I think about it. Rather than dropping destruction onto German factories and submarine pens, we were dropping life saving food to save thousands of lives. The Dutch government created a special document awarded to us as a thank you. I have two female friends in Lake Wylie who were 12 years old living in Holland during that stressful time. One of them is writing a memoir to be included in my book.

Another humanitarian mission we flew was to Linz, Austria to pick up Frenchmen who had been held as prisoners of war by the Germans. We flew 20 of these men from Linz to Paris. They were most grateful

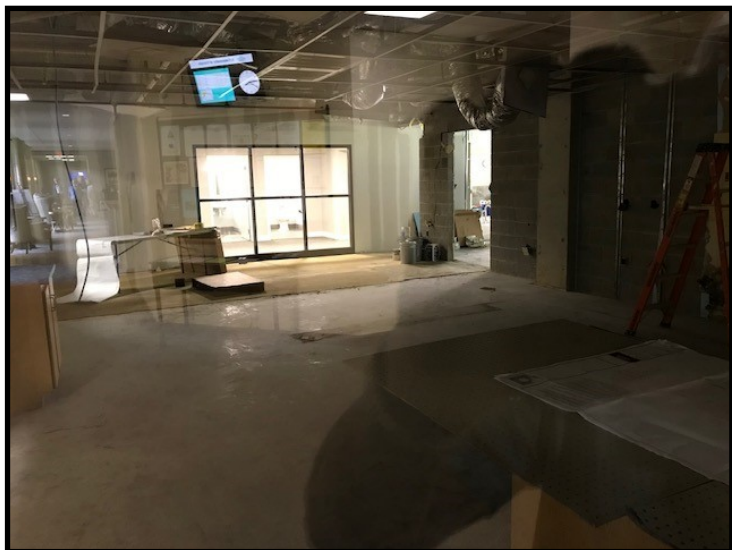
and insisted on hugging and then saluting my crew as a thank you. Another tearjerker.

So, even though war is hell and destructive, we can find some things to smile about.





Construction is happening! A big **thank you** to Chef Rick and his wonderful staff for making the transition to Heritage Hall a smooth one!



Thank You

I wish to thank each and everyone who sent cards or offered words of sympathy to me for the loss of my only daughter, April Louise Amos, who died March 25, 2019, at age 51. I truly appreciate you all and consider Westminster Towers as my forever home.

You all are so special.

With Heartfelt Thanks and
Blessings,
Arlene Jenkins
&
John Blackwelder
(Apt. 325)



TRIBUTE FOR MY LOVING DAUGHTER

APRIL LOUISE AMOS

March 7, 1968 - March 25, 2019

The mountains called for you to come once more.

You put on your skis for the last time, and I saw you soar.

You felt so free up there with snow, fresh air, and sun,
And with your friends you had so much fun.

I watched you struggle to walk each and every day.

And could see your frustration and could see you silently pray.

You persevered with difficulty and never gave in,

And often remarked "MS SUCKS, but I WILL win."

All these years alone you clung to your Bible and stayed strong,

And with determination you continued on.

You always told me, "Mom, I won't leave you. I'll always be here."

I never let you see my heartache and tears.

I always depended on you as you did on me,
But God had other plans and said, "Come, I'll set you free."

You once told me, "If my life comes to an end, I know you'll be okay. You have so many friends."

You enjoyed your childhood with Suzanne, your lifelong friend.

She loved you like a sister and stayed loyal to the very end.

And now you are safely in Heaven, no more pain or tears.

I will cherish the memories we shared for the rest of my years.

I love you and will miss you, April.

Your Loving Mom,
Arlene

This Month's Answers

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Special Saturday BREAKFAST



MAY 11, 2019
8:30 AM - 9:30 AM

CHEF'S OMELET BAR
ASSORTED PASTRY DISPLAY
FRESH FRUIT & YOGURT BAR

BREAKFAST BUFFET OF:
SCRAMBLED EGGS
BACON & SAUSAGE LINKS
GRITS

BISCUITS & CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF

ASSORTED JUICES, COFFEE, AND MILK

Westminster Towers, an extension of the ministry of Westminster Presbyterian Church, was founded on the theological principles and values of the Presbyterian Church in America. Our mission is to provide services that inspire, encourage, and empower seniors, while demonstrating the love of Christ to support individual well-being.



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).

Newsletter Committee — Editor: **Sandy Graham**; Members: **Vernon Sumwalt, Pinky Funderburk, Beverly Henriquez, Gaylon Syrett, Barbara Gladden, Janet Yocum, Linda Lenz, Ron Weisburg**; Residents' Association President: **Frank Kiser**; President and CEO: **Jim Thomason**; Director of Life Enrichment: **Jennifer Allen**