



2020 HAPPY NEW YEAR

WESTMINSTER TOWERS

WINDOWS

CONTINUING CARE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

Vol. XXXI No. 01 1330 India Hook Road, Rock Hill, South Carolina 29732 (803) 328-5000 January 2020

westminstertowers.org



Table Talk



It was noon. She went down for lunch in the brand new dining room...beautifully appointed with individual tables for two, four, and six. There was a lounge area with cozy, comfy chairs where one could have a cup of coffee or wait for friends.

Suddenly she had a grammar school/junior high school flashback:

“Where shall I sit? With Whom?”

“Who will welcome me?”

“Is there a place for me?”

“What if....” (Horrors, what if I must dine alone!!!!)

The questions bring back old, terrifying self-dialogue: “Oh, come on! You dine alone in your own apartment all the time! What’s the big deal?”

“Yes, but I don’t have an audience to OBSERVE how I handle the implied rejection of a place of one’s own in the busy dining area... surrounded by PEOPLE.”

“Remember being the new student when you moved to high school? HORRORS! Do I really HAVE to go through that feeling again?!”

She scanned the room for the second time. How would she enter as the lone diner? She COULD sweep into the room like Loretta Young used to come through the door...head held high, flashing bright smile, skirt flowing behind, sure of herself, confident that she belonged.

Or was she going to tiptoe in like a frightened kitten sidling up to the milk bowl? She stepped forward with all the false bravado of Mickey Rooney’s interpretation of Andy Hardy.

Ah-hah! There was ONE table with two men and two empty places. Asked if they were saving them for someone? “Yes,” they were. So one looks around, sees an empty table for six and a ta-

ble by the window for two. She chose the smaller table with the shade drawn downward. There was no sun that day. She would have liked to watch the autumn leaves fall outside.

Oh well, she gazed across the room to a window where fall leaves were drifting onto the courtyard. Unfortunately a dumpster was parked nearby filled with construction trash (dining room leftovers of another kind). The dumpster was parked close enough to the tree to appear to be receiving withered leaves directly from the tree. She realized it was an illusion because of the angle and distance.

Other guests arrive and begin to fill up nearby tables. She wondered if another woman resident would dare walk the length of the room alone as she had done...with all eyes seeming to follow the mental/thought/physical response...uncertain battle of table/no table or friend/no friend conjectures that flash in the record speed of a step or two. Had there been a lonely wanderer entering, she resolved to greet her and wave her over to make her feel welcome. NOPE! No such stray diner appeared.

As time passed, menus were filled out; soup was served.

WHAT does one DO sitting alone at a table when all others have table partners and chat away? Perhaps next time one should tuck a book or crossword puzzle into her lunch box for leftovers.

Well, the silver can be lined up properly, knife blade toward the plate. One can clip a napkin across the front of one’s attire to protect the clothes from drips and drabs, caused by arthritic fingers unable to grip the silverware adequately. (She could see her stickler of a mom roll over in her grave for fudging **See Table Talk on Pg 7**

Steve

Steve and Bobbie Ellsworth and I moved here at the same time. Bobbie to the nursing home to recover from a fall and Steve to apartment 504. I saw them when Steve was pushing her in her wheelchair. I learned that people rarely spoke to and ignored people in wheelchairs but instead directed their conversation to the caregiver. So I made a point when I saw them to talk to Bobbie and ignore Steve. Ha! Consequently, when we had an event such as Patrick Hudson and his wonderful music, Steve would bring Bobbie and seek me out so Bobbie and I could talk. One day I gave a program entitled, "What Brought You to Westminster Towers." We invited the residents who had come that year and they told their stories. Steve ap-



proached me after the meeting and asked how could I know all these people and most of their business. I laughed and told him I was just a nosy old busybody, a housemother type who preferred that kind of activity rather than housework.

One day, Steve came to me at the puzzle table and told me Bobbie died. He was devastated. Later he brought me her obituary and she was a remarkable woman, a true Renaissance woman, a faithful supporter and benefactor of the performing arts here in Rock Hill. He said he was the beneficiary of all the wonderful things she did. He was so sad and I thought what could I do to lift his spirits. I wanted to go to Eggs Up for brunch and I invited him to go, as he had never been there and neither had I. I told him it was my treat and he balked. He said he had never gone out to lunch with a lady where she paid the bill. I laughed and said there was a first time for everything. I paid.

A few weeks later, he said he would like to return the favor. I said okay and he announced we were going to the Friendly Pool Hall for lunch. I said I had never been to a pool hall and he laughed and said there was a first time for everything. The food was great!

He had a skin cancer removed from the back of his head and was told to apply medication

and change the bandage every day. He asked me whom should he contact to do this, as he could not see it or reach it. I said no one, as he would be charged \$6.00 a day and I was perfectly capable of doing it and would charge him nothing. The

charging him nothing appealed to him. After three days, he said surely it had healed. It was then I told him the back of his head looked like he had been shot at the Longbranch Saloon in Dodge City, Kansas. The wound resembled a hole from a Colt 45.

Over time, we found we had much in common. He worked for WestVACo, where four generations of my family had been employed. We were both Republicans who loved football and basketball, read the Wall Street Journal, and watched Fox News. We had discussions about investments.

I had been a conservative broker 30 years ago, and he was a risk taker, so we had many lively conversations. We became good friends who cared about each other. I was redecorating the bookshelves in the library and my daughter purchased a clock. She thought it was pretty and would look very attractive on the shelf, BUT it did not work. Steve said give him the clock and he would try to fix it. "No way," I said, "could anyone fix a clock long stopped." He persevered and took the clock home. The next night, he brought it back and it was ticking and keeping perfect time. "Oh Ye of little faith," he admonished me. How true. We were like parents of a newborn baby. Every night we fled to the library to see if it was still ticking; and sure enough, still ticking, and still is. Everyone came to see the miracle of the clock!

The week before he died, we had a great week. We attended the 30th Anniversary Banquet and had been told to dress up. I fussed (a little) preferring comfort, but he loved it. He put on his pinstriped suit, a fancy shirt, and a very happy smile. The dinner was delicious and afterwards a wonderful piano player played all the old songs we both loved. He ran out of oxygen and that worried me, so I told him I was going to see him safely home. He balked (again). He said he was sup-

posed to see me home. I told him get over it, I was going to see him home and on that oxygen. I did. We had to sit down once to catch our breath, and he said that was the most wonderful evening he had enjoyed in a long time.

Over the year, he told me many things, like how much he loved the Mallard and Climer families, and how good they were to him. He told me of a wonderful girl who hung the moon named Laura Mallard, and I agreed going a step further saying she was the sunshine in his life.

The Saturday before he died, he had a great day. He started the day with breakfast downstairs and a big waffle. We planned to watch the Kansas football game together, as my Gators had the week off. I had ham sandwiches and he had chocolate chip cookies, so we made lunch and watched the Jayhawks play the best game they had played all year. They did not win, but they showed promise for next year and he was very pleased. He had dinner with me and four other ladies who treasured him, and I left there with them and went to Bingo. I called him at 8:30 to make sure his oxygen was full and he was secure. He said he would call me back, he was talking to Brian and his grandchildren, to whom he had not talked to in a while. I said no

need, I would see him for lunch, as he was looking forward to breakfast at a new restaurant with Laura and family. He did not make the breakfast, he died instead; and my world became suddenly empty, a very lonely place without him. We had such fun, so many laughs, and were so comfortable being friends who loved each other dearly. I miss him.

Janet Yocum



**Memorial Service for Steve Ellsworth
will be held in Westminster Chapel on
January 11, 2020 at 2:00pm**

News You Can Use



Library Committee: A big thank you to Sue Nazak for the donation of A Dog's Journey. This popular book has been made into a movie and all will enjoy it, but especially dog lovers. Thank you to Jackie Cole and her friend for the donation of two new books: Judy Blume's Summer Sisters and Yes, It Is for Us Adults! Also, Mrs. Kimbel by Jennifer Haigh. Thank you Ginny Dunn and Sarah Schell for Where the Crawdad Sings, an engaging book about coastal

North Carolina and on the best seller list. One book is in the main library and the other in the 6th floor library. Our collection of Christmas books were on display and read by many. Thank you everyone for making our library a vital part of our life here at Westminster. **Donna Reese, Chairman and Betty Worrell, Co-Chairman**

Windows Committee: Thank you to all our contributors who make the *Windows* a written history of our busy and interesting life here. We appreciate each submission and thank those of you who are first-time submitters. We encourage more submissions. The pictures were so appreciated and we thank our photographers. Look for more feature stories on people and places. **Linda Lenz, Chairman**

Food Committee: Thank you to Chef Rick. Our 30th Anniversary Celebration was wonderful. The dining room was beautiful thanks to Judy Krepps and Cindy Ashworth. Our young servers looked so nice and service was perfect. The food was delicious and to see everyone dressed for the party was festive and fun. We look forward to the New Year. **Dot Modla, Chairman**

Maintenance Committee: We hope everyone has noticed the beautiful new shrubbery out front. **Charles Ives, Chairman**

Nicole Martin

Nicole was serving at the front desk when I first met her. With her instant smile and welcoming demeanor, she was a force to be reckoned with! I am sure she invented multi-tasking. She would be greeting visitors, waiting on residents, answering the phone, putting up the mail, and solving problems all at the same time. I was unfamiliar how the weekly laundry system worked, so when my laundry did not come back one Monday I did the smart thing and called Nicole. Within minutes, she had



Nicole's son, Kyle

called Cindy, maintenance, environmental services, and security. On second thought, I peeped out the door and looked down the hall, and there in front of Pastor Craven's door sat a bag that suspiciously looked like mine. Fearing I would be seen peeking at the Pastor's laundry, I gave a quick look and surprise there was my laundry. Panicked by this time, I was sure Nicole had called the Rock Hill Police and alerted the National Guard, so I quickly called her and told her I found it. Talk about service; Nicole invented it!

Nicole was born in Utica, New York. Her dad is a university professor and was offered interesting jobs at several universities, so Nicole lived in many nice college towns in the United States while growing up. He is currently a professor at the University of Indiana and will retire in about a year and a half. Her mother was a registered nurse, retired now, who dearly loved her job and her patients. Nicole says she has inherited her mother's desire to care for and love people and just maybe that might be why she loves us so much. She has a special fellow, Melvin Walters, and they are planning to marry as soon as Kyle, her 17-year-old son's health improves. He will be their Best Man! Nicole received her Associate's Degree in science and is currently working on her BS at Winthrop, studying Human Relations and Family Studies. Her minor is in Gerontology, and of course, she is making the honor roll. She says she loves to study. In her early years, she worked for US Air for eight years. She enjoyed flying,

the people, and the travel. When her son, Kyle, became ill and his dad died in a tragic traffic accident, she felt she needed to work near home. She was employed at several interesting jobs and was with York County Social Services before coming to Westminster two and a half years ago. Her heart loves working with seniors, US!

You might have noticed Nicole has found it necessary to take emergency leave. Her son Kyle has been on the kidney donor list for over a year and had to be taken off the list because his condition declined. He has been a patient at the Levine Children's Hospital for the past few weeks and has been their

poster boy for the past few years. They are diligently treating him and hope to be able to return him to the donor list soon; Nicole has asked for your prayers for Kyle who is a wonderful Christian boy who has dedicated his life to the Lord and joyfully shares his faith with others. Nicole hopes by the time you read this his condition will have improved and she will be back at work. She asked me to tell you she misses all of us and we sure miss her.

Romans 8:28

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.

Janet Yocum



Kyle showing off his picture on an elevator door at Levine Children's Hospital

Have You Considered....

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

Everyone Needs a Tamara

Daniel is a talented young editor with a book publishing firm. When I met him at his office, I was surprised and curious about his desk, on stilts with no chair. It was the first stand-up desk I had ever seen in an executive office.

I couldn't resist asking the story behind the desk. Daniel explained, "In addition to being a workaholic, I fidget while I work. As I write, I pace back and forth across the room; it helps me to think. But, getting up and down constantly takes too much time and energy, so I put my desk on stilts and removed the chair."

The next morning, a small congregation gathered for worship. The last notes of a hymn faded, and the leader said, "Let's share our needs so we can pray for each other."

A young man stood and began to share. It was Daniel. "I need you to pray with me about my self-image. When I was a child, I was abused by an adult friend of the family. Though I realize it wasn't my fault, ever since that experience, I have felt I was no good. My low self-esteem is a constant – at times almost unbearable – struggle for me. Because of it, I am an overachiever, always trying to prove something to myself. When I do succeed and people compliment me, I can't handle it. Inside I am thinking, they just don't know how worthless I really am. Please pray with me that I can feel better about myself."

I was deeply moved by Daniel's openness and

sincerity. His need to feel better about himself – common to so many of us – reminded me of my experience from a wedding reception several weeks earlier.

Tamara, 13, had been a member of our youth group at the church I pastored and my friend for years; but in the year since I had seen her, she had changed from a child to an attractive young lady. As we talked, she smiled and said, "Dr. O', you look so good. You look just like Tom Selleck!"

Tamara was not telling the truth. She knew it; I knew it; and anyone who has ever seen me knows it. So what? Tamara made not only my day, but my week – perhaps I can stretch it even longer. She cared enough about me to want to help me feel good about myself. And besides, what harm did her low regard for the truth do? The only one possibly upset is Tom Selleck, and the chances are good he will never know.

Daniel and Tamara need each other. Daniel's accomplishments will make life better for her and others. But, he needs a Tamara to help him feel better about himself. No matter his accomplishments, his low self-image will remain the same without a Tamara.

Blessed is the person who has both Daniels and Tamaras in their life. They are gifts from God.



**Dr. French
O'Shields**



Shepherd Center Winter Session starts Monday, January 27th

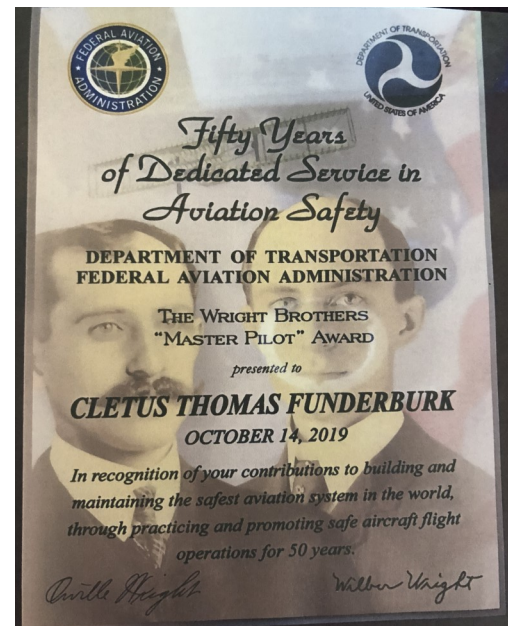
Shake off the winter blues with six Monday mornings involved with Adventures in Learning at the Shepherd's Center. Classes offered are creative writing, arts and crafts, current events, local history and more. Classes are at Oakland Baptist with bus transportation from the Towers at 9 AM. The Shepherd's Hook newsletter with winter class schedules will be available mid-January.

RockHettes visit Towers

On Sunday December 8th the Winthrop University RockHettes' dancers visited the Towers and entertained a large group of residents with their Christmas dance program. Twelve very energetic synchronized dancers performed the perfect choreography similar to the famous dancers at Radio City Music Hall in New York City. They wore special Christmas dance costumes that have been provided by the City of Rock Hill, as they are an integral part of the city's Christmasville festivities. Kelly Ozust, Assistant Professor of Dance at Winthrop, directs the RockHettes. Kelly is the granddaughter of resident Sheila Fleming. The girls truly brought the excitement and the spirit of Christmas to the Towers residents. We have heard back that the girls felt that the Towers' audience was one of the most receptive and enthusiastic for which they have performed. They want to return in the Spring for another dance performance. We will have Grandma Sheila work on having them back dancing in Heritage Hall.

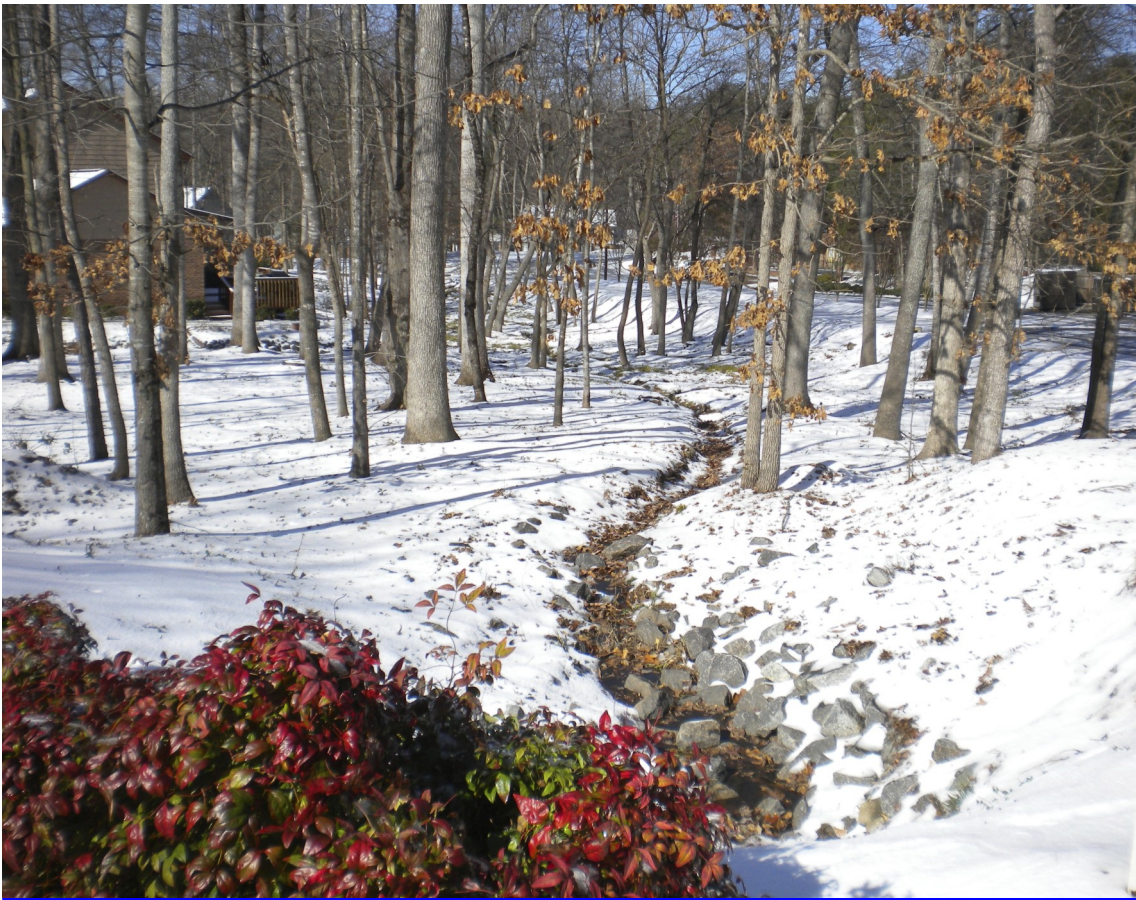
Resident Receives "MASTER PILOT" Award

Last month at the Rock Hill Experimental Aircraft Association meeting, our resident, Tom "Pinky" Funderburk was presented The Wright Brothers' prestigious "Master Pilot" award by the FAA. To receive this award, the recipient must have held a pilot's license for at least 50 years and have had no accidents or violations. He was also given a replica of the nose art from his airplane, flown in the 8th Air Force in World War II.



Top Right: Pinky receiving The Wright Brothers' Master Pilot Award along with his B17's Nose Art
Bottom Left: Pinky (left) with his tail gunner (middle) and Navigator (right) standing with their B-17, Hun Bumper

The Wright Brothers' Master Pilot Award



**Photo Taken
and
Submitted
by:
Barb Ingelse**

Table Talk Continued:

the Emily Post mandate so blatantly.) These were different times and different needs based on health and practical necessities. (Surely she would understand.)

As heart-flutters over these trite observations subside, she realizes that one can PRAY while her food is being prepared. The cook and server may be swamped and tired. Maybe they could use a couple of SOS meditations in the direction of heaven. She discovers that this is a very good diversion from SELF.

“Thank you, Lord, for this beautiful place to live. Thank You for friends scattered throughout the room. Thank You for the delectable food You have provided. Thank You for the service staff who walk miles in a day – serving, picking up, delivering, juggling, tripping over walkers and canes – remembering the extras and the add-on substitutions and the allergies, as well as the personal preferences.”

Soup and salad completed (a whole meal in and of itself). “Remember to eat slowly. It’s

good for you!” (One can hear every mother’s instructions for table etiquette.)

Surrounding tables begin to empty and service staff cleans up. “No hurry. Finish the meal. Remove the napkin. Walk out toward the door. Straighten the back. Suck in the belly. Meal time is over...until the next time...”

Perhaps there could be alternating weekly or monthly assigned seats for those who are shy or have vision and hearing difficulties. Other options: talk to a few other residents to agree to eat together OR have a friend save a place at their table until you arrive.

Which choice takes the most courage? To hibernate or to trust an opportunity to grow and meet new challenges of “aloneness?” To step up and out to meet life with curi-

osity and imagination...whatever it takes to build or rebuild confidence in one’s inner voice. We can renew faith in the watching, caring Lord of all “alone” children of time, age, or circumstance.

“Lord to all, to Thee we raise this our song of grateful praise!”

Carole Partridge



Meet Your Neighbor Morna Matheny—Apt. 316

I asked Morna if she had ever met or heard of anyone with the first name Morna? No, she said, and she explained that her mother had liked the name when reading a novel about Scotland and when she was born, Morna was to be her name. So we are fortunate, at the Towers, to have the only Morna in captivity.

She grew up in Rugby, North Dakota, a town famous as the geographic center of North America. Her grandparents, like most in the area, were homesteaders from Norway. They farmed, raised livestock, grew their own food and populated the farm with 13 children. On holidays, the families always returned back to the farm for a large crowd and big celebration. Dad and Mom Hiller and sister Margaret were always part of the crowd

When she graduated from high school, Morna wanted to attend the Assembly of God Evangel College in Springfield, Missouri. Her father, working in a bakery in the town, said there was not enough money for tuition, so she attended Minot State Teachers College for the summer semester. This one semester qualified her to be employed as the one teacher at the Pleasant Lake, N.D. School, where she had gone through grades 1-3 before moving with her parents to Rugby. There were 9 farm children attending grades 1 through 8. The only grade without a student was grade 6. She taught all the grades with special emphasis on a student in grade 8 who needed special help. While there, she lived with two bachelor uncles. After the year of teaching, she had saved enough from the monthly check of \$185 to pay for a year at Evangel in Springfield. While at college, her parents moved to Minot, N.D., where her father was employed by a relative as a finishing carpenter. As a young girl she was always working either in the office of a women's shop or part time at Northwest Bell.

Curtis Matheny, a student at the Church of God Seminary in Minot, was developing a serious rela-

tionship with Morna and asking, many times, for her to join him in marriage. When he became a young pastor at a Church of God in Green Bay, Wisconsin, she agreed! For the two years she was the Pastor's wife in Green Bay, and then the town of Aberdeen, South Dakota, and North Dakota cities of Fargo and Grand Forks. It seemed that each church assignment added two children to the family. There were now six children when Curtis decided to leave pastoring.

Being a Church of God Pastor was difficult, as the churches were considered mission churches and the compensation was not sufficient; so that the pastor had to work outside the church to maintain the family. Curtis had many jobs, even working retail for J.C. Penney. He was a born marketing and salesman and, when at the church in Aberdeen, he became a part time sales representative for Word Records of Waco, Texas. Word produced and mar-

keted religiously themed records of sermons and devotional hymns and music. Being an exceptionally good salesman, he continued part time during several church assignments. When the family was in Minot he became a full time Word Records salesman.

Realizing that the market for religious recordings was shrinking, he found a new calling as a World Book Encyclopedia salesman. Very successful in encyclopedia sales, he was moving up the corporate ladder into both sales and management.

In 1974 World Books transferred Curtis and the family to Charlotte as Sales Manager. Here the family sank deep roots, and the children grew up and established successful lives of their own. Curtis sensed the computer would doom encyclopedia sales, so he turned to the insurance industry as a place he could employ his sales skills. Again, he would have great success selling all types of insurance in the growing Charlotte and Rock Hill markets.

Morna, with the family on their own, had a desire to fulfill a lifelong dream to become a nurse and return to school. She applied at age 48 to the Central



Piedmont Community College nursing program. Three years later she graduated and was certified as an RN. Her interest was in geriatric care, working in rehabilitation units and eventually on the staff of nursing homes. She loved the work; however, she was being drawn into the management of these facilities, and it was time to retire after ten years in nursing.

Their home in North Charlotte was a two story four bedroom and too large. A real estate friend came to them with a client who wanted to purchase a home in their neighborhood and made an attractive offer. Through a builder friend they located a perfect ranch style home on Mount Gallant Road in Rock Hill, where they lived for 24 years. Curtis passed away last year at 86, selling insurance until the end. Morna said that he wrote his last policy 2 days before he became critically ill and passing away a week later. Amazing! They had been married for 63 years and Morna decided it was time to come to the Towers. Her children are spread wide, living in Texas, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Georgia and Fort Mill and her sister, Margaret lives in Charlotte. She has seven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. She is a wonderful story teller. Check her out!

Ed FitzGerald

Welcome to the Towers



Nancy Preston
Apt. 407

What is your New Years Resolution for 2020?

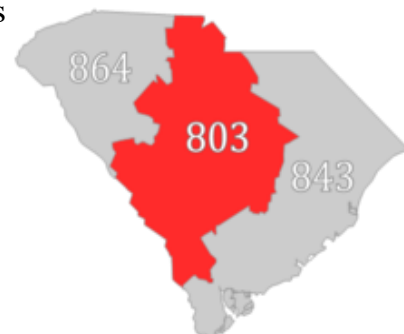
Keep my apartment dust-free using special Swiffer Dust-ers. – Ed FitzGerald



*Thank you for your submission!
Look for our next question coming
soon in your mailbox. We look
forward to hearing from more
residents in February!*

New Telephone Area Codes

The population growth in our area of the state, demands the addition of a new area code in our 803 code area. The code for new phones is 839 and existing 803 code phones will not change. What does change is, that after 4/25/2020 local phone users must begin using new, 10-digit dialing procedure for local calls (area code (803 or 839) plus seven digit phone number). All new phones will be assigned the new (839) area codes.



Meet Your Neighbor: Arlene Jenkins and Barney Blackwelder—Apt. 325

When I write the “Meet Your Neighbor” articles I am always amazed at the road our residents travel that eventually leads them to the Towers. Arlene Jenkins was born in the State of Maine. After her father passed away her mother was unable to care for her and her younger brother. They became wards of the state and both were placed in the Foster Care program. Arlene was 13 and her brother 11. The first foster family was a very unhappy situation and they were eventually moved to a new and much improved foster home.

When she was 18, Arlene decided to enter nursing school at the Portland Hospital. After the first year, she decided to switch her nursing studies to pursue Practical Nurse training at the Waterville, Maine hospital. Eventually she returned to RN studies at the Lewiston hospital and upon graduation joined the nursing staff at the Central Maine Hospital. Married at 24, to a young Oklahoman, who was just leaving service in the Air Force, she was off to Boston. Her husband had been stationed in California during the Air Force and wanted to return to California. When they discussed marriage, he stated that if they married they would eventually move west to California.

A printer by trade, he felt that he could quickly find employment and Arlene, now an experienced nurse, immediately went to work in a doctor's office. They settled down in the booming city of San Jose, CA, located at the bottom of San Francisco Bay and they lived there for 40 years. She eventually joined the staff of Santa Clara County Hospital and finally Kaiser Health Care System, where she worked for 27 years until retirement. Her husband worked in the printing business until his health began to fail and she became his full time caregiver. They had one daughter, April, who was married and living in the Charlotte area.

After her husband passed away, Arlene decided to sell her home, bought a mobile home and moved into a community of mobile homes. April, suffering from MS, and far away in North Carolina, needed assistance and convinced her Mom it was time to relocate closer. Sun City, in Indian Land,

South Carolina, was just opening and she sold the mobile home and purchased a brand new single story home in Sun City. She did not know a soul but it did not take long for her to get totally involved. She loved living there and was active in Bible Study,



pottery, Red Hat Club, Life Long Learning and many other organized activities that took place at the Sun City Recreational Center. Now Barney Blackwelder enters the story! Always a Methodist, Arlene became active in the local Indian Land Methodist Church, especially the adult Sunday School. The Blackwelder family has been living in Indian Land for many generations; their farm was located in an area that was once 100% rural. Barney, an electronic technician and widower, had worked at the Charlotte airport, servicing the

various radar landing systems. He was also retired from the EMS and was a life time member of the Pleasant Valley Fire Department in Indian Land. Barney was in the Sunday School class and they became fast friends. Both were experiencing some health issues and decided that they could be mutual caregivers helping each other return to full health. Barney moved into her home at Sun City helping Arlene through two major shoulder surgeries. She, in turn, took care of Barney during his serious ankle surgery and rehabilitation. Once back to full health they travelled together and helped April as her MS condition was now becoming very serious.

They decided to leave Sun City after living there 12 ½ years, as it was primarily only a senior living community with no health care provisions. They searched the area and found Westminster Towers was the best fit for them. However they had a beloved cat and the restrictive Towers pet policy, in force at the time, precluded their moving to the Towers until, thankfully, the policy was changed in 2019.

Sadly, April, who was employed by the Mecklenburg County Dept of Social Services, passed away in March 2019 at age 51. They still stay connected with Arlene's son-in-law and love living here as a “significant other couple.” You can always recognize Barney wearing his Clemson attire. They are a great and engaging couple adding much to the uniqueness of the Towers Community. Give them a shout out!

Ed FitzGerald

In Loving Memory:

Lois Russell

The Dash

James 14:4 You don't even know what will happen tomorrow. You are like a mist that appears for a little while and then it is gone.

A Pastor stood to speak
At the funeral of a friend
The dates on her tombstone
The beginning – The end

The first was the date of her birth –
The following date brought tears
But what mattered were what
Happened between the Dash Years

It matters not what we own
The cars, the house, the cash
What matters most is how we live
And love in the years between the dash

Think long and hard, Are there
Things you would like to change?
You never know how much time is left
You could be at dash mid-range.

Slow down and consider
What is true and what is real
Always try to understand how
Others really feel

Be less quick to anger
Show appreciation more
Love the people in our lives
Like we never loved before

Treat each other with respect
Often wear a smile
Remember the dash might
Only last a while

When your eulogy is read, your life's action
to rehash, would you be pleased to read how
you spent your dash?

Author Unknown

Submitted by: Joann Twedt

Contributions

Employee Appreciation Fund

Jody Rankin

In Memory of: Alma Benson

Buzz Benson

Endowment Fund

Sheila Fleming

Ernestine Howard

Jody Rankin

Mr. and Mrs. James Hardin

In Memory of: Alma Benson

Buzz Benson

In Memory of: Pat Fitzgerald

Ed Fitzgerald

In Memory of: Steve Ellsworth

Ed Fitzgerald

Barbara Gladden

In Memory of: Janet Wise

Jody Rankin

In Memory of: Lois Russell

Barbara Gladden

Dicksie Ward

Capital Campaign

Jody Rankin

In Memory of: Alma Benson

Buzz Benson

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.

Christmasville Parade

On Friday December 6th the Towers Activities Bus was decorated with 1000 lights, miniature elf dolls and signs proclaiming Westminster as the home of Elder Elves. Eighteen residents and staff walked ahead of the bus as elves wearing lighted caps and flashing neck ornaments. Each walker had a sign designating his or her role in the elf kingdom. Racquell Cooper, from Marketing, brought her dog along who delighted all the thousands of spectators lining the parade route with his antics. The parade started on Oakland Avenue at Winthrop, marching toward downtown, winding its way to the end at Fountain Park, the walk was one and a half miles. It was a brisk winter evening and a receptive crowd lined the parade route making for a rewarding experience for all who participated. Hopefully more will join us next year as a walker or rider.



Recognize any of these elves?!

We need your help!

We could use your help to boost our newsletter and take it to new heights! We are looking for articles about Westminster Towers residents and happenings around the Towers!

Entries can be submitted directly to Jennifer Allen or Linda Lenz. Deadline for entries for February is **January 15th**.



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 — Committee Chair: **Linda Lenz**; Members: **Marshall Doswell, Pinky Funderburk, Barbara Gladden, Carole Partridge, Vernon Sumwalt, Gaylon Syrett, Ron Weisburg, Janet Yocum**; Residents' Association President: **Lynn Hornsby**; President and CEO: **Jim Thomason**; Editor and Director of Life Enrichment: **Jennifer Allen**

