



**WESTMINSTER
TOWERS**

WINDOWS

CONTINUING CARE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

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Irish Blessings

The lady smiled at the gentleman and said, "Top of the morning to you;" and the gentleman tipped his hat, smiled, and said to the lady, "And the rest of the day to you."

May the roof of your house
Never fall in,
And those beneath it
Never fall out.

I complained that
I had no shoes,
Until I met a man
Who had no feet.

May you be in Heaven
A half an hour
Before the Devil
Knows you died.

May the saddest day of your future
Be no worse
Than the happiest day
Of your past.

Get on your knees
And thank God
For your feet.

May the good Lord
Take a liking to you
But not too soon.

Do not resent growing old,
Many do not have
That privilege.

When time to bid farewell in the Navy, it was done with this Irish Blessing:
May you have fair winds (not ones that pound the waves)
And fallowing seas. (calm)
May the wind always be at your back (easy to set your course)
May the warm sun shine upon your face,
The rains fall upon your fields,
Until we meet again may God hold you in the palm of His
hand.



JENNIFER CUBED

Jennifer Adler

I graduated from Ball State University in Muncie in my home state of Indiana. In 2014, I



relocated to South Carolina, though still make time to visit family and friends in Indiana.

Much of my time is spent with my two daughters – the oldest is 14 and the youngest just turned 10. Beyond them, I enjoy

spending time with my family and friends while outdoors, hiking or swimming. I also enjoy exercising, coaching, juicing, and trying out different specialty teas.

I began my wellness journey in 2011 as a group exercise instructor at YMCA of Southwestern Indiana. Then, in July of 2011, I took on the role of Program Coordinator with Health Fitness Corporation at their Bristol-Myers Squibb location. This role pushed me to grow within my field and pushed me to seek out further certifications within the wellness industry.

When I moved to South Carolina, I took a step back from the corporate world for six years to stay at home raising my two daughters. Though, I continued growing my knowledge base and wellness certifications. During this time, I coached Girls on the Run for four seasons and taught group exercise classes at multiple gyms.

During the nine years that I have been in the wellness industry I have taught: Aqua Fit, Silver Sneakers, Senior Fit, Boot Camp, RIPPED, Body Works, Zumba, Zumba Toning, Core, Pilates, Piloxing, Barre, Power Circuit, Circuit, and Deep Stretch.

Wellness is a lifelong endeavor and it is my desire to utilize my certifications and skills that I have learned over the past nine years to assist in improving the quality of life for those around me.

Jennifer Packer

Jennifer Packer is one of the efficient front desk receptionists at Westminster Towers. She



greet you with a clear voice and a ready smile.

Jennifer was born in Greenville, SC and later moved to Columbia, where she attended the public schools. She claims her life has been rather uneventful, but she traveled on a high school foreign trip to London, Paris, and Rome. She had an earlier career in customer service, and she has attended Winthrop University and York Tech.

Jennifer got married nine years ago and lives in Rock Hill with her husband and Sadie, her dog.

Among her off-time activities, she spends time with family, walking Sadie, and reading.

Jennifer likes meeting people and helping them. The residents appreciate that!



Jennifer Packer's dog, Sadie

Lynn Hornsby

Jennifer Luke

Hello, I am Jennifer Luke, your new Bus Driver

Extraordinaire! 😊

I have been a resident of Rock Hill for almost 30 years. I relocated here to be near my parents, John and Bonnie Luke. If my face seems familiar, I've been involved in several aspects of the community. To name a few, owner operator at Luke's Sports Bar & Grill, Rock Hill Country Club, Winthrop University, and St. Anne Catholic Church.

I am currently enrolled in the EMT course at York Tech. I will complete this course in May and will be licensed in South Carolina (My life saving skills and first aid knowledge will enable me to be more valuable in my position with West-

minster! 😊).

I have been driving tour buses professionally for the past five years. This kept me on the road constantly, so a change of pace was necessary.

I am so happy I accepted this position at Westminster. Everyone has been so helpful and inviting. Every day is an adventure, and I look forward to many more years sharing them with you here at Westminster Towers.



News You Can Use



Library Committee: The Library Committee would like to announce we have a new shelf dedicated to great books written by women authors. To name a few: Marry Higgins Clark, I'll Walk Alone and Then Came Heaven by LaVryle Spencer. A new donation by Ginny Dunn, Noelle Salazar, Flight Girls about women pilots in WWII with a little romance thrown in. Books by Dorothea Benton Franks and Maeve Binchey, Ireland's famous author, both of which recently died. Mary Kay Andrews', a southern writer from Georgia, Beach Town. Ginny Dunn, an avid reader, likes many books, but currently her favorite was Where the

Crawdads Sing by Delia Owens. Two are available in our library. Our magazine rack was removed as it was unstable and CEO Jim has promised a new one soon. This was a vital part of our library and used daily. Thank you to Janet Yocum for John Grisham's new book, The Guardians. In March we will be featuring two of South Carolina's famous authors, Pat Conroy and Dorothea Franks. Thank you to Jody Rankin for purchasing The Prince of Tides by Pat Conroy. Thank you residents for your many donations and library committee for all your good work. **Donna Reese, Chairman**

Windows Committee: February's *Windows* was a beautiful edition with a valentine theme and lovely pictures, good articles and spectacular graphics. Reluctantly we accepted resignations from Bev Henriquez, our grammarian, and Ron Weisburg. They both contributed so much. In their place, Carole Partridge and Nancy Anderson have graciously accepted to join the committee and we welcome them. **Linda Lenz, Chariman**

Food Committee: In your boxes you received Chef Rick's first edition of the *Culinary Corner*, Volume 1, Issue 1. It was enjoyed by all and we look forward to your next issue. It contained an article about soups, which we think is one of the best items on our daily menu. Chef Rick provided wonderful reception treats for our March welcoming reception for new residents and introduced us to his new Sous (Assistant) Chef, Leo Ferreira. Welcome Leo, we are so glad to have you as an addition to our wonderful staff. Also, Westminster, Chef Rick, and staff are hosting the spring meeting of the South Carolina Association of Nutrition and Food Services. More information regarding that event at a later date. We appreciate Rick and his fine staff. **Dot Modla, Chairman**

Wellness Committee: Keeping active keeps us healthy and young at heart. There are many opportunities and levels of exercise offered here at the Towers. Do you like the stretch classes? Or perhaps water exercise such as walking or aerobics is more to your liking. Have you checked out Zumba for seniors or Tai Chi? Wellness activities are fun and beneficial. Give one a try. **Sue Nazak**

LETTER OF CONFESSION

Dear Mom and Dad,

College and the music career are going along swimmingly; but I do realize one still has a long way to go in life experiences. I had a rather embarrassing situation occur last week which taught me a valuable lesson about asking preliminary questions and remaining alert to my surroundings as well.

Received a call from a local service group asking me to provide a solo for their After Five Club. (Names have been changed to protect the guilty.) Their format included a major speaker, preceded by solo first and a special health segment before introducing the guest speaker for the evening.

I was instructed to choose a song appropriate to the theme of the evening...the theme being "SWEETHEART OF AN EVENING." So I chose a nice love song, knowing my audience would be made up of couples.

Unfortunately their representative failed to tell me what the health segment would be. CPR! (cardiac pulmonary resuscitation)

In the hurry of preliminaries, I arrived in time to rehearse with the pianist, check out my place card at the end of the head table close to the piano, then run to the Ladies Room to freshen make up and wrestle with a head of hair that barely survived the wind-tunnel storm happening outside.

Dinner was served. Announcements were made. Normalcy seemed to prevail. Introductions were completed and I walked to the microphone at the center of the head table.

As the pianist began the intro to the music, I looked over the crowd for the first time. To my horror I noticed the props displayed for the next segment of the program on CPR instruction.

Stretched out directly in front of the microphone and head table was a life-sized manikin, dressed in a warm up suit. He looked as if he were lying in state at his own funeral. From the elevated position of the podium, I felt like his guardian angel about to sing his redemption hymn.

The time had come! There was no way I could dash for the door at this point. I began singing:

"I took one look at you.

That's all I meant to do,
And then MY HEART
STOOD STILL."

(The ridiculousness of the chosen love song and the inanimate object of the special feature to follow, hit me full on, and I burst out laughing, as did the audience as well. The poor accompanist was clueless and continued on dutifully, completely unaware of the dichotomy taking place at the microphone.

"My feet could step and walk.

My lips could move and talk,
But yet my heart stood still."

(They roared and I couldn't stop giggling, struggling to catch my breath.)

"Though not a single word was spoken

I could tell you knew

That unfelt clasp of hands

Told me so well you
knew."

(We HAD to start over.)

"I never lived at all

Until thrill of that moment

When my heart stood still."

We finally finished after

three restarts and quite a few side comments amidst howling laughter. I decided that there WAS such a thing as taking the program theme a little too far at times (although I had had no clue as to the cardiac focus for the evening.)

Fortunately the Service Club was kind, and took the debacle in stride. Later they came to welcome the unintended diversion because the speaker they had headlined was deadly that evening.

Apologies were sent in absentia to Richard Rogers and Lorenz Hart for inadvertently desecrating their beautiful love song.

Psalm 126:2: "...our mouth was filled with laughter, our tongue with singing..."

Love and Joy to you,
Carole Partridge



Have You Considered....

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

The Salad Bar Caper

The addition of salad bars at restaurants may be the most exciting innovation since the wheel. Admittedly, I am prejudiced. I like salads. In addition, an "all-you-can-eat" salad bar challenges me. There is this urge to see how much salad I can get on my

Styrofoam tray. Little did I realize this would lead to one of my most embarrassing moments.

A friend, whose face also lights up at the sight of a salad bar, gave me a tip. "As you build your salad, keep pressing it down with the tongs and you can get more on your tray."

After an afternoon of shopping, my wife, Alma, and I decided to stop at our favorite fast food restaurant. It was an ideal time to try my friend's suggestion. It was 8pm, so the place was not crowded. I had not eaten since breakfast, so I was hungry enough to be strongly motivated.

Alma took her hamburger and sat at the table while I began my conquest of the salad bar. When I had my tray half full – perhaps full to anyone else – I began to pack it down. The pressure of the tongs, combined with the spring action of the Styrofoam tray, caused the tray to slip in my hand, throwing my salad in every direction.

In one second, I converted every container on the bar into a tossed salad: there was pineapple in the beets, tomatoes in the pickles, and cauliflower in the mushrooms. I had even decorated the crushed ice separating the containers with eggs, olives, carrots, and other sundry ingredients. I quickly glanced around to see if anyone had observed this awesome performance. To my relief, everyone seemed to be busy eating.

Hurriedly, I started retrieving pieces of salad with the tongs, but realized this would take a minimum of two days. I had to work faster. I put the tongs and tray down and started frantically grab-

bing the scattered salad with both hands.

Suddenly, I was aware of the stares. Everyone was watching in utter disbelief: this wild man grabbing salad with both hands.

My desire was to make a mad dash for the nearest exit, but it was too late for that. Now bordering on shock myself, I decided to take my tray and join Alma. As I walked to her table, she passed me. Without saying a word, she slipped a napkin into my hand with a message written on it.

"Surely you don't think I am going to eat with a man who grabs his food with his hands. I will wait for you in the car."

Dismayed, but striving to maintain control, I sat down at the nearest table. There wasn't much of my appetite left, but I had sacrificed too much for that salad to go uneaten.

You can believe that following this caper, I wondered, "Was it possible that God could be involved in my performance?" As I discovered in the scriptures, that laughter is a good medicine [Proverbs 17:22]. My understanding of these words meant laughing at oneself. I further discovered that laughing at oneself requires a person to be satisfied in their skin. Yes, I concluded, for sure God was a part of this caper, for I realized that to laugh at myself made it necessary for me to alter and improve aspects of my own character.

This event, though embarrassing, changed myself in ways that improve my being. And hopefully, enabled you to have a good laugh.

Another thing. I am not going to pack down any more salads...I don't think. But, then again, sometimes I am a slow learner.



**Dr. French
O'Shields**

THE LITTLE HOBGOBLIN

A little hobgoblin, small and quick,
Went out walking with a black thorn stick.
He was full of mischief, full of glee.
He frightened all that he could see.

He saw a little maiden in the wood.
He looked as fierce as a goblin should.
He crept by the hedgerow; he said, "Boo!"
"Boo," laughed the little girl, "How are you?"
"What," said the goblin "aren't you afraid?"
"I think you're funny," said the maid.
"Well," said the goblin, sitting down flat.
"You think I'm funny? I don't like that!"

She laughed again and went away,
But the hobgoblin sat there all that day.
"If I am funny," he said to himself,
"I won't be a goblin, I'll be an elf."
So the little hobgoblin became an elf.
Now he dances all day and enjoys himself.

Submitted by: Nancy Anderson

What is STUDY BUDDIES????

This is real fun. Read about us and then give us a try. We started this fun event about ten years ago. About four times a year, we jump on the bus (about 6-10 of us) and take a 20 minute ride to Orchard Park Elementary School just across the river in the Baxter township, and hook up with 5th grade students for one of their one hour classes. We have about five students each. They have a list of questions for us to answer and we get to know each other. It gets more fun each trip, and then we have a fun day at the park nearby for games and snacks. On our final meeting, they come to visit us at the Towers, visit our apartments, and tour our "home." They create a beautiful booklet with pictures as a gift and thank you.

You don't have to be a teacher, you just have to like 10-11 year old kids. They are so much fun, so smart, and we build a pretty good bond.

You will absolutely love the experience. So sign up when the notice is posted! Tell Cami Freeman you want to join our group; you'll love the reward!!!

Pinky Funderburk, Long-Time Study Buddy

Welcome to the Towers



Anita Bennett
Apt 232

Resident Association News

During the month of March the Association will be mailing each resident a letter with an update on funding the Association made in 2019, in support of Towers quality of life. Included in the letter will be a request for membership support and dues for 2020. Resident support in 2019 was excellent with over 96% of residents supporting our Association! Participation is voluntary-- thus we extend a hearty

**Quarterly Resident
Association Meeting will be
held on WEDNESDAY,
MARCH 18th in Heritage
Hall. Note change from
usual date!**

Meet Your Neighbor Jody Rankin Apt 218

Many of us are familiar with, and have possibly visited the historic English town Stratford-upon-Avon, the birthplace and home town of William Shakespeare. Today, this small city in Warwickshire County, remains one of the most visited in England. All of us remember being forced to memorize famous passages from the Bard's many plays and sonnets. For over 400 years his words, characters, and verse (iambic pentameter) still impact on the culture of the English speaking world. What would it be like to live in this idyllic and historic place? Ask Jody Rankin as she and her family lived right in the middle of Stratford for two years, when her husband was assigned to the local Rockwell Automotive plant. They had a home a short distance from Shakespeare's birthplace, became involved in the community, and enrolled their two children in The Croft, a private school that was once a physician's home. They were the only American students attending. London was a two hour auto trip away, and Jody fell in love with the city as well as the beautiful English countryside. Touring Scotland and Wales was the most memorable experience in the family's life there. Mention Fortnum and Mason, Selfridges, Harrods, and Jody's eyes glisten remembering shopping these dynamic and historic stores.

Jody was born in Flint Michigan, now famous for very bad water. She was raised in Winchester, Kentucky, a small community outside of Lexington. She was a twin and claims that her 10 minute younger sister, Jeanne, who still lives in Lexington, was the dominant sister. They both attended Transylvania University, the oldest university in the state. There she majored in Elementary Education and was very active in her sorority, Tri



Delta. After graduation, she taught 1st grade in Winchester and married her long time boyfriend who had joined Rockwell, a leading manufacturer of automotive and truck parts. The Rankins spent 10 years in Madison, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland situated on Lake Erie. The family loved their experiences in the Snowbelt especially watching Cleveland Browns playoff games and fishing for

Walleye Pike in Lake Erie. Eventually, Rockwell-Meritor brought the Rankins to Rock Hill in 1988.

During these relocations, Jody was always engaged as a teacher gravitating to the specialty of teaching English as a second language. She was on the faculty of Mt. Gallant School for many years and during this time, she studied at Winthrop University, earning a Masters in Education in 1994. The children grew and started their own careers; her daughter an attorney in Santa Barbara, California, and son in Charleston promoting tourism with the Chamber.

Rock Hill is her permanent home, and with her children's encouragement, she decided to move to the Towers late last year. She keeps very busy with 3 book clubs, cooking, and knitting. Her outside activities are centered at 1st ARP Church, downtown. Recently, she has been installed as Deacon for a 3 year term. At the church, you will find her deeply involved in Sunday school (always a teacher), summer Bible school, and Wednesday evening community suppers. She is most proud of her dedication to learning and reading having served on the Palmetto Reading Council for many years, as well as serving for five years on the Early Learning Partnership Board which focuses on preparing young children for school.

We envy you, Jody, and wished that we had lived on the banks of the River Avon for 2 years soaking in the power of the Bard's words and how he captured the power of language like no other writer. What a man!!!

Ed FitzGerald

Ladies with HATtitude

In my previous articles, I told you my husband and I were leaders for the seniors in our church. We planned trips in our church bus (when it was running) and ate in restaurants. Each trip included a visit to a church of special or historic interest. One trip was to Palatka, FL to a little frame church in the country. It was the church where Billy Graham was baptized. We had lunch there on the St. John's River at a restaurant called "Gator Landing," for obvious reasons; and yes we had gator tail steaks. Another was to the Memorial Presbyterian Church in St. Augustine, FL built by Henry Flagler in 1889. We even went up north (ha!) to Plains, Georgia, where we visited President Jimmy Carter's museum in the old Plains High School and his Maranatha Baptist Church, where he taught Sunday School when he was home. We were not fortunate enough to meet "Jimmy" and "Rosie." They evidently had business elsewhere, but we shopped at a little country store and bought every peanut concoction offered: salted, roasted, and best of all sugar coated peanuts and peanut brittle. But these are stories for another day. About every third month, we gave a luncheon in the Fellowship Hall. Today I am going to tell you about our "Red Hat" luncheon. About 15 years ago a craze swept the United States called

the Red Hat Society. Groups formed chapters and our little town of 1,300 had three chapters. Ours included many ladies from our Baptist Sunday School class, the Mayor's wife, a faithful Catholic, along with a retired Lutheran nurse who headed mission trips to Nicaragua. Each group had a name such as Jean's Queens and we were Ladies with HATtitude. Each month we donned our red hats, purple dresses, boas, all the tacky bling we could wear, and invaded a popular restaurant. There were no dues, no projects, no community service, we were all done with that. We just dressed as tacky as we pleased and ate! My husband and I came up with the idea we would sponsor a Red Hat luncheon for the ladies in the church and gentlemen were invited too. We called them **ROMEOs**, not for any romantic reasons, just that they might enjoy the fellowship and a good meal. **Retired Old Men Eating Out**. As the ladies in all their glory in red and purple, weighted down with every tacky item they owned, and the men just as bad in Bermuda shorts and flip flops entered the Fellowship Hall, I saw the pastor surreptitiously slip a nitro glycerin pill under his tongue. We sang "Red Hat" songs, voted on who looked the silliest, and I was introduced to present the program called "The Red Hat Baptist." As I began the following poem, I saw the preacher again looking for his pill bottle.

The Red Hat Baptist

I'll wear purple and a red hat
When I am old
Even to church
I'll be so bold.

I shall sit in your pew
Make change in the plate
Get there early or
Come in late

I'll wear scarves
With lots of bling
And answer my phone
Should it happen to ring

Should the soloist
Sing my favorite song
I'll just smile
And sing along

If the choir sings off key
And the sermon's too deep
I'll just close my eyes
And fall asleep

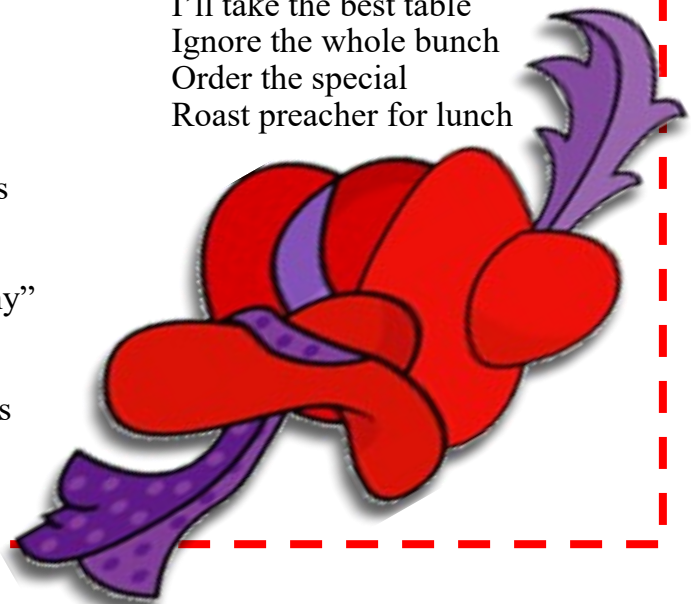
I'll chew gum and
Wink at the youth
Cross my eyes and
Wiggle my tooth

When the preacher says
He needs more money
I'll poke a visitor
And say, "Isn't he funny"

I'll look at my watch
And wave at my friends
Then leave before
The sermon ends

I'll rush to my car
Quick step on the gas
Hurry to the restaurant
All Methodists I'll pass

I'll take the best table
Ignore the whole bunch
Order the special
Roast preacher for lunch



Selma Brandt

When I wrote my article Roads Less Traveled based on the poem by Robert Frost and I changed the title to Roads Traveled by our Residents. One resident I wanted to feature was Selma "Sellie" Brandt. She traveled roads we only dream about and saw places that we can only read about and had adventures equaling Lawrence of Arabia and Dr. Livingston and Stanley. She became ill and I had to postpone her interview to a later day. Today is that day!

As I sat down with Sellie and began to interview I could hardly keep my eyes from the beautiful collections of camels. Sellie joins a cadre of "Virginia Girls" living here being born in Charlottesville, Virginia. She went through school there graduating from the University of Virginia as did her husband. After college Sellie taught school for a years and realized she love library work so took extra courses and became a librarian.

Sellie met her husband, Bob Brandt, in her church choir. He had just returned from 5 years in the army in WWII. She said "every time she opened the front door there he was." They married in 1949 and celebrated 65 years of a happy, exciting and worldly marriage. Bob took a job in Washington DC in the Foreign Service: Vetting students for study in the United States and awarding them financial aid.

Their first long term duty station was in South America in the country of Paraguay. They resided in Asuncion, the capital city for 5 years. Two sons were born there and became fluent in Spanish.

Time out to look at her collection of beautiful wooden camels!

Then they were stationed in Quito, the capitol of Ecuador located 10,000 feet high in the foothills of the Andes Mountains. Their son, Kirk was born there. Just as she told me that, as if on cue, the door opened and in came a handsome couple and a beautiful young lady, her son Kirk, his beautiful wife Ellen, and their precious daughter Marcia whom we have all come to love.

After Quito their ever growing family moved to Bogota, Columbia where Sellie wanting a guarantee of a daughter adopted a 5 week old girl and



named her Marcia, who became the pride and joy of her brothers and the whole family. Marcia and her husband have given the family 5 more boys, grandsons!

As Bob moved up in his career, he was offered a tour in Vietnam at a hugh salary of Tegucigalpa, Honduras at a smaller salary. Do you feel as though you are getting a geography lesson? Ha!

They chose Honduras and said it was a lovely country at the time. Sellie taught school there to Spanish speaking children but her text books were all in English. Now it has become a place of corruption.

Sprinkled throughout their career, Bob did a short stint in Iran. But soon they did another long term tour in Kabul, Afghanistan. Kabul, the capital, a city claiming to be 3500 years old. It is located in a valley between mountains and is one of the highest capitals in the world. It was a small city, located in the hinterlands where the Brandt family lived there, but Sellie said her children loved it. It was a tribal with many tribes following the grass with their camels. Bob paid a lady to let Sellie ride her camel and she said once was enough!

Their next station was Cairo, Egypt, where Bob obtained diplomatic status. They entertained many tourists, showing them the Pyramids, the Nile and Sellie said every mosque in Cairo. While living in Cairo, Kirk and Marcia were in a cab there one day, which was an experience itself. The driver began questioning their relationship and was showing an interest in Marcia. Kirk, who spoke Arabic played as if he would sell Marcia to the driver. Marcia has never let him forget that and they still laugh about it. When they returned to the US, the children were known as third culture kids.

Retirement was mandatory in the Foreign Service at age 50, but Bob was grandfathered to age 62. They retired as many years as they had worked. 15 years ago, they moved to Rock Hill where Bob passed away. Two years ago, Sellie moved to Westminster where she worked in the library and made many friends who love her.

A big THANK YOU Sellie for your service to the United States of America! God bless you and your family!

Janet Yocum

Coffee Time!!!!

We love our coffee in the morning to get us started...along with whatever we eat for breakfast; but for many of us, coffee is what we really depend on to wake us and trigger our ability to communicate and to kick start our day.

Where does our coffee come from? The logistics are incredible. How complicated is getting a coffee bean from tree to thee?? Let's make a comparison.

Since I was in the 8th Air Force in Europe in WWII, let's look at the logistics of a bomb raid. Try to imagine the planning, scheduling, and preparing for a 1,400-bomber raid from England to Berlin with 800 fighters flying escort – consuming 3,500,000 gallons of aviation fuel, expending 250,000 rounds of 50 cal ammunition, dropping 3,300 tons of bombs.

Now, let's look at the effort required to place that cup of coffee in your hands!!! Buckle your recliner and take a big gulp of your liquid caffeine.

The French roast you get at Costco is a blend of beans from South America, Africa, and Asia. Each

component is shipped in a container vessel up to 11,000 miles in 132 pound loosely woven sacks of raw, green coffee beans, some across the Pacific, some through the Suez, some through the Panama Canal. The raw beans then travel 2,226 miles by

truck to the world's largest blending and roasting plants. The beans are then sealed in their special bags and then travel another 2,773 miles to the Costco depot in California, from which it is trucked to your local Costco store. Now we need a coffeemaker. So the one we buy is made in Germany and it travels another 15,700 miles to your kitchen.

Now we should discuss the path of the water, the mileage on your car to your grocery store, and on and on.

The logistics involved in one day of global goods movement dwarfs the Normandy invasion and certainly that of a combat bombing mission in WWII.

Dang! Putting that together wore me out. I think I need a cup of strong coffee BLACK!! Enjoy your coffee. It is well traveled.

Tom "Pinky" Funderburk



Our Life's Changes

A single step is all it takes to start a new life's pathway.
And each previous step we took was never put forth halfway.

We paid attention to details and read between the lines,
And as life's changes came and went we kept pace with the times,
In each one of our lives we had one close friend, tried and true.
Who listened to our stress, gave us advice, and didn't miss a clue.
The rules we had to follow were clear but more than words were they.

Compassion was present and a friend knew just what to say.
To treat everyone with fairness and a smile knows no end.

We gained the envy and smiles of many of our friends.
We have had a journey through life, and yes, accepted advice.
We continue to gain respect of new friends in our present life.

Retirement was just another step for ventures to a wait.

Plans and promises has brought us to
Westminster Towers and to this date.

And now as we go through each passing day,
We know we have God walking beside each step of the way.

Arlene Jenkins



Dear Friends at Westminster Towers,

Words cannot express my appreciation for your prayers, comforting words, and cards of condolence with the passing of my husband, Thomas (Tom) Smith.

Sincerely,
Claudia Smith

A DEFINITION OF GRIEF

Grief, I've learned is really just love. It's all the love you want to give, but cannot.

All of that unspent love gathers in the corners of your eyes, the lump in your throat,

And the hollow part of your chest.

Grief is love with no place to go.

~ Jamie Anderson

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.

Does your driver's license or identification card have a gold star in the upper right hand corner? If not, you will be required to have another federally accepted ID or buy a REAL ID to board a domestic, commercial flight, enter a secure federal building, or visit www.scdmvonline.com

In Loving Memory:

Ruth Norwood

Mary Lou Shearin

Emily Sutherland

Contributions

Endowment Fund

John Eason

Amy Laughlin

Lloyd and Joann Twedt

In Memory of: Tom Smith

Jody Rankin

In Memory of: Lindsay Pettus

Spencer and Lib Anderson

Lynn Hornsby

In Memory of: Steve Ellsworth

Spencer and Lib Anderson

In Memory of: Ruth Norwood

Sig and Judy Huitt

Jody Rankin

Dicksie Ward

In Memory of: G. Converse

Dicksie Ward

Capital Campaign

John Eason

Rick and Donna Richter

In Memory of: Steve Ellsworth

Jody Rankin

UNDERSTANDING LENT

Lent is the season of forty days in the Christian year, not counting Sundays, which begins on Ash Wednesday and ends on Holy Saturday. This season is a preparation of the church community for celebrating Easter. Lent is a time for purposeful spiritual reflection and repentance.

THE TRUE LENTEN DISCIPLINE

FAST from judging others;

***FEAST** on Christ dwelling in them.*

FAST from fear of illness:

***FEAST** on the healing power of God.*

FAST from words that pollute;

***FEAST** on speech that purifies.*

FAST from discontent;

***FEAST** on gratitude.*

FAST from anger;

***FEAST** on patience.*

FAST from pessimism;

***FEAST** on optimism.*

FAST from negatives;

***FEAST** on affirmatives.*

FAST from bitterness;

***FEAST** on forgiveness.*

FAST from self-concern;

***FEAST** on compassion.*

FAST from suspicion;

***FEAST** on truth.*

FAST from gossip;

***FEAST** on purposeful silence.*

FAST from problems that overwhelm;

***FEAST** on prayer that sustains.*

FAST from worry;

***FEAST** on faith.*



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 April is **March 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: **Nancy Anderson, Marshall Doswell, Pinky Funderburk, Barbara Gladden, Carole Partridge, Gaylon Syrett, Janet Yocum**; Residents' Association President: **Lynn Hornsby**; President and CEO: **Jim Thomason**; Editor and Director of Life Enrichment: **Jennifer Allen**

