



**WESTMINSTER  
TOWERS**

**WINDOWS**



CONTINUING CARE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

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## *Be Careful - because people are going crazy from being in lockdown!*

Actually, I've just been talking about this with the microwave and toaster while drinking coffee, and we all agreed that things are getting bad. I didn't mention anything to the washing machine, as she puts a different spin on everything.

And certainly not to the fridge, as he is acting cold and distant. In the end, the iron straightened me out, as she said everything will be fine – no situation is too pressing. The vacuum was very unsympathetic...told me to just suck it up, but the fan was more optimistic and hoped it would all soon blow over! The toilet looked a bit flushed when I asked its opinion and didn't say anything, but the door knob told me to get a grip. The front door said I was unhinged; and the curtains told me to....yes, you guessed it....pull myself together!



**Submitted by: Bev Henriquez**

## Midnight Thoughts to Ponder

Outside, people are sick and dying. The Lord has given us “a safe place” to live with protection, personal care, and concern to keep us well and healthy during the pandemic, which has spread across the globe. Our hearts are filled with gratitude as we listen to the numerous updates on the status of our community, state, country, and world. We wait, watch, and wonder, thankful for the Lord’s care.

Television, print, and social media inundate us with facts, dates, statistics, reactions, and coping skills. (Aha, now coping skills I could learn more about.) I have developed a few of my own through reading, walking, television, the internet, scripture, and prayer, etc.

But it is the questions that appear in the middle of the night or on the edge of a nap which linger in memory and fill up the blank spaces of the day, and we wonder....In the lighter moments:

1. How many Fred Astaire/Ginger Rogers movies can we watch in a 24-hour period on TCM. ( 🎵 It’s a lovely day today 🎵 )
2. How many days does it take to leave dirty dishes in the sink before transferring them to the dishwasher? Answer: Five days.
3. How long can one pretend to be a nun in a convent committed to hours of silent prayer? (I can pretend to be a prisoner in a maximum security institution if it has a pretty good library.)
4. How long does it take for the cell phone and/or iPad to recharge? (It depends on whether one has one or two recharging cords.)
5. How much water goes on the large geranium plant on the balcony? Enough to keep it alive, not drown it. What about the artificial flowers? Dust them...Better yet, toss them over the balcony and allow the landscape service (which has mowed the same spot three days in a row) to sweep them up. (No, that’s not nice, Pilgrim.)
6. When wearing a protective mask, how does one keep the glasses from fogging up without windshield wipers?
7. How does one keep the hearing aids from dingle-dangling with the elastic ear pieces



of a mask?

8. How does one negotiate the new app or the Zoom feature which allows us to Facetime with family hundreds of miles away? (Painstaking patience and an assistant grandchild.)
9. With TV personalities broadcasting from home these days, have you ever read the titles of the books on the library shelves in the background behind the personality? Have you observed the artwork behind them? What do these observations say about the intellect or creativity of the personality broadcasting? Does it enhance their current persona? Or does the background sustain a fake persona to enhance the “image” of the personality? (What’s with the “Vote for Hoover” sign on the bookshelf?)
10. Did you notice that neither Kelly Ripa nor Ryan Seacrest were quite as scintillating at home as they were before a live studio audience being pumped to great heights of excitement by “whoopie” music and hyped up by “the warm-up person,” who works up the audience prior to air time and waves for applause during the appropriate time on the air?  
Side incidental question: How much does this hyperventilated “warm-up person” make for a salary to do this “jazzing up” of the audience on the air? Wouldn’t you like to know? (Naw, not really – just a passing curiosity.)
11. Did you notice how many times the local TV weather personalities make filmed announcements as to how hard they were working on your behalf to tell you what the weather is outside your balcony or window? How many times were we reminded of their really “hard work?”
12. What was with the cutesie pseudo-intellectual who displayed a “Vote for Hoover” sign on the shelf of his “Literary Genius” library?
13. It was interesting to see the artwork of the school children of TV personalities, as it appeared on the walls or refrigerators behind them. Were their paintings to attract the attention of agents or art directors seek-

ing famous artists of the future? Or were they just family artifacts of proud papas and mamas?

14. Did you notice that major singers and entertainers were generous with their talent by performing on air (paid or unpaid?) as entertainment “freebies” to raise money for various pandemic charities or food for suffering neighborhoods? (“That’s a good thing!” says Martha.)

15. Did you notice that their voices were thin and streamlined down to the natural voice itself without the hyper-arranged accompaniment of bands, instruments, orchestras? Would they have become successful without all the extra instruments, background visuals, and gyrating dancers behind? As sincere as their intentions may or may not have been in making these “fill-in” performances for the networks and/or charities, the biggest question is this:

Don’t they really sound like your Uncle Ted down the street or cute little Peggy next door, or you or I in the shower without the umpteen instruments, colored gels in the overhead lighting system, or the exotic bachelor hideaway on the beach as the background to enhance the words, music, or idea of romance in the air? Do we really fall for all the accoutrement of fame, fashion, and “fol-de-rol excess” that musi-

cians invest in to sell their music or personalities these days of hyper-sensationalism?

Ashamedly, yes, we fall hook, line, and sinker for all the color, noise, and activity of the heavy-duty performance and illusion, make-believe and glamour. We swallow it and shell out the cash. Then we put on our black and white, work uniforms and go to work the next day to try to make the world a little better or rescue someone, or make the money to put food on the table for our children in the REAL world.

16. Did you notice that the local and national television newsmen and women look much healthier at their homes without the orange makeup they use at the studio under intense lighting?

My high school senior grandson was bemoaning the fact that as a senior this year, he would miss the senior trip and the senior prom because of the pandemic. His mother and stepfather, a retired Army Lieutenant Colonel, pointed him to a recent FaceBook observation:

“In 1964-1970, many high school seniors took their senior trip to Vietnam. Puts today’s circumstances into a different perspective.”

“The hearing ear and the seeing eye, The Lord has made them both.” (Prov. 20:12)

**Carole Partridge**

## News You Can Use



**Library Committee:** Because of our limited activities, the library is used more often and we are glad to have all the new books for your reading pleasure. Coming soon when we are allowed to place new books, we will have Michael Connelly’s new book, Dark Sacred Night, donated by Janet Yocum and Someone is Watching You, a New York Times best seller, donated by Ginny Dunn. Our lounge libraries

are locked due to our quarantine situation, but if you are looking for a particular book, ask and if we have it I am sure that one of the staff would get it for you. **Donna Reese, Chairman**

**Windows Committee:** Because so many of you tell me how much you enjoy the *Windows*, your committee has been working by telephone with residents to do our articles. A big thank you to Daniel Williams and Jennifer Allen for all their help in picking up articles and all the editorial work.

**Linda Lenz, Chairman**

**Food Committee:** Thank you to Chef Rick and staff from the residents. They have enjoyed the breakfast items and the little treats we find in our dinner bags. One lady said she really enjoyed the cracker jacks, that she hadn’t had them in 70 years. We appreciate all you do during this stressful time. **Dot Modla, Chairman**



## Meet Your Neighbor: Robert and Sarah Jefferies Calhoun Apt #606

The one thing you notice when meeting this couple is that there is something Clemson about him and something stylish about her. They met when he was in the Textile School at Clemson and Sarah Jefferies was a student at Limestone College. He has always maintained a strong connection to his university and to his fraternity, where he was first introduced to Sarah Jefferies. These are all good memories they continue to share.

Robert was raised in Clío, South Carolina, a small farming community and Sarah Jefferies grew up in Chester. They have been married for over 53 years and lived in several southern locations as his career with Burlington Industries developed. He was always on the manufacturing side of the corporation with assignments to facilities in Virginia, North and South Carolina and finally manager at the Rockingham Plant, where he retired after 38 years of service. He remarked that he was fortunate to retire just before textiles began its sharp decline. He was in the wool side of Burlington's textile products, where bales of wool from Australia and USA were cleaned, spun into yarn, and woven into fabric destined to high-end women's and men's garment manufacturers. Burlington fabrics were tailored into leading clothing brands like Hart Schaffner Marx, Brooks Brothers, Jones of New York and many other high fashion clothing brands. When at Rockingham they lived in Cheraw, SC.

Sarah Jefferies grew up in Chester, where her mom supported the family, Sarah Jefferies and an older sister, Betty Brice, as a teacher after their father's early death. After the loss of her Dad, their grandmother, Elizabeth Brice, moved in and

lived with the family until her passing. After Limestone, Sarah Jefferies followed her mom into the classroom, teaching for over 10 years. The Calhouns have two adult children: a daughter, married to a physician living in Nashville and they have three children. Their son lives in New Orleans and is CEO of a not-for-profit hospital. A history buff, the son and wife married in Scotland,



celebrating the Calhoun Scotch Irish heritage. They have two children. Interestingly both of their children earned their Master's degree in Health Care Administration from MUSC Charleston.

Sarah Jefferies has always been interested in clothing design and style, and many times walked as a model in local charity fashion shows. She always kept fit with

tennis and dance and now takes advantage of our newly renovated fitness center. Keeping in shape is very important she noted.

Always a sports enthusiast, Robert, tailgates at Clemson football games with his fraternity brothers and classmates from the Textile School. You will also find him in the local arena rooting for Winthrop Basketball. An IPTAY (I Pay Ten a Year---now \$1000 a year) supporter, he is proud of what Clemson football has achieved and attributes this success to coach Dabo Swinney and his coaching staff. He feels that the success of the program has put Clemson in the national spotlight as a dynamic center of learning, demonstrated by the dramatic surge in applications from out of state. The financial success of the football team is of significant importance to Clemson athletics as it supports all the various women's and men's non box office athletic teams.

Their connection to the Towers goes way back to Sarah Jefferies mother, Elizabeth Smith, a former resident. When they sold their Cheraw home and moved here it seemed the natural next step. If you want to talk sports, Robert is your guy!

**Ed FitzGerald**

## Have You Considered....

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

### Jesus and WD-40 and My Mom

My mom was someone special. Two of the things she believed in most were Jesus and WD-40, and in that order. She possessed an unshakeable trust in Jesus to do everything He promised in the Bible. She kept on believing when others doubted. She held onto hope when others despaired. She served others after some had grown weary in well-doing. She continued to pray when others had given up.

On numerous occasions, I shared with her my anxieties, such as how on my preacher's salary I was going to get my four children through college. Every time Mom would reassure me, "You don't have to worry about that, God will take care of it." Although that didn't stop me from worrying at the time, in retrospect she was always right. God did provide.

For things that needed fixing around the house, after Dad died, she relied on WD-40. She had great faith in it. If WD-40 couldn't fix it, it was beyond repair and ready for the trash. Even when my mom was desperately ill in the intensive care unit, she told me one night to bring her a can of WD-40 the next morning. I told her I would, but really didn't intend to because I thought her mind was wandering and she wouldn't remember it. At 8 a.m. the next morning, I walked into her room and the first thing she said was, "Did you bring my WD-40?"

"No, Mom, I forgot it."

"Well, be sure to bring it next time," she replied.

I kept thinking she would forget it, but she never did. She mentioned it every visit, growing provoked with me for my apparent forgetfulness.

One night, I became convinced she wasn't going to forget. "Mom, what in the world do you want with your WD-40?" I asked.

"I want to spray the wheels on all these hospital beds they roll up and down the hall. They squeak terribly," she replied seriously. I chuckled; she smiled. It was never mentioned again.

Then, I thought she was hallucinating. Now, I am not so sure. Such a request was certainly in character for her. She was always busy helping others. Even though critically ill, her desire to help was still alive. And besides, she did have great trust in WD-40. Cleaning her house after her death, I found eight new cans in her pantry.

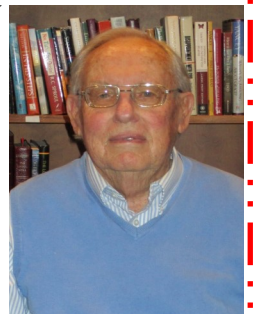
My mom was not perfect. She would be the first to tell you so. But she came closer to it than her son or most people I know. In her later years, she had sought, with the power of the Holy Spirit, to overcome her faults. She didn't like that part of herself. Again, Jesus provided. She was making progress.

Others, while aware of her faults, were more impressed with her strengths. Not only for her family, but to all who knew her, she provided an example. When anyone asked her the reason for her strengths, her answer was brief..."Jesus!"

By her life and words, she taught me to trust God. Some of it I learned, some I didn't. When my faith waivers, I cry out as the man

who asked Jesus to heal his son, "I do have faith, but not enough. Help me have more." (Mark 9:24 TEV) That isn't Mom's fault. It is because I squirm.

My mom was someone special. So is yours. That's the way God made moms.



**Dr. French  
O'Shields**





# Happy Mother's Day!

## A New Man in Town

It was in the late 1920s when my future mother-in-law returned to her small hometown of about 1,500 outside Gainesville, FL. She came home with a degree in education from Florida College for Women in Tallahassee, FL, which later became Florida State University after the war when the returning veterans made it coed. Her return home coincided with news rapidly spreading around town. There was a **New Man in Town**. He was Phelps Yocum, a recent graduate in mechanical engineering from Cornell University in New York. A Yankee, no less. He was tall and handsome, and if you blurred your eyes a bit, he looked a little like Rudolph Valentino. There was speculation that he might be related to the millionaire Phelps-Dodge family (he wasn't).

The state of Florida hired him to build an overpass over US 301 to allow motorists to speed onward, unimpeded to Miami. There was no boarding house in town, and the young engineer inquired where he might find a room to rent. One of my mother-in-law's brothers had just married and his room was vacant, and it was offered. It came with a hearty breakfast, an evening meal, and fried chicken on Sunday.

Much to the chagrin of the other single ladies in town, the young college graduates fell in love and decided to marry. What do you get when you cross a Yankee Episcopalian with a Southern Methodist? A Presbyterian. Although Phelps loved southern cooking, he never mastered

the delicate way of southerners eating fried chicken with their fingers. He always used a knife and fork until he died.



Now, after all that background, I have news: we, here at Westminster Towers have a **New Man in Town**. He is tall, handsome, single, and very friendly. If you blur your eyes a bit, he might look like Efren Zimbalist, Jr. By coincidence, his name is Efren Zimbalist Whitehead, and he is our new Administrator of the Health Center. Efren was born in Jacksonville, NC; and, you guessed it, his father was in the Marine Corps for 30 years. Efren moved here from Raleigh, NC, where he held a similar position as an Administrator in a Retirement Community. He loves

working with and getting to know the residents and staff. He says each is interesting and all come from very diverse backgrounds. He loves basketball, taking continuing ed courses in leadership, and eating (it doesn't show). I asked for some words of wisdom from this very thoughtful and sincere young man, and he advised, "Be persistent and keep moving forward." He said to tell you he is very thankful and grateful for the very warm and wonderful welcome he has received here. He wants you to know he has an "open door" policy and is always available and a sucker for apple pie. **God Bless You.** Anyone have a room to rent?

**Janet Yocum**

## TRANSPORTATION - PHILIPPINE-STYLE

In many countries with limited means of personal transportation, overcrowding on public vehicles is a fact of life. Seats on a bus will hold nearly twice as many travelers as they should. And people will ride with the baggage on the roof and stand on the outside in any place where they can find a foothold and something to hang on to.

This is certainly true in the Philippines. Along with the people who cram their way onto a bus, pigs are stowed underneath where luggage is supposed to go, and chickens ride under the seats of their owners, sometimes even laying their eggs on the journey. The bus will stop along the route occasionally and the pigs will be hosed down to cool them off, so they won't die before reaching the market.

On the way from Cebu City to San Remigio where we lived for a time on the northern end of the island of Cebu, the road ran along the shore for about 25 miles of a 66-mile trip. Then it turned inland and, through a series of switchbacks, crossed over the mountains that ran down the center of the island. We called these sharp turns "the emmies," as they resembled a large M. On one side of the narrow dirt road was a wall of

rock, and on the other, a drop off into a ravine with no guardrails.

One day, a very overloaded bus was coming down the road through the emmies on its way to the city. The driver missed one of the turns, and the bus left the road, turned over at least once, and

landed at the bottom of the ravine on its wheels. Mercifully, due to the overcrowding, ***no one had moved from their seats!*** No one was hurt, but a few chickens were lost and there were some scrambled eggs beneath the seats. (I'm not sure, but outside riders must have jumped off when they saw disaster looming.)

Upon occasion, I have ridden on just such a bus and survived to tell the story! I always felt a bit guilty, because, as a big American, I took up so much more room than my smaller Filipino riding companions. It was always an exercise in endurance, sitting sideways on about six inches of space, bracing my feet and hands to stay put, and being drenched with sweat in the nearly 90-degree heat and high humidity for which the islands are known. It made me much more thankful for our air-conditioned van and more compassionate when our students asked if they could ride with us when we went to the city instead of taking the bus.

Nancy Anderson



## Someone is Watching You

Hello friends, this is Ginny Dunn. As many of you know, I recently had surgery and have returned to the Rehab Center for post-op care and rehabilitation. I have been here for several weeks and have been making good progress in the very capable hands of the staff and rehab professionals. I have been doing a lot of reading, thanks to my family, and currently, I am reading a book called I am Watching You, which is on the New York Times best seller list. I am reporting that from my window, I am watching **you**.

Every day I see you walking by and your walks tell me many things. Sometimes you are walking at a very brisk pace and others at a much slower, thoughtful pace. Today, I saw you looking up at a beautiful blue sky and imagined a warm breeze caressing your face. One day I saw you thoughtfully looking at the beautiful new growth and the green leaves, signaling that spring is truly here. I want to shout to you to "Keep up the good work" and tell you I have missed each of you, but I will be home again soon. God bless you and keep you safe.

Your Friend and Watcher, Ginny Dunn



## It's a Small World After All

When one of my daughters was small, she heard that song, loved it, and it became her mantra. She sang it all day whenever she felt a song coming on. Soon, I couldn't get it out of my head either. How often do we speak to someone, find a connection, and say, "It's a small world."

Just recently, I met our new neighbor, Gerald "Jerry" Lopez on the second floor and inquired where he was from. Pennsylvania, he said proudly, near Philadelphia. The land of Ben Franklin and Betsy Ross. Oh! My husband was stationed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for ten years. "Small world."

Down the hall lives Dick Cadugan from Pittsburgh and you can hear him cheering loudly for "Pitt" football every fall. My husband and I lived in Pittsburgh while he was studying for his Master's Degree in Nuclear Engineering and the little girl who sang "Small World" was born there.

We lived in Mt. Lebanon Township on the road to Canonsburg, where Perry Como was born and became a barber! I advised Mr. Lopez there were many people from the Keystone State living right here. We have a Pennsylvania State Assembly Representative, George Jackson (a former Marine), and his wife, Esther, an accomplished organizer. George was born in Philadelphia and grew up in Mt. Lebanon and Esther in Lancaster, Pennsylvania (beautiful Amish country).

Around the corner lives Ginny Dunn from

Warren, Pennsylvania, who was a beautiful WAVE during WWII; and our prolific woodworker, Ed McPoland, a Marine officer, from Pittsburgh, who grew up like Ginny in western PA. He will even sing "Happy Birthday" to you on your day.



One of the sweetest couples here are Lloyd and Joann Twedt. Lloyd was born in Pittsburgh and Joann was from Johnstown, famous for the floods. But beware, get to know Lloyd well and he will take great pleasure in kidding you!

Our Glen Miller was born in Monroeville, Pennsylvania, outside Pittsburgh, and is a graduate of Penn State in 1961. A cheer for the Nittany Lions, named for Mt. Nittany, a small mountain behind the college where the old timers will tell you mountain lions roamed. Now you can hear the Nittany Lions roar in the football stadium as they cheer for their great football team. "A Small World." It makes you hungry for soft pretzels, real cheese steak hoagies and shoo fly pie, Wanamaker's at Christmas, the Army vs. Navy football game in the old Legion Field, and the Mummers Parade.

Welcome Jerry, and we know you will be very happy here. It's just a little corner of Pennsylvania. And, as you know, Pennsylvania people are the friendliest folks anywhere; and we are all glad to have you. Just humming "It's a Small World After All." Keep posted and next month, we just might introduce you to the Jersey girls and guys – a story for another day. **God Bless You**

**Janet Yocum**

**The CDC guidance for retirement communities and other senior living organizations was to close salons and spas, since social distancing cannot be maintained. Since Governor McMaster's Executive Order 2020-17 on March 31, 2020 ordered the closure of all salons, spas and similar institutions, our salon has to remain closed at least until this order is lifted and until there is a change in the CDC guidance. But we haven't forgotten about our beloved stylist, Rhonda Watkins, and she hasn't forgotten about us!**

Hi everyone,

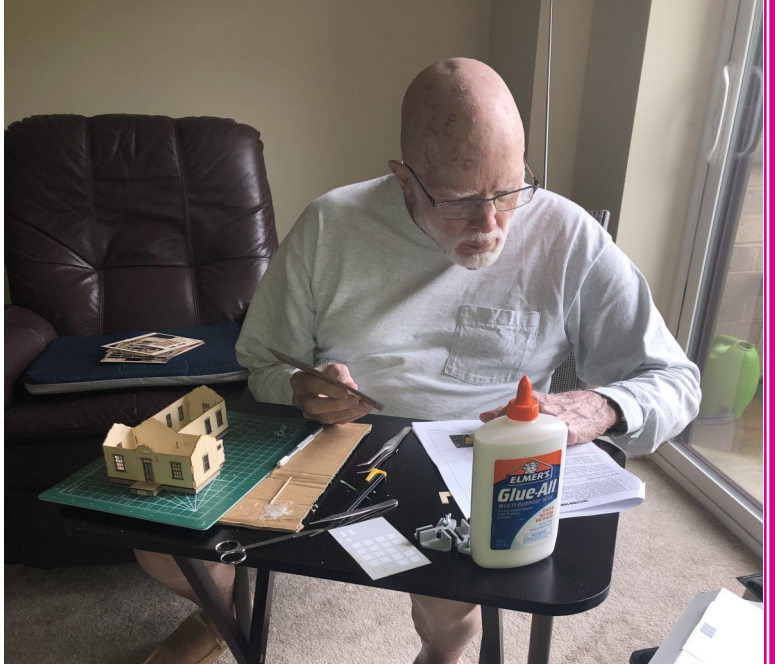
I hope everyone is doing well and not going too stir crazy. I know just how you are feeling. I am not going anywhere either, just staying in my house as well. I miss everyone so very much! Every time I look at the clock I think, "Oh, it's time for this person's appointment." I miss seeing different ones sitting in the lobby when I leave or come in each morning. I hope you have been using this time to get some of those chores that we all hate out of the way. I know I have, such as going through clothes, paperwork, etc. I wish that I could be there with you. However, until this virus is over I pray that each of you will remain safe and healthy until I can see all of your sweet smiles again!

Love and prayers, Rhonda





Buzz Benson has  
been creative  
with his use of  
quarantine time!





## Meet Your Neighbor: Edmund McPoland Apt 616

Major Edmund McPoland, USMC Retired, has been a Towers resident for 13 years. Moving here from Mooresville, N.C., with his wife Jeannie, after a long and exhaustive search of area retirement facilities. He claims that they visited 16 places similar to Westminster. A man of strong opinions, he states that this was the best decision he and Jeannie made about later years retirement. Jeannie, his beloved partner passed away in 2015 after 63 2/3 years of marriage.

Ed's Marine training is evident in the way he approaches life in our community. He knows most residents and keeps in touch with them with visits and friendly conversations in the lobby or the dining room. Want to know what is going on here—ask Ed? He maintains strict fitness with 4 days per week workouts in our fitness center at 5 AM. Yes five in the morning, working with most of the equipment. He is most judicious with his eating routine and maintains a trim physique and can still show off by hitting a smooth golf shot when we visit Top Golf. You can find Ed most mornings, after 9:15 AM, in the wood shop working on a host of projects that keep his mind and hands sharp. One of his passions is the singing of “Happy Birthday” to each resident when the monthly birthday list is published. The rendition may be a bit off key but truly unique. This musical gift also extends to family members and close friends and he has done this singing for years.

Ed was born in the Pittsburgh area, growing up on a small farm. His dad was a master mechanic and fortunately had employment during the long depression. His dad also refused to sign permission for Ed to join the Marines—too dangerous he said and he was too young. Changing course, Ed was allowed to enlist in the Navy at age 17, serving in the later part of WW II as a signalman on an ammunition ship. After mustering out of the Navy, the call of the Marines was still strong and he joined the Corps, was trained in electronics and accepted into Officer Training

Basic School and commissioned a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant. Assigned to the 2<sup>nd</sup> Marine Division where he served in several positions. He saw combat in Korea as a platoon leader in E Company, 7<sup>th</sup> Marine Regiment, and was wounded three times. Ed received field hospital surgery in Korea and recovery in the Naval Hospital, Yokosuka, Japan. He was awarded three Purple Hearts.



After a long mail correspondence, he and Jeannie were married in 1951. They were relocated many times to various duty stations as his career developed and three girls were born. His highlight tour was on the staff of the Rear Admiral Comnavforce, Japan, as “the admirals marine”. This was a three year tour, with dependents, that was considered a luxury assignment requiring him to extend service an additional two years. He finished his Marine career serving at the Marine Landing Force Training Unit Pacific at Coronado, California. He retired after 23 years of honorable service.

While at Coronado, Ed took courses in computer science and information technology preparing him for civilian employment. They decided to locate in Charlotte, a city experiencing a booming economy and low unemployment. The family moved to Charlotte where Ed joined textile firm, J.P. Stevens, located in the South Park area of the city. He worked for one other textile company. He then worked as the computer system designer and coder in three small software companies for 29 years in his second career. With a boyish wink he loves to pronounce that for 9 years he “worked in ladies underwear”.

He is most proud of the small lake Norman cottage he and Jeannie bought, remodeled and expanded into a large and comfortable home on the water. It was there that he got back into woodworking big time. These days he creates dog and cat designs and impressive Easter cross art pieces. One appears in our lobby at Easter Time. He is also very generous with small repair projects for our residents; all this is done pro bono. So, we salute our proud Marine, Major Ed, and can't wait to gather a chorus of fellow residents and sing “Happy Birthday Dear Ed”, a bit off key, when his birthday rolls around this coming June

**Ed FitzGerald**

## **I will Not Fear the Deadly Virus!**

The steadfast love of my Father in heaven,  
By His Spirit flows into my heart.  
He confirms to my mind the TRUTH OF HIS WORD  
From His love I will never depart.  
I have made the Lord my dwelling place  
From His love nothing can sever.  
His strong arms of love now hold me fast.  
I am His, both now and forever.  
He is my refuge, my fortress, my God.  
In Him alone do I trust (Psalm 91:3)  
I am freed from the deadly pestilence of sin.  
His Holy Spirit has come to abide within.  
My heart is made clean by the blood of my Saviour.  
I will not fear the terror of night  
Nor the arrow that flies by day (vs. 5)  
The destruction that stalks in darkness  
Can no longer cause me dismay.

The virus is deadly and is very near.  
But with God's love and protection,  
We have nothing to fear.  
I see with my eyes the destruction of sin.  
I have made the Lord my dwelling place.  
He holds me secure in His warm embrace.  
The promise of my God, nothing can erase.

Thank You – my Loving Father in heaven.  
Thank You – Holy Spirit of God – freely given  
Thank You, Lord Jesus, my Saviour and King,  
The love of my heart and my praises I bring.  
With gladness I come to you and pray.  
The deadly virus, I will not fear.  
The power of Almighty God is near!  
I am secure in the steadfast love  
Of Jesus, my Saviour and Lord!

**A Poem by Gene Craven  
March 26, 2020**

***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.***

## ***In Loving Memory:***

*Oneita Peura*

## **Contributions**

### **Employee Assistance Fund**

#### **In Memory of: Oneita Peura**

Lynn Hornsby

### **Endowment Fund**

#### **In Memory of: Louise Lesslie**

Dicksie Ward

### **General Fund**

Donna Richter

### **Employee Christmas Fund**

#### **In Honor of: Ed McPoland**

Lloyd and Joann Twedt

## **THE NERVOUS USHER**

Mardon me padam,  
But you're occupewing the wrong pie.  
May I sew you to another sheet?  
Or would you rather have a chew in the  
back of the perch?





## Come on Down (When Quarantine is Over of Course!)

I am borrowing a phrase from the United States Air Force, "Come on down" to the arts and crafts room and join the folks for some fun. We are having fun doing arts and crafts and would love to have you join us. Eladio Wilkinson, who has a very melodious and creative name, also is a very creative person. In his position as Activities Coordinator, he has created some very pretty crafts for us to do. For Valentine's Day, he gathered some wine corks (no, he did not drink all the wine); he bought the corks, and we made large valentines. We could use them as wall or door hangings or a big

valentine for a special person, or we could be creative and use them in other ways.

For St. Patrick's Day, we made an Irish Leprechaun, and hopefully he will pass Pat Quinn's inspection. Eladio, we hope you have a creative project for us this summer. We not only enjoy the creativity and the fruit of our labors, we enjoy each other, getting to know you and Eladio better, and sharing ideas. **Come on Down!**

**Janet Yocum**



## We need your help!

**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 June is **May 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**

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