



WESTMINSTER TOWERS WINDOWS

CONTINUING CARE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY



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westminstertowers.org

To Our Flag

With my hand over my heart,
I am proud to stand, again today
And pledge allegiance to our beautiful flag!
“Old Glory!” “The Stars and Stripes!”
“The Beautiful Red, White, and Blue!”
I joyfully say to my country and flag:
“I really do love you!”
As I pledge to our flag, I also pray
To our Loving Father above,
That His grace will continue to be on our land,
That it will, indeed, forever stand and continue to be
“The home of the brave and the land of the FREE!”
I remember with thanksgiving in my heart
All of those brave souls who have gone before
And did their part! That we might live in freedom and peace;
That God’s blessing on our great land might ever increase!
Fifty bright stars on a dark field of blue!
One for each state of our union, it’s true!
Thirteen stripes of bright red and white
Reminding us of the blood that they gave in the fight!
Thirteen colonies of brave women and men
Who suffered and died that they might win
Freedom to worship God as they chose.
Within the heart of each one there arose
Bright hope for the future in a land that is free.
May “God Bless America” – may the whole world see
That we all are very proud to stand today
With joy in our hearts, and proudly say:
“I pledge allegiance to the flag
Of the United States of America!”

Gene Craven
May 15, 2020

What Does it Mean to be a Foster Child?

It means leaving the only home (good or bad) that you have ever known.

It means moving to a new home to live with strangers you have never met in a town/city you have never been to.

It means trying to be socially accepted with adults and be accepted by your school peers.

It means asking yourself, "What did I do wrong to be here?"

All these things were me at the age of 13 and trying to give comfort to my little brother for being with me.

Flash back to 1946, when our beloved Dad was terminally ill. I remember being awakened in the middle of the night by a Town Official and my mother, brother, and I being driven to a VA hospital 100 miles away. I remember standing and looking eye level (hospital beds were not adjustable in those days) at my very weak dad. I remember him telling me he would not be going home with us and for me to "take care of your baby brother." I lived up to that promise until my brother entered the Army.

Our mother was never home except to sleep. It was always my dad who took care of us, fixed our meals, bathed us, dressed us, walked us to and from the school bus, played or read books with us. He was my hero. During these early years, I only remember him with white hair; he was in his 70s, my mother in her 20s. When he died in 1946, I was eight years old, my brother was six years old. Our lives were forever changed. Mother did not know how to be a mother, although I think she did the best she was capable of.

I remember the social worker coming to our camp numerous times to warn Mother she could not keep small children out running around at 2am and to cease having so many men come to visit all night. Those days, state welfare did not condone this; nowadays, it is common practice.

I remember a man moving in with us. Again, my mother was given an alternative to have him move out or the state would take custody of my brother and me. Well, you guessed it, Mother kept her man instead of her children.

I remember one day in October 1951, my mother had to appear in court. My brother, age 11, and I, age 13, were kept by two social workers

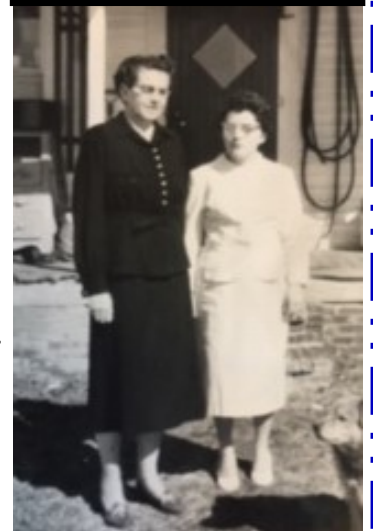
in their office all day. I was wise beyond my years and surmised we would not be returning home. We never saw mother for the next six months. We were given two options: one was moving to a foster home together and the other was moving to a state-run school—one for girls and one for boys. We would not be allowed to visit each other until we fostered out of the system at age 18. Of course, I did not hesitate saying we wanted to be together so I could take care of my little brother. The foster parents had never had children and did not have any parenting skills, let alone any love! It was a tough time for both of us, more so for my brother who was told that he, at age 12, would be moving to a different foster home, one of many for him. I stayed there until age 15 and tried at all times not to be alone with that foster dad. At age 15, I was told I would have to move, as my foster mom had a medical problem (years later I learned she had had cancer). My second foster home was a complete opposite of the first. These foster parents were loving, nurturing of self-worth, and caring. They taught me the values that I have carried with me through life.

I remember when I turned 16, my foster mom wrote a note with a house key attached. The note said: "Now you are a young lady. Here is a key to our home, not to our hearts, for there you need none. Use it for as long as you wish." I have carried that note in my Bible ever since; she was truly a grandma to my daughter. My biological mother died when my daughter was three years old. My foster parents were my "angels." They helped me



Above: Arlene's second foster Dad

Below: Arlene's second foster Mom



to fulfill my dream and get a three-year scholarship to a nursing school. My foster dad was so proud of me when I was to receive my six-month cap (back in those days nurses wore caps), but unfortunately he did not live to see this. He died in 1960. My foster mom died in 1986.

Would I trade any parts of my life? Probably, but with God to guide me and through prayer, I have overcome and handled many challenges that have crossed my path until I reached my goal to become an RN, which I was for 40 years. I had a loving husband for 37 years, a loving brother for 53 years, and a loving daughter for 51 years. My final dream was to move here to Westminster Towers, and with God and many prayers, here I am. I know without my faith and knowing I have God in my life, all my struggles would have been

in vain. I hope I have lived my life by these values.

My favorite Bible verses have sustained me through life:

John 3:16 and I Corinthians 13:13

May God be beside you to befriend you,

In front of you to guide you,

And within you to give you peace.

Arlene Jenkins



Arlene Jenkins with her biological mother and her little brother

Life at the Towers

When I first moved here, I was walking down the hall back to my room when I heard a loud AHAAAAA! Someone had cried out. Just as I raised my hand to knock on the door and ask if help was needed, I heard a male voice shout, "Tackle you @\$%*##*." Someone was enjoying their Saturday afternoon football game.

Shortly thereafter down the hall from me, a sign went up on a door. It read, "EVERYONE BRINGS JOY TO THIS APARTMENT! SOME WHEN THEY ENTER AND OTHERS WHEN THEY LEAVE!"

I took up bridge and enjoyed it very much. I played Friday nights with Sara Schell, Joanne Cauthen, and Buzz Benson. Everyone was so cordial. When we would say goodnight, Buzz would say, "Don't forget to wind the cat and put the clock out for the night." Comedians—don't you love 'em?

As I enjoyed doing puzzles, I found an hour or so to do puzzles daily with Ruthann Poore, Ann Geier, and Woody Feemster. Woody had had a stroke and his memory was affected. We determined we would have him back in puzzle shape in no time. I spent several hours a day working with him, telling him to find a piece that looks like a fish that is green and brown, etc. Slowly, he was making good progress, but he still couldn't remember my name. One Saturday morning, a dear little lady whose memory was not so good either came to the table to speak to us and

announced

that she was so glad we got married. Woody looked alarmed, and his eyes got big as a dinner plate. I couldn't help myself; I said, "Woody, we got married last night." Before he passed out, I told him I was only having fun with him. Whether it was the shock or a natural thing, he has improved dramatically, plays Bingo, volleyball, and remembers he is single.

Usually, I was too tired, being an early riser, to attend the Tuesday night movie. But 30 Seconds Over Tokyo was playing and I wanted to see it. I asked Steve Ellsworth if he wanted to go and he said yes, he would like that movie. We decided we had better go early, as there would likely be a crowd. So go early we did. Steve got an aisle seat for his long legs and near the front so I could hear. Well, in a few minutes a couple came in. We were the only four in the theatre, but they said, "Excuse us, but those are usually our seats." Being the gentleman he was, Steve made moves to get up. I poked him and said in my loudest whisper, "SIT DOWN." Before the shooting even started on the movie screen, Steve was caught in the crossfire between two determined ladies! I felt like the skunk at the picnic, but I sat. Finally, they crawled over us and sat beside us, but about every 20 minutes I heard, "Those are usually our seats." I think that might have been the last movie Steve and I went to. I still miss him!

Well, "Good night. Don't forget to wind the cat and put the clock out." God bless you and the Towers.

Janet Yocum

Back Porch Ponderings

There are few things in life more precious than being given the opportunity to see faith in God begin to grow in one's grandchildren.

Portions of a recent email are shared here as an encouragement to those who are still waiting to be assured of God's faithfulness toward themselves and/or their loved ones.

"Dear Nana,

Hubby and I are sitting on the back porch while the baby sleeps soundly. As we sit here, Hubby has his music by John Prine playing in the background. Unfortunately, we were sad to learn Mr. Prine recently died from COVID-19. His music is peaceful, folksy, and calm. It's nice on a peaceful night like tonight.

I am enjoying the sounds of the birds as they drift away to sleep. I'm starting to hear fewer birds and more crickets and tree frogs.

I don't know what Heaven is like, Nana, but I hope this sound is somewhere up there or I shall miss it. With the scenery and sounds, I'm thinking about blessings and it's bringing me to tears.

I've thought a lot about that specific word, blessings, lately, far more than I could ever imagine prior to the pandemic furlough. Last year, we struggled constantly in many ways. We knew at the end of 2019 something had to change. We started attending a small church in the community and fell in love with the people and the love they have for God. They welcomed us with open arms and absolutely adored our red-haired baby.

Our first service we went to, Hubby

and I felt led to tithe. The problem was that all we had was a dollar to our name, and it was in Hubby's wallet. I cried when we put it into the offering plate, because I knew that week was going to be extremely hard making things stretch.

We prayed together during the offering, thanking God for providing us with a new church to grow closer to Him and to each other. Faith is a hard word for Hubby, as for anyone; but that day, I could see my husband feel something he hadn't felt in a very long time...And that was faith. It was

reassuring to me, as I still needed a little help feeling better about giving our last dollar. Wouldn't you know, the very next day we received our tax money that we hadn't expected to get for another several weeks.

Ever since that day, God has not stopped blessing us. Every day, I thank Him for my family, for our jobs, our home. Without Him, we wouldn't have any of it.

I'm amazed by God, Nana. It's astounding to me how merciful He is. I'm having all kinds of emotions tonight. I've had a lot of time to think and to pray.

Through this quarantine I can honestly say I feel the closest I've ever been to God...I love you, Nana, so much, and I miss you....

Your Granddaughter"

We live in our beautiful Westminster (Ivory) Towers frustrated by time, age, pandemic circumstances. We are tempted to whine, complain, find fault, place blame. Yet God's word is true and steadfast. His Son is ALIVE!

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen..." (Hebrews 11:1)

Carole Partridge



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Have You Considered....

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

I Love You Dad

The pale green walls, tile floor, venetian blinds in curtainless windows, and oxygen/intravenous tubes created all the sterility expected of a hospital room. Yet, the intensity of my own emotions made the room vibrant with life.

Every Father's Day, as well as other days, my memory relives what happened there.

I stood beside my dad's bed, holding his hand. His face and body were unable to conceal the effects of four heart attacks in ten years. I wondered if this would be the last such scene though similar ones had preceded. The experience of living without your dad, which all expect but none are ready for, seemed imminent for me.

My emotions were mixed. There was deep sadness as I imagined what it would be like without his big smile, cheerful voice, and gentle manner. Flashes of anxiety accompanied the awareness he might no longer be there when I so desperately needed his fatherly love, help and encouragement.

Gratitude flooded my heart also, thankful that our relationship was such a loving one. Our greeting never consisted of just a handshake, but a warm embrace and kiss on the cheek, whether in private or public. When he disciplined me—as any good father should—he made sure I never doubted that he loved me. He gave my meager achievements the status of greatness, and he made certain I knew he was proud I was his son regardless of my failures.

Now, alone with my dad in his hospital room, I listened to every labored breath wondering if there would be another. Suddenly, I realized I could not remember when I had told him I loved him. A sense of urgency overwhelmed me. If it

was going to be, maybe it needed to be now.

I gently rubbed his hand. He opened his eyes, which displayed his pain, and looked into my face. "Dad," I said softly, "I want you to know how very much I love you."

"I know you do, son, and I love you too," his weak but clear voice responded.

I leaned over, pressed my face to his, and kissed him on the cheek.

He closed his eyes. Soon, his breathing seemed less strained. Apparently his pain had subsided some and he appeared more comfortable. Perhaps he could get some sleep that had so evaded him. Fifty miles away, the congregation I pastored was gathering for Sunday morning worship. I quietly slipped from the room and walked down the corridor to a telephone to give them a

report on my dad and request their continued prayers.

As I walked back to his room, there was a warm feeling in my heart about having told Dad how much I loved him. After all, what if I never had another opportunity?

I didn't! As I approached his door, a nurse came out. She put her arm around me as I heard her say, "Your dad just died peacefully in his sleep."

Having said, "I love you, Dad," in the last moments we shared is one of the treasured moments of my life. I only wish I had said it more often through the years. And I encourage you never to miss an opportunity to tell your father how much you love him.



Dr. French O'Shields

Happy Father's Day!



Pigs on the Patio

My Life Riding Herd on a Low Country Plantation

By: Liz Tucker

"Limerick Plantation"

*There once was a family from Charleston.
Who thought life on a farm would be fun.
When Limerick Plantation was bought,
A low country lifestyle was sought.
An animal menagerie had begun.*

Pigs on the Patio is a fascinating narrative of the life and times of the author and her young family when they acquired Limerick Plantation soon after her mother-in-law passed away. It was a very frenzied lifestyle, since neither parent knew anything about farming and all it entailed.

The plantation was a forty-five mile journey from Charleston, SC, where all four children attended school, and the husband, also known as The Saint, commuted the same distance to his executive position. Of course, The Saint's schedule never allowed him to play taxi, so all trips to Charleston involving the children were delegated to Mom!

The book is a collection of stories told about how many animals indigenous to the Low Country became pets and took up residence with the family either on the patio or inside the house.

One of the funniest stories described how one of

two pet raccoons was put into the trash compactor while Mother Liz cleaned up a bag of flour the two pets had ripped apart. The trash compactor made a fabulous "playpen" for the raccoons since it was full of chicken bones and other food scraps.

Wilbur, the piglet, took up residence at Limerick when he followed the boys home from a deer hunting adventure. He was forbidden to stay on the patio, but enjoyed a large dog pen where he grew larger by the day. On a designated hunting occasion, he became the entrée at a barbecue. Poor Wilbur!

Many animals resided on the patio, or near it, during the family's tenure at Limerick. These included ducks, chickens, and a calf, who much preferred the large doghouse to her pen.

Life at Limerick continued for many years with annual hunting parties, fishing in all the favorite watering holes and always included many guests and friends. Entertaining was a major part of the Low Country Lifestyle.

It all came to a screeching halt when the railroad came along to divide the rice fields, and the Tuckers were forced to sell the property and move.

I give credit to Sylvia Holley who first shared this book with me, and it became an instant favorite! Thank you, Sylvia!

Note: A copy of Pigs on the Patio is being placed in the library in honor of Sylvia Holley.

Jody Rankin



Meet Your Neighbor: Juanita Eising Apt 404



Juanita and I met when we both moved here in 2018. We were from Florida—Juanita from Plantation in South Florida and I from Gainesville in North Florida. We both came here to be near our daughters, sons-in-law, and grandchildren. We also enjoy Bingo! I soon discovered that Juanita had some very intricate, interesting hand bags, totes, even vests and coats. Being a very amateur crotcheter, I recognized they were original, handmade, and very professional. I inquired about them, and she told me she had made them. “How?” this Crocheting for Dummies person asked.

First, she said she made an original design, created her own patterns, selected varied colored yarns of different weights and textures, and made the item she envisioned. She was what we refer to as a textile artist. When her hands began to give her problems, she switched to contemporary modern art. She was inspired by her faith and moti-

vated by meditation to create some beautiful modern art. An inspiration came from Matthew: 16, the 19th verse when Jesus told Peter he would give us the keys to the Kingdom of Heaven. She thought that through that open door we could pray. Thus the picture on the bulletin board of the corona virus with the above scripture imprinted on it. She hoped it would be an encouragement to us. Juanita is very modest and did not want to post the picture, but I pleaded and finally she did, probably to get pesky me to stop bothering her. Juanita says that the self-quarantine gives her an opportunity not only to do her art, but to take online art courses and gives her time for meditation. It is during her time of meditation that many pictures come to life. The first picture is a result of Zen meditation and the other was inspiration from a beautiful quilt. She sees art in many places and many of us see many things in her art. In



her quilt-inspired picture, I saw Moravian stars. Thank you, Juanita, from those of us who have received one of your art cards wishing us a Happy Birthday or a Get Well Soon. You represent one of the many diverse people who make their home here whom we have come to love and enjoy. God bless you.

Janet Yocum

Inside the Ropes at Virus Time

My hair needs cut
And I'm in a rut.
The food is sooo good
I've gained five in the gut.
Drove my white chariot
'Round the campus today.
Chick in red Ford truck
Wanted to play.
At 15 mph we chased each other.
She smiled at me,
But her mask it did smother.
Great talent she showed,
Dodging cars in the lot.
I think it was Hausman,
But then I forgot.
We need fitness execs
To slow down our travels
So we don't do wheelies
On the concrete and gravel.
Just saying!...

Stay well, wash hands,
We'll avoid this bug
As together we stand.

Pinky Funderburk

The Telegraph Operator

There's not a thing to do,
I cannot sleep at night;
No wonder I am so blue,
Oh, for a friendly fight!
The din and rush of strife;
A music-hall aglow;
A crowd, a city, life---
Dear God, I miss it so.

Here, you have moped enough!
Brace up and play the game!
But say, it's awful tough
Day after day the same.
(I've said that twice, I bet).
Well, there's not much to say.
I wish I had a pet,
Or something I could play.

Poem by Robert Service

MY MOM'S GIRL AND MY DAD'S BOY

I was the only child of a poor country preacher and his wife. When I was between the ages of five and ten, we lived in a coastal area in the beautiful state of Maine, where my dad pastored three small churches. I am still unsure how he survived preaching five times and teaching two Sunday School classes each Sunday, but that was his schedule!

I learned how to cook and bake by hanging around with my mom. She was a great hostess, a neat housekeeper and a willing worker at the church – usually to be found in the kitchen serving and cleaning up. I learned much from observing her. I was taught to knit by a kind grandma who lived across the street from us, and practiced how to sew by making skirts from colorful feed sacks with Mom's help.

But I also followed my dad around as he worked in his shop, tying flies for fishing, building a boat and painting it, and tinkering with the car, since he was truly a jack of all trades along with being a pastor. I also joined him when he fished on one of the beautiful lakes in our area. We would take the boat out about five in the afternoon, drop anchor when it was lined up with a tall tree on one side of the lake and a house on the other, and for one half hour, we could catch as many white perch

as we wanted. But when five-thirty came, they would abruptly stop biting, so we would head home to have a delicious supper of fried fish!

I remember asking Dad if we could go on an overnight camping trip on that lake, which was named Molasses Pond, and finally he agreed. He and I set out with a big sun umbrella as our "tent" plus bedding, fishing and cooking gear and food. We set up our camp site on a sandy beach, built a fire pit, and, of course, fished. After we had



cleaned, fried and eaten our catch, he taught me how to clean the frying pan by scrubbing it with sand and then rinsing it off in the lake, making it ready for our breakfast of bacon and eggs. When our chores were done, we sat quietly on our bed rolls watching the canopy of stars come out as daylight

faded and talking about the great God who had made them all. Somehow, they seemed so much brighter in that solitary setting. Then we watched the moon rise and cut a silvery path across the lake to our shore while we listened to and tried to identify the night sounds all around us.

And then it was time to go to bed. Dad showed me how to wiggle my body around to make the sand conform to its shape. Finally, I was comfortable, but I was absolutely sure I wouldn't be able to sleep a wink. I was too busy finding the north star and the big and small dippers, and listening, but then . . . Zzzzz.

Nancy Anderson

Garden Plots

The Towers gardeners have the best looking plots in years. Believe the cooler weather has allowed for a slower development of the flowers, herbs and vegetables growing away in the nine raised garden beds. There is a bench at the foot of the garden that is perfect for reflection and meditation on the beauty of creation. For those walkers doing their laps around the campus please stop for a moment, stroll through the beds and marvel at the tomatoes, squash, eggplant, blue berries, rosemary, thyme, radishes, zucchini, dahlias, marigold, Queen Anne trumpets, lavender, sunflowers and other plants growing in splendor, while reaching for the sun.



Ed FitzGerald

The Jersey Girls

Fellows too! No, the Jersey Girls are not about "The Supremes," Diana Ross, Cindy Birdsong, Mary Wilson, and Florence Ballard from Camden (which happens to be the home of Campbell Soup). It is about the Jersey Girls from Westminster Towers. Toss in a guy or two! (No, not Frank Sinatra, Bruce Springsteen, or Bon Jovi.)

It's about **Marie Graham**, that petite ball of fire who is always smiling. You were either from North Jersey or South Jersey, there's no place in between but Ft. Dix, the Pine Barrens, the mythical blue devils, and cranberry bogs. Marie grew up in Maplewood, went to school there, and graduated from Montclair College, where she met the love of her life, husband Bill Graham.

Another Jersey girl with a distinct Georgia accent is **Dot Modla**. Dot, a gracious beautiful blond, was an airline stewardess stationed in New York City, where she met and married her husband from across the river, in North Jersey. In those days, a stewardess could not be married, so the happy couple settled in Wallington and Springfield, where she taught fourth grade for many years.

Sue Nazak, another lovely Jersey girl very active in sports, health, and wellness, lived in Haddonfield, an old South Jersey town reminis-

cent of colonial times. She also lived in Cherry Hill, famous for its racetrack, famous mall, good restaurants, and good schools.

Her neighbor in Cherry Hill was **Janet Yocum**, although they did not know each other then. Janet claimed the prettiest address in New Jersey: Church Rd, Cherry Valley, Cherry Hill. It truly was the Garden State, famous for delicious corn, tomatoes, huge strawberry and blueberry farms. I remember going down by the "shore," we call it the "beach" in South Carolina, and picking blueberries for ten cents a pound; those were the days.

Madeline and Harry Hazen are also Jerseyites, Harry coming from Bergen County in North Jersey and Madeline from Saddle River. They can almost claim to be South Carolina natives having been transferred to Lancaster, South Carolina in 1963. He was employed in the textile industry. Madeline and Harry will be married 72 years in June.

Jim Craig is also from North Jersey. He said it was a wonderful place to grow up. As a teen, he and pals could go to New York City alone, spend the day at museums and parks, and be home by nine o'clock. Does it make you miss the "shore," Atlantic City, Cape May, and New Hope, where Washington crossed the Delaware? Tune in next month and you might meet the Colonial Dames of Virginia. God Bless You.

Janet Yocum



According to www.miracleparkrockhill.com, Miracle Park is a project designed for people with different abilities to play and work! It will be located in Rock Hill, SC, and will be the first of it's kind in the US!

Please go check it out to learn more about this wonderful opportunity for ensuring inclusion of people of all abilities!

A Note from The Miracle Park Team to Westminster Towers:



May 11, 2020

*To our friends at Westminster Towers,
Thank you for your donation to Miracle
Park. Your contribution is keeping us
going and construction is continuing.
Join us on social media to stay
up to date with progress.*

*With Appreciation,
The Miracle Park Team*

Dorothy "Dot" Modla

Apt: 403

When you first meet Dot Modla, and she tells you she is from New Jersey, you have no idea that she really is a Southern Girl.

Yes, she did live in New Jersey for 60 years, but the story starts in the South. Her father, Augustus, a lawyer from Atlanta, had relocated to Tucson, Arizona, as he was suffering from TB. Because of his Atlanta connection, he was invited to attend an afternoon tea that featured a young University of Arizona music major who sang for the group. Augustus fell in love with Annie B, the singer, and they were married, and two girls were born. Dot, the youngest, was 18 months old when her father died of the disease.

Annie B, now a young widow with no immediate family, was alone in Arizona with two young girls. Her mother-in-law, Dot's Grandmother, reached out to the family. "Sell your house, pack up, and move in with me in Atlanta." They did, and took up residence in a modest Atlanta home with Grandma, an aunt, and her father's younger brother, John. John was working for Southern Bell during the week in Tennessee, but returned to Atlanta for the weekends. Dot said that Uncle John was especially nice and her favorite uncle. Eventually he was assigned to the Bell Atlanta office and became a permanent resident of the household. Annie B and John fell in love and were married just before the World War started. Uncle John was now stepfather John!

As mentioned, the home was modest, and soon was to become more crowded due to the war. An aunt from New Orleans and her two girls joined the family, followed by another uncle's wife and their son, who moved in from Texas. Their husbands were off fighting in the war. Dot said it was a bit crowded! They only had one bathroom, but lots of fun and loads of excitement with five young children and six adults having the time of their lives. She said that every Saturday, the children were taken to the movie matinee so the adults could get some peace and quiet! Dot said that all the children were tucked in on an enclosed porch that extended from the back of the house. The sleeping porch became a sort of dorm for the five young children. Her mother had attended secretarial school, and Uncle John got her a job as a secretary at the telephone company.



After the war, her brother John was born, and the family was transferred to Augusta where her new Dad was in charge of the Augusta operations. There, Dot graduated from high school and the University of Georgia with a degree in education. She taught in both Atlanta and Birmingham before deciding that her life needed more adventure while she was still single. Seeing a newspaper advertisement for American Airline stewardess training, she applied and was accepted into their training school in Dallas, Texas. After completion of training, she asked for assignment in Atlanta but was assigned to the New York City flight operations, flying from the three airports that were the New York hub. She was living in Queens with other flight attendants when she met Elmer Modla, a school teacher from New Jersey. Elmer was the youngest son of a Slovak family that had 12 children---he was the baby. Dot remarked that after their marriage, she had sisters-in-law that were her mother's age. They settled in the family hometown of Wallington, New Jersey, a small community populated mainly by Slovak and Polish people, very ethnic with lots of family support. Four children were born, and her husband became principal of several Saddle Brook New Jersey schools. Dot returned to education as a 4th grade teacher at the local Catholic School after the children grew.

After her husband's death, she relocated to Springfield, New Jersey, to be closer to her daughter, since the three boys were off to college and careers of their own. Her son, Jacob, a lawyer practicing in Rock Hill, had convinced his younger brother, Beau, to come south and attend Winthrop University. True to the family teaching tradition, Beau is currently Assistant Principal at Dutchman Creek Middle School. The other brother is Superintendent of a Vocational Career School in New Jersey.

The boys said: "Mom, we have a perfect place for you to retire, and it is back in the South where your life journey started." So, Dot Modla packed up once more, and has been a Towers resident for almost two years. Living here is a perfect fit with family, grandchildren, new friends, and St. Anne's Catholic Church close by. She still has plenty of energy and was always at the top of the sign up list for outings and most of our special activities. What a fascinating life story, Dot. Thanks for sharing!

Ed FitzGerald

In Loving Memory:

*Jim Ardrey
Dick Cadugan
Frances Leitner
Aileen Wallace*

THE SAGA OF THE DINING ROOM

'Tis the last week of May in this year 2020.
Changes in our lifestyle have come – a great plenty.

A renovation of the dining room was started last
spring,

And we all wondered what the results would bring.
Our short-term dining room had become Heritage
Hall

As we endured loud drilling noises, pounding and all.

We survived the time of all the construction

That had created for us quite a disruption.

But then all was still, and the dining room reopened.
It was updated and beautiful, just like we were hop-
ing.

It boasted new tables and chairs much easier to man-
age,

With conversational seating that was quite an ad-
vantage.

All went well for the first few months of this year,
With new menu options from Chef Rick, whom we
hold dear.

But, alas, something has happened to this grand new
place.

It has become silent and dark – a truly lonely space.
There are sounds of voices from the kitchen at the
back,

And of the good smells of cooking there is no lack.

But COVID-19 has forced yet another big change.

The wait staff now far and wide have to range

Up and down the halls to serve us our food,
Passing right through the dining room – this is not
good!

I wonder if it hopes that we will come back again.
I know I do -- Do I hear an Amen?



**Nancy
Anderson**

Contributions

Employee Assistance Fund

In Memory of: James Ardrey

Genevieve Brandel

Ed FitzGerald

Spencer and Lib Anderson

Jody Rankin

In Memory of: Vernon Sumwalt

Jody Rankin

Endowment Fund

In Memory of: James Ardrey

Dot Kerr

Dicksie Ward

Elliot Close

James Hardin

William and Mary Weaver

Lynn Hornsby

Sig and Judy Huitt

Laura Thomas

Sue Nazak

In Memory of: Richard Cadugan

Ed FitzGerald

Lynn Hornsby

In Memory of: Frances Leitner

Dicksie Ward

In Memory of: Aileen Wallace

Lynn Hornsby

Katherine McKinney

Sig and Judy Huitt

General Fund

In Honor of: Physical Therapy Department

Hiram Hutchison

Employee Christmas Fund

In Memory of: Jean McPoland

Ed McPoland

Capital Campaign

In Memory of: Vernon Sumwalt

Frank Kiser

News You Can Use



Maintenance Committee: Many residents are to be commended for what they are placing in the blue tubs in the "chute" rooms. As a reminder, the blue tabs are there for residents to place newspapers, magazines, discarded mail and flyers, etc. Additionally, light cardboard boxes (with the bags or inserts removed) that have been flattened, they also may be placed there as long as they lie flat in the tub. Larger, heavy cardboard boxes that will not fit in the tub when flattened, should be flattened also and placed between the tub and the wall. **NOTHING ELSE SHOULD BE LEFT IN THE CHUTE ROOM.** All large shipping type boxes should be placed

outside of the apartment door and a phone call made to the front desk requesting that maintenance pick them up.

All styrofoam food containers and cups with lids, and any discarded food should be **PLACED IN A PLASTIC BAG, TIED TIGHTLY SO NO FOOD CAN COME OUT, AND DROPPED DOWN THE GARBAGE CHUTE.** All **PIZZA BOXES** should be dropped down the garbage chute also.

All metal and glass bottles and containers, and all plastic containers with the number 1, 2, 4 or 5 inside the triangle on the bottom of the container, should be placed in the recycle barrels in the hallway in the basement.

Discarded flower pots, picture frames and other items that are being thrown away should be placed in the dumpster located in the basement loading area.

Thank you for your continued efforts to help the maintenance department deal with the things that we no longer want. **Charles Ives, Chairman**

Wellness Committee: It was so nice to receive the exercise sheets. Exercising in our apartment is not as much fun as doing it as a class but it is good for our wellbeing. Looking forward to seeing everyone in Heritage Hall when we are permitted to gather again. **Sue Nazak, Chairman**



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 July is **June 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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