



# WESTMINSTER TOWERS WINDOWS



CONTINUING CARE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

Vol. XXXI No. 07

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[westminstertowers.org](http://westminstertowers.org)

## Fighting the Virus Blues with Outdoor Exercise

We have been fighting this “virus” thing and lockdown restrictions for over three and a half months! The isolation, fear and lack of social contact have been devastating for many Towers residents. Yet out of these depressing conditions, many of our residents have found ways to cope.

They have found that getting outdoors was the way to burn off the cobwebs of severe restrictions. So what did they do outside the facility to keep their mind and body fit?

### #1—Become Farmers:

The 12 raised garden beds, just outside the basement door, are now exploding with flowers, vegetables, and herbs. Our resident gardeners are Spencer Anderson, Lorraine Hernandez, Janice Gardner, Van Chambers, Mary Alice Mitchell, Jody Rankin and Ed FitzGerald. What these residents have achieved is truly amazing! When you stop by for a visit, you will find tomatoes, squash, zucchini, cucumbers, radishes, eggplant, onions, and even a blueberry bush currently producing ripe berries. There is a vast array of herbs such as dill, thyme, rosemary, lavender and parsley. If you are doing some special cooking in your apartment that requires these herbs, contact one of the gardeners and they will provide them fresh from the earth. Several of the beds this year are devoted to flowers. Recently, several Tropical



Milkweed plants were introduced to attract Monarch Butterflies. This butterfly species is an endangered busy pollinator that will help with the fruiting of the vegetable plants. When you walk the garden paths you will see sunflowers, marigolds, asters, zinnias, queen trumpets, sweet Wil-

liam, verbena, and many other colorful flowers bringing joyful beauty to the 12 beds. Come, sit on the garden bench, relax and reflect on the gift of creation. Meditate a bit on the sanctity of the Towers and how the staff has worked tirelessly in keeping us safe from Covid-19.

#2—Become Walkers: I have never before seen the number of residents walking the campus—certainly a result of the virus! There are many routes walked, but the most popular is the complete loop around the Towers and the Health Care Center. One trip is a third of a mile and a safe place to stretch the limbs, elevate the heart rate, and deep breathe some fresh summer air. Many walk several times

a day doing many laps. You will find brisk pacers, folks with canes, and even those using walkers for support! Here is a list of the known energetic residents showing us a way to fight the virus blues: Spencer & Lib Anderson, Bill & Louise Bell, Anita Bennett, Imogene Blackmon, Pat Bramer, Robert Calhoun, **Continued on Page 3**

## Bronze Star Recipient

Anyone who served in the Armed Forces in Korea remembers the COLD, bone-chilling cold. As Wayne Major and I looked through pictures of his service years, beginning in 1950, we see a smiling, carefree young man in his twenties, married for only a year or two, when he was drafted into the Army, serving in Artillery. He remembers the weeks of trigonometry as part of his training, working his way up to “chief computer.”

It took a month to get to Korea by way of Japan for supplies. But the daily training did not stop – learning the coordinates for the big guns, filling out endless paperwork, etc.

Wayne’s treasure trove of memories includes photos of his quarters in the easy-to-dismantle tents with a stove on each end to ward off THE COLD. (Picture the tents seen in the television show, MASH.) Snow piled waist high outside, surrounded by rivers of water and freezing mud. Troops had to be prepared to move with the artillery at any moment. One photo catches a direct hit so close that it kicked up snow, sand, and stones, sending troops ducking to avoid the impact of a “too-close-for-comfort” attack by the enemy.

Such is the change-over from normal life as a fairly recent newlywed to war in all its manifestations in Korea in the 1950s. Wayne’s treasures

include a star for each of the three battles in which he fought, and the coveted Bronze Star with the citation that reads in part: “Sergeant Harold W. Major, Artillery, U.S. Army. Sergeant Major, Artillery Survey Specialist of Field Artillery Topographic and Meteorological Detachment, 8221<sup>st</sup>

Army Unit, is cited for meritorious service in connection with military operations against an armed enemy in Korea during the period of 15 July 1952

to 4 August 1953....superior performance and excellent qualities of leadership....ability, technical knowledge and devotion to duty....meritorious service rendered....reflects great credit on himself and the military service.”

Wayne just remembers the COLD – especially the on guard duty all night in pitch dark. “What about the element of fear while on watch?”

“Fear of your Sergeant was greater than fear of the enemy sometimes,....especially on guard duty.”

The exposure to the elements and faithfulness to duty, however, developed into a life-

threatening case of pneumonia for Wayne. He was put on a stretcher and loaded into an ambulance carrying other severely wounded soldiers. His cot was slipped into a four-tiered slot of the ambulance. Three other wounded and bleeding soldiers were in cots above him. By the time the hospital was reached after dodging exploding rounds, Wayne was fully covered with the blood of his fellow soldiers to the extent that doctors thought he was dead upon arrival.

Still, the work of computing the coordinates for the big guns meant continuing to go into the field and survey for accurate attacks against the enemy. Doing the head work for on-target attacks, remaining calm and concentrating in the midst of a round was the norm for war in weather that was 45 degrees BELOW freezing and rainy, which continued for one whole month. These were the war time conditions in Korea.

Among the faded photos were pictures of friends and fellow soldiers with whom Wayne served. Pictures of his fellow companions....some with bright eyes of bold expectations....others with reflective eyes of what was to come, looking into a future which would not be theirs.

After the war was over and Armistice had been declared, Wayne’s duties included teaching the Koreans how to survey for major guns.

Lighter, more enjoyable aspects of his





wartime experiences included being entertained by the USO that brought over entertainers like Frances Langford and Mickey Rooney and lesser known entertainers to sing, dance, bring moments of welcome relief, and trigger memories of home for the soldiers.

After the war, Wayne returned home to his bride, Frances, a master seamstress, and together they raised a family of a boy and girl. Wayne worked in sales for the National Biscuit Company. Later in life, he worked for Keebler. Today the desserts of life come through his son and daughter, three grandchildren, and ten great-grandchildren. Wayne has been living at the Towers for about a year and enjoys being near his son, whose family lives on Lake Wylie.

In looking back over his long, productive life,

Wayne says that he is probably one of only a few people these days who can remember when a one-pound box of Premium Saltines sold for only TEN CENTS.

**Carole Partridge**



### Continued from Front Page:

Mary Doty, Wendell and Nancy Anderson, Juanita Eising, Janice Gardner, Marie Graham, David & Bev Henriquez, Lynn Hornsby, Arlene Jenkins & Barney, Davis Kirby, Alan LeForce, Jerry Lopez, Betty Love, Vera McSparin, Glen & Sharon Miller, Dot Modla, Peggy Moore, Sue Nazak, Ruthann Poore, Pat & Sheila Quinn, Jody Rankin, Gordon & Donna Reese, Claudia Smith and Ron Weisburg. If you are a walker and I failed to list you—my apologies. Surely, we



will be restricted for a while so consider joining the walkers.

#3---Bike Riders: Sadly, I am the only resident currently riding this 1/3 mile loop. I generally ride at mid morning. Nine times around takes about 25 minutes and gives me a brisk 3 mile ride. I wish there were other riders. Don Hunt said that he may like to bike ride, so who knows what will happen? It is an exhilarating feeling when you complete your

last lap after speeding down the hill near the gardens.

**Ed FitzGerald**



## Meet the Virginia Colonial Dames and the Virginia Cavaliers

A Colonial Dame was a Virginia lady whose ancestry dated back to the Revolutionary War. Now it's just a nice lady from Virginia. The Virginia Cavalier represented one who supported the English monarchy, but today represents gentlemen who support the University of Virginia football team.

**Tom and Claudia Smith**, who moved here about nine months ago, were from Virginia and proved the axiom, "Virginia is for Lovers," when the two met on a date in Norfolk, Virginia. Tom was a native Virginian from Lancaster County and Claudia's dad was in the Navy in Norfolk, where she was attending Old Dominion University. Smith is an old English name and Virginia is the birthplace of many Smiths, including my mother. None, however, are related to Capt. John Smith, as he never married. Tom passed several months ago here in the Manor.

**Mary Alice Mitchell**, another Virginia girl, was surprisingly born in India. Her father, an agriculture teacher, was sent by the Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church to India to teach farming to Indian citizens who were settling reclaimed desert land. The most important thing he stressed was to plant trees, trees, trees as the temperature rose to 120 degrees there at times. When the family returned to the US, they lived near Harrisonburg and in Lynchburg, VA, in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley framed by the Blue Ridge Mountains. She met her future husband, a future pastor, at Erskine College in SC. They married and returned to Spotswood near one of the prettiest towns in VA, Lexington, the home of Washington and Lee University and the final resting place of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Her first daughter was born there in Gen. Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson's home, a temporary hospital at the time. Stonewall was a cousin to another Virginia girl's family, **Janet Jackson Yocum**.

**Selma "Sellie" Brandt**, is a Virginia girl who grew up in the Shenandoah Valley in the Blue Ridge Mountains in Charlottesville, where she went to school. She graduated from the University of Virginia where she met her husband. They embarked on the most interesting life, as he worked in the foreign service and she as a library

ian/teacher all over the world from Egypt, Afghanistan, to South America. A life that dreams are made of.

**Ed and Lana Harding**, When I called the Hardings and spoke to Lana telling her I was doing an article on the guys and gals from VA, she broke into a song singing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia." A bit of nostalgia for both of us. Lana was born in Arlington, VA, near Washington, D.C. and Ed was born in Charlottesville, VA. How did they get together? Both families moved to Waynesboro, VA, and they met on the bus to high school. They both moved on to study for their careers, Lana to Richmond, VA, where she graduated from Johnson-Willis Hospital School of Nursing, becoming an RN, establishing a family tradition. Her daughter became an RN and Ed's mom was an RN. Ed went on to Military School in Greenbrier, VA. They met again and romance bloomed and they married December 21, 1963 and have lived happily ever after. They had two children, a girl and a boy, and lived in Virginia for 38 years until Ed, whose career was in textiles, was transferred to Maine. But that is a story for another day.

**Janet Jackson Yocum** was born in Covington, VA, nestled in the Allegheny Mountains. My father, his father, and family were all born there and stayed there until WWII when some went into service and my father was called to Portsmouth, VA because his skill as a master pipe fitter was needed in the war effort. They were building aircraft carriers, sometimes as quickly as in nine months. I went to school there, but we never lost our love for the mountains and returned as often as the war allowed. My family were cousins to "Stonewall" Jackson, but that and \$2.00 will get a cup of coffee.

**Marshall Doswell** was the editor of the newspaper in Covington, called *The Covington Virginian*. Our paths did not cross until I moved here and we discovered our connection. **Steve Ellsworth** was an executive at West Virginia Pulp and Paper, where members of my family worked for years. So I'll close by humming "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia." Stay tuned and you might meet the **Maine-iacs** of Westminster Towers next time. God Bless.



## Have You Considered....

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

### **Oh My Goodness!!!**

What a revolting experience to discover the faults you thought belonged to your spouse are really your own.

I was to go from Surfside Beach to Durham on Monday for a writers' workshop. My wife, Alma, had gotten a ride to our home in Gaffney on Sunday morning, leaving me at the beach house alone.

This was going to be a new experience. All the responsibility was mine: cleaning and closing the house; packing my clothes and books; and loading TV, boxes of food and fruit, and bags of dirty clothes in the van.

Having never driven from Surfside, SC, to Durham, NC, I also had to study my map to figure route and time.

For others, this would be a simple task. But knowing my ability to turn the simple into the complex, I planned every detail with a determination to do this job with finesse and success.

Sunday afternoon and evening, I worked hard and then went to bed with the confidence of a West Point cadet ready for inspection. Such efficiency would surely avert any possible foul-ups.

Monday morning, at the exact time I had planned, I headed for Durham. Cruising up the interstate listening to stereo music, I felt good about myself. What a virtue to be so organized. If only Alma could have seen this. I could hardly wait to tell her about it.

Miles had gone by and Durham should be close. Suddenly a tidal wave rolled over my sea of tranquility. The road sign read, "Durham - 94 miles."

I looked at my watch and made a hurried calculation. Panic struck. At best, I was going to be 50 minutes late for my workshop.

"Keep calm!" I kept saying to myself aloud, but I couldn't resist the urge to drive a little faster.

That was a mistake, of course. A car pulled in front of me and I had to brake quickly.

Now books, apples, carrots, dirty clothes, and cases were mixed in one huge pile. The sight was sickening.

Puffing, hot and embarrassed, I made the afternoon session of the workshop, except for the first hour.

Later, when I arrived at the home of friends with whom I was staying, a second tidal wave struck.

I dug under the pile in the van and found my suitcase, but I couldn't find my hanging clothes.

I dug deeper. No luck. The truth became obvious. I had left them in the closet at the beach house.

What a day and trip this had turned out to be!

Now, this was not the first time I had ever experienced being late or forgotten clothes. But, before, I had always been able to convince myself that Alma was to blame. She made us late. She forgot the clothes.

These were her faults; not mine.

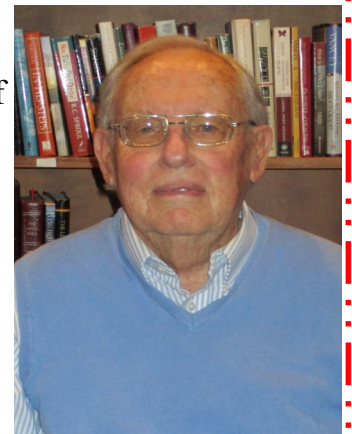
Now the truth was in. It could not be escaped. Alma was not involved, but I had been late and also forgotten clothes.

The biggest tidal wave of all was the discovery that these faults I had so long thought were hers, were actually mine.

What a revolting bit of news!

When I first started up the road to Durham, I could hardly wait to tell Alma how efficiently and punctually I had handled this trip.

As it turned out, waiting to tell her was the easiest part of the whole experience.



**Dr. French  
O'Shields**

## Open Letter to Chef Rick (With Tongue Planted Firmly in Cheek)

Dear Chef Rick,

We have lost track of how many days we have been in quarantine, necessitating that the staff deliver our meals to our room. We would like to express our sincerest appreciation for the extra effort it has taken every member of the staff in the planning, preparing, and presenting of our nourishment every day – including the hall patrol, properly masked, with bruised knuckles from knocking on our doors. It has become obvious that nothing has been left to chance. This is the mark of true professionalism.

Now that we have fully acknowledged your educational and professional aptitude in the sphere of the kitchen (not to mention the charming smile in the hall, which promptly squelches any voluntary negative comments on feedback), may we get down to the unspoken nitty-gritty?

Our Dear Chef Rick: There are a few of us (although, if truth be told, not many others have been consulted on this matter) who would like to ask for a special favor or slight adjustment to the menu. We request that you write down these items on a smart sheet and attach it to the refrigerator you open most frequently. Our request is this; that we never see another Harvard Beet nor an Artichoke of any size, color, or poundage...EVER AGAIN...ON ANY MENU.

These two vegetables may be healthy. The colorful Beet does brighten up the plate and titillates the palate. The color matches the red velvet shoes worn at my first prom. The shoes will be cherished forever after. NOT SO THE HARVARD BEET!! Now the Artichoke is a vegetable



of another LESS welcome hue on the plate and/or color palate. It looks slippery and slimy, similar to the overfed dead fish in the kindergartner's fish bowl. The stringent aroma confirms it. I remember one of my parents commenting, "The artichoke is a tasty, expensive treat, My Dear!"

Herein lies the perfect reason to whittle down the budget and elimination of costs better spent on other vegetables.

This letter is not meant as a criticism or open rebellion...just a gentle nudge in one or two areas to avoid underground rumblings of mild, but sinister, discontent. Taking the current length of our quarantine in mind, would the elimination of these two exceptions be a hindrance to your high standards of creative cookery?

When all the stats come out about the Coronavirus, as serious as they are, we would not wish to be embarrassed by statistics which listed several residents' names on the critical list as having eaten foods which tried their patience beyond the point of toleration. We seek to protect your professional reputation as long and as discreetly as we can. All of this stems from our sincere affection for you and your staff. We hold up great hope as to the Great Vegetable Debate.

You may ask WHY this mild suggestion wasn't addressed in person rather than by written correspondence. One reason stems from the fact that some of us have genteel voices, who frown upon shrill complaining as being against our Southern principles and heritage. The other reason is that discarding, ignoring, or avoiding the negative voice prevents it from gathering influence and power for change. CHANGE is the policy we seek with regard to BEETS and ARTICHOKEs. Need we say more? I speak for a pitifully silent majority.

*Carole Partridge*



## ELECTIONS – PHILIPPINE STYLE

One day nearing election time in the Philippines, two missionary moms came to the Bible school campus where we lived to work on Vacation Bible School materials. While I did not have a role to play in that endeavor, I decided I could help out by taking their children and ours to the beach, which was about a mile away. So, I, along with six kids and our cocker spaniel dog, Happy, piled into our van and headed for the beach. (Wisely, we had sold our German shepherd and gotten a much smaller and pig-friendly pooch!)

We were having a great time. The kids were splashing and playing in the water and the dog was running up and down the beach. I was enjoying the shade of a palm tree and keeping a close eye to be sure no one went out too deep, etc. I noticed an outrigger boat beyond the kids with several men sitting in it. They were looking intently at a house that was behind me on the other side of the road that ran parallel to the beach.

All of a sudden, shots rang out! I realized that the men in the boat were shooting at someone in the house literally right behind where we were. I quickly called to the kids to come, and, miraculously, they responded immediately and piled into

the van. But Happy had not heeded my call, so I ran down the beach to get him. When I returned, two men were sitting in the back seat, and six children were staring at them with big eyes.

I realized that they were trying to escape their political opponents who were in the outrigger. They were rather insistent that I take them with us “just as far as we were going.” But I was just as insistent that I would not take them, telling them that missionaries were admonished not to take sides in political issues. (Happy hadn’t gotten that message, however, as he wagged his tail and was very excited to see them.) We seemed to be at a stalemate for a while, but then they finally got out and quickly disappeared behind a building.

You can imagine I didn’t waste any time getting back to the campus, where I delivered the soggy kids back to their moms and related what had happened and why we had returned so quickly. I felt I had acted very bravely as I had gathered the kids and the dog and confronted the men. But after getting back, I discovered that something had happened to my knees! They felt all wobbly and weak for a while. It was then I learned that political conflict is weakening – both then and now!

**Nancy Anderson**

**Birthday Surprises!** These displays appeared on the south lawn and on the dining room patio in celebration of Sue Nazak and Betty Jo Rhea's June birthdays. Creative ways to say Happy Birthday in a time of pandemic lock down at the Towers.

**Ed FitzGerald**



## Angels and Heroines Among Us

Angels walk among us unseen. Luke 4:10 says, "God will give Angels charge to guard you." The lady looks like us, is about our age, gray hair, petite, a warm friendly smile, a very pleasant person, a loving mother and grandmother. She came to us from a small town. She lived alone in her home since her husband passed away a few years ago. The town was a safe, a no-need-to-lock-your-doors type of town, where you knew almost everyone and your neighbors loved and cared about you. Your newspaper reported no crime to speak of and your policemen were your fellow churchgoers. On one particular night, she had gone upstairs to bed but was not yet asleep and heard a noise downstairs at the back door. It sounded like someone trying to get in. She turned on the lights, looked out, but saw no one. She had a cup of tea and went back to bed.

Thinking it over, she thought someone might have been trying to break in but left when she turned on all the lights. She got her husband's pistol, a Smith and Wesson, which she had never shot, and loaded it. She wondered if it would even fire. She decided she would sleep downstairs in the living room rather than upstairs in her bedroom. Nights later, she awoke and heard someone in her house going up the stairs. She got up quietly, got the gun, did not turn on any lights, and waited near the bottom of the stairs.



She couldn't see him as he came down, because it was so dark and he was dressed all in black, but he had on white gloves. She raised the pistol, aimed for the white gloves, and shot him in the hand. He screamed, "No, no," and ran, leaving a trail of blood on the stairs and through the kitchen as he ran out the back door. She called the police. He had to go to the hospital and said he had injured his hand with the lawnmower that afternoon. The nurse recognized the gunshot wound and called the police. He was arrested and his DNA taken from her home matched DNA from three crime scenes where three vicious rapes had occurred. The police had no suspect matching the DNA from the early crimes. Now they did. He was arrested. The investigation was completed and the trial was over a few months ago. Found guilty, he was given a long prison term. The police called her their hero and hugged her. When they returned her gun they had a present for her – a box of

hollow point bullets! Her family decided they would be happier to have her close and here at Westminster Towers. Remember in your prayers to give thanks for Westminster Towers, a safe Christian home with wonderful people who love and care for us. Give thanks for this amazingly brave, heroic lady and the angels who were with her on that fateful night. I know you want to know who she is. She is your neighbor. God Bless You.

**Janet Yocum**

## Minute Story

A wise teacher once said that every good story had to have four things: a little royalty, a little sex, mystery, and suspense. She instructed her class to write a short story with all of the above elements. Little Leroy picked up his pen and in less than a minute, his story was complete. Miffed, the teacher said you can't be done. "Yes, Ma'am," he said. She couldn't wait to collect the stories and of course his was the first she read. It read as follows: "The Duchess is pregnant! I wonder who done it? The end."





## The Drone

On Grandma's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday the family decided to have a party. They said they would rent a room where I lived and give a party. Grandma said well no, that's not what she wanted.

"Humph!" they said, "What do you want?"

"I would like to go to the mountains in Blue Ridge, North Georgia."

Grandma said she would pay for white-water rafting, tubing on the river, and a swanky lunch at the Brass Town Valley Resort, a beautiful hotel and golf course with a wonderful buffet. Well, the family decided that was not too bad.

All 14 of us made the trip. We rented a house on the Ocoee River. It

was 80 steps down to the river and 200 back up, or so it seemed. Twice a day the mountain viewing scenic railroad train came by. Corey, my

grandson, and his dad brought their new toy, a **drone**. Everyone loved it. They would stand on the deck and send it down river, to follow the train or snoop on the neighbors. Great fun. The day they were going whitewater rafting, the drone sat in the corner charging. Corey came in and asked Grandma what she, Aunt Judy, his mom, and Aunt Jaynee were going to do while they were rafting. Well Grandma was feeling kinda frisky and fresh, so she said, "I think I will fly the drone." Corey's eyes got wide, but he did not say a word, he just went outside and in a few minutes he came back in, unplugged the drone, and I suspected locked it in the trunk of the car. Grandma had no intention of flying that thing. I was scared of it! Grandma, Judy, Jaynee, and his mom, Cathy, were going shopping. A grand time was had by all while the drone rested in the trunk and Grandma shopped. God Bless You **Janet Yocum**

## Resident Association News

Due to the continuing virus restrictions, our June 3<sup>rd</sup> Quarterly RA Meeting was cancelled. At this quarterly meeting, the newly elected officers are installed for the coming year. As the meeting was cancelled, the Nominating Committee, led by Charles Ives, mailed a ballot to each RA member for the election of new officers. On June 3<sup>rd</sup>, a meeting of staff and the Executive Committee convened, the results of the election were announced, and the new officers installed. Social distancing was observed at the installation. Spencer Anderson is the new President, replacing retiring President Lynn Hornsby. Jody Rankin will assume the office of Vice President, and Nancy Anderson (no relation to Spencer) will become Secretary, replacing retiring Betty Spradley. Ed FitzGerald will continue as Treasurer. Hearty thanks to Lynn and Betty for their service on the Executive Committee.

We had a fairly successful March dues solicitation, with over 85% participation by residents. A late summer appeal will be made to the small cadre of residents that have either forgotten, or are just procrastinating a bit. For them, now is the time to tuck a \$5 bill in an old envelope and forward it to Ed FitzGerald, RA Treasurer. The current cash on hand is \$1150, and the committee is looking for suggested expenditures that would enhance life at the Towers.

All of us have had a struggle with the needed restrictions imposed on residents in order

to secure our living spaces from the virus. We have been amazed at the caring and thoughtfulness of a staff adjusting to the new "Quarantine rules", an ever changing environment, as well as the needs of isolated residents. One anonymous resident was so touched by staff, that they made an unsolicited donation of \$600 to the "Employee Appreciation Fund," if the donation was matched. A second resident pledged \$1,200 to the same fund. In a day the committee members wrote checks for \$700 to meet the match. The result was \$2500 going to the fund in recognition of our special staff! What a beautiful way to express our appreciation for the uplifting care shown daily by our Towers employees? Thank You!



**Incoming Resident Association Officers**  
**Left to Right: Jody Rankin, Vice President;**  
**Nancy Anderson, Secretary; Ed FitzGerald,**  
**Treasurer; Spencer Anderson, President**

## **Age, Exercise May Boost Memory**

(CNN) -- "You're not getting older, you're getting better." New research shows this traditional compliment may be true when it comes to memory, especially for someone who stays in shape.

Recent studies indicate that a simple exercise routine helps put the brakes on memory loss. And one aspect of memory automatically improves with age, according to a new book.

### **Like body, like mind**

What you do to improve your physical health may actually go to your head, according to Dr. Antonio Convit of the New York University School of Medicine.

"We thought that we were born with a brain and that brain degenerated as we aged until we died," he says. "Now we know that there are many triggers that make parts of the brain regenerate themselves."

One of those triggers may be linked to your fitness level.

"Cardiovascular exercise that's done over a longer period of time will tend to reduce the amount of tissue you lose as you age," says Stan Colcombe, a researcher at the University of Illinois-Urbana.

That includes brain tissue, and losing less of it may mean keeping more precious memories.

Colcombe was part of a team of researchers at the University of Illinois who looked at MRI scans of people 55 or older and discovered dramatic differences in their brains. The people who were physically fit had gray matter in better shape.

NYU's Convit found that losing weight can also improve memory function.

"[Losing weight] will improve how you regulate your glucose, and we have shown that improved glucose regulation is associated with better memory."

Dealing with blood sugar poorly not only affects one's ability to remember but also the size of one area of the brain.

Convit found that individuals with poor glucose regulation had a smaller hippocampus, the

part of the brain dealing with memory.

Bodybuilder Arnold Schwarzenegger may have benefited twice from "total recall," but it doesn't take hours in the gym to improve your memory.

Moderate cardiovascular exercise, such as a brisk 30-minute walk a few times a week, should do the trick, according to the University of Illinois-Urbana study.

### **Improve with no effort**

Problems remembering names or appointments, while unpleasant, means trouble with only a small part of your memory, according to Dr. Barry Gordon of Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine.

"A much larger and more important kind of memory is the one that does our thinking for us," said Gordon, author of the book "Intelligent Memory."

"Intelligent memory" works in different parts of the brain from the memory that recalls a spouse's birth date or a friend's name. And intelligent memory grows with age.

Intelligent memory helps people figure things out faster and sparks creativity. It does this by storing memories and skills learned over time.

The brain then uses this knowledge to help it learn automatically by itself. This makes it easier to understand situations and solve problems very quickly -- sometimes even subconsciously.

As you age, intelligent memory increases because it has added a lot of data to a person's memory storage, Gordon says. So, getting older may mean getting wiser.

"It won't guarantee it, but it's the only way to make it happen," says Gordon. "Socrates said there are no boy philosophers. You cannot become wiser without experience."

Unfortunately, intelligent memory doesn't help you remember where you put your keys, says Gordon, but "it will teach you to put your keys in the same place every time."

### **Find this article at:**

<http://www.cnn.com/2003/HEALTH/10/17/improve.memory/index.html>



# Contributions

## Employee Appreciation Fund

### **In Honor of: WMT Employee Appreciation**

Betty Spradley  
Frank Kiser  
Buzz Benson  
Spencer Anderson  
Lynn Hornsby  
Jody Rankin  
Ed FitzGerald  
Lynda Thompson  
Pinky Funderburk  
Anonymous  
Hulic and Nancy Ratterree  
Robert and Sarah Jefferies Calhoun  
Joanne Cauthen  
Juanita Eising  
Derek and Kathy Nichols  
Fay Reynolds  
Genevieve Brandel  
Spencer and Lib Anderson  
Barney Blackwelder  
Arlene Jenkins  
Ernestine Howard  
Sharon White  
Patricia Marshall  
Ed and Lana Harding  
Sheila Fleming  
Louise Whitfield  
Ron Weisburg and Cindy Dekun  
Anonymous  
Ruthann Poore  
George and Esther Jackson  
Dot Kerr  
Gerard Lopez  
Patrick and Mary Quinn  
Gaylon Syrett  
Westbrook Family  
Bonnie Sallis  
Harold Kent

## *In Loving Memory:*

*Eleanor Patton*

*Selma Brandt*

# Contributions

### **In Memory of: Jean McPoland**

Ed McPoland

### **In Honor of FitzGerald & Rankin Wedding**

Jody Rankin  
Ed FitzGerald

### **In Memory of: Frances Leitner**

Jody Rankin

### **In Memory of: Pretty Bird Funderburk**

Jody Rankin

## Endowment Fund

### **In Memory of: Frances Leitner**

Sig and Judy Huitt  
Lynn Hornsby  
Joanne Cauthen

### **In Memory of: James Ardrey**

Joanne Cauthen  
Edward Grimball  
Sara Jones  
Johnny and Martha Barnes

### **In Memory of: Aileen Wallace**

Joanne Cauthen  
Ernestine Howard

### **In Memory of: Pretty Bird Funderburk**

LaReine Chapman

## General Fund

### **In Honor of: Westminster Towers Channel 99**

Barnes Family

## Employee Christmas Fund

### **In Memory of: Jean McPoland**

Ed McPoland

# Thank You!



## News You Can Use

**Wellness Committee:** Exercise is essential for our well-being. We are very fortunate to have a variety of programs available to us thanks to Jason and staff. Pick one of the daily classes or go for a walk in the great outdoors. Exercise also increases our energy level so get up and get moving! **Sue Nazak, Chairman**

**Library Committee:** Our thanks to Jody Rankin for the wonderful book report on Pigs on the Patio and thanks to Sylvia Holley for being her inspiration. Jody has graciously, as she has done so often in the past, donated the book to the library for your reading pleasure. Thank you to Janet Yocum for the donations of Michael Connelly's #1 books: Redemption, Fallen, The Burning Room, and best of all, The Long Road to Mercy, her Mother's Day gifts. Thanks to Carlos and Janice Gardner for their generous donations and Sue Nazak also. **Donna Reese, Chairman**

**Food Service Committee:** Our continued thanks to Chef Rick for his diligence providing us coffee and a light breakfast item, snacks, and varied meals delivered to our door. No easy task. He and the administration are attempting to reintroduce us back to our dining room. It will be a challenge to meet the CDC recommendations for our safety and accommodate everyone who can transition, those in self-quarantine and those under restrictions because they had to leave campus. We look forward to this time to eat with friends and see those we have missed. We appreciate all the staff and their hard work. **Dot Modla, Chairman**

## 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 August is **July 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: **Spencer Anderson** President and CEO: **Jim Thomason**; Editor and Director of Life Enrichment: **Jennifer Allen**

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