

WESTMINSTER TOWERS WINDOWS

CONTINUING CARE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

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westminstertowers.org

hello
August

I'M FINE



There's nothing whatever the matter with me.

I'm just as healthy as I can be.

I have arthritis in both my knees,

And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.

But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

I think my liver is out of whack,

And a terrible pain is in my back.

My hearing is poor, my sight is dim.

Most everything seems to be out of trim,

But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

I have arch supports for both my feet,

Or I wouldn't be able to go down the street.

Sleeplessness I have - night after night,

And in the morning, I'm just a sight.

My memory is failing, my head's in a spin.

I'm peacefully living on aspirin.

But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

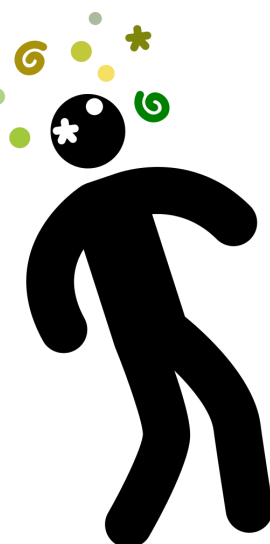
The moral is, as this tale we unfold,

That for you and me who are growing old,

It's better to say, "I'm fine," with a grin

Than to let them know the shape we're in.

Author Unknown



CoolClips.com

The Maine-iacs Among us at Westminster Towers

Fi”

Janet Yocum: My husband, John, was at the University of Florida in 1951, but his summers were spent on active duty at Reserve Officers Navy Training Centers. Upon graduation in 1956, he was inducted immediately into the Navy. Where would you like to be stationed, the ever-accommodating Navy inquired. “Jacksonville, Pensacola, or Miami,” John replied. Within the

Nancy Anderson: Nancy was born in Jamestown, NY. When she was five, her father, a pastor, was asked to serve in Franklin, Maine. He pastored three churches in the neighboring area. It is located east of US 1 near Ellsworth, with Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert Island, and Acadia National Park nearby. Franklin is surrounded by beautiful lakes, gorgeous foliage in the fall, and wild blueberry fields in the summer. Winter is another story. When a Nor’easter would blow salt in from the ocean, it would freeze on their windows. Nancy attended a one room school. In the winter, the children would take turns huddled around the pot-bellied stove for warmth. When it was too cold, she would just stay home. Nancy lived there until she was ten, long enough to attain some of Maine’s best attributes: independence and self-reliance, a good character, and a life-long love of Maine.

Lew Fallon: I lived in Maine and New England and recognized his distinctive Boston accent. When I first met Lew, I asked him what part of Boston he was from. “How did you know?” Well duh! Lew was born and lived in Dedham, MA, a little southwest of Boston, until he joined the Marines in 1952. He trained at Camp Lejeune in North Carolina and then went immediately to Korea. Thankfully he made it back, as 40,000 did not and 100,000 more were wounded. In 1952, he was ordered to the US Naval Base in Kittery, ME. He served as a guard for the US Naval Prison located there, where the worst offenders and lifers were housed. He never lost his love for the Marines, the Boston Red Sox, nor his Boston accent. “Semper



week, we received orders to Kittery, Maine. John had never seen snow. John didn’t see much of the prison (thankfully), but he spent two winters in the bottom of dry docks working on submarines. Our first venture was to go to Fenway Park to see the Boston Red Sox and Ted Williams at the 4th of July double header with Mickey Mantle and the New York Yankees. I lived in New England many years, but never lost my southern accent either. Déjà vu! We are two residents here who lived and served at the same command, the US Naval Base in Kittery, ME. Lew’s wife didn’t like the cold and the snow and they lived in the beautiful town of Winter Park, Florida, for

40 years. When John’s career ended, we lived in Florida for 40 years also. John didn’t like cold and had seen all the snow he wanted to.

Ed and Lana Harding: There are only two roads going north in Maine: US 1 up the coast, where Nancy lived, and I-95, to where the Hardings moved in northern Maine. Ed’s job in the textile industry transferred them from their native Virginia to near Skowhegan, ME, almost to the Canadian border and not far from Waterville, ME. Ed knew immediately that I knew where they were

living when I could pronounce Skowhegan. Another clue was Ed's cane. If you have not seen it, ask to see it. It is a treasure, beautifully crafted, made just like a saw of beautiful pine. (Maine is the Pine Tree State.) It was made in Thomaston, ME, at a very popular shop in Maine State Prison's woodshop. I too had been there (as a shopper of course). For the record, the prison is not "Shawshank," Stephen King's wonderful story about a Maine prison.

Arlene Jenkins: Arlene is a true Mainer, not a Maine-iac as I jokingly called my little Maine grandchildren. She was born in the small northern village of New Portland, ME, not to be confused with Maine's largest, most cosmopolitan city further south called Portland. New Portland is known for its famous wire, one-lane suspension bridge. It was built in 1866 to cross the Carrabassett River and later restored. It is the last bridge

of its kind in Maine and thought to be the last one in the US. Arlene overcame circumstances and hardships, through no fault of her own, which many of us have never experienced and can't imagine: the untimely death of her father, the instability of her mother, and the eventuality of foster homes. Arlene became educated, an exemplary citizen, wife, and mother, her brother's keeper, and a professional RN for over 40 years. Her love of Maine, its values and heritage, the loving care of one set of foster parents, and her bravery sustained her. Because of her hardy strength, convictions, her ability to overcome, endure, her Yankee fortitude, independence, and self-reliance, she prevailed. Arlene is a truly remarkable person. If you haven't met her, please do. You will be glad you did. God bless you. And God bless the USA.

Janet Yocum

Rebuttal to July Issue: Open Letter to Chef Rick (With Tongue Planted Firmly in Cheek)

We have been in quarantine for three plus very long months until recently permitted to visit a medical provider. During those looong days, we were and still are so appreciative and blessed by each and every one who has gone the extra mile to satisfy "a bunch of old people!" The daily, and now weekend-only, coffee cart run was a nice way to start off yet another long day. My cat always looked forward to sitting in the doorway to greet the girls (when he wasn't sleeping), wondering if they had brought him a treat, until he said, "Oh well, not today!" He still sits by the door listening for the girls until he can't stay awake any longer, but he still sends them "purrs."

Now, there has been a trial for "Harvard Beet," his roots go deep! The prosecution wants to put him away, but he firmly stays "grounded" by the defense, who stated after all he is from Harvard even though at times he just feels the need to be "plain beet!" He also has "great respect" for artichoke but says at times he can leave a "crisp" taste in the mouth (taste buds) until you get to his heart, while at other times he just likes to sit and marinate.

Oh well, enough said by Harvard Beet, we hope this trial has whet your appetite (Er, palate) for the truth, or is the jury still "out to lunch?"

Tastefully Submitted,
Arlene Jenkins
July 18, 2020

A Writer's Dream

Lewis Grizzard, author of over 25 books, Georgia's favorite humorist, and columnist once said that writing a weekly column and getting paid for it was wonderful, but it was like being married to a nymphomaniac: "great for a little while but soon got tiresome."

Janet Yocum



MUSINGS ABOUT RACIAL ISSUES

I lived in three northern states when I was growing up – New York, Maine, and Michigan. The only black contact I had was with one kind elderly couple who attended our church during my high school years in Michigan. I trained as a nurse at West Suburban Hospital in Oak Park, IL, and all 80 of my classmates were white, as were my classmates at Wheaton College, where I received a BA in Nursing Education.

Following graduation, I moved in with my parents, who lived and worked at Philadelphia College of the Bible, in the inner city. I took a job at a nearby hospital, and, for the first time, was caring for many black patients. I was teamed up with a black nurse, who was excellent at her job. One day I found her in the break room crying her eyes out. I asked her what had happened, and she related that a new patient had refused to let her take care of him because she was black, and he was from “below the Mason-Dixon line.” I spent time affirming and comforting her, and I exchanged patients with her.

Because of our interaction that day, we became closer, and finally I dared to ask her a question about something that had been troubling me. I wanted to know how I would recognize if a black patient were to become oxygen deprived. It is easy to see a blue tinge in white people, but I surely didn’t want to miss that sign in one of my black patients. Her response was simply that she couldn’t explain it, but that I would know when I saw it. And she was right. Not long after that, one of our male black patients went into cardiac distress and a greyish aura formed around him, which I recognized as the sign that he was not getting enough oxygen. I was so grateful for the talk we had had!

Years of missionary service in the Philippines had us relating to and befriending brown people, rather than black. Some years after we returned to the States, however, we moved to the inner city of Minneapolis. We literally had red, yellow, black, and white living on our block. A large fourplex on the corner housed several Hmong families. In the house next to us to the north, an elderly black grandmother lived with her daughter and her teenaged son. They were great neighbors and it was easy to have a friendly, reciprocal relationship with them. Alas, the grandma

died suddenly while she was playing the piano at her church, and the family had to move. A white group moved in after they left, and it wasn’t long before police had to be there to deal with fights, drugs, etc.

In the house on our south side, a black single mom (a veteran) with two boys and a girl lived. The kids were preteens at the time she moved in. Next to her on the other side was a white single lady, who had a big flower garden. One day she invited the girl over to work in the flower bed with her. All went well until the mom came home, and I heard her yelling at her daughter to get herself home right away, as she had no business going to a white lady’s house! Sadly, as that girl and her brothers became teenagers, they grew more and more aloof until they would no longer speak to us. I felt bad about that, as we had tried to be friendly.

A black pastor and his family lived across the alley and down several houses. One night late, I heard a knock at our back door. When I peered out the window in the door, I saw a smiling face, which I recognized to be that of the pastor. When I opened the door, he informed me that we had forgotten to close our garage door and he was letting me know that, as he didn’t want anything to be stolen. I thanked him profusely.

I had the privilege of speaking at length with another black pastor at a conference some time after these incidents. We talked about racial relations and how hard they were, and I related the garden story to him and how we had tried to be good neighbors. He explained that the amount of anger and hurt among his people is very big, and to date, many have been unwilling to let go of it and desire reconciliation. We ended up praying together and giving each other big hugs. He was a great man!

I will forever be grateful for hearing one black woman in Charleston relate the history of the Gullah people – former slaves who built many of the edifices in the area. She talked of the hardships they had endured, their secret way of signaling each other, their unique language, their incredible and beautiful hand-crafted baskets, etc. She also talked about the Heavenly Father of us all. She reminded us that we have *our* story and the Gullah people have *their* story, but, in the end, it is all *HIS* story, and it is ok. It was so obvious that she

had moved past the hurt to see her God as bigger than it all. I was very touched as I listened to her, and I wanted to go thank her and give her a hug, but I knew I would blubber all over her if I did!

Racial reconciliation is difficult, and it takes a willingness on all sides for it to happen. That is what the pastor and I prayed for that day

after we talked. All of us have been painfully reminded recently of how much prayer and work are still needed. May the Lord grant us grace to value all people who are made in His image equally and treat them accordingly.

Nancy Anderson

My Epiphany

I always thought I knew the meaning of that word, sort of. I learned it came from the ancient Greek word meaning “manifestation.” I knew the Epiphany was a sacred holiday celebrated by my Christian Greek Orthodox friends. It was a celebration of the Baptism of Jesus by John the Baptist and observed on the 6th or 7th of January. My Italian friends called it “Little Christmas.” An epiphany can have a range of meanings. A revelation that is life changing, an intuitive grasp of reality, or a revealing, meaningful event.

Every year, our grandchildren from Maine came to spend part of the summer with us at Camp Grandma’s. It was a time totally dedicated to fun. This particular day, we were going to the beach at Anastasia State Park at St. Augustine Beach, Florida. We chose that beach because it was beautiful and safe, manned by a lifeguard. Grandma couldn’t go swimming because she had a sore toe. Grandma and Grandpa set up in front of the lifeguard. Matt, age nine, and Molly, age six, ran to get into the water while Grandpa and I sat in our chairs.

They were the only two in the water for a while. Soon, an African American day care arrived with about 35 children, ages six to ten. My kids were thrilled. Kids their own age to play with. Soon, Matt teamed up with the nine- and ten-year-old boys and Molly had

found six-year-old girls to play with. They were having a grand time. Grandpa wandered off somewhere, and I realized if the grandkids got into trouble, I would be the one to help. So I called to Matt and said, “If you get into trouble yell and Grandma can come to rescue you.” Matt considered this for a moment and said, “Grandma, how will you know it’s me yelling?” How, indeed! My two little pale-faced kids from Maine who looked like they hadn’t seen the sun all winter with their Yankee accents. My epiphany! If my grandson did not see color or ethnicity and had not a scintilla of prejudice, neither would I, EVER. So now I see only friends, hearts, Christians, loving the same God and what joy it has brought me over the years. My grandson will be 34 years old this year and has not changed one bit. I was the child singing in the Baptist Sunday School. Red or yellow, black or white, they are precious in HIS sight. Jesus loves the little children and the big ones too. As an old lady who taught Sunday school for years, I taught the same song. God bless each of you, red or yellow, black or white.

Love, **Janet Yocum**



Happy 72nd Anniversary to Madeline & Harry Hazen!

Love & Virtual Hugs from Ken,, Elaine, Robert & Lia

June 25, 1948



THE TOWERS BUBBLE BRIGADE



"I'm forever blowing bubbles...
Pretty bubbles in the air..."



Silent, but present...A.M. and P.M....Sunrises and sunsets are beautiful. Even more beautiful when seen through fragile circles of soap and water...multiple colors...blue, red, purple, yellow. Seeing a sunrise or sunset is the blessing of the day. Seeing it through the rays of light, air, soap and water, especially when we are discouraged or disenchanted, is a delightful blessing indeed.

No blowing of air is necessary with these wands. Just pretend one is on the conductor's podium of various symphonies, marches or military order. Wave the imaginary baton (the wand) in the standard rhythms of a 3/4 count of a Strauss waltz or the 4/4 count of a good Sousa March and be amazed at the beauty of a fragile bubble...large or small...with the colors of a rainbow encircling it's delicate arc.

Depending on the wind at the moment, one swoop of the arm will fill one's balcony or propel a shower of magic, upward, downward, or to one side or the other....circles of color...bubble on bubble...or a large, lone wanderer headed for the tallest tree, causing the predator hawk to blink before the bubble explorer disappears with a pop. One shower of magic produced a shoal of delicate colors to float, bob and weave a half block away where it greeted a lone walker with a moment of wonder and ecstasy at its color and brevity.

Bubbles are not mysterious...just soap and water combined, filled with air to just the proper degree to lift it off the wand.

Bubbles are a gift of whimsy, appreciated by only a few. They bring a smile of private delight

In the memory of first discoveries in the lives of children when they are small. They also bring back memories of our children or "grands", or "great-grands" making the magical discovery of bubbles for the first time.

The wonder of discovery and innocence shine on their faces as they reach outward and upward to capture this delicate magic, not meant to be held or felt.

In our second childhood we relish the thought of not having to share with anyone else the magical wand. A little liquid soap, like Dawn, mixed with water will replenish the tube and covers the wand any time more is needed.

A scientist could lecture us on how and why this phenomenon takes place; but it would not add to the joy of these fragile moments that pop out. If the Holy Spirit is sometimes described as "The Breath of God", we invite His presence into our lives as a special gift of God's life, love, and faithfulness during these pandemic times when the breath of man carries with it unseen bubbles of death.



"Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with Life anew."



Carole Partridge



BEWARE OF THE RAZOR BLADE BANDIT

Life in the Philippines can be exciting at times. I have a vivid memory of a bus ride in Manila. I got on the bus wearing a new pair of trousers, fresh from the tailor, and found a seat on a side bench quite near another gentleman. Then things became a bit strange when a young man got on the bus and squeezed himself down between me and the man on my right. It was uncomfortable, but close quarters are not that unusual in the Philippines.

The bus moved out, and things got stranger. The young man put his right arm behind him and began energetically poking his hand in the direction of my back pocket! I figured he was after my billfold, but all I had in that pocket was a handkerchief and a small *Gospel of John* booklet to give someone if the opportunity presented itself. I never carried a billfold in the Philippines, and my money was in a small pocket the tailor had sewed into my waistband.

Then things became exciting. We arrived

at my destination. I stood and got off the bus. But as I felt my back pocket, I discovered the bottom was in shreds. (I later learned that some pickpockets used razor blade pieces under their fingernails to slice a pocket so the billfold would drop out.) Remember, my pants were new! Now I was

ticked! I turned around and got right back on the bus, walked up to the young man, offered him the booklet and told him if that he wanted a *Gospel of John* so badly, he could have it. Hardly the best missionary motivation!

I don't remember if he took it, but at that point, I turned to see a bigger guy in a white shirt coming down the aisle from the front of the bus with an angry look on his face, and I was aware that the folks around

were clicking their tongues – common there when people are becoming upset at what is happening. I quickly concluded that the better part of valor was to get back off the bus, figuring it was sufficient just to have my pants shredded! (I later was told that these guys work in pairs.) Anyway, that was the end of my missionary work for the day! ☺



Wendell Anderson

Miss Liberty

Miss Liberty, also known as Betty Jo Rhea, made a surprise visit in the lobby on the 4th of July. Betty Jo was Rock Hill Mayor for many years. During her tenure she always made an appearance, in full costume, as the Statue of Liberty at the famous "Johnsonville" neighborhood, 4th of July parade. The Mayor would be prominent on a float, in a convertible or just standing in the bed of an old pickup truck. What a good sport she was and was always a parade favorite! Please note that besides her torch, she is holding a copy of her recently published autobiography, *I'm Not at Liberty to Say*. Mrs. Mayor now resides in apartment #504. Her book will be reviewed in the September *Windows*.

Ed FitzGerald



Passing of Pretty Bird

On Monday, June 22, Westminster Towers lost one of its most celebrated residents. Pretty Bird Funderburk resided in apartment #208 with his best friend, Pinky, for over 9 years. He was a male cockatiel, a small parrot native to Australia. His passing was a shock to Pinky and a mystery, as these birds have a longer life span than his 9 years.

Living with a Cockatiel is like having a college roommate. "He was a great pal," Pinky remarked, "and became an intimate part of my life. We did have our moments though, but it was generally a happy relationship."

Pinky's sister recommended a Cockatiel as a companion. Pretty Bird arrived very young and needed special feeding and perch training. They soon bonded and became a constant pair in the Towers, walking the corridors, getting mail, doing laundry, shooting pool in the 5th floor lounge, and working out in the fitness room. Pretty Bird loved being out and about and recognized familiar residents by whistling one of his favorite tunes for them. He had a distinct personality and could easily communicate his feelings and moods—sometimes happy, sometimes sad. If left alone for an extended time he would play "hard to get" when Pinky returned! He would constantly promote the offering of his favorite food treat, millet. It was like chocolate to him. Sharing fruit and cooked egg white with Pinky was the way their day usually started, a happy time in their relationship.

His behavior was most protective and curious. If a visitor was in the apartment and eventually approved by the bird, he would light on their shoe and try to untie the laces. One of his joys was riding on Pinky's shoulder when they had the vacuum cleaner out. He loved the sound and even rode on Sandra of Housekeeping's shoulder, when she



came to clean the apartment. They became good pals, and she would babysit him if Pinky was away. Often he would travel a short road trip with Pinky resting in his elaborate cage. He also became an expert paper shredder and master of hiding these

paper strips in the most unusual places. It might have been his nest building instinct, Pinky thought. Pretty Bird had a remarkable sense of time. Every afternoon at exactly 4PM he would fly to the top of the cage, and there he would wait for Pinky to start a drumming sound. After listening for a bit, he would engage in an elaborate dance routine. The dance would then evolve into a loud bell ringing session with a small bell that was

mounted on the cage. At 5PM, he would enter the cage and slowly walk up a ramp to his perch and settle in for the evening. Pinky would cover the cage, move it to a small half bath in the apartment, wish him goodnight, shut off the light, and close the door. In the morning he would still be poised on the perch awaiting the arrival of his best friend.

Pinky remarked that he had an uncanny ability to sense how he was doing. Once, when Pinky was ill and in the bed, Pretty Bird flew in the bedroom and "stayed on the bed with me all day." Now that is truly a concerned pal.

The day of his passing started off as usual with a shared breakfast, some play, and the standard visit to the fitness center, for a 30 minute workout while he sat perched on Pinky's shoulder. Later in the morning, he started to make very unusual sounds and fell from his best friend's shoulder to the floor and was dead! Rest in peace, Pretty Bird, you will be missed by all.

Note: Pinky thanks all those residents who made expressions of concern and support after the loss of Pretty Bird.

Ed FitzGerald

Resident Association News

In July, we have seen many changes in operations at Westminster Towers. This has been possible due to many hours of discussions led by Jim Thomason. The two groups working on these changes were Senior Management and the Residents' Association Executive Committee.

Those changes include the following:

1. Changes to the quarantine restriction.
2. Changes to the quarantine for medical appointments.
3. Reopening of some common areas.

For more detailed information, please refer to the July 1, 2020 report.

In June, we started a campaign to raise funds for our employees. This was started by one person who wanted to remain anonymous. The campaign ended on July 22nd. We raised \$14,815, with 94 donations. Those funds will be distributed as soon as the Visa gift cards are available. Thanks to all that made the project a great success.



Spencer Anderson, President

News You Can Use



Wellness Committee: With all the high temps and heat index, this is a good time to stay indoors and take advantage of the A/C exercise classes in Heritage Hall. It's good to have Jason back. Remember to stay hydrated. The "dog days of summer" are with us. **Sue Nazak, Chairman**

Library Committee: The floor lounges are now open and your library committee has been working on those libraries. The 2nd floor is now in very good shape with quite a number of David Baldacci's, John Grisham's, and Michael Connelly's books as back up to the lobby library and a nice assortment of new popular books, including Jan Karon, Mary Kay Andrews, Mavae Binchy, and Bill O'Riley books. We have added quite a few new men's books to the 6th floor: Cleve Cussler, Brady Thor, and Tom Clancy. For the ladies, additional Danielle Steel and Nora Robert's books. We will be working on the 4th and 5th floors soon. BOLO (In police terms: "Be On the Look Out") for two missing books: Lord of Discipline by Pat Conroy and Julie Andrew's new biography. As we used to say in the country, they have turned up missing. Thank you. **Donna Reese, Chairman**

Windows Committee: The committee and chairman would like to take this opportunity to invite new residents and interested residents to join our committee meeting when it is held in August. We welcome you and your ideas and inputs. We have been unable to hold meetings because of the virus, but with the opening of Phase II, we can invite you. We will all be wearing our masks and following the distancing rules. An invitation will be extended to you in August and we hope to see you. **Linda Lenz and the Committee**

The Food Committee: With Phase II and Part B, fewer people are now quarantined and can join their friends and neighbors in the dining room. This will give residents greater food selections and more social time during this stressful virus event. Thank you to Jennifer Luke for giving us an opportunity to have frequent restaurant selections. She literally goes the second and third mile for us, and we appreciate you Jennifer! We have enjoyed our ice cream treats! **Dot Modla, Chairman**

“The Tiny Flower That Blooms at the Towers”

There is a tiny flower that is almost lost and unseen
It grows among the clover and the grass that is green.

It brings glory to God, our Almighty Creator.

It blooms in the beautiful green lawn
Of Westminster Towers – where I belong

And where I am now confined –

So that I won't catch or spread

The deadly virus – which seems so near.

Thus far, we are blessed and kept free, without fear.

Though we who are older – past thirty-nine –
Are more than likely than the younger folk they say,

To catch the deadly thing – So I am glad to stay

Most of the time – in my room – alone

As secure and safe as is possible for me to be!

I know for sure that I am kept by the power
And in the loving care of my Father in heaven.

He is Almighty – He is wise – He is strong.

No virus – no bug – no disease – no wrong

Can touch my body or make me ill

Without the knowledge of my Father and His
Sovereign will.

My God, my Lord, my Master loves me so.

It is good and comforting to know

That the Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth
Is wide awake all night. In fact, He never sleeps.

It is His joy and pleasure – He always keeps

All of His children – His people on earth.

We believe that our God is a God of mirth!

I am reminded by the blossom of the
tiny flower

That He makes and controls all things
every hour.

The deadly virus cannot cause me to
fear.

My Father is keeping me each moment

In His loving care!

So as I take my daily walk around the
Towers

I am filled with Joy and Love and
Peace!

I am glad to take some time, as I walk
each day

To call upon my Father and continue to
pray,

For all my friends and my family, too
Whole lives have been badly disrupted
By the deadly plaque, I pray, my Father

That you will do for each of them,
What You are continuing to do for me!

May each one of them come to know
Your love, Your Joy, Your Peace.

Keep them well! Keep them strong! I pray.

And when all of this is past and gone,

And we all again FREE – to do and be

All that we desire – may we then see

That we are living in a beautiful world

That our Father in heaven has made

To each one of us who put our trust in Him

He gives His special care and love.

He pours His love into our hearts!

We love Him with all that we are and have.

And He helps us to love one another!

Instead of a curse, He made the plague a blessing

May He find us each day happily expressing

Our joy and peace, because the God of heaven

Is our Father – That Jesus His Son is our wonderful
Saviour.

That His Spirit has come and is alive in our in our
hearts.

Each day He gives to each one of us a new start!

I hope that each one of my friends who live at the
Towers

Will enjoy the tiny lavender-blue flowers

And rejoice to know that the Father's care is ours!

The steadfast love of the Father forever endures

For Jesus Christ is God! And Jesus is yours!

Poem by: Gene Craven

The tiny lavender flower is named “Blue Field Madder”



Contributions

Employee Appreciation Fund

In Honor of: WMT Employee Appreciation

Marlene and Andy Crowell
Lloyd and Joann Twedt
Jean McMath
Ann Geier
John and Amelia Stone
Catherine Slattery
Elisabeth Cunningham
John and Louise Clinton
Dorothy Modla
Betty Worrell
Mary Alice Mitchell
Van and Norma Chambers
Carlisle Family
Patricia Bramer
James Pinochet
Virginia Dunn
Barbara Gladden
Susan Nazak
Lorraine Whaley
Buice Family
Karen Kennedy
Louise Ardrey
William and Louise Bell
Mary Gettys
Anton Knopfler
LaReine Chapman
Catherine Darby
Angela Wiggins
James Doswell
Irmgard McGonagill
Feemster Family
Charles Ives
David and Beverly Henriquez
Wendell and Nancy Anderson
Anonymous
Carole Barber
Patricia Kissiah
Carole Partridge
Carlos and Janice Gardner
Ruth Burton

In Loving Memory:

*Betty Martin
Howard Barber
Charlie Westbrook*

Contributions

Employee Appreciation Fund

In Honor of: WMT Employee Appreciation

Gene and Imogene Blackmon
French and Alma O'Shields
Ruth Page
Ray Damron
Janet Billey
Jody Rankin and Ed FitzGerald
Betty Allegetti

In Memory of: Howard Barber

Genevieve Brandel

In Memory of: Yvonne Crockett

Spencer and Lib Anderson

Endowment

Joanne Cauthen

In Memory of: Aileen Wallace

John and Martha Barnes

In Memory of: Eleanor Patton

Dicksie Ward
Brad and Ann Randall
Sig and Judy Huitt
Lynn Hornsby

In Memory of: Selma Brandt

Ernestine Howard

In Memory of: Betty Martin

Anonymous
James and Joyce Hamrick

***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.***



Above: Visual Poetry Artwork by Juanita Eising



Right: Flowers from the Resident Gardens



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 September is **August 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, Lou Ardrey, 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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