



**WESTMINSTER
TOWERS**

WINDOWS



CONTINUING CARE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

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westminstertowers.org

A Note from our CEO

Life has a way of humbling all of us and putting us in our place within the created order. While we are all taught to learn from history as a society, we rarely take the lessons of history. We frequently learn the hard way through our daily experiences. In the hard times, we anticipate and hope for a speedy relief from our pain and problems.

COVID-19 has brought so much suffering to people around the globe, young and old. It has impacted us individually, our families, our relationships. It has affected our children and their education, our economics. We could go on and on, but...

However, if one believes Holy Scripture that God works in all things, as the Apostle Paul declares in Romans, we must look for how God is working in the midst of the problems and pain of this pandemic.

God's working, not God's causing. God is working in us, calling us to see how He can make us better, how He can shape us in good ways, in these challenging circumstances and devastating days. Only seeing the angst of COVID-19 and its limits on our lives is to allow this pandemic to have its hold on us, not only medically, but also emotionally and spiritually.

God can work for our good in all of life, even this pandemic, if we are but open to and allow Him to do so. Younger people may have a harder time seeing good out of struggle, but as we get older, we see it more naturally ... like in the outpouring of family love when we experience the death of a dear loved one. The death might crush us; the love of family will lift us.

So, what can we get from COVID-19 as we live together in community at Westminster Towers? Even though we struggle with the restraints of daily living, with the aggravation of social distancing when it is hard enough to hear one another already, with the muffled conversation through a mask, with the steam on eyeglasses when wearing masks the right way, and with not being able to hug and hold those we cherish.

Maybe, just maybe, as we focus on what we do have, in the midst of this hardship, and look for the good God is working in our distress, we will see some treasure from this trial. Perhaps, we are learning more about ourselves - our need to realize we are a part of this world with its limitations and mold ourselves to this reality. Limitations of life and struggles can season us to be better persons in some ways, and even cause us to reach out to others in new ways.

I think the Apostle Paul gives us sound advice that only comes through hard living, not the easy kind of living... maybe, just maybe, there is something positive and good for us all to learn in this.

"We also have joy with our troubles because we know that these troubles produce patience. And patience produces character, and character produces hope. And this hope will never disappoint us, because God has poured out his love to fill our hearts. He gave us his love through the Holy Spirit, whom God has given to us." – Romans 5:3-5

Jim Thomason



Betty Jo Rhea, Resident and Author

When I sat with Betty Jo and discussed her interesting life and her recently published book, "I'm Not at Liberty to Say", she emphasized the importance of air conditioning. To her the growth that our city and surrounding areas were experiencing would have been impossible without air conditioners. In the late 1960's, the South was engaged in dramatic change: corporations and people were on the move heading south. Textile manufacturing and cotton farming were under unrelenting pressure and moving off shore. Her story is a story of shattering change and she, the first woman mayor of the city, is the central character and narrator of what was to occur in Rock Hill, South Carolina.

Elizabeth Josephine Dunlap was born on June 18, 1930. Her father James, a doctor, had a very successful downtown medical practice, hospital, and was also resident physician at the massive Rock Hill Printing and Finishing textile plant. Her mother, Caroline, Catholic and from Philadelphia, had met him and married James, when her Dad was a hospital intern, recently a graduate of the Pennsylvania Medical College. Betty Jo grew up in a large Rock Hill home her father had built a few blocks from the Towers on land where Earth Fare now sits. She often worked at the downtown office or the doctor's office in the home. She said that her father loved bringing babies into the world!

She attended Winthrop Training School and eventually left for two years at the Catholic boarding school: St. Genevieve of the Pines in Asheville. It was time for some good old catholic training her mother said. After a year at Barry College, a Catholic women's college in Miami, she returned to Rock Hill and married the best looking man in town, Jimmie Rhea. They were a dynamic couple, raised three children,, and were very active in leadership roles, both civic and political. The children grown, her political calling arrived when



she was asked to become a member of the city Parks, Recreation, and Tourism committee. She served on this board for 9 years distinguishing her as an active, hard working participating member. She was appointed by the city manager to the National Parks and Recreation

Association board where her knowledge and experience expanded. Serving on these committees whetted her appetite for additional civic leadership and opened her eyes to the realization that the city was about to experience unprecedented growth; she ran for an open seat on the City Council, won and served for 8 years.

In 1985 Betty Jo ran for election as mayor and won a decisive election. Her campaign was simple and straight forward: "Betty Jo For Mayor. She's Experienced, She Gets Things Done, She's Involved, She's Versatile, She's Dedicated". The message was very clear: Betty Jo was first a woman, and a woman who knew how to get things done. Running for mayor was a tough battle with the "good old boys" who promoted the lingering controversy about the recently constructed Cherry Park and Sports Complex. She pulled off victory with 53% of the vote!

During her 12 years as mayor she was the force behind much of the growth Rock Hill was to experience. The Economic Development Corporation was and still is very active in creating small to medium sized businesses. This city was consistent in sending the message that it was open and supportive of business growth. Tech Center and several business parks were established. Local support and sports tourism were promoted nationally, with the success of Cherry Park and its softball tournament complex. She saw clearly that the city understood the importance of sports tourism and was a city that understood and knew how to promote and support successful national and regional events. The city has followed her leadership plan with the development of Manchester Meadows Soccer complex, the Velodrome and BMX bike complexes, and the "Riverwalk" development of commercial, residential and walking trail along the Cataw-

ba River. The recently completed Rock Hill Sports and Events Center is the culmination of her leadership while at City Hall.

Betty Jo said that the key to success at being a mayor was dedication to hard work, getting to know her constituents, and establishing a solid and trusting relationship with the City Managers, staff and important community stake holders. In Max Holland and Joe Landford, city managers during her tenure, she was able to develop a team that had a vision for the future, its impact, and develop a plan to meet these challenges head on. These men knew how to organize city and volunteer person power, where grant money was available and had staff that could capture necessary development funds. Under her guidance the gateway to the city was upgraded, the arts were thriving, and her natural enthusiasm was being recognized at both the state and national level. She was recognized as leading a city that was both economic, sports and tourism driven.

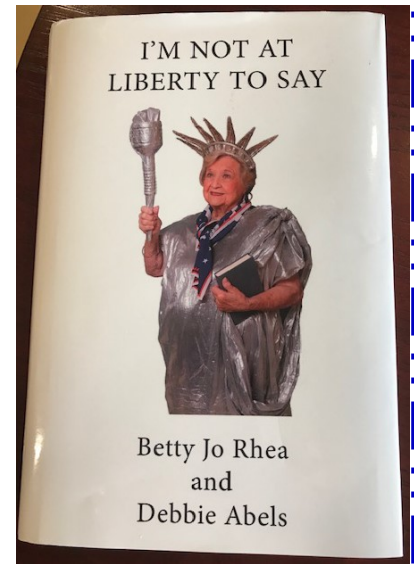
She is most proud of the short but dramatic relationship she had with Martha Piper, the 8th President of Winthrop University. Martha was a visionary and believed it was time for the university to become more closely aligned with the city plans. From discussions with President Piper and the City Leaders emerged a ten-year plan titled "Empowering the Vision". Six planning groups were established and charged with the creation of a strategy that would dramatically improve the city as a responsible and caring hometown for its current and future citizens. All of the important changes that have occurred in our city over the

past 30 years flow from this plan. Sadly, Martha Piper passed away from cancer and never saw the results of her leadership that created the union with Winthrop. The Knowledge Parks transformation of old abandoned textile plants is tribute to the vision that Martha and Betty Jo realized was a possible dream.

She concluded my interview by restating that to be a successful mayor, for her, was working hard, attending all meetings, and always wearing a scarf. Betty Jo was famous for always wearing a colorful scarf.

Early on in the book, she credits her mother for developing this trait. When you see her in the Towers, note that she will be wearing one of her hundreds of colorful scarves. Take a moment and chat a bit with her about politics and she will school you about the need for good government and best practices. It's all in the book. Oh yes, she always rode in the famous Johnsonville 4th of July Parade as the Statue of Liberty. The book is available in the library or may be ordered on Amazon. It is a great read full of events populated by some wild southern characters.

Ed FitzGerald



Have you seen our new flags?

Westminster Towers has new flags flying, and aren't they beautiful?! As you take a walk outside to enjoy the weather, take a moment to stop and admire these flags waving in the wind as well. Maybe say a little prayer for our nation, those leading her, and those defending her.

The Night Visitor

Memories of the birthday party my family had given for me that day swirled in my mind as I sat at my computer writing thank you notes to each of them. It had been a day to remember.

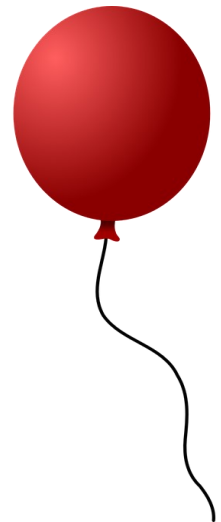
My children were concerned about me because my 88th birthday came so soon after Jim, my husband of 62 years, had passed away. It had been two months to the day...so they wanted to make it special. Because of the restrictions of the coronavirus, we couldn't visit in person, but Jennifer Allen had given my two daughters and granddaughter permission to come to Westminster Towers that morning at 10:00. They left beautiful bags of gifts, cupcakes, and festive balloons at the desk for me to pick up. Then Jennifer arranged for us to meet...I was standing in the dining room at the window and they were on the patio on the opposite side. She presented each of us with headphones and a small microphone so we could communicate more effectively.

Fortunately, it was a beautiful, sunny day with no possibility of rain. Knowing how much I love music, my daughters had asked my good friend, Scott Griffin, to bring his keyboard to play for me. He gave a delightful mini concert on the patio. With his remarkable ability, he first performed variations of the tune "Happy Birthday" as different composers would have written it....Tchaikovsky, Mozart, Chopin, and others. Then he played some of my favorites, including "Great is Thy Faithfulness" and "The Holy City." The unusual performance attracted the attention of those walking by. Several stopped to watch and

listen. Our daughters and granddaughter, caught up in the joy of the moment, were spontaneously dancing and frolicking about. Our cupcakes were enjoyed as I consumed mine standing in the dining room and they ate theirs on the patio. I opened the colorful bags of gifts...thanked each of them...(remarking to Scott how appropriate it was that he entertained me on his 88 keys for my 88th birthday), did a virtual hug and kiss, and they were gone. I was left with warm memories and an armload of gifts and balloons to carry to my apartment to remind me of a day that I will always treasure. They had also emailed me a video of each member of the family sending me personal greetings...something I can look at and enjoy over and over and over.

As I sat at my computer that night, reflecting on the pleasures of the day, I felt a "presence" at my left. It was the most unusual feeling. I knew no one was in the apartment. I have the greatest confidence in the security in our building – but there it was. Unmistakably, there was something/someone inches away from me. I dared to look to my left to see what it could possibly be so close to my side. I slowly turned and saw it – one of the balloons which had floated around the room and was now hanging there...inches from my face. How grateful I was that it was a friendly, non-threatening night visitor!

Lou Ardrey



The Snake Show at "Camp Grandma's"

Molly didn't come this year, just Matt. She was too young. An educational program for the children was to be held at the local library, called "The Snake Buster." The herpetologist brought an array of non-poisonous snakes and Grandma suggested we go early so we could get a good seat up front. Matt agreed. One particular snake, called a Pine Snake, was not happy to be there. He was hissing madly and making lunges at Mr. Snake Buster. A lady had a question and distracted the lecturer, and the pine snake took full advantage of his opportunity and bit the mess out of Mr. Snake Buster. Round One for the snake. I said to Matt, "Shall we go stand in the back of the room?" Matt heartedly agreed. Back we went. We learned that a pine snake is very aggressive and has a bad disposition, as we noticed. He behaves very much like a poisonous snake and is often killed unnecessarily. "Huh," thought Grandma, "count me in." However, we enjoyed our day, survived, and came out of the event unscathed, but had been royally entertained. Several days later, the newspaper had covered the event and Grandma and Matt can be seen pictured in the back of the room.

Janet Yocum

I Wish I Were Like Her

The year I graduated from Wheaton College, I went to Shell Mera, Ecuador, to work in a mission hospital for the summer. Shell Mera had an airstrip, which had been built by the Shell Oil Company some years before. Mission Aviation Fellowship (MAF) had a hangar there to serve missionaries living in the jungle and to bring patients to the hospital when needed. The convenience of having the airstrip nearby was what influenced the building of the hospital in that small town.

I didn't learn much Spanish in the couple of months I was there. But I served in the hospital by assembling surgical packs and sterilizing them and being the scrub nurse for surgeries. And I learned relevant words to help in labor and delivery. Since we didn't have enough nurses to staff the hospital at night, one would be assigned to be on call, and relatives, who always stayed, would ring for help if an emergency arose. To be on call required Spanish comprehension, so I was not ever assigned that task, but did care for infants overnight.

On one of my days off, I was given the opportunity to fly with an MAF pilot in a little yellow Piper Cub plane to a jungle base where he was to deliver goods and mail. He flew us directly over an active volcano and pointed out a sandy shore along a jungle river, commenting that it was the last place we could make an emergency landing until we reached the base. As we neared our destination, he circled the grassy air strip to be assured that there were no dogs, chickens, or children on it. He also warned me that he had to come in low and put his wheels down on the very first few feet of the strip in order to stop by the end! Taking off was the same. He taxied to the very back of the strip, put our tail almost in the bushes, gunned it, and we barely skimmed the trees on the other end. I think I picked my feet up to help us over the top. Whew!

While working at the hospital, I stayed with Everett and Liz Fuller, a doctor and nurse medical team, and their six children who lived in a large home on the hospital compound. Liz was a beautiful and gracious lady, an efficient nurse, and a wonderful mother to her six children. At the first meal I ate with the family, she looked carefully at the four boys and said to

one of them, "Danny, turn your shirt around." He promptly obeyed while she turned to me and said, "There are four sides to a shirt, front and back, inside and out, so there is no need for a child to be at the table looking dirty."

It was obvious that she was loved by the local people, even though she murdered "the Kings Spanish." Even I as a non-speaker of Spanish could tell that her accent was atrocious. But that didn't matter to the many folks who found their way into her home. I remember one little Indian lady in particular who visited regularly. She would arrive with an egg or some other small gift for Liz. She only spoke a dialect and not Spanish, so there was almost no ability to communicate between them. But Liz would treat her like royalty, give her tea and goodies, and sit and smile at her. Soon she would leave, but she would always say a phrase at the door as Liz hugged her, which, of course, she could not understand.

Some time later, however, Liz repeated the phrase (she had memorized it because she had heard it so much) to another missionary who spoke that dialect. This is what that little lady had been saying every time she left, **"I'm going now, but I will come again, because I like myself when I'm with you."**

Can you see why I titled this "I Wish I Were Like Her?" What a gift to give people if, after having spent time with me, they could feel better about themselves! I realize I often fall far short of achieving that, but it is a worthy goal, not only for me but for all of us.

Nancy Anderson



We brought the mail

The Boomerang

Matt made it known to Grandpa and Grandma that he wanted a boomerang. Grandma vaguely knew what that was, but never had one. It was a V-shaped piece of wood, light, made for throwing; and it was predicted to return back to you. Grandpa, still a boy at heart, thought that might be fun to play with. We were going to Maine for a visit, so we decided we would get Matt a boomerang as a gift to bring with us. "Well, just where do you go to get a boomerang north of Australia?" Grandma inquired, as Australia was 30 thousand miles away. "Oh," Grandpa said, "The dollar store or the mall." The hunt for the boomerang began.

The lady at the dollar store thought we were just senile old people asking for something from the 1920s. Never heard of one and she dismissed us. On to the mall. There was a store full of junk toys called, "Spencer's;" same response. Grandpa said surely Toys 'R' Us will have it. Surely NOT! Now what to do? Nothing. We could think of nowhere else to look.

Grandma wanted to go to an art show that weekend. Grandpa did not, but he was coerced. Much to his pleasure, I found nothing to buy; but we stopped at a booth that displayed tacky things imported from Mexico and right in front of us was a big colorful boomerang, advertised at only \$15.00. Probably sold in Mexico for 99 cents. Frugal Grandpa whipped out his billfold and gave the young man a ten dollar and a five dollar bill with nary a complaint. Well, there is a first time for everything.

So off we went to Maine and Grandpa and Matt decided to go in the backyard and throw the boomerang. Well guess what, on the second throw, it sailed about 70 feet in the air and landed in the fork of a tree. It obviously did not know it was supposed to return to sender.

Next project: get it down. Grandma refused to have anything to do with that project. A BB gun was obtained and pellet after pellet didn't move it an inch. Grandpa got his fishing pole and attached a heavy weight on the end and threw the line. Same result. As in Aesop's Fable, "The Fox and the Grapes," quoting the Fox, he didn't really want the grapes, "they were probably sour anyway." The two decided the boomerang probably wouldn't have been any fun anyway. The house was sold and the family moved. For several years, we drove Matt by the old house and guess what: the boomerang was still in the top of the tree. Trees grow tall in Maine. Grandpa loved you Matt!

Grandma (a.k.a. Janet Yocum)



What Are You Like?

A lot of Christians are like wheelbarrows – not good unless pushed.

Some are like canoes – they need to be paddled.

Some are like kites – if you don't keep a string on them, they fly away.

Some are like footballs – you can't tell which way they will bounce next.

Some are like balloons – full of wind and ready to blow up.

Some are like good watches – open faced, pure gold, quietly busy and full of good works.



Introducing the new Mr. and Mrs. Ed FitzGerald!



Ed and Jody FitzGerald were married on July 25, 2020. Congratulations to the happy couple!

On the left, we see Ed and Jody at their wedding reception.

On the right, the newlyweds celebrate with a champagne toast at Glencairn Gardens!



Letter to the Rock Hill Herald

Dear Editor: I read with great interest your article about the Mural on White Street picturing the city's motto, "No Room for Racism," in honor of the "Friendship Nine." I am a recent resident of South Carolina, moving here from Florida to be near my family. Not knowing what to expect, I was touched by the beautiful parks, the classic beauty of Winthrop University, the great restoration of downtown Rock Hill, the lovely homes, yards, and flowers. I love the beauty of the old historic churches, but most of all I love the wonderful people of all races and ethnicity who call Rock Hill home. I am an example of how Rock Hill lives up to its motto. I experienced a young African American man running across the parking lot at the bank, not to get in front of me, but to open the door for me. I use a walker. Once, I was outside a doctor's office waiting for the Westminster bus. It started to rain a little. A tiny African American lady drove up in a big Ford F150 truck. She immediately said, "Get in this truck, Baby. (I am 84 years old!) It doesn't matter where you live, I will drive you home." I told her how much I appreciated the offer, but when the bus came they would think this old lady probably wandered off and called the police! I was impressed with young people, black and white. When I went to a restaurant, both jumped up im-

mediately to offer a seat. My daughter said, bored with my amazement, "Mom, we teach our children manners in South Carolina." And so they do.

I am actually writing to make a suggestion. Rather than paint the beautiful mural on the roadway, could the city make a wall in a beautiful park, such as Miracle Park or Fountain Park, entitling it "No Room for Racism in Rock Hill" and paint the mural on the wall. A historic sign could be placed with the story honoring the "Friendship Nine." Put benches nearby for people like me who would enjoy sitting in the park and learning the story. It would be a safe day trip for school children to visit and learn their city's history. It could be a destination for seniors and retirement homes to visit and a major tourist attraction. You see, I don't know the story of the "Friendship Nine." By entitling the mural with the city's motto, it would be inclusive of all. It is disrespectful for cars to drive over the beautiful mural in the roadway. It is a treasure and it is not safe to have children and old folks in the street. The motto would include and honor all of God's children, excluding no one. I know Black Lives Matter, and I know my life matters also, because my African American friends and the citizens of Rock Hill do not let me forget it. God Bless You and God Bless America

Janet Yocum

Do You Hear What I Hear?

In the midst of a pandemic, one falls behind in keeping doctors' appointments. Heart appointments take precedence over the dentist, for example. Where does one work in a trip to the dermatologist? What about the hearing impaired? When should they work in a check-up to have hearing and aids closely examined?

Shouldn't they be checked regularly to maintain balance in the world of hearing?

What is it that we are missing over a period of time?

With hearing loss one learns rapidly to lip read in order to muddle through the routines of the day.

Mouth and nose masks, necessitated by the coronavirus, however, have made it doubly difficult, even impossible, for the hearing impaired, especially for the hearing impaired with mouth and nose covered up by mandate.

So, off to the audiologist, probably sooner than one would have preferred...to test the ears, test the instruments, test the progress or digressive lack thereof. The patient is seated in a closed little room; attached to a conglomeration of wires; then one answers to the soft questioning voice if and when the buzzer goes off and on. More sound has been lost than found. Severe deterioration has been the result of all the tests involved. (Oh, Grief! Another "adjustment" to make in this changing world.)

Upon arriving home, the TV, radio and record players have to be turned down immediately. They were all set twice as high in volume as what is considered NORMAL. Flushing the toilet sounds like the lava explosion of a volcano. One hangs on as the water twirls precariously, then disappears. Suddenly one hears every TIK of the bedside clock, and every TOK of the second hand of the living room clock.

The cupboard has a bold and blaring CREA-EA-EA-EAK. The cabinet screeched angrily and the under sink storage door wailed in two different keys, saying, "Please, spray some oily perfume on my under-counter screech."

Doors, shelves, and cabinets suddenly were all showing off their arthritic aches and pains. "Where IS that oil can with a spout?"

As she walked down the carpeted corridor, her Sketchers flipped double taps equal to Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly combined. Ordinary white culottes swished as loudly as if one were wearing a taffeta evening gown. The dishwasher moaned and groaned with each automatically rinsed layer of glasses and dishes.

A wall of SOUND encloses each entrance and exit. The surprise seemed to be that no one else hears what she is hearing of the newly immediate world surrounding her. The Dining Room's "crowd sound" resembled a giant casino with all machines clashing, bashing, and screaming. How does one know what a casino crowd sounds like? Yes, those sounds are familiar from occasional cruises when one is escorted through the casino in order to find the assigned place of worship. (Heaven help the addicted gamblers and AA alcoholics who are trying to abstain.)

SOUNDS! They tantalize us; they court us with remembered experiences from past loves, hates, fears, schools, homes, people.



What are we listening TO and FOR? Your hearing aids may be fine...not stopped up...not needing recalibration. But there are many sounds out there vying for attention. What are we expecting to hear? Can we distinguish what is normal and necessary from the cabal of dissension, politics, human differences and vocal disharmony also in the background?

Are we listening for God's voice in all the virtual, vocal, instrumental, mechanical noises surrounding us? He listens! He HEARS!

**"In my distress I called upon the LORD,
And cried out to my God;
He HEARD my voice from His temple,
And my cry came before Him, EVEN TO HIS
EARS." (Psalm 18:6)**

Carole Partridge

News You Can Use From the Resident Association Executive Committee

Election: We will not be able to cast our November 3 ballot at Richmond Drive School without incurring a 14 day self quarantine. We are, however, entitled to cast an Absentee Ballot, as we are past 65 years of age. Obtaining an Absentee Ballot and voting by mail is a simple process. First step is to call York County Voter office at 803-684-1242 or 803-909-7194. Your call will be answered promptly by a very pleasant and helpful staff member. Tell her that you are a Towers resident, and they will take the necessary information and immediately mail you an Absentee Ballot application. The application lines you need to complete will be highlighted. A return envelop will be included with the application. Complete promptly and place in mail. Your Absentee Ballot will be mailed to you in early October. The October Windows will carry an article on how to accurately complete and return your ballot.

Flu Shots: Mark your September calendar for Flu shots on the 24th here at the Towers. Shots will be provided by CVS Pharmacy. Flu shots are covered by Medicare. Dr. Anthony Fauci strongly recommends getting this shot, as the Covid-19 continues to threaten our at-large population.

Riverview Clinic: The main location for Riverview Family Medicine and Urgent Care has relocated to a new location. The new office location is closer to the Towers and located at 2450 India Hook Road, across from CVS drug store. The clinic is open 7 days a week, 8AM-8PM, either by appointment or walk in. Phone-803-366-7443. There are no changes to the Riverview clinic located in our basement.

Resident Association Dues: During September the Association will actively solicit dues from the handful of residents that have forgotten or procrastinated in joining our association. Ideas on how we can best deploy our limited resources and improve life at the Towers are welcome. Please contact a RA officer with your suggestions. Thank You.

Ed FitzGerald



News You Can Use



The Library Committee: The Library has received a generous donation of the Bodie Thoene Collection of Christian Historical novels. They are The Zion Covenant and The Chronicles, about the establishment of Israel and related historical events. They are fictional stories interspersed with the historical facts and hardships Israel endured. Bodie's husband, Brock, with a degree in history and education, is a valued member of her team. Her books relate to the coming of Hitler in Nazi Germany and events relating to WWII. They are used worldwide in college history courses. They are riveting, much

acclaimed reading, and we are fortunate to have them. They have been donated by Nancy Anderson and Vera McSparin and are located on the 5th Floor Library. You may take books out on the honor system and return them after they have been read. This is a real upgrade to our library and we welcome them and thank the donors very much. Also, we thank Joanne Cauthen for her donation of a new book by Barbara Bush. Happy reading! **Donna Reese, Chairman**

Windows Committee: We welcome a new member to our committee, Lou Ardrey. Lou is a well-known Bible teacher and is preparing a new study. Lou is also a contributing writer and we are very blessed to have her join us. We think because so many of you have made contributions, the quality of "The Windows" has improved greatly. Thank you for your articles, poems, pictures and witticisms. Keep them coming. **Linda Lenz, Chairman**

A MONKEY ON YOUR BACK!

Our usual watchman at our home, while serving as missionaries in the Philippines, was a dog. But at one time, we included a monkey! Watch monkeys are sometimes used there, since they screech if they see someone they don't recognize approaching.

Our monkey was named Itsoy. He had a large wire cage for a home, but sometimes we would put a belt around his waist attached to a long leash that allowed him to run up one coconut tree, cross a bamboo pole and come down another. We also had a dog named Happy and a cat named Sheba as pets, who played a significant role in one of Itsoy's great adventures.

Sheba was a very attractive Persian cat, very much enjoyed by us and our children. But she and Itsoy seemed to have an issue. When he was on his leash and sitting on the pole, Sheba would climb up on it and they would do a "face off" in the center. Inevitably, they would end up on the ground with the monkey sitting on top of the cat with all four hands in her fur. She would be yowling, and he would be screeching until someone came and separated them. But in ten minutes or so, they would be in the same position all over again. Ultimately, however, it turned out that Sheba would contribute to Itsoy's moment of triumph.



**Itsoy with the
Anderson's son, Scott**

Sheba had learned to open the screen door into our home with her paw so she could go in without a problem. Happy, the cocker spaniel, was quite smart and had watched Sheba until he had also learned to open the door and go in as well.

This brings us to Itsoy's day of triumph! On this occasion, he found a way out of his cage by prolonged picking at the nails holding the wire of the cage. He then proceeded to observe Happy headed for the door. With great energy he followed Happy, jumped on his back, and rode right into the house with him!

With that triumph, chaos broke loose. Itsoy was into the flour and everything else he could experiment with in the kitchen area! We learned very quickly what the phrase "monkey business" meant. Our helper and Nancy caught him as fast as they could and banished him once again to the outside, after fixing the nails that held the wire in place in his cage more securely.

For some strange reason I don't have a further memory of Itsoy's escapades. This happened many years ago, but somehow I can visualize him still sitting on a pole or in a cage in someone's yard, hopefully watching for a clever dog who has been taught by a clever cat to open a kitchen door!



Wendell Anderson

Honorary Maine-iac

To the Mainers of Westminster Towers:

When I retired in 1980, Vivian and I upgraded our "camping style" and went into motor homing. We went from tents borrowed from our church to popup camper to a travel trailer to motorhomes.

Vivian loved cool summers. I loved camping and traveling, and we both loved golf.

Sold my beloved Bonanza and bought a motor coach.

We spent ten weeks in Maine every summer (during dog days) for eight years. Beautiful country; wonderful, genuine, friendly sincere people. We also loved omelets, lobster rolls, blueberries, golf, yard sales, LL Bean, Lands End, and freedom.

We became residents (sort of) of Booth Bay, Bar Harbor, Moody, Monhegan Island, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and many more places. We were so far North that I had to modify my DISH to get it low enough for reception. We even learned to like beet greens.

May I be an Honorary Member??

Wish I could go back!! Best to y'all lobstas!

~ **Pinky**

Dear Pinky: We would love to add you as an Honorary Maine-iac!

~ **The Original Maine-iacs**





Monarch Butterfly Visits our Garden

Monarch butterflies have always been viewed as a good omen. They are seen as a sign of rebirth and transformation. In mythology the Monarch represents change, endurance, hope and life.

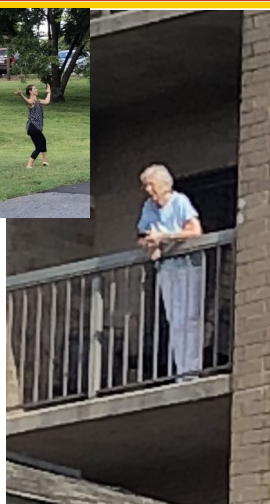
This butterfly species makes a yearly migration to and from the US and Canada to California on the west coast and Mexico on the east. Tropical Milkweed plants were placed in our community garden this year in the hope that our butterflies will deposit their small eggs prior to departure. Hopefully these eggs will develop into beautiful butterflies next spring.

Ed FitzGerald



Sheila Fleming's granddaughter and some of her dance students from Winthrop University surprised Sheila with a dance mob on the lawn outside her balcony for Sheila's birthday!

Happy Birthday!!



In Loving Memory:

Laura Norwood

Contributions

Endowment

Dr. Elvin and Mrs. Walker

In Memory of: Blanding Clarkson

John and Sara Barnes

In Memory of: James Ardrey and Howard Barber

Charles Ives

In Memory of: Laura Norwood

Dorothy Kerr

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.

A Senior Moment

A very self-important college freshman attending a recent football game took it upon himself to explain to a senior citizen sitting next to him why it was impossible for the older generation to understand his generation.

"You grew up in a different world, actually an almost primitive one," the young student said, loud enough for many of those nearby to hear. "The young people of today are much more advanced than people your age."

"We grew up with television, jet planes, space travel, man walking on the moon, and the internet. We have cell phones, nuclear energy, electric and hydrogen cars, computers, automated manufacturing, amazing technologies, and..." pausing to take another drink of beer.

The senior took advantage of the break in the student's litany and said, "You're right, son. We didn't have those things when we were young...so we invented them."

"Now, you arrogant little twit, what are YOU doing for the next generation?"

Submitted by: Buzz Benson

“Camp Grandma”

The two grandchildren from Maine, Matt and Molly, came for their annual summer visit to “Camp Grandma.” Grandma thought, “What shall we do for fun?” Make crafts, that is what you do at camp. I announced we were going to be artists. Not much enthusiasm. “Do we have to?” they replied. “Well yes.” Grandma had bought nice art paper and green paint in the spray can. Nothing too hard. We are going to pick beautiful large ferns. “Do we have to?” they replied. We had a yard full of ferns, so that took about two minutes. I instructed we were going to place the ferns on the art paper and pin them down artistically with straight pins. “Do we have to?” they replied. I offered to pin them on the art paper. “Can we go now?” “No!” I put their swim goggles on just in case they pointed the paint can the wrong way. Spray lightly back and forth. “Why” they said. Finally! The project was done and left to dry. “Can we go now?” “Yes, yes, yes.” Craft day did not go all that well, so I thought tomorrow I had to do better.

Tomorrow came and I announced: “We are going to make a snake.” “Okay,” they said. First, we must find a large twig as round as a pencil, about two feet long, curved like a snake. I got red, yellow, and black tape about 1/3 of an inch wide at the dollar store. We will make a coral snake. “Can I be first,” they both said. First, you

put the black tape on the end to make a nose and then make a striped snake. Red stripe, against yellow stripe, against black stripe, and then repeat. Easy. They couldn’t wait. Grandpa, the engineer, printed nicely; so, on the art paper he printed the following poem:

**“Red against yellow
Will kill a fellow.
A black head
Means you’re dead.”**



We told them about the deadly coral snakes which were very common in Florida and how their venom was related to the cobra. How they must never touch one. I was going to glue their snakes on the paper with the poem but they decided it would be more fun to carry them around and chase the dog (which the dog enjoyed, I might add), show them to the neighbors to give them a heart attack, and so forth. Finally, they decided the most fun would be to take their picture with their snakes and send it to Mom and Dad and give them a heart attack. It almost did, and Mom did not see the joke, unfortunately. Well that craft day was a success and they said, “What shall we do tomorrow for crafts?” “Go swimming,” Grandma said. I wish I had the fern pictures, they were actually beautiful, but evidently boring. Jesus said, “Let the little children come to Me.” Probably didn’t have coral snakes in Jerusalem.

Janet Yocum

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 October is **September 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**

