

Meet Our Marketing Team

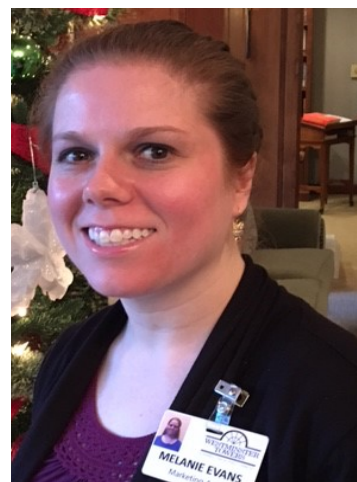
One of the happiest days of my adult life was when I was hired by Elaine Guyton, Westminster Towers' first Executive Director. My three year old son was getting ready to start preschool at Westminster Catawba Christian School and I needed to go back to work full time. Being right across the parking lot seemed to be the perfect solution. And it was! Seventeen and a half years later, I have seen residents, staff, and family come and go. Each person has enriched my life and helped me mature and grow.

Originally from Charlotte, I am proud to call Rock Hill my home. It was a great place for my husband, Bobby, and me to raise our son. It took me a few years to be drawn back to Rock Hill. After graduating from Winthrop, I could not wait to get back to the big city. It did not take long to realize I was more of a small town girl after all! I was raised a Tar Heel, my husband was a Game-cock and now we are "reluctant" Tigers as we are proud of our son living his life-long dream of attending Clemson. So far, we all agree that we are Panther fans. In other words, we love football. I guess it's fitting that we call Football City, USA, our home!



**Allison
Matthews**

When the Newsletter Committee approached me about doing an article in the *Windows*, I thought "oh no!" because I am not one who likes to talk about myself. For those of you who don't know me, I'm a rather quiet person. You know the person at the party standing in the back with her arms crossed? – that's me!



I have been the Marketing Assistant at Westminster Towers for over five years now and each day is always different. While I have many duties, my main responsibility is being the Move-In Coordinator. I help the seniors who move into the Independent Living apartments. My goal is make their transition from their previous home as seamless and stress-free as possible. I have helped over 190 people move in thus far. Do you know the best part about my job? Getting to know each resident personally. They all have an interesting life story and wisdom to share!

So I guess there's no way around it... here's a little about me. I am a Rock Hill native and graduated from Winthrop University (over a decade ago!) and studied Business Administration and Dance. I recently celebrated my seventh wedding anniversary with my husband, who is employed by the Lancaster County School District. We have two amazing little boys that keep us busy from morning until night! My interests include sewing, crafts, reading, playing the piano and working on cars, all hobbies I hope to get back to doing when I retire someday!

Melanie Evans

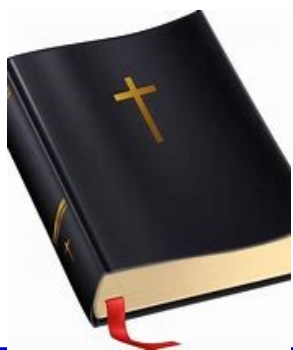
God's Calling

Recently someone asked me to share how I became interested in Bible study. I'm grateful to have the opportunity to do that. Growing up in Dillon, SC I attended the Methodist Church. When I was 10 years old my pastor explained the gospel to me...that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God...and that included me. That didn't come as a complete shock to me. I knew I was a sinner. I had lied, was selfish and wanted my own way. The minister told me that God loved me so much that he sent his son, Jesus, to die on the cross for my sins. Through his blood shed for me all my sins were forgiven. If I believed in him I would never die but have Everlasting Life. The Lord opened my heart and I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Lord and Savior. At that time I was born into God's family. He became my Father and I became his child just as God's word promises in John 1:12 "to all who receive him, to those who believe in his name he gave the right to become children of God." Unfortunately, I didn't grow in my Christian faith for a long time. I attended church every Sunday but I wasn't reading God's word on my own. God is so good. He doesn't force us to read his word and pray. He allowed me to be "spoon fed" year after year. I knew something was missing in my life. I just didn't know what....but God did. He knew that I needed to be in his word every day and I needed to be in constant communication with him in prayer. I realize now that's how any relationship develops. As two people talk to each other the closer they become. That's the way it is with the Lord too. When I read God's word, he talks to me. When I pray, I talk to him. The more we communicate, the relationship grows and the closer we become. In his love for me, God began to provide the two things missing in my life. He taught me to pray and he showed me how exciting and applicable his word is. He sent a friend to invite me to a weekly Bible study. I marveled at how interesting the lessons were and

thought: If this is what the Bible is like I want to know more so I began reading it on my own. About this time a friend told me about Bible Study Fellowship. She shared how her life was changing as she was studying God's word and acting on it. The more

she told me the more I wanted a Bible study like that. A verse in 1 Peter described me perfectly. "Like newborn babies yearn for pure spiritual milk so that by it you may grow up in your salvation." I realized I'd been a baby Christian too long, sitting in church like a baby bird, waiting to be fed a morsel to get me through the week. I yearned for more. I wanted to grow in Christ so I prayed, "O God, please allow me to be a part of a Bible study like that." God answered my prayer by transferring us to Louisville, KY. He brought women into my life who had been in BSF in other cities and we began to pray for a class. We were told that, in order to establish one, 2 women must be willing to go to headquarters for training. As we prayed for the Lord to show us who that might be, someone shared 1 Thessalonians 5:24 with me. "The Lord who calls you is faithful and he will do it." I wondered how God calls leaders so I began to read the Bible to find out. The Lord led me to Exodus 4:10 where God had called Moses to go to Pharaoh to speak for His people. Moses said "Lord, I've never been eloquent. I'm slow of speech and tongue." I thought: that describes me. I'm not eloquent, either and I'm a Southerner, slow of speech and tongue. I read on. "The Lord said to him "who gave man his mouth? Is it not I, the Lord? Now go, I will help you speak and teach you what to say." I thought: If that's the way it works, of course, I'd do it. If the Lord is calling me, He'll help me speak. He'll teach me what to say. I did begin to teach and saw the promise in 1 Thessalonians fulfilled. Every week as I left for class I would cry out, "Lord, I can't do this." And it was as if He said, "That's right...and don't ever forget it. I will do it." And He did. I'm so grateful for what the Lord has taught me through His word. He has shown me how applicable it is to everyday life, guiding and comforting me through life's challenges: breast cancer, Blepharospasm, Macular Degeneration, ministering to several family members who require 24 hour care, and Jim's journey with Alzheimer's. The more I learn, the more I want to learn because I realize how much work God still has to do in my life. Philippians 1:6 promises "He who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion until the day of Christ Jesus." God began a good work in me when I was 10 years old. He's still teaching me, helping me to grow as I learn to trust Him more.

Lou Ardrey



Anne Graham Lotz Livestreaming

The world is for a treat on Saturday, Oct. 3rd when Anne Graham Lotz will deliver a message entitled “Effective Prayer—For Such a Time as This.” Anne was originally scheduled to speak at the Winthrop Coliseum on Sept. 15 in 2018 but Hurricane Florence was due to hit that day so it had to be cancelled. Shortly after that Anne had surgery for breast cancer and spent 2019 in treatment. The event was rescheduled for the new Sports Center downtown Rock Hill for Sept. 12 of this year but, because of the concerns centered around the pandemic, the plans had to be changed. As a result, we now have an Ephesians 3:20 answer to our prayers for this event. God has done “immeasurably more than all we asked or imagined” because now, countless individuals will be able to hear her—at no cost—when it is livestreamed from 10 a.m. to 12 noon. It can be viewed on website SeekingGodofYorkCounty.org and Facebook.com/EffectivePrayerRockHill.

I have heard Anne speak many times at The Cove in Asheville, NC, attended the Just

Give Me Jesus revival in Charlotte, read many of her books, listened to quite a few of her tapes and met her briefly at Bible Study Fellowship headquarters in San Antonio, Texas a number of years ago when we were both Teaching Leaders in our respective cities. ...Anne in Raleigh and I in Birmingham, AL. I can say, without a doubt, that Anne is the most effective Bible teacher I have ever heard. Her father, Billy Graham, called her “the best preacher in the family.”

Fernando Ortega, one of Christian music’s most respected artists, will be the musical guest. The organizing group is Seeking God of York County Task force, Their members are from Rock Hill Bible Fellowship, First Baptist of Rock Hill, Mount Hebron Baptist, Westminster Presbyterian, Neely’s Creek ARP and Mt. Prospect Baptist along with the York Baptist Association.

I hope you will join me on Saturday, Oct. 3 from 10 a.m.-12 noon for this timely message. We have never needed prayer more than now....for such a time as this.

Lou Ardrey

DUST IF YOU MUST

Dust if you must.
But wouldn’t it be better
To paint a picture, or write a letter
Bake a cake, or plant a seed
Ponder the difference between want and need
Dust if you must
But there is not much time.
With rivers to swim and mountains to climb!
Music to hear, and books to read,
Friends to cherish and life to lead.
Dust if you must.
But the world’s out there
With the sun in your eyes, the wind in your hair,
A flutter of snow, a shower of rain.
This day will not come round again.
Dust if you must
But bear in mind,
Old age will come and it’s not kind
And when you go, and go you must
You, yourself, will make more dust.
Remember, a house becomes a home when you can write
“I Love You”
on the furniture.

Submitted by Sylvia Holley



In Defense of the Noble Artichoke

In a recent edition of Windows, a writer launched an attack on the Artichoke. Apparently, the author was promoting the ban on Artichoke and Harvard Beets from our chef's menu planning. It is apparent that the writer has never experienced a well prepared artichoke. This vegetable, a member of the thistle family, has historically been part of menus past Roman Times. Monterey County in Northern California is where most domestic artichokes are grown. The best method to cook is by steaming and served with a tangy dipping sauce. Artichokes are readily available in the produce department of Publix. An easy recipe for cooking the vegetable and preparation of a dipping sauce follows:

Bring a few inches of water to a boil in a large pot with lid that fits a steamer insert. Add 1t olive oil, a bay leaf, and lemon slice to the water. Meanwhile prepare the artichoke.

Using a chef's knife, cut the stem off at the base of the artichoke.

Cut off about 1 inch from the top of the bulb. Pull off dark leaves at base.

Using a pair of kitchen shears, trim off about 1/3 inch from each leaf to remove sharp points.

Rinse trimmed artichokes under cold running water while gently separating the leaves with your fingers.

Fit steamer basket in pot and place artichokes inside, cut-side up. Reduce heat to medium, cover pot and steam for about 30 minutes.

The artichoke is ready when you can pull off an outer leaf without much effort. Remove and let cool. Make dipping sauce.

Dipping Sauce: ½ cup mayonnaise, 1-1/2 t tarragon, 1t fresh chives, 1t fresh dill, 2 t fresh parsley, 1t lemon juice, a drop or two hot sauce. Mix all ingredients and refrigerate before using.

To eat, remove the outer leaves, dip them in your sauce,



and then use your teeth to scrape off the fleshy part of the leaves. Repeat until all the leaves are removed. Now you will be left with the fuzzy choke. Spoon out the fuzzy center at the base and discard. The bottom, or heart, is entirely edible. Cut into small pieces and dip in sauce. Serve cold or at room temperature.

Bon Appétit
Ed FitzGerald

THE BEST SEASON OF ALL



"Oh, what is so rare as a
day in June.

Then if ever come perfect
days!"

Tis a wonderful sight that
we see each spring

When winter has finished doing its thing.

And it's a time to enjoy being outside
Watching flowers bloom or taking a ride.

Then summer comes and brings its great heat
That makes all who work in it come home
beat.

I must admit, there are fun times here too -
Finding activities for all the family to do,
Partaking of food fresh from the garden,
Participating in the 4th of July celebration.

But autumn is the season that I like the best.
Tis certainly set apart from all of the rest,
With cooling temps and lots of bright colors
Made precisely for forays to enjoy them with
others.

God knows bare winter once again is coming,
So, He precedes it with a time of refreshing.

Of the beauty around us let's be keen observ-
ers

And be reminded of the other bright Octobers
That we can remember from days now gone
by.

I'm sure we can think of many good times if
we try.

I'll seek some of my own memories to recall
Of happy times in the season called "fall."

Seeing bright gold, orange and crimson on
every hillside;

Watching leaves as they fall, when on the
wind they ride.

Raking them up and then scattering them again
By diving into them – that was certainly a fun
game!

Gathering apples and making some into cider
Drinking it while eating donuts – what could
be nicer?

HAVE A HAPPY OCTOBER, EVERYONE.
Nancy Anderson

Calling All Nurses, Calling All Nurses:

We all have benefitted from the loving care of nurses. Today we honor the nurses among us. My daughter, a Hospital Administrator for 30 years and a CEO at one of New England's largest hospitals, describes nurses in this manner. They have a calling, a ministry. They are the kindest, most caring people in the world, perceptive, intuitive, nurturing, and put others first, working hard in life and death circumstances. "They are the Best", she said. She reminded me when I was going in the hospital to "mind" the nurses. With a twinkle in her eye she said "They have needles you know!"

Betty Spradley: As a child Betty always wanted to be a nurse. She tried teaching but realized she still wanted to be a nurse. She graduated from the SC Baptist College of Nursing in Columbia and when her husband, an IRS agent, was transferred to Spartanburg she took a job with the County Health Department as a liaison with the County Schools. When they came to Rock Hill she worked with the York County School District in case management and continued her career in specialized case management for 37 years.

Betty Love: Betty's father was in the hospital when she was 6 years old. She was not allowed to visit him and one of the nurses came out to see her. The nurse looked so pretty in her uniform and cap that Betty decided that she wanted to be a nurse and never changed her mind. She was a pediatric nurse in Charlotte for 43 years. She loved watching the children grow and even took care of the babies of her babies from years before.

Morna Matheny: When Morna graduated from high school her dream of a nursing career was not pursued. She attended college, met her husband, married, became a fulltime pastor's wife and mother of 6. Morna realized she still harbored her dream to become a nurse. Encouraged by her daughter, a nurse, to "Go for It." She did, and at age 52 graduated from nursing school and had the career of her dreams. She worked at Atrium Healthcare in Charlotte for 10 years before her retirement.

Sylvia Holley: Sylvia's family friend was a County Health Nurse and she was so sweet and pretty in her uniform Sylvia wanted to be a nurse

just like her! After graduation from high school Sylvia enrolled in the Columbia Hospital Nursing School in our state capitol. She was recruited to work in a Polio Hospital as she had gained experience working with polio patients during her training. She worked in hospital nursing during her career, but when her family came she worked with

the Red Cross and the Blood Bank.

Arlene Jenkins: She wanted to be a nurse for as long as she could remember. She graduated from Central Maine Hospital Nursing School. She was in the ER, an Assistant Head nurse, in a busy Doctors Office in San Jose, CA. hospital nursing in the Head and Spinal Unit. Telemetry at Kaiser HMO, a GYN and OB nurse, her favorite, and in every capacity except the OR. A total of 40 years. A nurse of all capacities and venues.

Lana Harding: Lana always wanted to be a nurse. After High School she went to nursing school in Richmond, VA. After graduation she did general duty nursing and operating room nursing for 10 years in Waynesville, VA. She continued operating room nursing when they moved to Maine. After a stint in an office she finished her career in the operating room in Lancaster, SC. For 16 years. She served as an operating room nurse for 36 years.

Nancy Anderson: Nancy began her nursing studies at Suburban Hospital connected with Wheaton College. When she became an RN she continued at Wheaton to earn a degree in Nursing Education. Nancy had a diversified career. She was part of a team with a Nurse midwife in Ecuador delivering and caring for newborn infants. A missionary nurse in the Philippines, she even assumed duties of a veterinarian once. She was a Campus Nurse here and nursed in a big city hospital. A nurse extraordinaire.

Jean McMath: Jean said that when she was 10 years old she wanted to be a nurse. Her father discouraged her but she said God encouraged her. She went to nursing school in Jamestown, NY and was a hospital medical/surgical nurse for 20 years. Her nursing career took her to Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York and Canada for a while. In later years she was a psychiatric nurse finishing her career at age 70 in Gastonia, North Carolina.

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A Simple Saying

Hope is the ability to hear the music of the future.
Faith is the ability to dance to it today!



IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS...

About half way through lunch the other day, I was approached by Collette who wanted to confirm my identity. With a puzzled look, I whispered, "Why?"

She explained that a large cart of groceries had arrived for me, which she would be happy to deliver to my apartment. I was only half way through my lunch, so I gave her my grateful consent, then turned back to my tuna sandwich.

Having taken a sizable bite, enjoying the munching/crunching of the fishy jewel of the sea, I suddenly remembered: "Oh, Heavens, I DID NOT WASH MY BREAKFAST DISHES—and HAVEN'T FOR THREE DAYS—rinsed, but not washed clean, because I had not emptied a full load of CLEAN dishes in my dishwasher still. Things were piling up during the pandemic. Lazitude had definitely set in!

"It's the LITTLE things!" I could hear my Mom's voice and cautionary tone. "It's the LITTLE things that make a LADY. She can have strong faith and a good character, but if she hasn't brushed her teeth, TSK,TSK,TSK!; it's the little things that count to make a LADY."

There were so many "little things", I had trouble remembering all of them, let alone actually doing them.

1. Try to make your bed in the morning before going to the bathroom (if current health permits). (Oh, please!)

2. Speak in a well modulated voice even when the temper soars at children (yours and the neighbor's) who march across freshly mopped floors with muddy boots. A LADY never raises her voice.

3. LADIES color-coordinate their wardrobe to pull the eye to the face, which hides (for only a moment) the extra poundage around the waist, or the crooked stocking seam, not quite straight on the back of the leg. (This was long before DuPont nylon revolutionized the stocking market, or The Suntan Lotion market faked the streaked leg tan.)

There were so many DO's and DON'TS for one to be a LADY. Most have disappeared from the forefront of fashion's consciousness.

4. Kindness and gratitude were definitely considered the hallmark of LADY-like behavior.

BUT not washing dishes immediately after breakfast?! That was still a memorable reminder that I was in serious trouble from becoming the rebellious pseudo- LADY.

I thought I felt a reproving frown peeking over the edge of the nearest cloud.

Mom, who was definitely the epitome of a LADY, would have washed the dishes, mopped the floor, churned the buttermilk and left for her job at school already.

All these thoughts went through my head as I raced down the hall to try to beat Collette to the apartment. I did not want her to see dirty dishes in my sink.

No luck! I saw her re-locking my door after she had deposited the groceries on the counter, and wedged perishables into a refrigerator stuffed with left-overs. (Oh, Dear, those need a quick swoosh into the garbage can. Another un-LADYLIKE failing.) The things we do to maintain an image.

Rather than appear abashed at my multiple negligences, I put on my bravest LADY-like facial expression and thanked her profusely. Then I shamelessly offered her a bribe for keeping my shortcomings a secret. I pleaded mercy because of old age and lack of character.

Hiding a smile, she gave a mock scowl from the corner of her eye and TSK! TSKED my pitiful appeal. Collette promised (as one LADY to another) to keep the secret of my slovenly existence. Now THAT'S a KIND, LADY-LIKE thing to do. FORGIVENESS, that is.

Mom has retreated from the edge of her heavenly cloud with a LADY-like smile, reassured that her days of instruction have not gone unheeded by her wayward daughter. The specter of LADY-like guilt, however, lingers.. (But only briefly.). Yes, it IS the little things that count...a smile, an hello, an "I see you today". But then again, has KINDNESS, GRACE, MERCY ever been LITTLE things? "Praise the LORD...laud HIM, all you peoples! For HIS merciful KINDNESS is GREAT toward us, And the truth of the LORD endures forever." Psalm 117:1,2.

Carole Partridge

An Illegal Gun Dealer Finds Life

Many years ago, after completing language school in Manila, Nancy and I and our small daughter moved south to Danao City on the island of Cebu to oversee a new church planted by a missionary family then on furlough. The town was widely known for its illegal manufacturing and smuggling of guns. After about a year, we moved north to teach at our theological college. And some time later, trouble erupted.

Frank was a notorious figure who had made a profession of faith in Christ, but, after a period of enthusiasm, his involvement in guns had choked out his spiritual life. Prayers and warnings had gone unheeded. He set up a nickel-plating business for guns at the very house we had lived in. Then - tragedy!

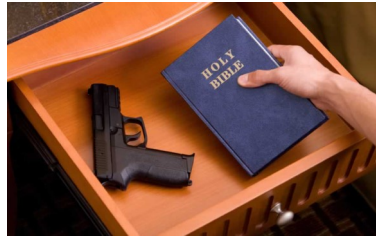
While Frank was visiting in Manila, he received word that his six-year-old son, his “pinangga,” favorite, had been accidentally shot through the heart by a neighbor lady. Aflame with sorrow and the desire for revenge, he flew home. Word of his coming preceded him. The streets were vacant, and shops in his neighborhood were closed when he

arrived. People fearfully waited – and God waited too.

A strong Filipino pastor reached out to him, and through his ministry, Frank became convinced that the tragedy was God’s wakeup call to him. Repentance replaced revenge. To the terrified woman who knelt before him kissing his hand and begging for mercy, a new Frank, who had just found God’s forgiveness, offered his own to her!

The repentance did not stop with Frank. Christians were reconciled, an elderly woman vowed to stop smuggling guns, and tears flowed freely during morning worship the day after the funeral, as a deacon asked God to forgive them for being so “hard headed” that it took a death in their group to make them repent. A visiting policeman indicated a desire to attend Bible study, and the following three Sundays saw the church filled with returning members and visitors. And all because a hard hearted gun dealer had met a merciful Savior and found true life!

Wendell Anderson



The Friendship Nine Story

In last month’s Windows, the Friendship Nine was mentioned twice. It reminded me that prior to the COVID-19 pandemic, the Activities Committee had planned a series of presentations on Rock Hill history. One of these lectures was on the Friendship Nine, an important Civil Rights event in South Carolina. The Nine were a group of Rock Hill African American men, who went to jail after staging a 1961 sit-in at the segregated McCrory’s lunch counter in downtown. With all the recent discussion on Black Lives Matter and systemic racism, telling the story again may be appropriate.

On that day, students from the now closed Friendship Junior College and others picketed the McCrory’s on Main Street to protest the segregated lunch counter located in the variety store. The men walked in, took seats at the lunch counter, and ordered hamburgers, cokes, and coffee. They were arrested and the next day were convicted of trespassing, breach of the peace, and sentenced to serve 30 days in jail or pay a \$100 fine. The Friendship College students chose to take the sentence and were sent to 30 days of hard labor at the York County Prison Farm. Choosing jail over a fine marked an historic moment in the Civil Rights Movement, where the “jail, no bail” strategy was

born---a strategy that came to be emulated in many other sit-ins that followed the Rock Hill event. When sent to the work camp, they refused to work and were put on bread and water as punishment. At that time, work camp was a kind of chain gang.

In 2007, the City of Rock Hill unveiled an historic marker honoring the now Famous Friendship Nine, at a reception honoring these heroic men. At the event, eight of the men were still living. Since then, several of the men have passed away. In 2015, Judge John C. Hayes III, a nephew of the original judge who sentenced the Nine to 30 days jail time and the chain gang overturned his uncle’s conviction. In the decision Judge Hayes stated, “We cannot rewrite history, but we can right history”. Ironically, Ernest A. Finney, Jr., an African American lawyer who defended the men, eventually was elevated to Chief Justice of the South Carolina Supreme Court.

The historic lunch counter and the nine stools, each one with a nameplate for the heroes is currently preserved in downtown and located in the now closed “Five and Dine” restaurant. Hopefully, when the virus subsides and the economy regenerates, a new restaurant that celebrates this historic milestone will re-open and prosper.

Ed FitzGerald

Golda McKenny

The first thing one notices about Golda as she walks across the lobby is the white sun hat with wide brim. Just below that brim are the eyes that crinkle and twinkle when she smiles. Golda will tell you she has an abundance of hats in almost every color. She still is captivated by color when she scans the catalogues. Like most of us, she remembers when we wore hats to church and downtown to shop. Not only hats, but gloves, heels and the proper string of pearls, if one is fortunate enough to have them. Hats do a good job of hiding the overdue haircut or the need for a perm.



Golda will tell you times have changed. She has seen the good times and the bad ones as well. The Great Depression and World War II have fewer survivors every year. But Golda remembers the reality of being born into a large family, the eighth child with seven brothers and sisters older than she. She was born at her parents' home on a farm in Missouri where her father worked the farm and her mother was a teacher. Her mother died an early death at the age of forty, but Golda remembers her Mom teaching her letters and numbers by singing them. Music was important for entertainment and learning, for these were times when a radio was scarce.

One made his own entertainment. Two of her brothers played the banjo, so the children learned to entertain themselves. On their farm they had teams of horses, a cow and a dog. Everyone was expected to work to do his part.

As a grade school child, Golda's duties were to set the table and clear the dishes. Because of the widespread ages in a large family she sometimes felt lonely with no one to play with in those tender years. As a result, however, she learned to be resourceful and open to adventure, always learning as well as seeking new opportunities to learn.

Her first job was as an actuary, dealing with statistics for an Insurance Co. Later she worked for AT&T for twenty-five years after receiving a three-month training class and doing so well that she earned the qualifications to be an "engineer," working with other engineers. During that time she saw the Bell system go through a

serious strike, but she was able to keep her job in that bad economy.

Later in life she lived in Kansas, St. Louis, California, and Tucson, Arizona where she worked as a manager and auditor of the Aero Club, a group of pilots working out of local hangars for search and rescue calls.

Her husband, Bob McKenny, died in 1977, having served in the Reserves, being called, at one time, to Saigon.

The last twenty-five years of her working life she worked third shift as auditor for Canyon Rest Spa in Arizona. It was not unusual for Golda to work all night, then hike the mountain trails nearby before going home to bed in the morning. From Arizona, she went to California to be near her sisters, then to Gatlinburg, Tenn. before coming to Rock Hill. Over time she sought out opportunities for educational and social activities, leading to her membership in a sorority of women who liked to travel and learn new things. Old photos of that time show her smiling, beautiful, and wearing the hairdo of that era.

Golda entered The Towers in 2016. Of the many services offered at The Towers, she enjoys music entertainment, Neurobics, travel movies, and sitting in the courtyard.

Several months ago she suffered a stroke, but is getting more mobility back in her left arm. In November she will be eighty-nine years old and plans to celebrate with her son, Terry Prosser, her two grandchildren and three great-grandchildren who live in the area.

One prayer concern recently has been her great-grand, John Winston Gray, who was due to be born Oct. 13th, but came very early on August 30. It has been a long and harrowing road in the hospital for this little "preemie" who is still very fragile. If he has the spunk and courage of his great-grandmother, Golda, however, he will enjoy the stories told to him by his strong and persevering forebearer.

Thank you for a delightful afternoon of scanning old scrapbooks and reliving memories of past times fading into history. We shall continue to look for the signature chapeau with the grin and twinkle in the eye beneath the wide brim.

Carole Partridge

Towers Resident Gardens

The summer crops of vegetables and beautiful flowers are harvested and garden plots are being cleaned up and readied for a winter rest. Some of the gardeners are planning to plant a few fall greens winter crop. The zinnias, asters and milkweed and a few perennials remain. There are two plots that are available for cultivation. If you are interested in joining the gardeners contact either Spencer Anderson or me for information. This year our gardens were the most spectacular and beautiful ever. Our garden is a pastoral setting for contemplation, rest and celebration of the gift of life. Come, sit and enjoy.

Ed FitzGerald



News You Can Use



Resident Association Executive Committee: Elections: If you have applied for an Absentee Ballot, they will be mailed to you the first week in October. One can still request an Absentee Ballot by phoning the Voter Office at 803-684-1242. Your ballot must be filed properly to be counted. The voter office recommended that these ballots be completed and returned as soon as received, due to the Post Office slowdown.



When you receive your ballot, there will be two envelopes plus the ballot. Complete your ballot in pen, either black or blue ink, making sure to vote in the local races as well as the national election. Place your completed ballot in the envelope marked for the ballot, seal, and sign the back as indicated. Place the signed envelope in the return envelope and mail back to the Voter Board. You can also deposit the ballot in the Drop Box across from the new County Office Complex near the Old Courthouse in downtown York. If you need help, contact Daniel Williams at 328-5211. **RA Dues:** Those few residents that have not joined the Residents Association will receive a gentle reminder notice in early October. Please consider joining the organization that represents your interests at the Towers. Thank you in advance.

Wellness Committee: October is Emotional Awareness month and this is a good time to take inventory of our wellbeing and emotions. These past six months have been like no other we have ever experienced. It is important for each of us to assess how we are handling our ups and downs emotionally. Keeping things bottled inside us can lead to emotional and physical issues. We are fortunate to be living in a community that cares about our wellbeing. Take advantage of the opportunities offered to interact with other residents/staff. Keep your mind active and also enjoy the fall weather! **Sue Nazak, Chairman**

Library Committee: A huge **Thank You** to **Ed McPoland**. Ed put a shelf on the bottom of the library lectern. This shelf will hold our reference books and be in view for patrons to use. He did a beautiful job. The shelf just matched the piece of furniture and made it more useful and gave us optimum display for these important books. We are blessed to have Ed, a talented woodworker and the job was done in a day and one-half. **Thank You** to **Jerry Lopez** an avid reader and library patron for his generous donation of several classic books and four New York Best Sellers by James Rollins and follow up books to Margaret Mitchell's Gone with the Wind. **Thank You** to **Jim Craig** and his daughter, Patricia, who donated about 20 books (5 of which I am now reading) to our Lobby Library and floor libraries. Also a **Thank You** to **Ginny Dunn** who donated three new books by Kristin Hannah and a new page turner called I Am Watching You, which Janet Yocum had to read before placing in the library. Books have already been checked out from each of these donations. We are so blessed to have so many of you take an active part in our library and it gets better each month because of you. **Donna Reese, Chairman**

Windows Committee: **Thank you residents.** Each month your articles are better than the month before. We appreciate the input from each of you. So many people have commented on the interesting articles and the variety is wonderful. Because our editor will be on vacation the last 2 weeks of October, we ask that you submit your articles early—by **October 11th**. Thank you. **Linda Lenz, Chairman**

We are wanting to lavish our Health Center residents with so much love during Christmas and we need your help. It's almost time for "**Be A Santa: Adopt A Resident.**" Each year, we collect monetary donations and purchase a \$20 gift for our Health Center residents. More details will be coming soon! Thank you for being a part of this fun event!

Debbie Dyches, Volunteer Coordinator

PANDEMIC TEMPTATIONS

I would like to jump over the schoolyard fence and swing on the swings.

Well, maybe we don't have to jump over if we ask permission first. What do you think?

I am tempted to remove the chairs and plants from my balcony, line the floor with sofa pillows, wrap up in my fluffy duvet and sleep under the stars.

It's called camping out.

Carole Partridge

The California Girls and "Surfin" USA

No, we are not talking about Brian, Dennis and Carl Wilson, and the "Beach Boys" nor their "California Girls". We are talking about our California Girls and Guys and getting "Good Vibrations".

Sheila Fleming - Sheila was a Boogie Boarding California Girl. She could be found on her board in her wet suit in the beautiful surf at San Diego. She boogied until age 86. She moved here to be near her Daughter and Granddaughter, Kelly Ozust, who is an Assistant Professor at Winthrop University in the College of Dance and Theatre. Kelly introduced us to the Christmas Rockettes and plays like "The Adam's Family" and the Seniors Musical Production.

Fay Reynolds - Fay and her husband, Jim, and twin boys moved from IL. To Placentia, CA and then Valencia in Orange County CA, living there about 15 years until her husband was transferred to northern CA inland from San Jose to Hollister, John Steinbeck country. Her twins loved it, one learning diving and the other skiing. After Jim retired they moved to beautiful Monterey, the Carmel area, Clint Eastwood Country. Fay lived there even after Jim passed until 2013 when she moved here to be near her son and grandchildren.

Ginny Dunn - Ginny volunteered to join the Waves during WWII. After basic training she was a Yeoman stationed in San Francisco. Because Army Housing was scarce she and another Wave lived in a private home with a California couple. She worked with oil companies to procure oil for the Pacific Fleet. Her favorite places were of course Fisherman's Wharf, Top of the Mark Hotel when their pocket-books allowed. Chinatown and picnics in Golden State Park.

Ed McPoland - Ed like hundreds of Marines and Army personnel, our brother included, as well as **Lew Fallon** spent a few days in Long Beach near Los Angeles and in San Francisco at Fort Mason boarding troop ships for Korea. Ed's last tour of duty was in the Marine Division stationed in California at the Coronado Naval Base. He and his wife, Jean and girls lived in beautiful Chula Vista, CA for two years. Chula Vista was the Lemon Capitol of the US and located on the Pacific Coast near San Diego. It was also known as the cleanest city in CA.

Arlene Jenkins - Arlene left her beloved Maine when she married. She and her new husband saw the US spending a month driving to California where they settled in the San Jose area about 50 miles south of San Francisco. Arlene, a nurse, worked in a doctor's office and her daughter April was born there in 1968. At that time San Jose was beautiful with peach orchards and walnut farms just outside of town. The roads were not crowded and they could drive to San Francisco and spend the day. They lived there and she practiced nursing for 40 years before moving to South Carolina to be near her daughter.

Patricia Kissah - Patty is another tall lovely Californian coming from San Diego.

Well, the rest of us are just "California Dreaming" like the Mamas and the Papas. But we are glad to have some Guys and Gals who lived in the Golden State retire to live here with us. **God Bless You All.**

Janet Yocum

In Loving Memory:

*Van Chambers
Shirley LeForce
Lew Fallon*

Bring Chuckles in Church For Little Humorous Fellers

Don't let worry kill you – let the church help.
Thursday night – Potluck Supper. Prayer and medication to follow.
Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our church and community.
For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.
The rosebud on the altar this morning is to announce the birth of David Alan Selzer, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Julius Selzer.
This afternoon there will be a meeting in the south and north ends of the church. Children will be baptized at both ends.
Tuesday at 4:00pm, there will be an ice cream social. All ladies giving milk please come early.
Wednesday the ladies liturgy will meet. Mrs. Johnson will sing, "Put Me in My Little Bed," accompanied by the pastor.
Thursday at 3:00pm there will be a meeting of the Little Mothers Club. All ladies wishing to be "Little Mothers" will meet with the pastor in his study.
The service will close with "Little Drops of Water." One of the ladies will start quietly and the rest of the congregation will join in.
Next Sunday a special collection will be taken to defray the cost of the new carpet. All those wishing to do something on the new carpet will come forward to do so.
The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of every kind. They can be seen in the church basement Saturday.
A bean supper will be held on Tuesday evening in the church hall. Music will follow.
At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be "What is Hell?" come early and listen to our choir practice.

Submitted by: Ruthann Poore

Contributions

Endowment

In Memory of: Aileen Wallace

Manning and Madge Biggers

In Memory of: James Ardrey

Manning and Madge Biggers

In Memory of: Laura Norwood

Dicksie Ward

Anonymous

Ernestine Howard

Charles Ives

In Memory of: Teresa Sims

Dawn Johnson

In Memory of: Van Chambers

Lorraine Hernandez

Lynn Hornsby

Anonymous

Dicksie Ward

Charles Ives

In Memory of: Shirley LeForce

Ed FitzGerald

Anonymous

Dicksie Ward

Charles Ives

Employee Assistance Fund

In Memory of: Jean McPoland

Ed McPoland

Employee Appreciation

George and Esther Jackson

In Memory of: Van Chambers

Jody FitzGerald

Gene and Imogene Blackmon

In Memory of: James Ardrey

Gene and Imogene Blackmon

In Memory of: Shirley LeForce

Gene and Imogene Blackmon

General Fund

In Honor of: Amy Laughlin

Ed and Jody FitzGerald

In Honor of: Ed McPoland

Barbara Gladden

Continued from Page 5:

Linda Knight: Our new neighbor on the 2nd floor always wanted to be a nurse. She never wanted to be anything else. She went to nursing school in Graniteville, SC. Graniteville was named for the many beautiful South Carolina blued hued granite buildings that graced the town. She always did hospital nursing and loved patient care. She served in all phases of hospital nursing but her favorite was nursing education. She enjoyed teaching all phases of nursing to the students. Her nursing career ended after 50 years.

Norma Kay Chambers: Norma was born in Thomasville, N.C. but went to Waynesville, NC for her nurses training. She did hospital nursing for many years, but took time out to rear their family. After her children were reared she went back to nursing and worked in a nursing home for

14 years. Norma practiced her nursing career for 40 years.

MY NON-EXISTENT NURSING SKILLS.

My brother-in-law at their wedding dinner ordered the biggest steak in the restaurant and immediately it became lodged in his airway. I recognized the problem and screamed to my husband to do the Heimlich maneuver and dove under the table. He did and dislodged the steak. People came to render aid and when they realized my brother-in-law was okay they began to look under the table to render aid to me. I sheepishly got up. My brother-in-law recovered and announced who was ready for wedding cake! Not ME! I quake at splinter removal, faint at the sight of blood, especially my own, crawl in bed with the patient (if it was my husband or child) and I appreciate and hold all nurses in high esteem and view them with awe.

Janet Yocum



SECURITY

Isn't it good to know when all roads are dead ends
and all skies are overcast
and all dreams are nightmares
and all hills are mountains
Isn't it good to know when all faith has oozed out
And there is no place to stand, that
UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING
ARMS?

~~~~~  
**Author Unknown**

### 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 November is **October 11th**.



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**

