



# WESTMINSTER TOWERS

# WINDOWS



CONTINUING CARE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

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## A Lesson in Gratitude

Christmas was always a festive and happy time at our house as we celebrated the birth of Christ. My Mother decorated with garlands of red velvet bows, tall red candles, ceramic choir boys positioned on the piano as if they were getting ready to sing, a tall tree with beautiful ornaments, and fabulous food.

One year, however, things were different. Mother had an attack of appendicitis before Thanksgiving and was in bed for days. Our beloved cook prepared the usual Thanksgiving meal and Mother showed my older sister and me how to fix the ambrosia. We sat at the dining room table cutting oranges into sections as she lay on the sunroom sofa in pain.

After Thanksgiving, she had her appendix removed; and for weeks, recuperated from the surgery. Over and over again, she told each of us five girls, "Now, don't expect much this year. I just haven't been able to get out and shop the way I usually do." She was especially concerned for my younger sister, who would still expect a visit from Santa. Occasionally, Mother would send one of us older girls downtown with instructions to purchase a specific gift for someone in the family, and it would be tucked under the bed where she rested.

On Christmas Eve, we five girls stayed up late seated at the kitchen table---having a good time talking and eating. Long after Mother and Daddy had turned out their light, we finally went to bed.

The next morning, we

woke early and went downstairs to begin unwrapping gifts from friends....not anticipating much from our parents. In the middle of the merriment, the two of them walked in, surprised to see us up. Daddy looked stern and told my two oldest sisters to go look in his closet and get the laundry basket that always held the dirty clothes. We wondered why he wanted it taken out when we were in the middle of celebrating Christmas, but they dutifully obeyed. We didn't question Daddy, even when we didn't understand what was going on. Whatever Daddy said, we did. The basket was so heavy that it took both sisters to carry it. When they brought it into the sunroom, the top garment slipped off, revealing a treasure trove of goodies. As we began to unwrap the packages, Mother and Daddy sheepishly admitted that we had outlasted them the night before. They had planned to get up after we went to bed and plant the gifts around the tree, but they had dozed off and didn't wake up until they heard voices coming from the sun-

room. As each present was admired, Mother told us who had gone out and purchased it for her.

That Christmas stands out as the most memorable of my childhood. Because we had conditioned ourselves to the fact that there wouldn't be any gifts, everything was appreciated more than ever. It was a good lesson in gratitude.



**Lou Ardrey**

## Gale Hipp

You may recognize Gale in the Lobby of the Towers because she is the diehard fan of the Clemson Tigers and wears their colors proudly. (We're going to have to get her an orange face mask.)

Gale was born Hilda Gale in Athens, GA, accompanied by her identical twin sister, Glenda Dale. Their father was in the Army, so they lived with grandparents near Charlotte, NC, for a few years until Gale and Dale were five years old. Later Gale's family moved to the Steele Creek section, where she graduated from High School at West Mecklenburg.

After graduation, she worked for the City Savings Bank in downtown Charlotte, remaining in banking for most of her working career at First Federal Savings and Loan, for three years, and for Home Federal for nine years.

In 1963 she met and married John (Bill) Hipp and moved to Fort Mill. Bill retired from Celanese after 41 years. Having been born to Christian parents, Gale and Bill raised their family in the faith as well by attending First Baptist Church in Fort Mill and later Greenland Ave. Baptist Church. Gale is one of those rare second sopranos who can read music and is willing to let first sopranos soar with the melody or a flashy descant. Second sopranos are always welcomed into church choirs for their steadfastness, skill, and generous spirit.

In 1966 their first child, Jane, was born with MS, requiring special needs care. In 1968, their son, John, was born. Both children later attended college. Jane attended North Greenville and later Winthrop before teaching kindergarten and tutoring, as well as participating in a variety of church activities. John went on to York Tech, earning a degree in welding.

As proud as Gale is of her adult children, she just "busts her buttons" with pride and joy for her grandsons:

Kendrick, a Clemson graduate,  
William, a PC graduate,  
Luke, who graduates from Anderson in June,

Michael, graduating from Great Falls High School. (Gale will show you their pictures at the drop of a hat; and indeed, they ARE "handsome dudes.") Of course, logic follows that with four grandsons, Gale is most definitely a football fan. They love to tailgate at games.



Gale and her family love to travel—a pastime she acquired from her mother who was, at one time, an "ambassador" for Eastern Airlines that allowed her to travel to places like Hawaii, Washington, New Orleans, St. Louis because of that airline connection.

Knitting and traveling are among Gale's favorite things to do. Choir, of course, is another love of hers. Through the choir she has done extensive volunteer work in assisted living homes (including The Towers on occasion). She was active in FBC in Fort Mill singing in the Celebrators Choir and at the Billy Graham Library.

When asked what she enjoys in her retirement from raising a family for fifty-six years on an 80 acre working farm with cows, chickens and children, she says, "I'm so glad I don't have to cook anymore." (Aren't we ALL!?). She does play a mean game of Bingo and NuStep. Hymn singing is still high on her list. The choir programs for Christmas music and worshipping the Lord are always a highlight of Christmas for her family. They love seeing all the lights and sights of the season. She talks to her twin sister four or five times a day...can't break old habits, especially those established on such an intimate level before birth.

The family usually gets together for a meal at Christmas, which is the highlight. Later the men go hunting for deer, freeze the meat and distribute to friends and others who enjoy deer meat to eat.

We welcome Gale and her husband, Bill Hipp, as new residents to the Towers; and wish them well as Bill recovers from his stroke. Stop them in the Lobby and ask them the latest news about their grandsons and/or ANYTHING pertaining to Clemson and the Tigers.

**Carole Partridge**

## Virus Fatigue

Are you feeling a bit confined and homebound? Here is a possible solution, even when mobility is a challenge. You can still travel the world with just the click of a mouse. Try these sites:



### Museums with virtual tours:

Louvre----British Museum----National Gallery of Art Washington----Musée d'Orsay Paris----Rijksmuseum Amsterdam----Uffizi Gallery Florence.

### Nature and outer space:

Smithsonian Online Live animals Webcams----Cincinnati Zoo Everyday at 3 PM Live Animal show and activities----Yellowstone Virtual Tours----Mars Curiosity Rover.

**Ed FitzGerald**

## News You Can Use



**Fobs---**For those who were issued a “Fob” electronic entry key to the swimming pool area, don’t throw the fob pendant away, now that one enters the pool from the exercise room. There may come a day, post-pandemic, when the fob may be used as a secure entry key to several of the doors into the facility. Wouldn’t this be convenient!! **Ed FitzGerald, RA Treasurer**



**Heart Healthy Dining**—There is an increasing awareness that Dining Services needs to strengthen its offering of heart healthy and gluten free dining options, and changes are being planned. If you need to avoid fried foods you can always request a chicken or fish item to be served baked or grilled. Do this by calling the Dining Room at 5118 and leave your request. There will be a low sodium soup offering each day that can be requested when placing your dining order. Grilled chicken and baked fish are always available for ordering. Very shortly the new menus will reflect “Heart Healthy” options, identified with a pleasing symbol next to the item. Thanks to Chef Rick and the kitchen staff for addressing a recognized need! **Pat Bramer, Food Committee Member**

**Resident Maintenance and Service Committee**—I would like to thank the many residents of Westminster Towers who have made a concerted effort to control what is placed in the "chute rooms". There has been an obvious effort with cereal and cracker boxes and other small boxes that, after the bags are removed, are broken down and placed in the blue bins. Additionally, many smaller shipping boxes have been broken down and placed between the blue bins and the walls, enabling the bins to be used as designed, for only small boxes newspapers, magazines and discarded mail, etc.

There still are a few things that end up in the "chute rooms" that don't belong there. As a reminder, all glass bottles and jars, metal cans and plastic bottles, jugs, etc, should be rinsed and deposited in the barrels in the basement hall across from the Employee Break Room. Please be sure not to drop any glass bottles, jars or glasses, etc. down the garbage chutes.

Thank you again for helping to keep the "chute rooms" neat and clean. Thankfully, I have not seen any styrofoam cups or food containers in the blue bins in several weeks. Those items should be placed in plastic bags and tied securely before dropping them down the garbage chutes. All pizza boxes should be placed in the garbage chutes also, not in the blue bins.

Our maintenance staff and I thank you very much for your efforts. **Charles Ives, Chairman**



## REFLECTIONS ON A CHRISTMAS TREE

A Christmas memory that never fails to bring me a smile involves a Christmas morning many years ago. I rose before the rest of the family to play with the toys I had received on Christmas Eve. As I tore through the living room on my tricycle, I somehow careened into the big, beautifully decorated Christmas tree – and floored it! The crash I'm sure was impressive, but not as impressive as the vision I still have of my poor, bewildered dad emerging from the bedroom to see what had happened! I have no clear memory of how Christmas was restored, but I'm sure the beautiful tree regained its splendor!

While thoughts of Christmas trees and the memories we have from years gone by can be varied, there are associations with Scripture which are profound. There we are reminded of at least three trees: 1) EDEN'S TREE OF LIFE with its wonderful promise of eternal life – tragically lost by Adam and Eve's disobedience; 2) CALVARY'S TREE OF LIFE where Jesus transformed a tree of death by paying the penalty for our sin and providing the gift of eternal life; and 3) the NEW WORLD TREE OF LIFE described in the book of Revelation, symbolizing a world without darkness and death and with indescribable glory for those who have trusted in Christ. So, whenever we see a Christmas tree this year, whether on a table or on the White House lawn, let's remember that the TREE OF LIFE is ours because of the sacrifice of Christ – and rejoice!

**Wendell Anderson**



## RESIDENT ASSOCIATION NEWS

During the past few weeks, we have made several expenditures from the association treasuries that were suggested by Towers residents. Here is the list:

**LUGGAGE CART**—A beautiful gold colored cart has been purchased and assembled by maintenance. It is top-of-the-line and currently parked in the niche next to the reception desk. Guidelines for use will be published shortly.

**PIANO DOLLIES**-- In support of the Piano Fund, the association made a gift of \$300. The fund has met their financial goal and the dollies have been installed on both Towers grand pianos. These dollies are designed for ease of movement of these instruments, without stress that often causes the tuning to suffer.



### EMPLOYEE CHRISTMAS FUND—

We have donated \$300 in support of this important employee recognition event.

**PUTTING GREEN**—The flags that top the hole markers were worn, faded, and needed replacing. We funded new flags, at a minimal cost of \$53.

The current status of the treasury, after the listed expenditures, is \$310.



**Ed FitzGerald**  
**RA Treasurer**

## WHY DO WE GIVE GIFTS AT CHRISTMAS?

I think there are two reasons we give gifts at Christmas:

First, we're reminded of the greatest gift ever given...the gift that God gave us 2,000 years ago. John 3:16 says it beautifully: "For God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life." I'm grateful for God's love expressed in such a tangible, costly way. He loves you and me so much that He sent His only Son, Jesus Christ, who had been with Him from the beginning of time. Jesus left all the glories of Heaven to come to earth to live a sinless life and take the punishment you and I deserve by dying on the cross for our sins. Those who believe in Jesus have God's promise of eternal life. That life begins the moment we accept Jesus as Savior and Lord. His Spirit comes to live within us, so we cross over from spiritual death to spiritual life. Since He'll never die, we know that we'll never die and will live in Heaven with Him forever. Salvation is the most precious gift ever given, and it costs us nothing. In fact, it can't be bought with any amount of money. It's given by God's grace. All we do is accept it by faith.

The second reason we give gifts at Christmas is because we're reminded of the gifts the wise men brought Jesus. They had seen a star in the sky, which was a sign from God that promised the Messiah had been born. They traveled a long distance to find Him, and when they saw Him, they bowed down and worshiped Him as King. Then they presented Him with gifts of gold....the most precious of all metals, frankincense...an incense used in the worship of God, and myrrh...a burial spice, symbolizing His death and resurrection.



As we celebrate Christmas this year, may we be reminded of God's gift of Jesus. "Thanks be to God for His indescribable gift!" (I Corinthians 9:15)

Lou Ardrey

For Amy Laughlin's going away party, Lib and I made five dozen cheese rings. Several people asked for the recipe and I agreed to have it printed in the *Windows*.

## CHEESE RINGS

Judy Hicklin's recipe modified by Spencer Anderson

2 sticks of Salted Butter  
½ lb. Sharp Cheese, grated  
2 cups (plain) flour, not sifted  
¼ Teaspoon Red Pepper  
¾ Teaspoon Dry Mustard

Grate cheese in the food processor. Remove the cheese from the processor and place two cups of packed flour, red pepper, and dry mustard into the processor and blend. Then add one stick of cold butter, sliced into sections and blend.

Then add the second stick of butter and blend. Then add the grated cheese to the top of the mixture and blend by pulsating until a ball is formed. Place dough in the cookie press and follow the instructions that came with the press. Bake at 360 degrees for 17 to 18 minutes, depending on the oven.

\*\*Use an isolated cookie sheet for best results.



## The Way to a New Year

To leave the old with a burst of song:  
To recall the right and forgive the wrong:  
To forget the things that bind you fast  
To the vain regrets of the year that's past;  
To have the strength to let go your hold  
Of the not worth while of the days  
grown old;

To dare go forth with a purpose true,  
To the unknown task of the year that's new;  
To help your brother along the road,  
To do his work and lift his load;  
To add your gift to the world's good cheer,  
Is to have and to give a Happy New Year.

Author Unknown





**Linda Rabon Apt 320**



**David Morton Apt 607**

## CHRISTMAS IN THE PHILIPPINES

Christmas was a great time of festivities in the Philippines. Christmas stars, made of colorful paper with kite-like tails hung from many houses. It was a common sight to see a man with a long bamboo pole over his shoulder, hung with ten or more stars, trotting along the road on his way to sell them in the market.

Carolers, accompanied by someone playing a guitar, would come down the street, stopping at homes to belt out carols. One of the favorites was:

Ania kami (We are here),  
Ning gabii sa among pagdaygon (This evening  
of our caroling)  
Hinaut pa (We hope)  
Nga kaninyo dili makatukow (That you are not  
disturbed).  
Pasko karon (It's Christmas),  
Panahon, panahon sa kalipay (A time, a time  
of joy),  
Kay natawo na ang Manunubus sa kalibutan!  
(Because the Redeemer of the world has  
been born!)

Of course, after singing, the carolers expected a handout!

It was our privilege, while living and working at the Bible school, to host a Christmas party for everyone on campus. We would have one for faculty and staff members on one evening, and students on the next, since our home wasn't large enough to accommodate all of them at once. Our helper, along with me and our children, spent much time baking and decorating cookies. We also made popcorn balls and wrapped them in brightly colored cellophane. (We had to do these just before the parties, as the humidity would cause them to fall apart rather quickly.)

These were the "bring house," which always elicited big smiles. (Filipinos are accustomed to having something to bring home after a party. Since in rural areas they have no refrigeration, leftovers can't be kept, so they are parceled out for everyone to take.)

Besides the decorations inside the house, including our Christmas tree, we would string lights around the yard so the guests could spill outside and sit on the grass to munch their goodies. And, of course, we would always have at least one of the colorful stars hanging in the house or carport.

The children on campus would participate in a program in the chapel as well. This would be followed by a feast in the dining hall, always made beautiful with homemade decorations. Poinsettia bushes are in full bloom in the country at Christmas time, but, alas, the blooms cannot be cut and put in a vase, as they will wilt immediately. (This is why when we buy them here, they are always a potted plant.) So, colorful paper ones floating in a coconut frond "boat" would decorate the tables. A traditional Filipino meal would be served, which would always include several dishes made with pork or fish with vegetables and rice. This would have all been prepared early and allowed to sit on the tables ready for the party to begin, with watchers shooing the flies away! Filipinos don't care if their food isn't hot, and they never have cold drinks either, since they have no refrigeration. This makes it very easy for the cooks, as no effort is needed to keep the food either warm or cold.

When all the festivities with these dear people were ended, we always found the time to have our own Christmas traditions – usually with at least one other missionary family. No matter where we have been in the world, Christmas has always had a very special place in our family and hearts.

**Nancy Anderson**

## **MOMENTS IN TIME.... SIGHTS, SOUNDS, AND SCENTS**

There are moments frozen in time that pop back into memory and visit when triggered by a color, a sound, a movement in the brain, a phrase of music. They are dear to the heart and cherished as strongly as they were when first experienced.

I remember the June bug with a string tied to its leg soaring in circles. We pretended that it was a miniature kite, and marveled at the dark green shimmer of the hull of its back. Eventually we untied the string to see the June bug vanish to summer adventures elsewhere.

I remember the lightning bugs caught on a summer evening and put in an old mayonnaise jar. Such magic can never be captured by Walt Disney.

I remember the scent of lavender wisteria while sitting high in tree branches. It was my secret place to hide. I put myself to work high up in the privacy of leafy limbs. It was work which consisted of trying to bore a hole in a penny with a hammer and a rusty nail. Days of secret pounding failed to change the shape of Abe Lincoln's nose. Finally, a quick run over to the nearby railroad track and putting the penny on the track rail seemed to be a good idea...no hole, but a new and unusual squashed shape to the penny. There was the adventure of mischief even approaching the track when the high whine of a whistle sounded miles away. (No, I don't think that is a good story to tell the grand-children.)

I remember the fragrance of fresh figs on the vine of the arbor behind the garage, and the sweet pink nectar which dribbled down the chin with the first bite. The arbor was a safe retreat when mischief went just a tad farther than safe or acceptable....such as striking a match to the filmy, white curtain panel of my bedroom window. While I fled to parts un-

known to the family (the fig arbor), an adult jerked the flaming curtains off the wall, saving our home from burning to the ground.

I don't remember the pain of punishment, but I do remember being plopped onto my father's lap, seeing his somber face, and listening to his serious tones for what seemed a very long time. All the while he fingered the leather belt he had stripped from his waist. Figs have never held that seductive aroma nor flavor since that day.

I remember the summer vacation spent in a cabin in the Georgia mountains overlooking Lake Rabun. It rained all week long. The newest popular song was "Goodnight, Irene." For seven days we heard it "fifty-leven" times all day and all night, drifting up the mountain from the juke box on the public pier a mile or so below our cabin. The only games we had brought with us to while away the rainy afternoons were Pick Up Stix and Jax with a rubber ball. Reading became the favorite pastime in the hammock strung up on the screened porch.

Nancy Drew, girl detective, drove her small convertible around, solving serious mysteries. It wasn't until I was an adult that I learned that Carolyn Keene, the printed author, was, in reality, multiple people who wrote both the Nancy Drew and The Hardy Boys series. By the time I came by that information, it didn't really matter anymore. Neither Carolyn Keene (the so-called author) nor Nancy Drew (the teenage sleuth protagonist) were real people. But then everyone knows teenagers live in their own fantasy world anyway.

Best of all memories to this day, one remembers the scent of Old Spice during that first New Year's Eve kiss by the future husband!!!

**"To everything there is a season..." (Eccles. 3:1)**

**Carole Partridge**

## **'TIS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE A Christmas story from 1970**

Mr. Ong, a wealthy Christian and owner of Young's Auto Supply in Cebu City was out shopping. When he returned to his shiny new car, a little ragged urchin was admiring it. "Mister, is this your car?" "Yes." "How much did it cost?" "Nothing. My brother gave it to me." "Gave it to you? You know what, Mister, I wish I could be a brother like that."

Mr. Ong was so impressed with his answer that, although he was a busy man, he offered him a ride. "Oh no, Mister. I'd get your nice car all dirty." "Never mind," he said and he took him for a ride around town. Then the lad asked if he would take him down the street where he lived. When they stopped in front of the house, he went in and came back carrying his little brother - a cripple. He showed him the car and said, "You see that car? That's what I'm going to give you when I grow up." Mr. Ong then took them both to a toy shop and let them pick out some Christmas toys before returning them home.

**Nancy Anderson**







## A Candymaker's Witness

A candymaker in Indiana wanted to make a candy that would be a witness, so he made the Christmas Candy Cane. He incorporated several symbols for the birth, ministry, and death of Jesus Christ.

He began with a stick of pure white, hard candy. White to symbolize the Virgin Birth and the sinless nature of Jesus and hard to symbolize the Solid Rock, the foundation of the Church, and firmness of the promises of God.

The candymaker made the candy in the form of a "J" to represent the precious name of Jesus, who came to earth as our Savior. It could also represent the staff of the "Good Shepherd" with which He reaches down into the ditches of the world to lift out the fallen lambs who, like all sheep, have gone astray.

Thinking that the candy was somewhat plain, the candymaker stained it with red stripes. He used three small stripes to show the stripes of the scourging Jesus received by which we are healed. The large red stripe was for the blood shed by Christ on the cross so that we could have the promise of eternal life.

Unfortunately, the candy became known as a Candy Cane--- a meaningless decoration seen at Christmas time. But the meaning is still there for those who "have eyes to see and ears to hear". I pray that this symbol will again be used to witness To The Wonder of Jesus and His Great Love that came down at Christmas and remains the ultimate and dominant force in the universe today.

**Author Unknown**

## One Solitary Life

He was born in an obscure village.

He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty.

He then became an itinerant preacher.

He never held office. He never had a family or owned a house.

He didn't go to college. He had no credentials by himself.

He was only thirty-three when the public turned against him.

Nineteen centuries have come and gone,

and today he is the central figure of the human race.

All the armies that ever marched, all the kings that ever reigned  
have not affected the life of man on this earth as much as that

One Solitary Life.

**Written by: James Allen Francis**





## Duchess Raehn Returns!

Duchess is coming back! For the past five years, Duchess Raehn of Hilton Head has been charming residents with her warm personality and musical skills. She usually comes twice a year; but, because of the pandemic, she wasn't able to be with us this past summer. She will be giving two concerts on Saturday, December 12<sup>th</sup> from 1:00 to 2:00 and again from 2:30 to 3:30.

Duchess, who was born in Charleston, has been playing since early childhood. By the age of five, Duchess could play songs by ear that she had heard on the radio or at her church. She graduated in piano from the University of South Carolina, including classes at the Vienna International Music Center in Austria. A resident of Hilton Head Island, she has played in a variety of locations and situations... weddings and funerals, churches and piano bars, community plays, conferences, and women's retreats.

Duchess has recorded four CDs: "Be Still My Soul" and "Soul Mate", both a collection of traditional hymns, "Music of the Night", a collection of Broadway favorites, and "The Gift," a compilation of Christmas carols. They will be available.

I first met Duchess in 1981 when my daughter, Lydia, married Duchess' brother, Jamie Howell; and she has been a dear friend ever since. Over the years, she gave many concerts in our home in Fort Mill. When Jim and I moved to Westminster Towers in 2015, I invited her to broaden her base of musical fans to include our residents.

For a number of years, Duchess was the Teaching Director of Community Bible Study in Hilton Head. She recently retired and is now a realtor with her husband, Bob. They have four sons and two precious grandchildren.

**Lou Ardrey**

Yes, Virginia....

Another Christmas poem I said  
to no one in the room,  
but what can lift me from the dread  
of all this doom and gloom?

The oceans are arising and summer's hot as hell  
the honey bee is missing  
and other griefs to tell.

Reality is shoving our hearts and minds to fear,  
it's hard to find the joy we need, to get us through the year.  
But hope my friend, comes softly, and gentle as the snow,  
so may its warmth embrace you and let its power grow.

To you and all the wish we give is not beneath the tree,  
let love and joy fill up your hearts,  
let Christmas magic be.

**Author Unknown**  
**Submitted by Arlene Jenkins**

## Old Age.

**I think it's wisdom to live by.**  
**A poem by Edgar A. Guest**

I used to think that growing old  
Was reckoned just in years,  
But who can name the very date  
When weariness appears?

I find no stated time when man  
Obedient to a law,  
Must settle in an easy chair and  
From the world withdraw.

Old age is rather curious,  
Or so it seems to me,

I know old men at forty and  
And young men at seventy-three.  
I'm done with counting life by years  
Or temples turning gray,  
No one is old who wakes with joy  
To greet another day.

**Submitted by Mary Alice Mitchell**

## AN UNUSUAL ADVENT MESSAGE

Rev. John Piper, theologian and former pastor of Bethlehem Baptist Church in Minneapolis, MN, wrote a poem each year, a portion of which he would read to the congregation during the lighting of each candle on the four Sundays of Advent. One year he chose to write about the life of Job. The following is an excerpt from his reading at the fourth candle lighting. It begins as Job is walking in the field with six-year-old Jemimah, the first child born to Dinah and him after all his calamities.

. . . He looked down at  
the glowing little girl who sat  
before him on the grass – the first  
child born to Dinah since she nursed  
the dead. Job wondered if there might  
be more in years to come despite  
the treasure that Jemimah was.  
He'd sometimes walk the hills of Uz  
alone, and lift his hands and break  
out singing that the Lord could make  
a little girl like this from bone  
and flesh that once could only groan  
and grieve the loss of every child.

The little girl looked up and smiled:  
"What are you thinking, Papa?" Job  
thought for a while, then said, "You probe  
perhaps, Jemimah, where the road  
is rougher and the mental load  
too heavy for your little mind."

"I like it, Papa, when you find  
a story you can tell about  
your life. Why were you sick?" "I doubt  
that you would understand," he said.  
"Do you?" she asked. "Your little head  
may not perhaps grasp all the why,  
but it may do us good to try.

Your daddy once was very rich.  
And you had three big sisters which  
I loved with all my heart. They died  
with seven brothers all inside  
a great big house that fell because  
a giant wind broke all the laws  
we thought we knew. How little did  
we know! And then one day amid  
the grief I got so sick no one  
could tell that it was me. I'd done  
all that I knew to do. But still  
it came and vexed my soul until  
I almost lost my faith." "Do you  
think God made you so sick?" she drew  
her breath and swallowed hard. "I know  
you'd like to think that there's a foe  
that hurts and God who heals. And that  
would not be wrong; but I have sat

and pondered months in pain to see  
if that is true – if misery  
is Satan's work, and happiness  
is God's. Jemimah, we must bless  
the Lord for all that's good and bad."

"But, Papa, God's not mean or mad.  
He's not our enemy. He's kind  
and gentle, isn't he?" "Your mind  
is right, Jemimah, but it's small.  
He's gentle, kind, but that's not all.  
I have some friends who thought they knew  
the mind of God, and that their view  
of tenderness exhausted God's,  
and that severity and rods  
could only be explained with blame  
to vindicate his holy name."  
"So you think it was God who made  
you sick?" "I think God never laid  
aside the reins that lie against  
the neck of Satan, nor unfenced  
His pen to run at liberty,  
but only by the Lord's decree. . .  
the Lord has made me drink  
the cup of his severity  
that he might kindly show to me  
what I would be when only he  
remains in my calamity.  
Unkindly he has kindly shown  
that he was not my hope alone. . .  
Beware, Jemimah, God is kind,  
in ways that will not fit your mind.

It's getting late, Jemimah, come,  
I think I hear the bedtime drum.  
My little theologian deep,  
it's time to say goodnight and sleep...."

***Behold the light of candle four:  
What we have lost God will restore  
when he is finished with his art,  
the silent worship of our heart.  
When God creates a humble hush,  
and makes Leviathan his brush,  
it won't be long until the rod  
becomes the tender kiss of God.***

**Submitted by Nancy Anderson**

# Contributions

## **Endowment**

Westminster Ministries

Amy Laughlin

Jim and Nancy Bright

### **In Memory of: Billie Bell**

Sig and Judy Huitt

Joanne Cauthen

Lynn Hornsby

### **In Memory of: Kimble Hernandez**

Joanne Cauthen

### **In Memory of: Jack Clinton**

Lynn Hornsby

Joanne Cauthen

### **In Memory of: Ann Casada**

Ed and Jody FitzGerald

### **In Memory of: Laura Norwood, Shirley**

### **LeForce, and Jim Ardrey**

Jean Barnes

## **General Fund**

Richard and Donna Richter

## **Westminster Towers Piano Fund**

Lou Ardrey

Spencer and Lib Anderson

Nancy and Wendell Anderson

Carole Partridge

Westminster Towers Resident Association

George and Esther Jackson

Dicksie Ward

Genevieve Brandel

Virginia Dunn

Arlene Jenkins

Barney Blackwelder

Lynn Hornsby

Scott Anderson

Jim Thomason

Morna Matheny

Gerard Lopez

Fay Reynolds

Louise Whitfield

### **In Honor of Mrs. Ratterree's Love of Piano and 30 Years of Teaching Lessons**

Hulic and Nancy Ratterree

## *In Loving Memory:*

*Jack Clinton*

### **In Memory of: Kimble Hernandez**

Ed and Jody FitzGerald

### **In Memory of: Bill Holley**

Sylvia Holley

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

Ed McPoland

## **Employee Appreciation Christmas**

### **Fund**

Frank Kiser

Fay Reynolds

Dwight Benson

Ed and Jody FitzGerald

Dorothy Kerr

Ruthann Poore

Ed McPoland

Louise Clinton

Pauline Schuerg

Bob and Vera McSparin

Lynn Hornsby

Gail Lavender

Pinky Funderburk

Kathy and Derek Nichols

George and Esther Jackson

Pat Marshall

Betty Love

Peggy Moore

Ernestine Howard

Sheila Fleming

Virginia Dunn

Hulic and Nancy Ratterree

Spencer and Lib Anderson

Margaret Hausman

Gerard Lopez

Carole Barber

Betsy Sumner

### **In Memory of: Jack Clinton**

Ed and Jody FitzGerald

*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.*



## MOPED MEN

If you have ever parked near the basement loading dock, you will have noticed two beautiful MOPEDS parked there. These speedy “motor scooters” belong to two very familiar members of our maintenance staff. The more upscale unit belongs to Paul Gregg, our lead maintenance supervisor, and the other to Kevin Knight, a key member of Paul’s staff. Kevin has been an employee of the Towers for over 16 years. Surprisingly, the men do not own cars and use the Mopeds exclusively for transportation.

Paul, an Arkansas native, has been on staff for over two years, having joined us after a few years working at Agape Health. He has been a Rock Hill resident since 2013, and maintains a sixth floor apartment in downtown’s Cobb House high rise. His responsibilities are for all phases of maintenance, as well as directing the work of our



outside contractors with more complex mechanical, electrical, and plumbing issues. He said that he loved being on the staff, and he does a great job working with residents when things go wrong in our living units.

Kevin, a Rock Hill native, lives in the Confederate Park area and is a dedicated gardener. He is easy going and one of the key “Fix-it-Men” on the staff.

Both said that they enjoy their machines, especially when they get over 115 miles on a tank of gasoline (1 1/3 gal). They stick to the local streets, avoiding those with heavy traffic. Mopeds

are not allowed on interstates, and are generally restricted to 35 mph, which Kevin said is his comfortable cruising speed. Paul’s is a more powerful machine, has never been wide open, and his maximum ride was in the 55 mph range. They both stick close to home, although Paul stated that he drove his to Blacksburg once. Amazing!!

**Ed FitzGerald**

## We are looking for articles about Westminster Towers residents and happenings around the Towers!

Entries can be submitted directly to Jennifer Tucker or Linda Lenz.

Deadline for entries for January is **December 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, Mary Alice Mitchell, Carole Partridge, Gaylon Syrett, Janet Yocum**; Residents’ Association President: **Spencer Anderson** President and CEO: **Jim Thomason**; Editor: **Jennifer Tucker** Director of Life Enrichment: **Christy O’Connor**

