



WESTMINSTER TOWERS WINDOWS

CONTINUING CARE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

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westminstertowers.org

I Irish Blessings

**The lady smiled at the gentleman and said, “Top of the morning to you;” and
the gentleman tipped his hat, smiled, and said to the lady,
“And the rest of the day to you.”**

**May the roof of your house
Never fall in,
And those beneath it
Never fall out.**

**I complained that
I had no shoes,
Until I met a man
Who had no feet.**

**May you be in Heaven
A half an hour
Before the Devil
Knows you died.**

**May the saddest day of your future
Be no worse
Than the happiest day
Of your past.**

**Get on your knees
And thank God
For your feet.**

**May the good Lord
Take a liking to you
But not too soon.**

**Do not resent growing old,
Many do not have
That privilege.**

**When time to bid farewell in the Navy, it was done with this Irish Blessing:
May you have fair winds (not ones that pound the waves)
And fallowing seas. (calm)
May the wind always be at your back (easy to set your course)
May the warm sun shine upon your face,
The rains fall upon your fields.
Until we meet again may God hold you in the palm of His hand.**



THE TEACUP

I'd like to share a story that has meant a great deal to me through the years. It has impacted my life and I've included it in many of my Bible studies because it is based on Scriptural truths. The author is unknown.

It's the story of an American couple who go to England to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary. Both the man and his wife are admirers of antiques, pottery and china. When they come to Sussex, they pass a little china shop. They instantly stop—back up—and go in. Their eyes single out a little teacup on the top shelf. "May I see that one?" the gentleman asked. "I've never seen a teacup like it. It's beautiful!"

But suddenly, the teacup SPOKE! "You don't understand. I haven't always been a teacup. There was a time that I was clay. My master took me and rolled me and patted me over ...and over... and over. I yelled out "LET ME ALONE!" But he only smiled and said, "NOT YET."

Then I was placed on a spinning wheel", the teacup said. "Suddenly I was spun around... and around...and around. 'Stop it! I'm getting dizzy!' I screamed. The master only nodded and said "NOT YET!"

Then he put me in an oven. I've never felt such heat. I wondered why he wanted to burn me and I yelled and I knocked at the door. I could see him through the opening and I could read his lips as he shook his head and said "NOT YET!"

Finally, the door did open. He put me up on the shelf and I began to cool. 'There's that's better', I said. Then suddenly he brushed me and painted me all over. The fumes were horrible and I thought I would gag.' Stop it, stop it', I cried. He only nodded...'NOT YET!'

Then suddenly he put me back into an oven...not the first one but one that was twice as hot. I knew I would suffocate. I begged! I pleaded! I screamed! I cried! All the time I could see him through the opening, nodding his head and saying, 'NOT YET!'

Then I knew there was no hope. I would never

make it. I was ready to give up. But the door opened and he took me out and placed me on a shelf. One hour later he handed me a mirror and said, 'Look at yourself.' I did and I said 'That's not me! It couldn't be me! I'm beautiful!' Then the master said, 'I know it hurt to be rolled and patted but if I had left you, you would have dried up. I know it made you dizzy to spin you around on the wheel, but if I had stopped, you would have crumbled. I know it hurt and it was hot and disagreeable in the oven but if I hadn't put you there, you would have cracked. I know the fumes were bad when I brushed you and painted you all over but if I hadn't done that you would never have hardened. There would have been no color in your life. And if I hadn't put you back in the second oven, you would not have survived for very long and the hardness would not have held. But now you are a FINISHED PRODUCT! You are what I had in mind when I first began with you.'"

You and I are like that teacup. Sometimes our master puts us in the oven so we won't crack and crumble under the challenges of life.

It's painful in the oven. We would all agree to that.

We might say that going through this pandemic is like being in the oven.

We've been going through some really difficult and painful things the past 11 months.

We've lost loved ones. We've missed out on important events.

We've had to wear masks which make it difficult to relate to others and hear what they say.

We've had to practice social distancing.

We've been restricted in our activities.

We can't have fellowship with others the way we would like.

We don't have the freedom to get out and shop, go to restaurants and see people

It's especially painful not being able to see family and friends the way we would like.

But It's comforting to know that there is a purpose in all of it....as this little story conveys. Other things in our lives may have that effect also.



I was reminded of this story when I learned that I had breast cancer again. I had it 25 years ago in 1995 and I found out just a few days before Christmas that I had it again. I had a mammogram in November. They called me back a couple of weeks later for more pictures because something showed up on the mammogram that wasn't there last year. That didn't prove to be conclusive so I had an ultrasound ...then a biopsy. The biopsy revealed cancer so I had surgery in January. Now I'm scheduled for radiation treatments. As I said....It's good to know that all of that is for a purpose. God is using it in my life to accomplish His purposes, Some of you may be going through an especially challenging personal trial. Scripture has a lot to say about the benefit of going through trials. James 1:2 says, "Consider it pure joy my brothers whenever you face trials of many kinds" You and I might ask: Why would we consider it joy when we face trials

James tells us: He says :“Because you know that the testing of your faith develops perseverance. Perseverance must finish its work so that you may be mature and complete, not lacking anything.” That's' what we all want...we want to be mature in our faith God is using the trials in our lives to develop perseverance...so we will be mature and complete in our faith...not lacking anything....so we'll be a finished product....what He had in mind when he first began with us.

~Lou Ardrey



Love was in the air this past Valentine's Day weekend as the WMT residents voted for who they thought should be crowned this year's Valentine's King & Queen. The winners with the most votes were Jody & Ed Fitzgerald (left). The runners up were Lloyd & Joann Twedt, who were named the Valentine's Prince & Princess! (below)

Congratulations!



LOCKDOWN LUNACY

Into every life cycle there come times of mild frustration, medium tolerance and lastly, extreme, nail biting, tongue-chewing annoyances, one cannot do anything about; but must tolerate because there is no other choice available in the present or foreseeable future.

Then there are the observations and/or questions (rhetorical, of course), that are posed because of the ongoing situation existing in a protected environment, such as The Towers. In contrast there is the outside world of masks and limited socialization, better known as “social distancing”...already a misnomer. How does one “socialize” from a “distance”? You see, we have already proved it is a misnomer just by asking that ridiculous question. One cannot “socialize” from a distance...well, maybe in some cases, like the telephone or the jungle drums. We choose not to explore those at this moment for the purposes of this midnight meditation.

Yes, we live in a protective “bubble” here at The Towers, for which we are grateful. But protective bubbles CAN become confining in their own way, with time and no other distractions. Once the existing programs become routine, we look for other diversions, other routines to enhance or modify in some different way the rapidly growing boredom of four walls in a small apartment.



Complaining inevitably becomes the parlor game of the season. There are various types and degrees of complaining. There are also different arenas for complaining...the Lobby Complainer, the Dining Room Complainer, the Isolated Resident Complainer...all types, sizes, shapes and sorts of Complainers.

Pick one type of complainer that comes closest to your personal experience. That, in itself, is a game to while away Time. It MAY be even

more revealing than the personal autobiographies we have tucked away this historical year to explain the lunacy to which we have become acclimated. All for the express purposes of leaving to our great grandchildren an autobiographical explanation for the eccentricities of their great grandparents. Even now, I can hear the IPADS clicking away to get each and every version of the pandemic year down on paper for the next Best Seller on the New York Times Best Seller Book List. “Let me count the ways....”

Textbooks on coping skills are being written, as we speak, to guide us through boredom and inconveniences of pandemic. The following are simply observations to while away time;...maybe less than five minutes of personal reflections, to serve as a prologue of the historical record of Covid-19 pandemic year.

At first, there is the odd ball channel of television viewing in which the cooking show “Chopped” serves up various ways of cooking Caribbean Goat. (Heads up, Chef Rick!) Then there are the Home Sales and Decorations Shows which serves up eye-catching home decor items made out of strips of rags torn from old blankets.

The Liberty Mutual Insurance Co. commercial television writers should be taken out to a distant land and abandoned for inflicting the mustachioed actor and emu in so many different social and business settings. My personal contribution to the improvement of these commercials would be to lose the mustachioed actor and donate the emu to a local zoo...or maybe it was the emu who wore the ugly mustache.....!!!

Questions that will be asked of historians for ages to come: “Why do the two most user friendly new inventions of the ages, to come down the pike...the cell phone and the IPAD...arrive with NO USER MANUALS??!!” Nobody...but NOBODY... ever told this great grandmother that the number 1 is NOT used before the area code for long distance calls on a cell phone. Are we supposed to KNOW this without a User Manual??!!

Who ARE the IPAD pixies who invade our orbit to UPDATE the machines they have made indispensable to us and the general public? It is my firm belief that this is an invasion of our

personal space and confidential information to enter our IPADS and redo, recoil or, readjust the gimmicks and “tah-dahs” of modern communications; all the while lulling us into a false sense of confidence by believing we DESIRE their irritable services. Then the new update eliminates the maneuver you’ve just mastered to illustrate our emails home to family.

Consistent television viewing, necessitated by the pandemic, raises philosophical questions of great import:

1. On The Wheel of Fortune television show, Vanna White has finally been allowed to speak a few words, after all these years of turning over letters. After twenty years or so on television, what will Vanna White’s retirement package look like, if and when the show is ever canceled?
2. Will I be arrested if I build my own still and concoct my own whiskey using the Moonshiners Code from the Discovery Channel?
3. How does one get rid of “robo-calls” and recorded sales calls from a company trying to sell one a warranty on an automobile that was sold two years ago?
4. Which are the silliest and dumbest commercials ever recorded? Liberty Mutual Insurance’s logo which defames our Statue of Liberty? Or Progressive Insurance with the comedian Mable or Myrtle,(or whatever her name is) who wears a 1940’s bandeau over her dark brown wig and continues to put her eye make-up on a la 1960’s style?
5. How does one break the habit of turning to open-toed flip flops when Gentle Nails Services are canceled from their monthly visit?
6. Where can one go to shop for leisure pandemic clothing when one tires of wearing the same grey sweat suit three days in a row?

You see how the complaints, queries and “wonderings” proliferate when one has not entered into formal counseling sessions yet? Self-isolation can lead to self-loathing. In desperation one seeks out “pick me up” literature, movies and lectures. SELF becomes primary...a sin to be avoided during normal times, but inescapable when under quarantine....even the mildest, least punitive form.

Any variation or elimination from the House-printed schedule serves as grounds to trigger insurrection and rebellion that would make the Capitol Riot look like a high school football rally. (Well, MAYBE that was a SLIGHT exaggeration; but hyperbole soars in the mind and pen, as well as the rebellious heart these days.). All of which proves my point.

Then, to be honest, one must acknowledge the thoughtful and sincere neighbors, friends and service staff who take pity upon us confined citizens. They shower us with goodies, games, books, balloons, cards and letters. To remain in a “tizzy fit” or state of deep depression during quarantine seems downright ungrateful for the efforts and culinary skills in lifting our spirits. In fact this cranky credo of ingratitude for the helpful, out-reaching hearts and hands must take a pause for now. A call just came through from the desk that a yummy container of homemade chicken chili and cornbread just arrived.

Maybe some original thoughts and grateful comments will pop up AFTER one taste tests this latest offering of culinary genius. Gratitude and faithfulness are two attributes I must work on right after the chicken chili.

Mental kitchen instructions: Slather the cornbread with butter and zap in microwave 30 seconds to “hotten up” this delicacy which triggers memories of my own grandmother’s Sunday night supper of cornbread crumbled in a glass of cold buttermilk. BON APPETIT!!

Proverbs 15:14:

“The heart of him who has understanding seeks knowledge, but the mouth of fools feeds on foolishness.”



~ Carole L. Partridge

Mrs. Wilson

Fortunately, in life, there are always a few people that make a positive impact on our lives. We, at the Towers, do have this “special person” in Shanita Wilson of the food service department. Shanita, often referred to as Miz Wilson, works the early shift in the kitchen and dining room and always infuses her work with good natured charm and positive happiness. She has been a Towers employee for 11 years, starting out as a dietary aide in the Health Center kitchen.

Currently, she works the 7AM to 10AM breakfast shift and then prepares our daily Sandwich Basket specials at main meals.

A Rock Hill native, she and her husband Mark, live on Black Street, near the downtown fountain. Her son, Jimmy, lives in Charlotte and is employed by Wells Fargo and is very special in her life. Recently, he hosted Shanita and other family members at her 50th birthday dinner at the Charlotte’s famous Cheesecake Factory restaurant, a family favorite.

On her birthday, the early morning breakfast and coffee crowd celebrated with song and a special birthday cake. There were special festive birthday decorations that she and her “soul sister” Judy Krepps, of housekeeping, had placed in the dining room. Shia’s smile lit up our dining room!

Family is very important to her, and she surrounds herself with aunts, uncles and many cousins.

One of her favorite friends is “Dosay”, a small and affectionate Yorkiepoo. A very lucky dog to have her as a friend! And we residents are most fortunate to have Miz Wilson brighten our day, as she is always an “up” and happy person. Come down some morning, have breakfast served by her, and you will return to your apartment with a smile on your kiss. Happy Birthday, Shia!

~Ed FitzGerald





A MARCH HISTORY LESSON

We are very familiar with the celebration of St. Patrick's Day on March 17th each year. It is a time to pretend to be Irish and wear something green. But did you know that St. Patrick, for whom the day is named, was neither Irish nor was he ever made a saint?

According to an article written about him by the editors of History.com, Patrick was born to wealthy parents in England, who were not thought to be very religious, although his father was a Christian deacon. At the age of 17, Patrick was kidnapped by Irish pirates, taken to Ireland, and enslaved. He spent six years in captivity, working as a shepherd - alone each day and afraid. It was during this time that he turned to God for solace and became a devout Christian. It is said that it was also during this time he began to dream of converting the Irish to Christianity.

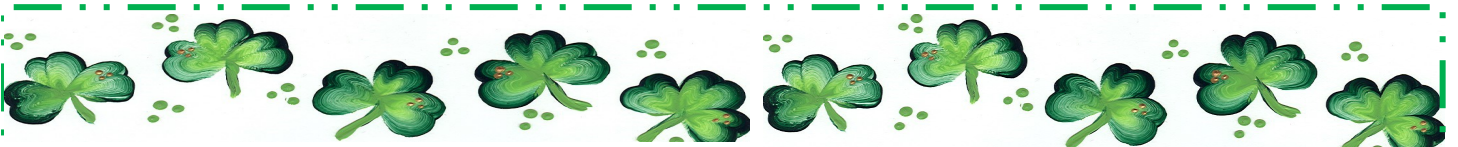
After six years, Patrick escaped and walked two hundred miles to the coast where he was able to find a way to get back to Britain. Once there, he reported having a dream in which an angel told him to return to Ireland as a missionary. Serious about this calling, he entered religious training, which lasted more than 15 years, after which he was ordained as a priest. He was sent back to Ireland with two purposes - to minister to the small band of Christians living there and to evangelize the pagan Irish.

It was said that, in his efforts to win the Irish to Christianity, he used what he had learned of the Irish language and culture and incorporated traditional rituals into his lessons. One such endeavor led him to superimpose a sun, a powerful Irish symbol, onto the Christian cross and thus created what we now call the Celtic cross.

Many stories have been told and embellished over the years about his accomplishments. One such tale related that he banished all snakes from Ireland, which is false. Also, he was never formally made a saint because there was no canonization process in the Catholic Church during the first millennium. He was called St. Patrick by popular acclaim.

His story reminds me of the story of Joseph as recorded in Genesis 39 and following. He too found himself enslaved in a foreign land - namely Egypt. He endured many hardships, untruthful accusations and imprisonment. But the hand of the Lord was upon him. What his brothers meant for evil when they sold him into slavery, God meant for good, as He ultimately helped him become an important man in Egypt. He managed the production and storage of food during years of plenty so that the lives of not only the Egyptians, but also his own family were saved during a severe famine in the land. Both of these stories really prove that "... all things work together for good to those who are called according to his purpose." (Romans 8:28)

~Nancy Anderson



ALWAYS TRIUMPHANT

In the days of the Apostle Paul, one of the great events in Rome was said to be a Roman *Triumph*, the parade of a Roman general through the streets of Rome after returning from a successful conquest. No greater honor was given to a general than a Roman *Triumph*.

While writers differ regarding the details of an event like this, one lists in his Bible commentary many elements that could have been part of the parade; among them trumpeters, spoils of war, captive generals and leaders in chains, priests swinging censers burning fragrant incense, and the general himself, riding in a chariot, drawn by four horses, cloaked in a decorated purple toga, with a crown held above his head, and followed by his soldiers shouting victoriously.

It has been suggested that perhaps Paul was reminded of some such glorious parade when he enthusiastically writes, **“But thanks be to God, who in Christ always leads us in triumph, and through us spreads the fragrance of the knowledge of him everywhere!”** (2 Cor. 2:14 RSV) This has been a special Bible verse to me for years. I shared it in my testimony on the day of my ordination to the gospel ministry in 1956. It is clear that Paul saw himself and his fellow believers as participating in Christ’s glorious victory over this evil world and Satan. And as they moved in Christ’s great procession, they were spreading the fragrant gospel of salvation everywhere.

Christ’s triumph was spectacular. What Satan and Christ’s enemies viewed as their victory when they saw Him hanging on the cruel Cross, was turned into a wondrous display of God’s power and glory on the morning of the Resurrection. This was then followed after 40 days by the glorious Ascension of Christ into heaven. It now awaits the promised Second Coming of Christ to reign in victory with his faithful followers.

If you and I have turned from our sins and trusted in Christ as our Savior and Lord, we are in this great procession! We may not feel very triumphant under the weight of the difficulties of life in this dark world -- the illnesses, dangers, financial problems, bereavements and family concerns -- including our sins and failures. But if we have joined with Christ, and are trusting Him, He will ultimately lead us victoriously through the worst of life’s challenges, spreading the gospel fragrance in words and action as we go.

Then, eventually, when our time comes to leave this life, God has promised us a wonderful home in Heaven with other believers. And there we will await the final fulfillment of all God’s plans. When the time comes for Christ’s triumphant return to this world God has promised us a resurrected and transformed body, and, when all the final events are completed, a new world for eternity with our family of believers, angels and the Triumphant Christ. **Thanks be to God!**

~Wendell Anderson



March Church Schedule

A weekly church service will be held in Heritage Hall on Wednesdays at 3 PM . We will be welcoming different pastors from local area churches each week to give a sermon.

3/3—Associate Pastor Ryan Powell—St. John's United Methodist

3/10— TBD

3/17—Rev. Lisa Johnson—Bowling Green Presbyterian

3/24—Associate Pastor Jon Oliphant—First Associate Presbyterian

3/31—Rev. Janey Wilson—The Episcopal Church of Our Saviour

Be sure to check the bulletin board and the weekly newsletter for updates/changes.

All faiths are welcome!



September 28, 2020

Westminster Towers
1330 India Hook Rd
Rock Hill, SC 29732

Dear Mr. Williams,

On behalf of the Rock Hill Police Department, I would like to thank all of you for all the doughnuts that you delivered to the officers. The officers really enjoyed them!

It means a great deal to our officers to know their work is valued by our citizens. Thank you for your support and recognition of our department.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Chris Watts".

Chris Watts
Chief of Police

Easter Crosses

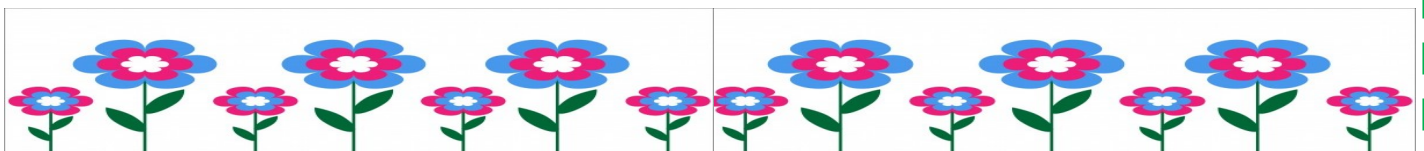
Once again, Ed McPoland will be donating to the Towers Community, beautiful hand crafted Easter crosses he manufactures in the woodshop. The crosses will be displayed in the lobby at 9 AM on Monday April 6th. Please feel free to take one for your personal devotional use. The crosses are FREE! However, if you feel moved by his generosity, kindly make a donation to the Employee Christmas Fund. Thanks Ed, for this gift to our community.



Towers Gardens

Today as I rode my bike around the campus, I felt the first warmth of our approaching spring. The feeling got me thinking about my soon-to-be planted Towers garden plot. It is now time to order seeds for various flowers and vegetables that flourish in our enhanced garden soil. We have 12 raised garden plots downstairs near the basement and bus parking area. These plots are available for gardening by both residents and staff. The very loose policy is that one plot per resident is guaranteed. Generally all the plots are not worked and these un-used plots are available on a first come basis for extra gardening. Christy O'Connor, our new Life Enrichment Coordinator, is in charge of plot allocation. If you would like to get out there and dig in the dirt this spring and summer, contact her for assignment to a specific plot. Last year we had the best crop of flowers and vegetables ever, and are looking forward to a bumper crop in 2021.

~Ed FitzGerald



EASTER IS COMING!

The month of March ends with some very special days in the Judeo/Christian world. Passover is March 27 - a celebration for the Jews that reminds them of the first Passover while they were still slaves in Egypt. If you recall, Moses went to Pharaoh and asked him to let the Israelites leave Egypt. When Pharaoh refused his request to let them go, Moses, at the direction and through the power of God, called forth nine plagues upon the Egyptians. The king would harden his heart against releasing them after each plague, because he knew he would lose the slave labor that they had provided if they were to leave.

Before the tenth and final plague, however, the Israelites were told to prepare for a long journey. They were also told to kill a lamb, put its blood on the doorposts and lintels of their homes, then cook and eat the meat inside the house and be ready to leave when the word came. That night the death angel went through the land of Egypt, and the firstborn in each family was slain. However, he passed over the houses that had the blood on their doors so that no one died. Finally, Pharaoh had had enough and told them to leave.

March 28 is Palm Sunday, which is celebrated in the Christian church. The first Palm Sunday was a day of great celebration when Jesus rode into Jerusalem on a donkey, as predicted in the Old Testament, to the praise and adulation of the crowds. They wanted a king - someone to free them from the tyranny of Rome, and Jesus seemed to fit the bill.

However, the crowd that cried "Hosanna" on Sunday was replaced by a crowd yelling "Crucify Him" by the end of that week. And that is exactly what happened. He hung on a cross between two thieves, died, and his body was placed in a tomb. Thus ends the month of March.

Low in the grave He lay,
Jesus, my Savior
Waiting the coming day,
Jesus, my Lord.

April 4 is the day we will celebrate the resurrection of Jesus. He is not like the lamb that was slain for the first Passover to save the lives of the firstborn in Israel. The Lamb of God shed his blood to save us by dying in our place, but now lives and, according to the Bible, is actually in heaven right now praying for us!

Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes.
He arose a victor from the dark domain,
And He lives forever with His saints to reign.
He arose, He arose!
Hallelujah, Christ arose!

I'm so glad that April is coming! It speaks of newness, life, and hope. It is the time when we can be renewed through remembering the sacrifice that was made on our behalf and the hope we have of new life with Him because of His resurrection.

~Nancy Anderson

Dog Tales

My husband graduated as a mechanical engineer and was commissioned as an officer in the US Navy. Within the week, we Florida crackers were on our way to his first duty station at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard in Kittery, Maine. There was no I-95 so we headed up US 1, a 5-day drive. We talked and my husband said “lets get a dog.” I agreed. We got our dog the way most people got their dogs in those days. We read the ads, and one said “free shepherd puppies to a good home.” We called on the family and saw the mama dog with a passel of pups. One little ball of fur separated himself from the crowd and ran to welcome us, tail wagging & tripping over his feet, and my husband said, “It looks like this fellow chose us”. And so, he did. We left with the pup tucked in John’s coat and took him to the vet for a \$3.00 rabies shot. Little did we know that Maine was the only state that had never had a case of rabies at that time. Next was navy pup chow, no Army grub for him! A suitable dish and a free cardboard box for a bed and we took him home. About 2am he let out the most pitiful cry and I was horrified. John said he was just missing his family and dropped his arm in the box where he found him sleeping in his fuzzy bedroom slipper. He began to caress him, scratch his ears, and talk to him until he fell asleep. After about 4 nights they bonded, and he cried no more. Every day after work John would walk him in the Maine woods, teach him to sit, stay, go find, and apparently everything he needed to know.

After a year we were a family, Dad, Mom, dog, and new baby boy. Also, a set of orders. Admiral Rickover had chosen John to get an advanced degree in Nuclear Engineering, and we were to report to Pittsburg in 10 days. John got

busy and built a plywood apartment for the backseat. The space behind the driver’s seat was room for the dog, Jacy, and behind me space for the baby, John. Smart Jacy tucked his nose under his tail and slept from Maine to Pittsburgh. After graduating with a degree in Nuclear engineering and a new baby girl, we were assigned to Ingall’s Shipbuilding, Pascagoula, MS. which had just received contracts to build 10 Nuclear killer-attack submarines. I looked forward to settling down and being a normal family. It was not to be. Within 2

months we were ordered back to Portsmouth Naval Shipyard together with another nuclear engineer to observe the overhaul of the first nuclear submarine, Nautilus, and the removal of the nuclear reactor. We were on our way again—Jacy, with his nose under his tail sleeping behind John, Johnny with his toys on the other side, and baby girl happily in Mom’s lap.

It was hot, hot and a Sunday morning, and we were in a small town in northern Alabama. John was very frustrated with people poking to church or breakfast at the local diners. I kept telling him to slow down but irritated him more, and he passed a car on a double railroad track. Where is a policeman when you need him? Right behind us it seemed. We stopped and the policeman inspected the scene in the car. Jacy began to seriously growl between lusty barks. Johnny began to cry loudly and between questioning “Is Daddy going to jail?” Baby girl joined in with girlish screams and whenever there was a lull I threw in a few “I told you so’s.” The policeman asked Johnny where he was going. “Up north to work in a shipyard,” he replied. The truth, but with a few dozen omissions. The policeman said as he viewed the chaos “Fellow, I can’t do anything to you worse than what you already got, so promise me you will drive safely and go on your way.” John promised, and away we went! We arrived at Rye Beach, New Hampshire where



the company had rented the two families a huge house on the fairway of Admiral Farragut Hotel's golf course on the right and beautiful N.H. woods on the left. John and Jacy resumed their walks in the woods and golf balls were in the woods like



mushrooms. Soon John had Jacy trained to go find golf balls and each morning he found 4 or 5 awaiting him on the front porch, and Jacy was rewarded with a treat. One Saturday we answered the door to find 4 astonished golfers on our front porch right behind about 8 golf balls. They

inquired if we owned a shepherd dog and we admitted we did. They said the dog sat on the edge of the fairway watching them tee off. As soon as they did, he darted to attempt to catch the ball on the first bounce, ran like the wind with the ball to our front porch and was sitting by the fairway awaiting the next golfer to tee off in a matter of minutes. John apologized profusely and gave them a dozen balls which he had cleaned and stored in egg cartons and promised this would not happen again. Every night he and Jacy visited the fairway and John imparted somehow NO to fairway balls and YES to woods balls and peace was restored.

After the completion of the first Ingalls nuclear hunter-killer submarine, we were transferred to New London, Connecticut, to the Underwater Sound Lab and lived in my favorite place, Mystic, Connecticut. After a year or so the SSN 593 Thresher, the first of its class of fast atomic killer-hunter subs, was in the Portsmouth Shipyard, in Maine where she was built in 1960, for overhaul. John was assigned to work on her. Housing was scarce, but John finally found us a nice house and was on his way home to arrange our move. I heard a commotion on the back porch, and Jacy collapsed on the kitchen floor bleeding from the mouth and nose and breathing laboriously. The phone was ringing and someone asked if John had gone on sea trials on Thresher and I said he was on the way home and hurried back to my dog. John had been invited to go to sea for the trials, but he refused, as he was

anxious to get his family moved to Maine. John finally arrived home in Connecticut grabbed Jacy in a blanket and hurried to the vet. The phone kept ringing and someone told me Thresher was 6 hours overdue returning to port. I told them she was probably in the mouth of the river waiting for the tide to change so she could make it to the yard. It was not to be. On April 10, 1963, Thresher sank, and it was assumed she imploded at 1300 feet of water and is resting on the bottom of the ocean in 8400 feet of water. 129 crew and shipyard personnel were lost. John came home from the vet alone. Our Jacy had died. It was a long time before we got another dog.

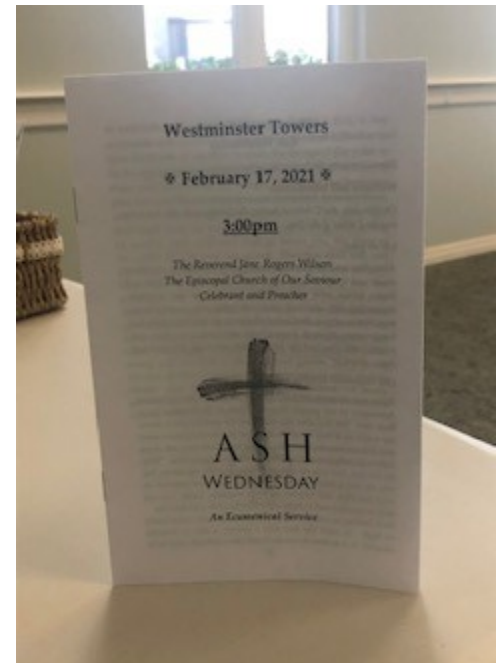
~Janet Yokum

Photo # NH 97545 USS Thresher (SSN-593), July 1961



Church Returns to the Towers

On Ash Wednesday, a large group of residents, attended our first Towers Ecumenical Communion service, that was open to all faith denominations. It was held in Heritage Hall. The Reverend Janey Wilson, Rector of down town Rock Hill's Episcopal Church of Our Savior, presided. She conducted an Ash Wednesday, without ashes, and with Communion Service. The turnout was at full CDC capacity (30) and masks and social distancing was practiced. The service included prayers of the day, a homily on the spirit of the Lenten Season, and preparation for Easter. The gathering concluded with communion, given to each attendee in a safe and sanitary manner. For most of the participants, it was their first live church service since we entered lock down last winter. The large crowd clearly demonstrated that we need more church services now that we have had such a solid response with resident vaccinations. A plan is being discussed for a weekly church service conducted by area pastors of various denominations. We need more Church!



In Loving Memory:



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.

******NOTICE******

Beware of any solicitation from known national insurance companies offering cash deposits into personal bank accounts. The request comes in very official-looking documents, with phone number contacts, and forms to be filed to initiate the deposit. **It is a SCAM!** They are after your Social Security number and bank account routing number. We understand that they are using this scam extensively with residents of retirement communities.

Contributions

Endowment

George and Esther Jackson

In Memory of: Hulic Ratterree

Ed and Jody Fitzgerald

In Memory of: John Eason

Manning Biggers Bible Class—WPC

In Memory of: Hulic and Nancy Ratterree

Lynn Hornsby

In Memory of: Hulic and Nancy Ratterree

Lynn Hornsby

In Memory of: Mr. Damron's son, Greg Damron—Mr. Craven's son, Randy Craven—Mrs. Cunningham's brother, Anton Knopfler—and Hulic and Nancy Ratterree Spencer and Elizabeth Anderson

In Memory of: Hulic and Nancy Ratterree

Joanne Cauthen

General Fund

Charles Ives

In Memory of: Jim Ardrey

Louise Ardrey

Employee Appreciation

Christmas Fund

In Honor of: Ed McPoland

Ed Fitzgerald

Thank You

WELLNESS COMMITTEE

March brings us St. Patrick's day with luck of the ☘ .

But luck won't keep us fit so we need to keep moving. Either in one of Jason's classes or enjoying the spring weather taking a walk. Coming soon is the Senior Fitness Evaluation and we want to put our best effort into it. Watch your mailbox for more information and dates.

~Sue Nazak

~ Irish Blessing ~

May the wind at your back not
be the result of the corned beef
and cabbage you had for lunch.

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

Entries can be submitted directly to Christy
O'Connor or Linda Lenz.

Deadline for entries for April is
March 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**; Windows Editor/Director of Life Enrichment: **Christy O'Connor**

