



WESTMINSTER TOWERS WINDOWS

CONTINUING CARE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

Vol. XXXII No. 5 1330 India Hook Road, Rock Hill, South Carolina 29732 (803) 328-5000 May 2021

westminstertowers.org

The May Pole

By: Carole Partridge

The painting catches the eye for its ephemeral essence, lacking specific detail, much like a lovely hammock dream on a summer afternoon. There is motion as shadows of children dance, bend, play, weave multicolored ribbons around the tall Maypole of yesteryear. Flashes of memory flood back into a consciousness stored; aware in the heart and mind of time long past, but cherished for its innocence, beauty, and music long since swallowed in space.

It was May 1st, 1943 or 1944 in a small South Carolina town – May Day! She has received her very first blue voile evening gown which twirled and swished as she spun in circles. She had been chosen as the 4th grade girl representative for the May Day Court, crowning the May Day King and Queen. The Royal Couple were to reign over their court made up of chosen children from grades 1 – 12 – quite an honor... “stand here on this step”... “watch the ceremony with the King and Queen”... “pretend you are royalty”... “the Maypole Dance is about to begin”.

The royal couple stood at the top of the steps to the front of the school courtyard, facing toward the street. The Maypole streamed with beautiful satin pastel ribbons to each dancing child. Huge magnolia trees framed the magical circle of dancers. (Miss Essie Atterberry’s colorful bird houses could be seen among the broad magnolia leaves. The third grade made, painted, and dedicated a new bird house to the school every year. But that’s another story.)

The rest of the school population spread out and circled the Maypole setting, waiting for the May Day music and dance program to begin.

The Mayday Court representatives stood in place watching girls and boys circling the festive Maypole, holding the long ribbons bobbing up and down, twisting around the pole, making multicolored streamers of braids folding and unfolding.

(continue reading on page two)



Historians are not sure where the Maypole custom first began. Some say the Maypole celebration began in the ancient times when farmers would celebrate the end of winter and prepare to harvest the crop. The ceremony has been believed to have sprung from Germany – others say Jamaica, Scotland or Wales, Britain, or Rome.

The construction of a Maypole began with a live tree without its limbs, erected on the village green. In many villages it stayed up all year, in others only for a short time. When the British settled in America, they brought the Maypole tradition with them. Needless to say, the 17th century Puritans frowned upon the bawdy festivities in Plymouth. It was there in 1627

“a man named Thomas Morton erected a giant Maypole in his field, brewed a bath of hearty mead, and invited the village lasses to join him in a frolic.” His neighbors were horrified. Miles Standish, the leader of Plymouth was called to break up these sinful activities. For two centuries the Puritans in England and the United States “managed to quash the Maypole celebration.” In the late 19th century as the British people began to respect and celebrate the rural traditions, the Maypole began to come into its own popularity again.

A 3 to 5-meter-tall wooden Maypole should be at least 40mm in diameter. Modern Maypoles are sometimes made out of strong plastic pipe. In modern times Maypole dancing occurs at fairs, garden parties or picnics. Each participant brought his/her own ribbon (2 or 3” wide) which was attached to the top of the Maypole where an eyelet screw has been mounted beforehand. It makes it easier to tie the ribbons to the eyelet.

Maypole dancing can include as few as ten to twelve children up to 60 beautiful girls wearing

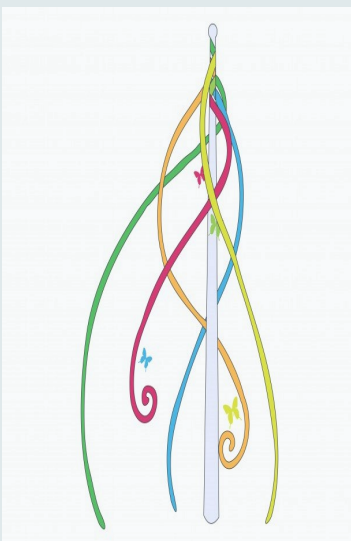
white filmy gowns. The greater the number of dancers, the taller the pole. The ribbons are usually pastel satins or brightly colored cotton ribbons. Dancing back and forth bending and raising the arms, weaving the ribbons into multi-colored strands closer to the pole, reversing the dance and direction and colors as they stretch back and forth. The music determines the pace

and step as dancers march, float, weave, dance, hop, run and tiptoe in step to the music. It’s delightful fun for the dancers to keep rhythm, to bend and sway, weave and interweave. In all innocence, the children remember their steps and arm motions to make colorful ribbon strands and patterns; dancing around the pole, skipping in and out of the circle enjoying the freedom of innocence. “There’s something primeval about the

Maypole”, said Chrystelle Bond, professor of Dance History at Goucher College in Baltimore. “It continues to speak to us across generations.”

By the late 19th century, the custom regained popularity with the British people. Church May Day celebrations appeared as part of church celebrations. These were more structured than the wild Maypole dances of centuries past. The Maypole Dancing practiced today is believed to be more connected to the dance’s revival of the 1800’s and not to the ancient version.

In 1943 my Maypole experience was magical and frozen in time and in all innocence during war time when children in other parts of the world clung to their parents, forming long lines – not to dance, but to follow barking directions from soldiers with snarling dogs.



A Unique Experience with a Maypole

By: Nancy Anderson

While the traditional use of the Maypole was to have maidens weave colorful streamers as they danced around it, we had a different experience with one once. We were on our way back to the Philippines for our second term of missionary service with an almost six-year-old daughter and a three-and-a-half-year-old son in tow. Our church was having a farewell celebration for us. As we entered the fellowship room for some refreshments after the formal service, we noticed a pole in the center of the room wrapped from top to bottom with colorful streamers.

Before we had left the Philippines to come home for that year's furlough, I had given our small son a five-centavo coin one day and told him to hand it to the shop keeper. Then she would give him a piece of candy in return. That was the exact moment when he realized what money was for, and from that day on he has never forgotten it!

Back to the pole at our farewell service. We were encouraged to grab a streamer and begin unwinding it. To our amazement, a \$20 bill dropped out each time we went around the pole until all the streamers were unwound! Our son literally began jumping up and down, pointing and laughing as he watched the money drop to the floor. I am sure he had visions in his head of things those \$20 bills could buy! And it was certainly a unique way to bless us with some extra cash as we were about to travel to the other side of the world once again.

Towers Garden Update

This spring all the raised gardens have been worked on, weeded and ready for planting. We currently have 12 raised beds, and all have been assigned to resident gardeners. Norma Chamber's son, recently helped with his power tiller and mulch. Fertilizer and lime were also added to the beds. Flower and vegetable planting will begin in late April and early May. More benches have been added to the garden along with an arbor, so please come and visit for a while, relax and reflect on new creation and the beauty of a vibrant garden.



In the Corners of my Mind

By: Carole Partridge



*In my own little corner
In my own little chair...*

These were the words sung by Cinderella in one of the many musicals written based on the favorite children's tale.

I look around my small apartment and see a different corner cluttered every week with memories, souvenirs, signs of other happy times. Not necessarily happy-er but happy times tucked away among the brain cells which are the storage unit of time, people, events, hopes, dreams – plans.

Here is the word which is full of promise – a word we sometimes have abandoned from our vocabulary as our years accumulate around us and block the future as being outdated or outlived, or out of reach. PLANS! FUTURE PLANS. Then the questions began to drift into consciousness. Carole, what are your plans for today?... for tomorrow?... for next year? Have you reached a time when having plans is no longer necessary? Where is the need for a plan? Are some plans made for us? Planning always held that aspect of looking ahead – setting goals, searching for methods, seeking ways, avenue for carrying through, accomplishing the desired end... anticipating.

For many of us any effort toward moving forward seems to be beyond our designated or chosen path or strength to follow an anticipated course.

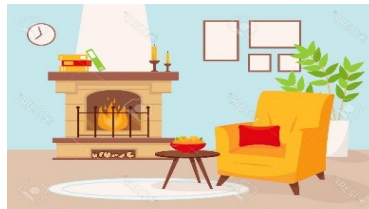
Life has come to a standstill of sorts. We blame it on the Covid-19 pandemic. Yet, when we are honest with ourselves, we know deep down that our choices are ours and ours alone. They affect other people, but we know we can blame no one outside our own little corner. Quarantine may seem to be the cause of our limited mind, body and soul space; but we suspect it may just be the revelation of that small, but wicked sin of wanting our own way that becomes the hindrance, the obstacle to leap over with the stride of an Olympic runner approaching the hurdles.



*Have thine own way, Lord
Have thine own way...*

How many times did I hear my grandmother sing that old hymn? How many times have I sung it myself? Deep down, however, I know in my heart that singing that phrase was not a willing submission of the will to a Sovereign God. If the truth be known, frequently it was sung in anger as acknowledged resignation toward God's sovereign will in not getting my own way. We are His children whom He loves and guides when we listen and obey. We seldom remember the blessings He promises when we need Him. But we can pout and sigh in frustration, resigned to being denied that sought-after pipe dream, spun out in the shadows of our own little corner – in our own little chair.

OR, we can invite the light into our own little corners. His sovereign providence uses God's penetrating light to reveal that which is concealed – expose it for good or for evil. His light penetrates each corner's inch and spreads its creative force to uplift, renew and strengthen. When that occurs, amazingly our "want to's" become possibilities waiting to become miracles we never dreamed of before.



Pianist Extraordinaire

By: Lou Ardrey

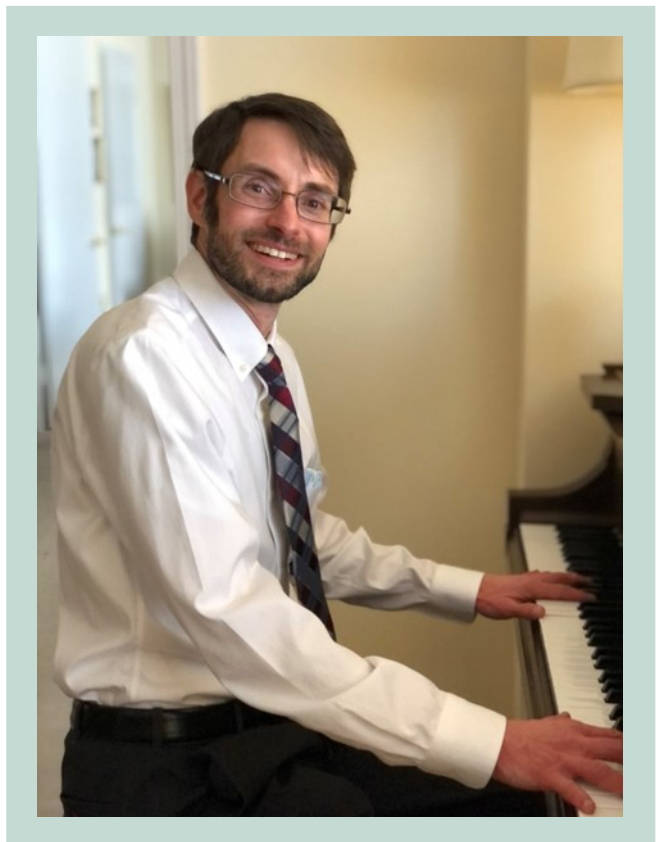
One of the most popular entertainers we are privileged to hear regularly is Scott Griffin, pianist extraordinaire! Scott, who grew up in Jacksonville, Florida, has the unique gift of being able to play by ear as well as having taken lessons from the time he was a child. His mother, who plays the piano, attended concerts while she was pregnant and reported that she could feel Scott bouncing round inside in response to the music. She would hold him in her lap as she played and he would reach out and touch the keys even as a baby. She says that as soon as he learned to crawl he would crawl toward the piano and soon began playing by ear. Recognizing that their son was unusually gifted, his parents enlisted the help of the best instructor in the area. Scott began to take group lessons at the age of 3 ½, and began taking lessons with a private teacher when he was in the first grade. After graduating from high school the Lord led him to Moody Bible Institute where he majored in piano.

Scott not only began his musical career early in life, he also made a commitment to Jesus Christ at an early age---when he was four years old. That early decision has been confirmed several times through the years and has influenced every thing he has done, sharing his faith through his music as well as verbally.

After he graduated from college, he was Pianist, Music Coordinator and Associate Organist for the Moody Church in Chicago for 8 years. Scott toured many places with the Moody Church Choir and the Moody Symphonic Band, including Mexico, Norway, Sweden, Morocco, Romania and China. In China he was the featured soloist, playing the “Rachmaninoff Concerto no. 2” with orchestra. After his tenure at the Moody Church, Scott became the pianist for Covenant Presbyterian Church in Chicago

Then he and a friend, Alan Tripp, teamed together to tour the country for five years as a duo show “Captivating Keyboards.” Those shows can still be seen on youtube. Also available online is a performance of “Rhapsody in Blue” featuring Scott as pianist with the Moody Church Orchestra. while he was still there.

Scott moved to Fort Mill several years ago when his boss asked him to help in producing radio programs for Erwin Lutzer, the former pastor of the Moody Church. Fortunately for us, Chad Barber, formerly a member of the staff at Westminster Presbyterian Church, who is now pastor of Evangelical Presbyterian Church in Newark, Delaware, told friends here that Scott had moved to the area. Mike Honeycutt, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, contacted him and encouraged him to connect at Westminster. Scott also accompanies voice students at Winthrop University. We are indeed fortunate to have such a talented musician to entertain us.



Wellness Update

All who participated in the Fitness Exam either met or exceeded expectations for their age group. There were six activities to complete. When this is held again it will be interesting to compare the results. If you have questions call Jason at 5126. While activities are increasing please remember to “mask up” and social distance - let’s be safe! Keep looking for and enjoying the healthy snacks that Chef Rick provides for the Wellness Socials. May is Mental Health month and in keeping with this theme the snacks provided on Tuesday the 25th will go along with this theme. Enjoy our beautiful spring weather by taking a walk!

Easter Crosses

As he has done for years, Ed McPoland set up a table in the lobby to give away the Easter crosses he manufactures in the Towers woodshop. The Idea of these crosses was suggested by Judy Krepps, of housekeeping, who thought a cross display on the center table in the lobby would be an appropriate symbol for Easter. This original cross continues to be displayed during Holy Week and is draped with symbolic purple cloth. From that cross, evolved his familiar triple cross design. This year Ed gave away 10 crosses which was his total production. He said that he is currently changing design and will now only manufacture a smaller “mini” version, that with bias cuts on the bottom stand, fits perfectly on the corner shelves outside most apartment doors. If you want him to create one of the new crosses, contact Ed at X5616. The crosses are free; however a contribution to the Employee Christmas fund in his name would be appreciated.

~Ed FitzGerald



Resident Association News:



****We have received numerous complaints that the new benches outside the front entry door are “most uncomfortable”. After a series of tests, the RA has concluded that these residents are right! The benches are far too hard. After discussion with Towers staff, they have agreed with us, and will fund the installation of new bench cushions. Fabric has been selected and an upholsterer is currently cutting new foam to fit the bench seats. Final installation will be taking place soon.**

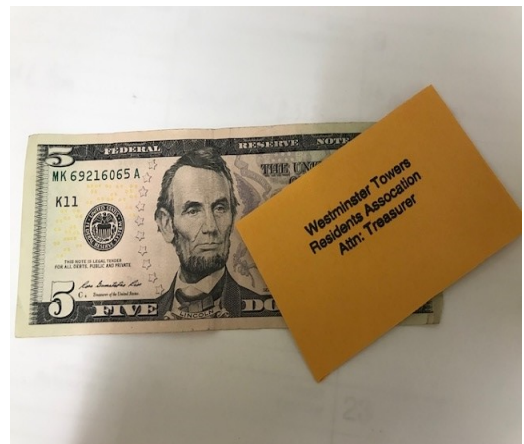


Thanks Westminster Towers for your help with this matter.



****Our first phase of Resident Association dues solicitation has been fairly successful. There is still a small cadre of about 20 residents that have yet to join the Association for year 2021. Our goal has always been 100% membership, and we are currently at 86%. Please take a moment and insert a five dollar bill, per resident, in the manila envelope you were recently mailed, and forward to the RA Treasurer.**

Thank You in advance.



Winthrop Connections

By: Tom "Pinky" Funderburk
AKA Agent 208

Dear Windows,

Here is a pic of my mom who graduated in 1916 with a teacher's certificate. She taught school in Pageland, SC for a couple years then went to work for my dad in his electrical supply business in Pageland. They were married in 1922 and I was born in 1925.

My sister, Jane, went to Winthrop in 1938 and below you will see a letter from the president concerning her room assignment. My wife, Vivian, graduated in 1948 with a degree in accounting. I took several courses from Winthrop to supplement my degree from Wake Forest. So indeed we have a family connection with Winthrop College & University!



EARLINE STEVENSON FUNDERBURK

WINTHROP COLLEGE
THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
ROCK HILL, SOUTH CAROLINA

11938

Date Sept 5

For the year 1938-1939 Miss Mary Joanne Funderburk
of Pageland has been assigned to
Room No. 81 Floor III Hall Brasale

This certificate must be presented to the Hostess immediately upon your arrival at the college. It is not transferable. If anything should make it necessary for you to surrender this appointment, you should notify the President at once.

New students, without exception, must come to the college on Monday, September 12; old students on September 14. A schedule of re-examinations is inclosed for the benefit of old students who need that information.

This certificate is not valid if these directions are not observed.

Attach the inclosed tag to your trunk before leaving home. This will insure its prompt and safe delivery. When you arrive in Rock Hill, hold your baggage check until you reach the college. The Hostess will take it and see to the delivery of your trunk.

Shelton Phelps
President of Winthrop College

What does Mother Mean?

By: Arlene Jenkins

Webster's New Explorer Dictionary definition of mother is: Female parent, give birth to, cherish and protect. Many mothers encompass all these traits, but many mothers do not. Some mothers are in name only and abandon the newborn/child. Some mothers are known as stepmothers who love and nurture the child. Adoptive mothers also love and nurture a child who would otherwise end up in an orphanage or foster home. All mothers have different roles and titles.

My definition of a mother is someone who loves, protects, encourages, and nurtures a child, while loving God unconditionally. Sometimes it is bittersweet for a female to give up her baby for financial burdens, or sometimes for an unknown reason. I experienced many of these situations as a nurse. At the age of 13, the state of Maine placed my brother and me in our first foster home, where I remained until the age of 15. This foster mother did not fit my definition of 'mother'. My second foster mother did have all the qualities of what a mother, whether biological or otherwise, should be. I am so thankful for the values that my second foster mom taught me. She taught me to recognize that I am one of God's chosen children and guided me to become the person I am today.

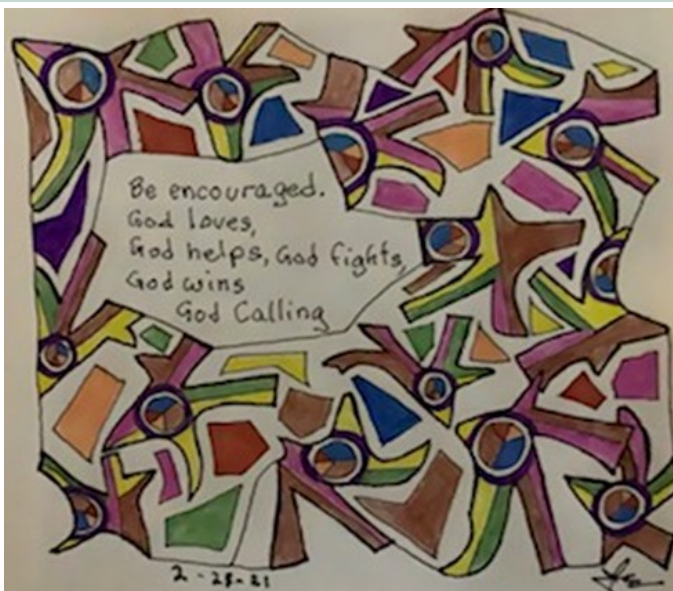
I give my heartfelt thanks to all types of mothers and praise God for allowing me to become a mother. On this day I think of my foster mom with loving thoughts and know she is safe in God's heavenly home. May she rest in peace.

Job 1:21 Naked I came from my mother's womb

Psalm 127:3 Children are a gift from the Lord

They are a reward from him. Children are a wonderful blessing.

Proverbs 22:6 Teach your children to choose the right path and when they are older they will remain



*Happy Mother's Day to all at
Westminster Towers*

In his name,

Juanita Eising

Mother's Day Tributes



Thank you to my mom, Lou Whitfield, for the many, many memories she has written on my heart and captured on paper.

The Rock Melt down!



"NOT THIS ROCK!!!"

Lone Alway
Cari
XXOO

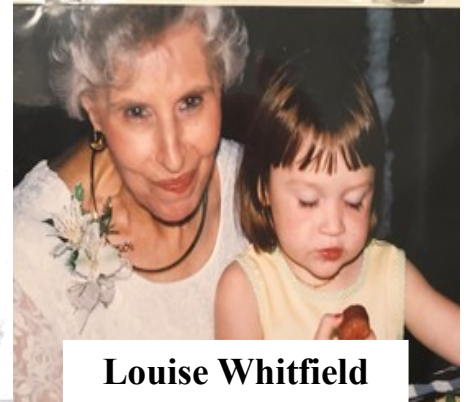


"Good Good GD."



Moosu and me!

Your wonderful art will be a lasting legacy for generations to come.

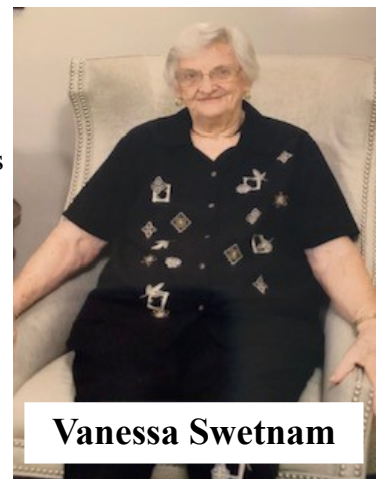


Louise Whitfield

Happy Mother's Day!

We three certainly have been through the wringer the last few years, but we've managed to keep coming out on top. Don't they say "the cream always rises to the top"? Then I guess you're all cream! Or to quote the greatest man that ever lived, "you're alright." Janice and I love you more than words can say.

Love,
Janice and Kathy



Vanessa Swetnam

Mother's Day Tribute to our beloved mother, Morna Matheny
(mother of Gracia, Brenda, Bud (deceased), Jody, Roberta and Chris):

Gracia: Mom has always been a fantastic cook! I remember specifically that Mom always did a lot of baking....hence my love of sweets was born! There were always special treats that she had baked for her family. Another special memory is for our birthdays, when all 5 of us kids were young, Mom would always make our favorite meal. My favorite was lobster and Mom always made sure I had lobster for my birthday meal. Not sure how she located lobster in North Dakota but she did. Lobster and melted butter... not much better than that!

Being Norwegian, Mom made sure that she continued our heritage baking and cooking wonderful Norwegian dishes and pastries, especially during the holidays.

I love my mother very much and am grateful for these very fond memories.

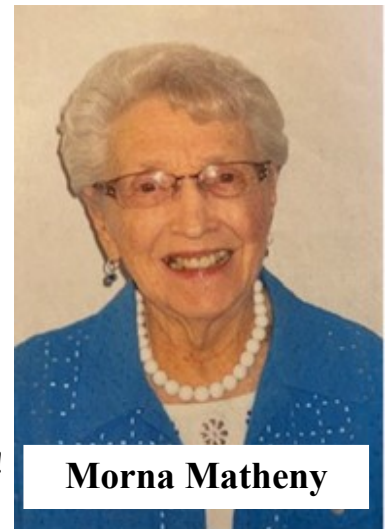
Brenda: So many stories, so little space! When we were small children, every night Mom would gather us on the couch and read to us. Grimm's Fairy Tales, Yertle the Turtle, and many others. As a small child, I had no idea how important this was -- I just knew that it was a special time and I dearly loved it. As a consequence of Mom's reading to us, all of the Matheny children grew up to love books and reading. When I became a teacher, I began to realize what a precious gift that was and how utterly foundational to a child's success in school. Our mother truly blessed us with that gift and we are so grateful. She was a beautiful reader and she took the time and the benefits were so far-reaching. Thank you, Mom! We love you! Happy Mother's Day!

Jody: I am so very grateful for the love of music that Mom and Dad both passed along, especially church music; many of the old hymns still give me much joy and comfort. And books! Yes! As a child, the regular trips to the library, coming home with the 7-book limit every time. And so much gratitude for the books that Mom gave to my son over the years, starting at infancy! Dr. Seuss, Highlights Magazine, children's Bibles, etc.; what joy I had, reading to him, for years! Love you and Happy Mother's Day!

Roberta: When I think about my mother and her impact on my life, I remember her praying "the sinner's prayer" with me as a very young girl. I was only five when my mother asked me "did I want to ask Jesus into my heart"? That question and the following prayer she taught me to pray allowed God into my life and I will be forever grateful for Christian parents and especially that prayer! Love to you, Mom, on Mother's Day and every day!

Chris: Gracia's memories of Mom's cooking and baking captured some of my favorite memories as well, especially the holiday season from Thanksgiving through Christmas. It seemed Mom always had something cooking on the stove and in the oven, with savory and sweet aromas wafting through the house. Mom's love for us and wanting the holidays to be special was so evident.

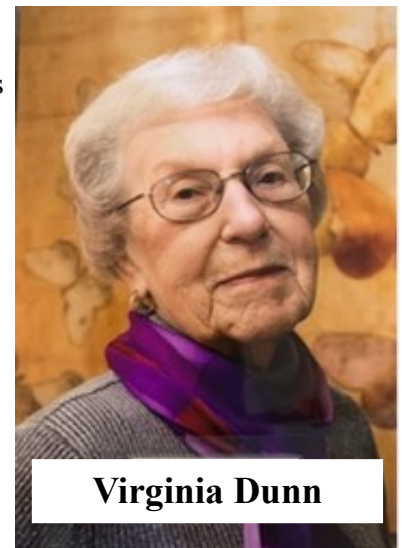
To our mother, love and gratitude from all of us on this very special day!



Morna Matheny

Happy 73rd annual Mother's Day! Through all of those years you have provided a loving home, special holidays and celebrations, and a space to share joys and woes. Although you often marvel at our distinctly different personalities, you have somehow managed to express value for each of our styles and roles. You have nudged –not pushed– and given us room to grow within definite guardrails! With patience, faith, and wisdom, you seem to know things will work out just the way intended. Thanks mom/mama/g'ma/GGG—your love has been there with all of us, clearing obstacles and creating opportunities. We love you.

~ Lynn, Kris, and Mark



Virginia Dunn

SISTER NINITA

By: Nancy Anderson

It was May - the end of the school year and time for graduation ceremonies on the Bible school campus in San Remigio, Cebu, Philippines. It was always a busy time as we celebrated the accomplishments of our students – no matter their age. Our son was in the kindergarten class that year, and he was to get his “diploma” in our chapel, along with other American and Filipino children who were part of the class.

During the ceremony, I noticed a small nun who had come with a friend whose child was graduating that day. When it was finished, I hurried to introduce myself to her and make her feel welcome. As we chatted, I learned that she was called Sister Ninita, and she had gone to the US to study to become a nurse. Upon her graduation and entrance into a convent, she had been sent as a missionary to a South American country, where she had served for some time. A bout with cancer, however, ended her missionary career, and she had returned to the US for treatment and not been allowed to go back. Now healthy, she was in the Philippines to visit her mother, who was ill and not expected to live.

As we chatted, I noticed that this winsome Filipina had a very vibrant relationship with the Lord. In fact, she was the very first person in my life (besides my parents) who really questioned me about whether my Christian faith was real! We shared much in common as we related how we had come to make a personal commitment of our lives to the Lord. I taught her the little chorus, “I have decided to follow Jesus, I have decided to follow Jesus, I have decided to follow Jesus. No turning back, no turning back.” She loved it and sang it over and over until she had learned it well.

She had come home before Easter that year to be with her mom and related how sad she was that, in the Philippines, the day between Good Friday and Easter is considered the day that “God is dead!” All activity stops on that day. Shops are closed and no buses run. But Sister Ninita exclaimed that she wanted to shout from the rooftops that God was NOT dead! Christ was alive and lived in her heart through the Holy Spirit. I couldn’t have agreed with her more. I stated that we were in the Philippines precisely to help spread the word that He truly was alive and wanted to have a personal relationship with people.

We lost contact with this delightful lady when she returned to the US after her visit. Years later, we also came home, and Wendell became the pastor of a church in northern Wisconsin. One Sunday morning, while he was in the pulpit, the church phone rang. A deacon answered it, listened for a bit, wrote something down on a piece of paper and brought it to him. When he had read it, he related that the note said his mother had had a massive stroke and had been admitted to St. Joseph’s hospital in Joliet, IL, near where she lived. He then prayed for her, and, only through the grace and strength of the Lord, preached the sermon that morning.

As soon as the service was over, we hurriedly packed a few things and headed for Joliet. As we entered the hospital room where mother lay, she was conscious and able to understand that we had come. However, she was soon moved out of intensive care to a regular room and given palliative treatment only. As we watched over her, a small Filipina nun walked in the door. It was Sister Ninita! In the midst of experiencing the deterioration and death of Wendell’s mom, this dear lady, whom we had many years before met on the other side of the world, was there to comfort and encourage us. What a blessing she was!



Resident spotlight: Barbara Gladden

Barbara Gladden is one of our most active residents in the Health Center. She moved into the Towers about three years ago after her husband of 47 years, Dean passed away. After a couple of health scares, has found a home in the health and rehab center. She is always looking out for other residents and making sure their needs are met. You can especially notice her attention to detail when playing Bingo, as she assists other residents in making sure they cover their numbers on the board.

Mrs. Gladden's biggest passion is arts and crafts, especially painting on canvas. She is currently working on a blue heron painting for her brother's lake house. Birds seem to be her most common subject with bluebirds being her favorite. Barbara first started "officially" painting many years ago when a lady from her circle at Westminster

Presbyterian Church invited her to a class at Hobby Lobby. They usually painted one per week and Barbara has given many paintings away to her many family members.

Her favorite painting is one of a little girl walking in the snow amongst the Aspen trees with a couple of cardinals in the branches. Barbara said she likes this one the best because it is her most technical and has a lot of shadowing.

Mrs. Gladden has one son, Russ, and daughter-in-law, Jamie. She has three grandchildren, Zoey, Piper, and Callie, and has finally been able to have a visit from each of them after the long Covid-19 pause. She still has many friends at the Towers and keeps in touch often. Barbara is a long time member of Westminster Presbyterian church and always wanted to live at the Towers because of the social community and friends she knew she would meet. She loves to sing and was a long time choir member at the church.



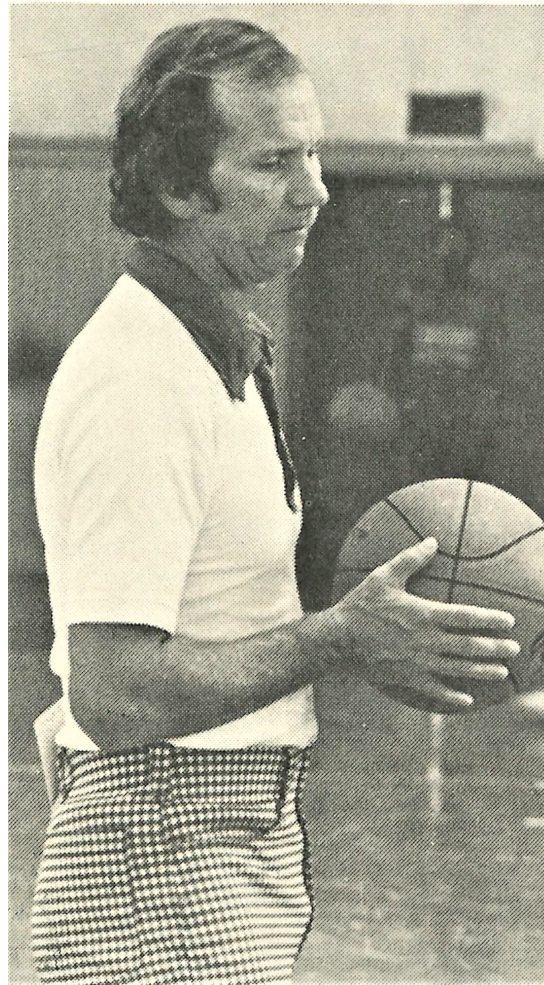
WELCOME TO THE TOWERS
Merle Craft
Apartment 308

Coach LeForce and Winthrop Basketball

By: Ed Fitzgerald

Before all outside activities went dark at the Towers in 2020, there was an enthusiastic contingent of residents that loyally attended Winthrop's Men's Basketball games. That year, the team had a good season and won the Big South tournament with an automatic bid to the NCAA Men's tournament. Unfortunately, the Covid 19 turned into a pandemic, and the tournament was cancelled. This year, the team had vastly improved and completed the regular season, as well as the conference post season tournament, with only one loss. Because of the Covid, Towers' fans were unable to support the team, only watching an occasional game on TV. Again, with an automatic bid to the spring tournament, they drew a tough opponent, Villanova University, a Big East Conference powerhouse. The team played a scrappy first half, but was eventually overpowered, as Villanova took command and sent the Eagles back home to Rock Hill.

You may wonder why I am writing about college basketball and the Winthrop Eagles in our monthly newsletter. The reason is that we have a strong resident connection with the team! Alan LeForce, resident in unit 327, has been deeply involved in basketball his entire life. Since moving to the Towers, Alan has become part of the coaching team with the Winthrop Men's Basketball program. He has volunteered his time to be with the team during their games, plus practice scrimmages and coaching meetings. His role is that of a wise and experienced observer and the identification of areas where both the team and individual players can be mentored and improve their performance.



Alan LeForce was introduced to basketball by his cousin, who played indoors at the Corbin, Kentucky YMCA. He was 6 or 7 years old at the time and had no basketball shoes. The coach, Cam Jones, gave him a pair of used high tops that were a bit large and made them fit by stuffing the toes with tissue, and Alan was ready to play! It was during these early years that he decided that playing and eventually coaching basketball would be his life vocation. After playing at the high

school in Williamsburg, Kentucky, he enrolled at Cumberland Junior College where he played ball and then on to Eastern Kentucky University where he played as starting guard. There, he met and married his wife Shirley, a 1st Grade teacher, and earned a degree in Physical Education.

His first coaching job was back home at Williamsburg High School. There he coached basketball and was assistant football coach. During high school, Alan was a running back on the football team (and he had good experience with football programs.) During his early coaching career, he was on the coaching staff at Furman University and the College of Charleston. Recruited by a Myrtle Beach private school, Coastal Academy, he enjoyed many winning seasons. He then joined the basketball

staff at East Tennessee State University, as assistant, and eventually head coach. The East Tennessee team was a power in the Southern Conference, and once ranked nationally. They were selected several years to play in the NCAA tournament where they beat strong teams like Arizona and Michigan during the playoffs.

After years of coaching, Alan planned to retire, but was recruited to take over coaching the Women's basketball program at Coastal Carolina, competing in the Big South Conference. He coached at Coastal for 16 years, finally deciding it was time to retire after 45 years working and

coaching in basketball. Shirley had retired after a 30 year teaching career. Their son, who lives in our area, convinced Alan and Shirley to move closer, and they decided to come into The Towers. So, what did he then decide to do? He became a volunteer staff member of Winthrop's Men's Basketball program. Sadly, Shirley passed away last year after 62 years of marriage. Being with the team has been a blessing during his dealing with Shirley's loss. Alan claims that Winthrop is the premier team in the Big South Conference. They have a winning tradition, and have made many appearances in the NCAA March Madness tournament. Since the establishment of the Conference, Winthrop Basketball has won 13 championship titles. He is a strong supporter of Pat Kelsey, the highly successful coach who recently announced that he is leaving Winthrop to assume coaching duties at the College of Charleston. Winthrop has announced that Mark Prosser has accepted the coaching position and will replace Pat Kelsey. There is a strong tie with Kelsey and the Prosser family. As a player, Kelsey was a member of the powerful Xavier University team, coached by the legendary Skip Prosser, Mark's father. Skip Prosser went on to coach at Wake Forest, where his teams established a stellar winning record with many trips to the NCAA Tournament. One of his assistants was Pat Kelsey. Prosser died suddenly, at age 56, from a massive heart attack while jogging.

When Kelsey took command of the underperforming Winthrop program, he recruited Mark Prosser to join his coaching staff. They immediately produced a winning tradition and became a perennial power in the Big South Conference. After six years as Assistant Coach, Mark Prosser was selected as head coach at Western Carolina where his Catamounts made a dramatic improvement. After three years away, he returns to Winthrop, inheriting a winning tradition. His work will not be easy, since Kelsey is taking most of his winning staff with him to Charleston. It will be fun to watch the

new Prosser team, and there surely will be some surprises in store for the fans.

Alan has a good basketball sense and predicts that Gonzaga and Baylor would meet in this year's championship game. He was right on with the prediction, but both of us underestimated the power of Baylor as they destroyed the Bulldogs perfect season and claimed the national trophy. Hopefully, next winter our Towers Basketball fans will be, once again, riding the bus to the Coliseum to participate in the excitement of good college basketball, yelling at the referees and watching the students and fans having a good hometown time. All for the price of \$5 seat!!



BEWARE OF THE CART THIEF!

By: Wendell Anderson

Some years ago when we were living in Minnesota I remember going to a supermarket. I had picked up a cart and entered one of the aisles to make selections. At one point I turned from the shelf items and was startled to discover that my cart had vanished! Someone had taken it! I don't remember if I had put any item in it yet, so perhaps it was still empty, and someone just thought it was available. In any case, I now remember that irritating situation with humor as the work of a **"cart thief"**!

That could have been the end of the story. But it also occurred to me that there was a spiritual application of the incident. After all, God has created a vast supermarket of desirable spiritual provisions for our lives. The Bible describes them figuratively, for example, as fruit (identified as "love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control"). Some others are described figuratively as water, milk, wine, solid food, bread, clothes, medicine and gifts. Of course, God's supermarket differs from our earthly supermarkets since everything in His store is free! We don't have to go to the cash register to buy what we select. It has been paid for by Christ's sacrifice on Calvary many years ago.

However, God's fulfillment of his promises of these spiritual commodities is dependent upon our having a "cart" – namely, **faith** – faith to take and hold them. Without faith to hold God's promised provisions, we go away empty. The big problem is that there is a "cart thief" roaming God's store!

The cart thief is **Satan** himself, or a demon assistant, who roams the store looking for ways of stealing our faith cart and sending us to the parking lot without a cart and its valuable contents. He does this by taking away our desire for God's spiritual provisions, or our faith that if we ask we will receive them. He works through temptations to sin and doubt, but also through additional helpers called in the Bible **"flesh"** and **"world."** "Flesh" in the Bible often refers to our own sinful desires which take away desire for what God has for us. For example, how often do we choose being impatient and unloving toward someone when he or she fails to meet our expectations, and so we forfeit love, joy and peace. Then there is the **"world,"** not the physical universe, but the world's values. For example, the world insists that wealth is more important than anything—resulting in our focusing on material possessions rather than spiritual possessions.

The solution is to guard our "faith cart" by stimulating our desires for God's provisions and our confidence that they can be ours. We can do this by keeping our mind focused on God through time spent in Scripture reading, prayer and fellowship with other believers. Also important is to resist Satan and his helpers, and refuse, for example, to saturate our minds with negative elements through some types of literature, internet material, TV and radio programming, and sometimes even fellowship with negative acquaintances.

When we lived in the Philippines, I used to carry important things in my briefcase when out in public. But since thievery was so prevalent, when I had to set my briefcase down I would keep my foot against it, so that if I felt it move I could immediately grab it. In a similar way we need to keep in touch with our faith cart, so that if we sense it moving we can immediately grab it – lest the cart thief triumph!

A Sunday to Remember

By: Janet Yocum

Before I moved to Westminster, I lived in a retirement community in Gainesville, Florida. Our building did not have dining facilities, but we had a community room in which we served coffee and treats 6 days a week from 7am until 10 am. It was run by resident volunteers. When one moved and another passed away, we became a core group of 4 and shared duties.

Frazier was an early riser whose wife liked to sleep late. An Annapolis graduate, he was a brilliant man. He was a pilot who was able to land on aircraft carriers at night in the North Sea in winter with 40-foot waves. After his Navy career, he was a senior captain for American Airlines until age 60. After retirement, he went back to school and got his masters in mental health counseling and religion. He then became a pastor/teacher at a new age church called the Seraphim Center - He made and set up the coffee.

Betty was a retired schoolteacher from Michigan. After retirement, she taught at a Florida prison helping young male inmates get their GED. She claimed she was a 'lapsed' Catholic and declared "what the pope doesn't know won't hurt him." - She was our clean-up person.

Joan was a devout Methodist who had numerous degrees in dietary science behind her name. She belonged to a big, very elite, Methodist church. She was a great cook and made us delicious treats and goodies.

Me. My brother-in-law, whom I loved like a biological brother, called me a 'deep water' Baptist because I believed in baptism by immersion. He described himself as a sprinkled Presbyterian and declared that was good enough. - I was in charge of organizing the food every day. Joan was invited to be a guest teacher at her Sunday school class. The members consisted of University of Florida professors, retired pastors, and missionaries. She had been studying for several weeks and hoping for a good turnout. She invited Betty and me to come and lured us with a promise of great treats. Frazier's church was having a very special event. A channeler was coming to channel the arch angel Elian and

Frazier also invited Betty and me to come. Betty especially wanted to hear her and accepted for both of us immediately. Of course, as luck would have it, both events were to be held on the same Sunday. I was in a quandary, (Betty, not so much) what to do? Betty said to just tell one that we had a flat tire and then go to the one that we (she) wanted to see - the channeler. According to Betty, a little white lie was not a mortal sin and if the pope did not know about it, it would not bother him. The deep-water Baptist could not do that, so I devised a plan: We would go to Joan's Sunday school class, get two seats by the door, listen to the lesson, and then sneak out early. That is what we did. We sped across town to the Seraphim church, arriving just in time to find Frazier sprawled across 3 seats and standing room only. We slipped into our seats as the lights were turned off and around the ceiling were small white Christmas lights giving an ethereal glow to the room. Elian spoke quietly and in a monotonous tone. After a while, I asked Betty when it was going to start, and she replied that it had started about 45 minutes ago. With a twinkle in her eye, she went on to inform me that I had slept through the entire thing. I responded, "Oh my goodness what am I going to tell Frazier?" She said if I were smart, I would say nothing because he slept through the whole thing too and he was snoring, so no one even noticed me. I guess Frazier can join the pope, be in good company, and what he does not know won't hurt him either. AMEN.



LOOKING BACK

By: Lou Ardrey

We all know the difficulties and disadvantages of the quarantine but, looking back, these are some of the advantages that stand out in my mind:

---not having to wear any make up for over a year.

---knowing that only Judy, of housekeeping, the only person to enter my apartment, was aware of how much clutter there was.

---keeping track of my appointments was easy since there were so few—just trips to doctor's offices .

---saving a lot of gas since my car sat in the parking lot for months on end.

---enjoying the courtyard visits with family. Even though we had to wear masks, social distance, refrain from hugs and limit our time to 30 minutes....it was great to be able to see and talk with them

---saving a lot of money by not eating out.

---playing the piano more after not playing much for a number of years.

---watching so many Hallmark Movies that I think I could write one-- since they all follow the same basic plot.

---reading some excellent, uplifting books.

---keeping in touch with family and friends by email and text messages. I love the fact that they can be sent anytime, day or night.

---deleting hundreds of emails which I had let accumulate.

---cleaning out some cabinets and organizing some files.

---watching livestream church services online. I worshiped with my own congregation and then watched several other services, including my son-in-law's in Taylors, SC. Seeing him preach regularly has been a treat!

---enjoying the morning coffee cart with added juices, muffin or fruit.

---discovering the joy of listening to music online. I found that I could type in any Symphony, Ballet, Broadway show, Choir, Singer or Pianist.... it was all at my fingertips. I could get a better view on the computer screen than sitting in the audience....and it's free!! One day I spent the whole morning listening to past Mormon Tabernacle Choir Christmas specials.

---enjoying the movies and special entertainment the Activities Director provided for us after things opened up a little.

---having more time to spend in the mornings on my "quiet time"—praying, reading devotionals and the Bible.

---recognizing and acknowledging the sacrifices the staff, caregivers, therapists, maintenance men, housekeeping staff, bus driver, dining room personnel and others were making to keep us safe.

God's Word says "give thanks in all circumstances, for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus" (1 Thessalonians 5: 18) so I am thankful for these things in the midst of our difficult circumstances.

In Loving Memory:

- *Barbara Quinn*
- *Lloyd Twedt*
- *Frank Polito*



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.

**The
channel 99 scrolling
screen will have a
complete list of all
those who gave a
Mother's Day offering
throughout the end of
May.**

**Thank you to all who
contributed!**

Contributions

Endowment

In Memory of: Roger Lawler
Jane Watkins

In Memory of: Barbara Quinn
Eddie Senn

In Memory of: Frank Polito
Catherine Slattery

In Memory of: Lloyd Twedt
Ed & Jody FitzGerald

In Memory of: Frank Polito
Lynn Hornsby

General Fund

In Kind Gift
Arlene Jenkins

Employee Appreciation Christmas Fund

Thank You

Marketing Minute

Did you know it takes some folks more than a decade to decide to move to a senior community like Westminster Towers? You may have been one of them! For the hundreds of seniors we have helped move, not a single one has said, "I can't wait to pack up and move!" It's a daunting task at any age, even with all of the resources available. But, do you know what we hear most often after someone moves, "I wish I had moved sooner!" That's what makes it all worthwhile.

We welcomed 14 new residents last year and we have several more in the process. Do you have friends who would love to live at Westminster Towers? Tell us about them with our Refer a Friend Program. When your friend moves in, you receive **one month free!** And there's no limit.

We want to thank the many residents who have already referred their friends. Give Allison or Melanie a call at 328-5587. We want our *Community of Friends* to continue to grow!

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 June is
May 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

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: **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**