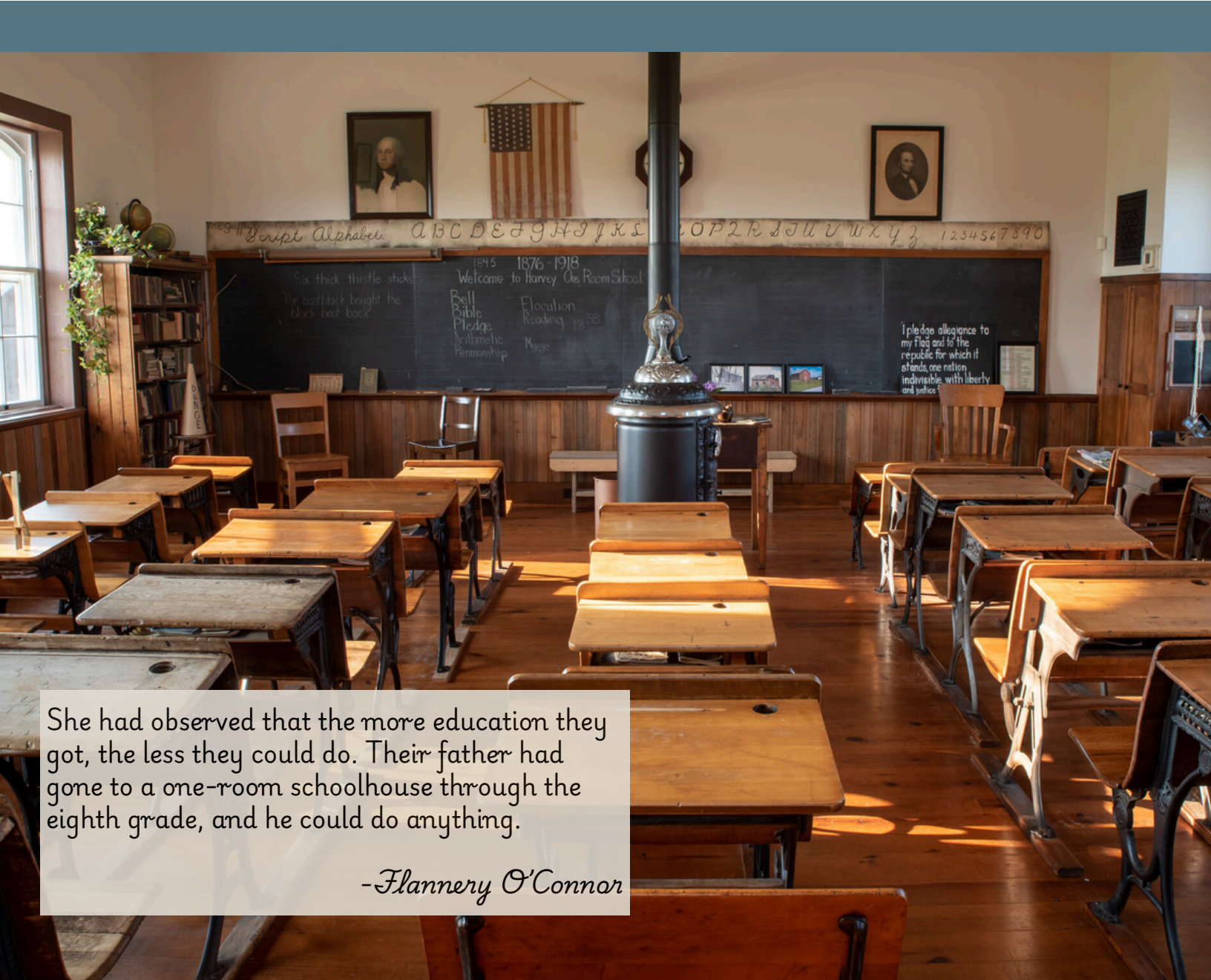


Windows

August 2025

Vol. XXXVI No. 8 1330 India Hook Road, Rock Hill, South Carolina 29732
(803) 328-5000



She had observed that the more education they got, the less they could do. Their father had gone to a one-room schoolhouse through the eighth grade, and he could do anything.

-Flannery O'Connor



August Church Schedule

**The 2nd and 4th Wednesdays at 3:00 pm
in Heritage Hall**

8/13 Rev. Jason Anderson, Hopewell Presbyterian Church

8/27 Rev. Jon Oliphant, First ARP Church of Rock Hill

**8/10 Catholic Communion Service at 3:00 pm in Heritage
Hall. Deacon Ted Clement of St. Anne will preside.**

All are welcome!

**If you would like to suggest someone to conduct a Wednesday church
service, please contact Nancy Anderson, in apartment 214.**

All Denominations are welcome!

If you would like to submit an article or
pictures, please email them to:
camifreeman@westminstertowers.org
The deadline for the September '25 edition
of Windows is Monday, August 11.

This Month's Contributors:

Alice Airth
Nancy Anderson
Spencer Anderson
Arlene Jenkins Blackwelder
Cathy Bryant
Celeste Fatora
Ed FitzGerald
Kathy Jagers
Milt Jellum
Ray Lautzenheiser
Carole Partridge
Chuck Rohr
Georgia Sherard
Edward Trelinskie
Linder Tucker
Ron Weisburg
Earl Wilcox

Windows

August 2025
Vol. XXXVI No. 8

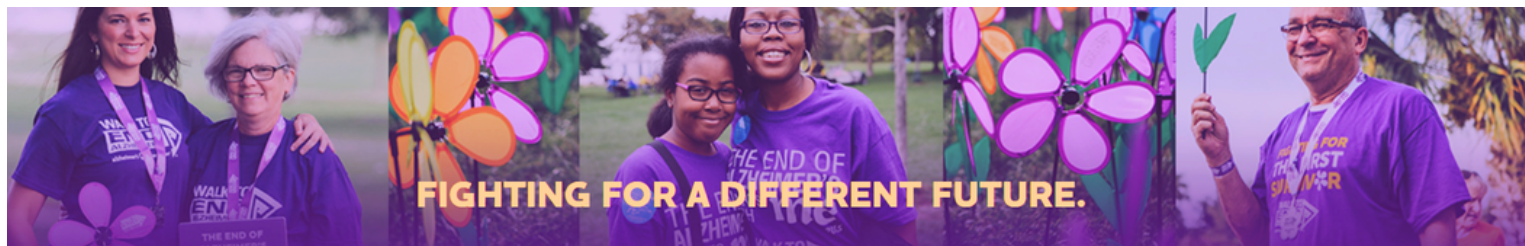
Newsletter Committee Members:

Linda Lenz - Chairman
Lou Ardrey
Arlene Jenkins Blackwelder
Jody FitzGerald
Carole Partridge

Grammarian
Jody FitzGerald

Publisher
Cami Freeman

The next Newsletter Committee Meeting
will be on Monday, August 18, 2025,
at 2:00 pm, in the 2nd Floor Lounge.



2025 Walk to End Alzheimer's Saturday, September, 27

Across the nation, the Alzheimer's Association Walk to End Alzheimer's® is full of flowers, each carried by someone committed to ending this disease. Because like flowers, our participants don't stop when something's in their way.

What can you do at the Towers?

Paint & Sip Fund Raiser

Wednesday, August 13th at 6:30 pm in the Art Studio (lower level).

Suggested donation is \$25. See Dawn Anderson to make a payment (you'll find Dawn in Melanie's old office in the Marketing department) or sign up at the bulletin board.

All paints and supplies are being provided courtesy of All About Seniors.

Follow along with an artist as they lead you step-by-step to create your own painted canvas tote bag. Snacks will be provided, and you are welcome to bring your own libation to find your inner muse. Feel free to invite friends and family!

Signup to walk on Saturday, Sept. 27

Join the team from Westminster Towers to walk around the Rock Hill Galleria and surrounding area. Signup with Dawn Anderson or at Alz.org, our team's name is WMT.

Make a donation and add a flower to our Wall of Flowers

Flowers are available through Dawn Anderson for a suggested donation of \$5. Write your name, or the name of someone you love with Alzheimer's, and post it on the Wall of Flowers located in the hall on the way to Heritage Hall.



Growing Up in A One Room Schoolhouse

At 5 years old, Mother decided I was old enough to go to school. She bought me a hat to keep my head dry and warm and sent me to Hickory Hill which was about 3 miles from our house. It was actually a 2-room schoolhouse, and Mrs. Ford taught 1-3 in one classroom, and another teacher taught 4-6 in another. With so many kids on different levels, it was hard for me to concentrate and learn.

There was no electricity and no running water. If you needed a drink of water, you had to go outside and prime the pump, and there was only one glass shared by everyone at school. There were two outhouses, one for girls and one for boys.

The teachers had to arrive early to start a fire in the potbelly stove in the middle of the room and to refill the kerosene lamps.

When we moved to Bishopville, and I was enrolled in a new elementary school, I was so ill-prepared that I had to repeat 4th grade. To me, it was like going from an elementary school to a college.

FYI: My first day of school, Mom put that hat on me and walked me to the bus stop. Once I got on the bus, Mother said she saw that hat come flying out a window. She said she didn't bother to go pick it up because she knew there wasn't any point. I didn't want to wear that hat, and she knew I wouldn't. I've been independent since that day.

Spencer Anderson

I attended two one-room schools through 5th grade in Maine. The teachers were twin sisters, Hilda and Hulda Bragdon. The bot-bellied stove at the back of the room couldn't keep it warm, so we had to wear our coats and mittens much of the time. The teacher would let us go by rows to do our reading around the stove. Unfortunately, those around it absorbed the heat, and that made the rest of the room even colder. On most winter days, the ice in our drinking water crock never thawed out all day! As a precaution, when it was below zero my mother would not let me go to school.

Nancy Anderson

In the 1950's, my classroom had desks of iron and wood with ink wells. We had ink for our pens, and it would leak on our papers. The girls in my class were good, but the boys made a mess with the ink.

Celeste Fatora

Grades 1-8 were taught in a one-room Oakies schoolhouse with one teacher and a coal burning furnace. There were no buses, so we walked one mile to school and one mile back home. There were no school lunches, so my normal meal from home was peanut butter with mayo or jelly. My recess was my favorite class during school. It was in these formative years that I decided I wanted to teach school.

Ray Lautenheiser

I attended 11 schools from 1st through 12th grade. There were 3 times during those years that I attended one-room or two-room schoolhouses. I attended 1st grade in a one-room

school in Branchton, PA. Remember, I was the only student in 1st grade, and I remember coloring a striped turkey with crayons. In 4th grade, we lived in Duo, WV, and I found myself again in a one-room schoolhouse, and I was the only 4th grade student. I remember we had a large pot-belly stove in the middle of the room. During 5th grade in Backus Mt., WV, I attended a two-room schoolhouse, and our teachers were husband and wife.

Chuck Rohr

I grew up in a one-room schoolhouse in Palmyre, Maine. There was a big pot-bellied stove in the center of the room. Each class from kindergarten through grade 6 sat in a different section of the large room. Outside of the building was a huge wood pile with large chunks of wood, usually oak as it burned slower, to warm us all. We had the same teacher for all 6 years!

Every recess, we would go outdoors and climb to the top of this huge woodpile. We would team up boys against the girls and the goal was to see who could see the farthest, and whatever else we could think of - use your imagination! We had fun until our sweet Mrs. Higgins came out with a stern look and ended our recess. We little girls always felt confident that one day we would win!

Oh yes, we had the top bathroom accommodations of anyone. The old-fashioned "outhouse" had the best toilet paper. We were excited when we had the Sunday funnies to read while doing our business. Oh, those were the good old days! Or were they?

P.S. I kept in touch with sweet Mrs. Higgins for years and returned to visit her after I became an R.N. She was in a wheelchair after suffering a stroke and died a few months later.

Arlene Jenkins Blackwelder

I attended a two-room school from 1944 to 1947. Grades 1-4 were in the room on the right. Mrs. Kline was the teacher. Grades 5-8 were in the room on the left. Mrs. Goheen was the teacher and principal. This was the school for Paxinos, PA. Mrs. Kline's kids learned to read, write, add, and subtract. Mrs. Goheen taught geography, history, and literature.

Our school day opened with roll call, pledge to the flag, and the Lord's Prayer. On my first day of school, I sat next to my twin sister, Connie. We were told to raise our hand when our name was called. Mrs. Kline called names in alphabetical order. When she got to the T's she called Constance, and my sister raised her hand. Then she called Edward, and no one raised a hand. She called Edward again, no response. Then she said "Junior, when I call your name Edward, raise your hand." That's when I, and all the kids in the classes, found out my name was Edward and not Junior.

Edward Trelinskie



Ed's two-room schoolhouse in Paxinos, PA, has been renovated and is now the Meadowview Christian Accademy.

I grew up on a 160-acre farm in west central Minnesota. We walked one-half mile on a dirt road east to a paved road and then one-half mile south to the school. Getting a ride to

Continued on page 6

school was not an option. The school generally had about 25 students in one room with 8 grades and one teacher. I was the only one in my class for the first 4 years, and then a family moved into the area, and I had a classmate the last 4 years. The school had only female teachers, and they would teach for one or two years and then get married or move to another school. Besides the school building, there were two outhouses 100 feet behind the school. With MN temperatures as low as 30 degrees below zero, having to go could be a cold trip. On the other hand, we had plenty of snow in the winter, and we would go sledding on a nearby hill during our lunch break. Does anyone know what a sled is?

The schoolhouse had no running water. Therefore, when we became one of the older students, two of us would get assigned to get drinking water for each day. To get water, we had to walk about 600 feet to the church parsonage where we would fill our pail with water in the kitchen. However, getting water was not simple because between the parsonage and the schoolhouse, there was a fenced in pastureland, and we had to crawl through the barbed wire fence two times going to the parsonage and two times going back to the schoolhouse. The water was for drinking only with the provided dipper. No hand washing!

Conclusion: Times are better now days.

PS: After elementary school, I attended the West Central School of Agriculture (a boarding high school originally built for Native American Indians). WCSA was designed for farm kids where we had six months of school and six months at home on the farm per year. Pauline was a classmate, but we had no interest in each other until our senior year in college (me at the University of Minnesota and she at St. Olaf College.)

Milt Jellum

• ♦ •

In Floydale, SC, I attended a three-room schoolhouse, grades 1&2, 3&4, 5&6. We didn't have an indoor bathroom, but we did have a school cook who would ask us what we wanted to eat, and she would fix it. Everyone knew everybody!

Anonymous

• ♦ •

Cindy and I recently took a trip back to our home state of Michigan. While there, my son and I kayaked around Lime Island, Michigan, located on the St. Mary's River, a main tributary that connects Lake Superior to Lake Huron. For its entire length, it's an international border, separating the United States from Canada.

Prior to the Michigan Department of Natural Resources developing Lime Island into a state park, the island changed hands several times. The Pittsburgh Coal Co. used Lime Island as a refueling dock for upbound and downbound ships along the St. Mary's River. In 1912, a one room schoolhouse was built for approximately 14 families living on the island. It wasn't until 1982, when the island was sold again, and the dock workers, their families, and belongings left the island.



In the 1990's the project to restore the one room schoolhouse was initiated, and today, cottages and tent camping are available on the island. Visitors charter or pilot private watercraft 3 miles across the river to reach Lime Island. No public use of motorized vehicles is permitted on the island.

Ron Weisburg

In the late 1940's, when I was a baby in a playpen, my mom was a teacher in a one-room schoolhouse. She would take me to school with her everyday. When I wasn't in the playpen, I was sitting on her lap, and I don't remember specifics, but I know I was reading by age 2 or 3. After 4 weeks of attending 1st grade, the teacher said I knew everything being taught so I was advanced to 2nd grade.

Cathy Bryant

Wideman School, built from logs in 1896, was the last one-room, one-teacher school in McCormick County, SC. It served the students in Wideman Red Row Community for grades 1 through 10. My mother taught in this school, and while I attended a different school in McCormick, the holidays were not on the same schedule. Often during the holidays, I would attend Wideman School with my mother.

The school had handmade furniture and was heated by a fireplace that was later replaced with a large pot-bellied stove heated by coal. The boys were tasked with keeping the stove warm, and the girls swept the yard with brooms made of tree limbs and leaves tied together.

The subjects taught were reading, writing, and arithmetic along with geography and science. On Fridays, the Bible was taught as well as Sunday school lessons. Students ate at their tables, and since there wasn't a kitchen, lunches were brought from home and often consisted of fried chicken, fried fat-back, sausage, biscuits, and home-made molasses.

Shortly after my husband Louis and I were married in 1958, I taught in a one-room school in Williams, SC. It was a wonderful experience as I had just finished my education degree at Winthrop College. There were only 12 students in grades 4, 5, and 6.

Georgia Sherard

Elegy: The Heart of Mankind

(In memoriam to Dr. Frank W. Kiser)

by Earl J. Wilcox

Not the ancient plains of myth and poems --
The gusty winds of Missouri & Kansas, instead.

Nor the mystic rivers of Greece or Troy --
The stellar shores of Lake Erie, instead

He came to us – one of the heroic mind and body
Who lived a life with a heart made real.

The lanky, athletic lad found love,
Not as a Wolverine, but with she who

Already knew healing arts; they in familial
Sharing: unique and eternal. His body and soul

For decades triumphantly brave to his oath to care
And mend with humility faithful to his physician's creed.

Among us for almost a century, he lived and
Left us with grace and generosity fulfilled.

We celebrate his legacy - not as a myth but a
Love song and heroic story of a life woven into
A tapestry writ large for all mankind.

July 2025

Early Morning Breakfast Crew

Carlos Gardner, Jim Townsend, and Ed FitzGerald join She She for breakfast almost every morning at the Coffee Bar.



She She says she enjoys spending time with “her men”, and that they really brighten her day!

Out & About

by Alice Airth

One evening in June, a trio of residents set out for...Trios! It was a smaller-than-usual group of the Lunch Bunch who were taking advantage of an outing to the Pineville restaurant, and since there were two ladies and one gentleman plus JR, who is certainly a gentleman, it was almost like a double-date - especially as we went in the limo!

The food soon arrived - two Chicken Piccatas, one Meat Lovers Pizza, and one Three Cheese Tortellini. The gentlemen cleaned their plates, while both ladies left with to-go boxes - the servings were just too big for our dainty appetites (and we knew we would be passing the Peach Stand on the way back). After food comes checks, and there the double-date metaphor ended ... we each paid our own bill.

Of course, we did stop at the Peach Stand and got ice cream (memo to self ... one scoop is plenty!), and as JR had mentioned that the York County Fair was in town, we drove by to see if it cost to get in. The Fair was in the old fairgrounds, just past Winthrop, and offered the usual treats and rides ... Funnel Cakes, Cotton Candy, Ferris Wheel, etc. We didn't see an entrance booth requiring you to pay - people were just walking onto the grounds. Having just had a large meal plus ice cream, we did not stop to try out foods or rides, as so headed back home, happily tired and sated. Maybe next year we'll try the Fair.

Speaking of ice cream ... there's a wonderful place in downtown Rock Hill that is a must for lovers of the frozen treat - Whit's Frozen Custard, made fresh daily. A special trip was scheduled one afternoon, and several of us took advantage of the ride, and we were glad we did! The frozen custard was delicious, and the choices were many - a four-page printed menu lists all the offerings. There are take-home

containers in a freezer by the front door, and a number of prepackaged treats in a freezer by the register (I got what looked like a Nutty Buddy on steroids - it was delicious!) The shop is small, and inside seating is limited, but there is also outside seating (and the fact that it is very near Flipside doesn't hurt.) Definitely a return-to destination.



Can't make up your mind? Take a look inside the freezer by the register for some of their tasty creations at Whit's Frozen Custard at 145 E. White Street in Rock Hill.

The Activity Committee will meet on Monday, August 11th, at 2:00 pm in the 4th floor lounge. Please come and share your suggestions for lunches, dinners, and other fun outings. Hope to see you there!!

Linder Tucker,
Activity Committee Chairman

8



Residents' Association Quarterly Meeting

Tuesday, September 2, at 2:30 pm
in Heritage Hall



Out & About, II

by Alice Airth

Having given a somewhat negative review to Nathan's Famous (hot dogs...remember?), it seemed only fair to visit the restaurant to which it was compared - Ebenezer Grill - so we did. The sign-up sheet was filled almost as soon as it was put out, and so many wanted to go that two residents wound up driving, just so we could all go at the same time. There were 16 of us plus JR, and he had called ahead to warn them of the hungry hoard about to descend upon them. I had been hearing only good things about the place, and they really lived up to them - we arrived about 10:45 am to find that tables had been put together to make one long table, which had already been set with cups of ice water. The first question the waitress had was whether we wanted breakfast or lunch, and - wouldn't you know it - after so much talk about how good the hot dogs were, only one person ordered one; the rest of us ordered breakfast! One of the breakfast items was a Mickey Mouse pancake,



so, of course, one of us had to order it (it was delicious). Two waitresses took orders, and about the time some finished giving their order, others were already getting theirs - the kitchen staff did a great job.

Good food, good service, good prices ... Ebenezer Grill just might be a monthly destination from now on. Maybe next time we'll do lunch.

Look What the Towers' Stitchers Club Has Been Doing!

by Linder Tucker



The Towers' Stitchers meet every Tuesday afternoon at 2:00 pm in the Community Room. We would love to have you!

Come join us and get to know your neighbors while making these cute taboggans for charity. They can easily be knitted, crocheted, or made on a loom. No experience necessary! Someone is always on hand who is happy to help you get started!

If you would like to contribute, but not craft, we accept donations to help fund the cost of yarn and other supplies.



We have been hard at work making hats for infants, cancer patients, children's hospitals, and orphanages.

A Moment in Time

by Carole Partridge

As my father grew older, he spent less and less time in his garden. He had an on-going, vigilant eye out for the deer which tiptoed out in the evening to nibble his cherished plants and vegetables. Sometimes he would rush outside to shoo them away.

His age gave way to ill health, and eventually, he made long-distance friends with the deer when he became bedridden. From the window in his bedroom, he saw the deer peep out from the forest behind the house. They would be hesitant at first, but after a few moments of inquisitive hesitation, they would nibble whatever garden plants had survived harsh weather and graze contentedly. My father welcomed them from his invalid's bed and watched as they nibbled away at the remains of his once-cherished garden.

Eventually, my father made peace with the deer, and even bought a salt lick for their pleasure, as he watched his garden deteriorate. His bedroom window became the window to his shrinking world outside.

On the morning of his last day on earth, he searched for his animal friends, hoping to see them at the salt lick from his death bed.

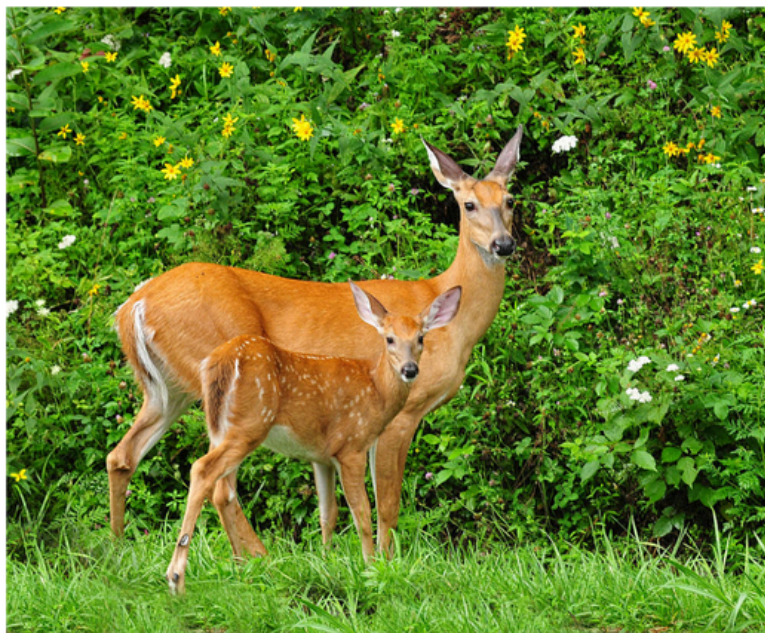
"I wonder where the deer are," he mused. "I haven't seen them in several days."

As his life ebbed and flowed as a thin thread at the very end, his head turned toward his window again for perhaps just a hint of his long-time garden-friendly animals:

"I wonder where the deer went..?"

Within an hour or so God took him home. The undertaker was called. His nurse gave his lifeless body a tender sponge bath and dressed him in fresh night-clothes before the funeral home officials arrived. The family surrounded his bed in prayer.

Suddenly, someone pointed out the window. There stumbling out of the woods, on wobbly knees, came the mother deer nuzzling her brand-new baby deer, still soaking wet from the birth process.



We thanked the Lord as a family for the life and death struggle each of us is privileged to engage in as one life ends and another begins.

"As the deer pants for water,
So, my soul pants for thee, O'Lord..."

Amen



Did You Know?

by Ed FitzGerald

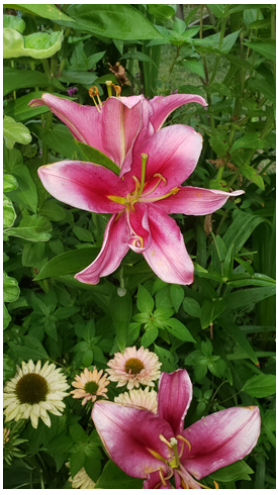
Agape Care visits the Towers monthly to offer free health screenings. On the second Monday each month at 10:30 am, an Agape team is present in the Community room to take your blood pressure, oxygen measurement, weight, and temperature. Watch the weekly activities highlights as a reminder to have these important health signs measured. They will maintain a personal monthly results sheet so you can track these important health measurements. Plan on making this Agape Visit a vital part of your wellness plans. Their next visit will be Monday, August 11th.

ICE CREAM GARDEN PARTY

by Ed FitzGerald

On Thursday, July 10th, the Activities Department held an Ice Cream Garden party for residents at the 12 plot raised gardens cultivated by Towers residents. The event was an amazing success with 46 residents and staff attending. A dog also attended, as well as a deer that appeared in the wood across the road, peering curiously at the tasty flowers on display a few yards away. Tables and chairs were set up by Activities and various ice creams were available. Residents meandered through the beds with the resident gardeners proudly explaining the plants and the interaction of pollinators (insects) that are so essential to successful agriculture. Amazingly, the weather was a great friend of the event, cool for midsummer with a gentle breeze. Rain was in the forecast but held off until the party was finished.

Many of the residents had never visited the gardens that are next to the basement parking, and they enjoyed the beauty of the grassy surroundings. It is a good place to sit, relax, and meditate. Possibly in the fall, when the weather cools down, we can revisit the dormant gardens and celebrate the harvest and approach of Halloween with cider and a local pumpkin patch.



August Outings

Signup at the Bulletin Board

Friday, August 1

11:00 am Lunch at Flipside

Friday, August 1

2:00 pm Rock Hill History Ride-About
with Pat Grant.

Wednesday, August 6

10:00 am Hospice Thrift Store

Wednesday, August 6

5:00 pm Dinner at Pump House

Friday, August 8

2:00 pm Rock Hill History Ride-About
with Pat Grant.

Wednesday, August 13

10:15 am Shopping at Hamrick's & Lunch

Friday, August 15

11:00 am Lunch at Copper Pub &
Shopping at The Plow

Saturday, August 16

6:00 pm Rock Hill Music Club Presents:
Palmetto Voices Spiritual Ensemble.
Tickets are \$25.

Wednesday, August 20

11:00 am Lunch at Papa Doc's

Friday, August 22

11:00 am Lunch at Napa in Kingsley

Wednesday, August 27

1:30 pm Visit to Baja Cero

Wednesday, August 27

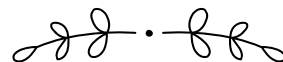
Dinner at Richie's Italian



In Loving Memory



**Weltha Martin
Dr. Frank Kiser
Margaret Giles**



Acknowledging Those Who Donate

In Remembrance/Honor

Jody & Ed FitzGerald

Major Ed McPoland, USMC

Weltha Martin, Margaret Giles,

Butch Bonham, Carla Hoover Thomason,

& Dr. Frank Kiser

Arlene Jenkins Blackwelder

Lou Ardrey's Sisters

Donna Richter

Activities Department

Lib & Spencer Anderson

Jillian Clinton & Lou Ardrey's Sisters

Joanne Cauthen

Weltha Martin

Nancy & Jim Bright

Weltha Martin, Margaret Giles,

& Dr. Frank Kiser

Linder Tucker

Carla Hoover Thomason & Margaret Giles

Sue Nazak

Dr. Frank Kiser

Karen & John Tucker

Margaret Giles

Lois & W.C. Kirkpatrick

Dr. Frank Kiser

Betty Wheatley

Jillian Clinton & Clara Hoover Thomason

Linda Bailey

Margaret Giles

If you want to make a donation to any of our funds (Endowment, Employee Assistance, or General Fund), please bring cash/check to Pam Engle in the business office. You can make checks out to Westminster Towers, and in the memo section, indicate the fund you are supporting.



Attention Walking Club

We will resume our destination walk on September first. We are going to walk to Buffalo, NY, and on to Niagara Falls. Be sure to record your daily steps. Check the bulletin board outside the workout room to view our progress.

Kathy Jagers
Wellness Committee Chair