

# the ACORN

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### ***Thoughts from Jamie King on wearing a mask.....***

**A piece of cloth to us is a solid but flexible material, but a virus “sees” cloth as a lattice with holes that are big enough to drive a Boeing 747 airplane through.**

**A virus is 2 trillion times smaller than a human. That means two thousand million times smaller than you are.**

**To a virus, the open space in the weave of cloth (the space where you put a needle through when sewing) is as big as the 100-foot-wide door of an airplane hangar would be to you.**

**Do you think that size of opening will “filter out” a virus – prevent it going right through the cloth?**

**That is also why the CDC says your face mask needs to have three (3) layers of cloth in front of your nose and mouth, and be tight-fitting at the sides, top, and bottom.**

**Yes, it will make breathing more difficult – you have to push and pull a lot of air through those tiny spaces in the cloth. But think: if the amount of air you breathe can go through easily, so can the virus!**

**Be safe! Wear a mask and wear it correctly (covering both nose and mouth).**

## Editorial - Frankie McWhorter . . .

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I admit it! In this edition, I took the liberty of writing an essay about tomato sandwiches in addition to this editorial. But if you permit, I can explain! With each new ACORN, my mind goes into overdrive as a theme is developed, articles are written, and details completed to create a newsletter we hope you will enjoy.

When July rolled around I had no real clue as to a theme. It could have been that my mind was occupied with masks and quarantine, social distancing and so many things that had made life so very different. I was feeling, and maybe you too, as Steve Jobs once described it, "as if life has hit me upside the head with a brick." Then as John and I sat eating a sandwich made with one of his ripe, homegrown tomatoes, the theme for this ACORN hit me: "Life is made so much better by simple pleasures!

A simple pleasure is an ordinary thing that brings joy, gives a diversion, causes a smile, or evokes an emotion. It can be a tomato sandwich, a pleasant thought, a memory from years ago, a call from a long-time friend, or any of hundreds of things that brings a big sigh, a deep breath, and the feeling that life is good!

As I talked with fellow residents, they agreed to share their thoughts with you: Jim Ryser, who is indispensable to this newsletter both as the photographer and as layout and design guru, shows his satisfaction (his pleasure) in capturing people and places and the good times at



Frankie McWhorter

Trinity Oaks in every ACORN. Uta Braun shares the pleasure of solitude she finds on her balcony each day. Missy Brown describes the peace and delight she finds along with her husband Henry as they watch feathered friends comfortably dine at their bird feeders. And new resident, Pam Fisher, assures that satisfaction and contentment can be found in finding a new home even if it is during a pandemic.

Every one of us has the ability to find delight in the ordinary things that surround us: leaves changing colors, sunrises and sunsets, long walks, fresh sheets, the rain on the roof, a cup of tea or coffee, a belly laugh with a friend, and so much more. Each new day, I will look for the ordinary things that make life worthwhile and enjoy life's simple pleasures. My hope for you is that you will too!



**THANKS**  
**Bill & Staff**  
**you're**  
**Amazing!**

Kiss We Love all of You! Kiss

Hello  
 Amy and Jason  
 Got to see you  
 Thanks for Grog By

We MISS  
 y-o-u  
 GRANNY

QUARANTINE - QUARANTINE  
 SEND WIVES - Aunt Griso  
 THANKS  
 Douglas, Mary, Emily  
 Kari + Dan

Hi Family  
 Surprise  
 Love you  
 NANA

# Moving In During COVID-19

By Pam Fisher



When I first visited Trinity Oaks with my sister in June of 2019, I felt an immediate connection. Lorie put me right at ease, answered all my questions and gave us a tour of the campus, beautiful even on that rainy day. That summer and fall I visited other retirement facilities, including one in Texas near my son and his family, but nothing called to me like Trinity Oaks.

I began the process of readying for sale my three-bedroom home in Boone. I had lived there since it was built in 1977 and had accumulated a lifetime of much-beloved stuff in the generous closets and garage of that house. I began with donations to my church bazaar, moved on to pick-ups by Habitat's Restore, then donations to other various local charities until they closed for virus safety. During all these months, I struggled

physically and emotionally to “down-size” a life that was well-lived and well-loved. According to the “experts”, it should have been an easy, organized task. It was not.

I resigned myself to living in chaos for months until I could get the house ready. Finally in March of this year, after prodding from my excellent realtor, I listed it for sale on the morning of March 12<sup>th</sup>. By the end of that day, the house had been shown eleven times! Four more showings on Friday and two more on Saturday, then the calls stopped completely with news of virus shut-down. On Monday I accepted a great offer from a gentleman who wanted a quick closing date. We settled on April 20 and I went into full-on panic mode to finish clearing out the house. (Not an easy task since charities were closed and no one could come in to help me.)

I had stayed in touch with Lorie and visited Trinity Oaks a few more times but there was no two-bedroom, second floor apartment available when I needed it, plus I would be unable to move in due to the virus quarantine. My sister was hustling to find me an apartment here in Salisbury, and for a while, I had no place to live. My realtor was walking in my door to bring me documents to sign when Lorie called with a miracle:

Continued on next page

If I was willing, Trinity Oaks had a move-in ready, one-bedroom apartment on the ground floor that I could move into using the patio door in order to avoid all common areas and comply with the quarantine. Of course I said yes!

Moving day arrived and everyone here was all “masked & gloved up,” including me and my movers. We all worked for hours getting everything in except for my sweet cat Darlin’. I left her in her carrier in the car with the windows down until I could bring her into her new home safely. She and I immediately set about exploring our two rooms. I say exploring, but it was really just squeezing in and around many, many boxes. My first task was to hang up the clothes so I could move three giant wardrobe boxes blocking my shower door! I unboxed and put in place the food (I brought too much), dishes/glasses/utensils (brought too many), pots & pans (way too many), bathroom grooming/pills/linens (I brought too much), clothes (disgusting amount) and filled the coat/pantry/storage closet (way too small).

Still to unbox and put away are my books (no such thing as too many),

desk&business stuff (??) and all wall art, photos and “pretties.” I tried to bring only what I love but it turned out that I love a lot of things! I really can’t do too much more until I can actually get out and shop for wall/shelf/cabinet furniture that I had counted on buying “before COVID.”

My two-week quarantine here was actually a blessing. The food has been wonderful and plentiful, my immediate needs have been met, and my apartment is peaceful and beautiful. I was/am so exhausted physically and emotionally that I used that time to rest, unpack and recover from nearly a year’s worth of upheaval, disorganization and turmoil. I’m still working on that.

I love my apartment and have no desire to move again. I have a beautiful view of trees and plants. Darlin’ and I love watching and listening to the birds. Everyone here is so kind and helpful and I’m gradually getting to know a few folks even with masks on. Residents and staff have all told me, “Oh, you’ll love it here when we get back to normal,” Well, I’ll tell you: I love it already.

... copied from Facebook. Thanks to Janet Manuel for sharing a bit of humor.

Everyone PLEASE be careful because people are going crazy from being locked down at home! I was just talking about this with the microwave and the toaster while drinking my coffee, and we all agreed that things are getting bad. I didn’t mention any of this to the washing machine, because she puts a different spin on EVERYTHING!!! Certainly couldn’t share with the fridge, cause he’s been acting cold and distant! In the end, the iron straightened me out! She said the situation isn’t all that pressing and all the wrinkles will soon get ironed out! The vacuum, however, was very unsympathetic...told me to just suck it up! But the fan was VERY optimistic and gave me hope that it will all blow over soon! The toilet looked a bit flushed but didn’t say anything when I asked its opinion, but the front door said I was becoming unhinged and the doorknob told me to get a grip!! You can just about guess what the curtains told me: they told me to “pull myself together!” We will survive!!

# A Cool July Morning

By Uta Braun



It is a cool morning here in the month of July. I look at the clock and realize the sun might not come up for a few more minutes, but I am awake. I stagger into the kitchen to brew a couple cups of coffee. While the aroma fills my little kitchen, I take my daily dose of pills with a large glass of water. It is said to wake up the body; it is healthy to start with a cold glass of water. The coffee is brewed and with two gingersnap cookies and the mug of Joe, I make my way to the balcony to enjoy the birds waking up.

They are a little slow sometimes, but other noises take hold of my senses. I hear the train in the distance, the traffic on the road, and a bird suddenly takes over and lets me know he is awake too.

While I sit there rocking a little, enjoying the solitude of the morning hour, the sun plays with the leaves on

the tree in front of my balcony. I suddenly realize my neighbor has come out to enjoy the early morning also. We exchange a hello, but both of us just daydream for a few more minutes. Now some more birds are singing. I am not sure what kind they are. I see action in the sycamore tree. The squirrels are waking up also. About 30 minutes has gone by, and it is time to make some breakfast.

Throughout the day it is too hot to sit outside. As I go about my daily routine, I don't think to spend time on my balcony, but in the evening I wait for the sunset. At times it is so beautiful as the birds stop singing, the tree frogs practice their nightly concert, and with my glass of Merlot I'll enjoy the changing of the colors in the sky. The spectacle at times has been so grand and no one interrupts my thoughts. I am glad my balcony faces the west.

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**...sometimes,  
solitude is the most  
beautiful thing in the  
world...**

# God's Beautiful Feathered Creatures

by Missy Brown

Looking through our kitchen window, one can see two "squirrel-proof" bird feeders filled with sunflower seeds and nestled in and under our pink dogwood tree. The brown feeder belonged to my Daddy and stood on its pole in the yard outside my Parents' breakfast room. When Daddy died, I inherited that feeder now standing in our yard. The green feeder hangs from a low tree limb, and each provides food for all kinds of God's creatures year-round.

After the Trinity Oaks contest to rename the apartment building from the "Big House" to the "Lodge", we told Bill Johnson that our smaller green hanging bird feeder we had named the "Lodge", and the big brown one standing on its pole, the "Big House"! These are the names used for over five years to indicate wherever a bird has landed.

In the early days of this COVID pandemic, we noticed an unusual bird couple feeding. After taking several pictures and studying Daddy's Audubon bird book, I discovered we were entertaining a Rose-breasted Grosbeak couple who are not native to this area. They dined at our "munch-room" for about a week, and then, suddenly, were gone, evidently migrating to their home territory.

We share our outside dining area with various kinds of birds. The Mourning Dove couple dines regularly, sometimes both trying to perch at the same time on the Big House, causing the perch to close (which happens when a squirrel lands on it)! They have finally learned for one to perch on the side bar to dine!

There is a single Mourning Dove who nibbles regularly in the front and back yard areas. It will dine alone on the Big House, and only on the ground at the feeder in the back yard, since it is a small, tubular hanging feeder. Since Mourning

Doves mate for life, this lone creature blesses us, as it evidently must feel comfortable quietly dining alone at our feeders...another of God's simple pleasures and grand blessings!



Missy Brown with the Big House (brown) and the Lodge (green)

The Cardinal, Purple Finch, Chickadee, Titmouse, and Sparrow all dine in the front yard while we have Goldfinches added to the guest list dining in the back yard. We can come onto the patio and the birds will keep dining, totally ignoring our presence.

Truly we are blessed to have so many of God's beautiful feathered creatures who feel comfortable dining at our "munch-rooms" knowing that they are loved, admired, and greatly appreciated for their beauty. They must know we thoroughly enjoy these simple pleasures in life. What joy! What beauty!

We have a greater appreciation for freedom and life as we know it today here at Trinity Oaks as we watch these beautiful creatures which God has blessed our lives to watch daily.

Henry discovered our Mourning Dove friend has brought another couple to dine - we call them Squeaky Birds because of the noise they make when taking flight. Also, a squirrel regularly joins them under our tree. A "Peaceful Kingdom"!



# The Tomato Sandwich

by Frankie McWhorter  
Edited by John McWhorter

I learned early the pleasure of a tomato sandwich. Daddy grew a huge garden with plenty of juicy tomatoes, usually Marglobe or Rutgers because we liked the acidic taste. I remember too the



tomato biscuit made with a slice from one of his tomatoes placed inside a leftover biscuit that was resting on the back of the stove.

One of the best memories when tomatoes were flourishing is the "perfect" tomato sandwich. Some might argue as to the type of bread or whether to use Duke's or Hellman's, but it was sacred in our house to make it as it had been made for generations: Two slices of fresh, fluffy white bread -- no whole wheat -- a slather of Duke's mayonnaise on both sides, and one huge slice of tomato which should cover the whole slice of bread. If push came to shove and the tomato was small, two slices would do. One steadfast rule was, and is to this day, that the tomato should never have seen the inside of a refrigerator.

(Cold tomatoes don't make decent sandwiches!). The sandwich was then seasoned with a shake or two of salt and a smidgen of pepper. The "perfect" tomato sandwich now was ready to be consumed complete with juice dripping down the chin or even the arm.

Nowadays, Summer never officially arrives for our family until the first homegrown tomatoes come in, and we all sit down for Summer Sandwiches. This family tradition began when we happened upon what has proven to be a great addition to our tomato sandwich repertoire. While the BLT is standard fare, when the first tomatoes ripen, the Summer Sandwich with mayo, sharp cheddar cheese, crispy bacon and, of course tomatoes, is a culinary delight. We plan for at least two sandwiches apiece, but those with a healthy appetite have been known to wolf down upwards of eight.

To make Summer Sandwiches which are open faced, separate the buns into two halves. Liberally coat each half with mayonnaise. Add slices of sharp cheddar cheese. (Please, do not use that processed stuff.) Add a slice of tomato to each half, and place the sandwiches under the broiler until the cheese melts. Remove the pan from the broiler and place cooked bacon over each half. Then grab a napkin or two! Chow down! What a simple, but oh so delicious, pleasure!



## NEWS from OUR LIBRARY

*"Books take us to distance places, introduce us to people and ideas, boost our brain power and imagination, keep us from feeling lonely and even help us have restful sleep." Copied*

. . . from Library Committee Chair Holt Aaron (843-271-7938)

Our shopping for LARGE PRINT BOOKS was limited because of the restrictions of the virus, but Large Print and Fiction titles were added to the Library as could be found around town.

Our Library collection, with emphasis on Large Print, which are easier on our senior eyes, is *GROWING* thanks to you who have either donated books or made a contribution to the Library Fund. Thank You for your generosity!

If you wish to donate Hardcover Books, please leave them on the "Return Shelf" in the Library, and we too accept some Paperback books. To make a contribution to the Library Fund, please make a check payable to TRINITY OAKS with LIBRARY FUND written on the memo line. Place the donation in the metal box just inside the door of the Staff Offices. Contributions will be used wisely, in that the cost of books purchased is as low as possible, usually one dollar (\$1). Even a small donation goes a long way.

When you make a donation, let me, Holt Aaron, know. There is no need to give the amount but we want to say thank you via a note, and we do not receive information as to funds donated to the Library Fund Account.

### The Library Scoop

- Short stories are located at the beginning of the Fiction section.
- Puzzles have been rotated with those that were stored.
- Our Library Committee members --Frankie Ritch, Billie Bryant, Marie Magaletti, Donna Loosely-- are top notch. Thank You for all you do!
- Farewell to Library Committee member Billy Epley whom we miss for his untold life and energy. We wish him the best.

**THANK YOU FOR RETURNING ITEMS TO THE LIBRARY WHEN  
YOU'RE FINISHED WITH THEM.**

## **AROUND CAMPUS - Residents and Staff**

- **BRAVO!** Trinity Oaks Management and Staff received the 2020 CORPORATE CHALLENGE CUP from Rowan Chamber of Commerce and Novant Health Rowan in recognition of their leadership in going beyond the call of duty to keep residents and employees healthy and happy and safe during the Covid- 19 crisis.
- **CONGRATULATIONS,** Dorothy Ellis on becoming a Trinity Oaks Centenarian. Dorothy celebrated her 100th birthday in May.
- **THANK YOU** to everyone who helped make the 2nd annual July 4th Parade a fun-filled success. And **CONGRATULATIONS** to Joyce Allen, a Trinity Oaks resident for 22 years, who was selected to be the Parade Grand Marshall!
- **KUDOS** to Jamie King, the popular Trinity Oaks University human physiology instructor who has a new self-published book entitled **AHA! SO THAT'S HOW IT WORKS.** He now is providing fellow residents helpful information about COVID 19.
- **NOTE OF THANKS** Residents who have been ill and those whose family members have been ill, as well as those who have lost a loved, one have requested to offer a **THANK YOU** via The ACORN for every kind word, card, call, prayer or other expression of caring and concern. While they would like to personally acknowledge your kindness, circumstances have not made this possible.
- **THANK YOU** to Ernie Kitts who generously has made a permanent loan of six stunning watercolors by his late wife Pauline Kitts that are now displayed in the Magnolia Room for the pleasure of fellow residents. And thank you to John McWhorter for his skill in matting and framing this art.
- **CONGRATULATIONS** to William Davis, known previously as "Chef William". He has been promoted to Director of Dining Services following Michael Kalins retirement.
- **WELCOME ABOARD** to Vernon Reid, a native of Jamaica who has traveled the world, studied in Italy and has a vast experience with food and food preparation and presentation. He is the new Trinity Oaks Chef Manager.
- **DON'T FORGET** your contributions to the **EMPLOYEE APPRECIATION FUND!** Funds received by October 31, 2020 will be distributed this year.



# Pastor's Reflections . . . .

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## Faith and Persistence

by Rev. Richard Paschall

A few Sundays back, Rev. Dr. Mark Conforti, our senior pastor at First UMC Salisbury used the passage from Matthew 15:21-28 to highlight the importance of perseverance in times of distress and rejection. Jesus, who came to redeem the Jews, at first ignored the Canaanite woman who claimed that her daughter was suffering from demon possession.

Jesus spoke some harsh words: "It is not right to take the children's bread and toss it to their dogs." But the woman persisted: "Yes, Lord," she said, "but even the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their masters' table." Impressed by her persistence and faith, immediately Jesus healed her daughter. (NIV)

This exchange reminds me of 2020: a viral pandemic, an epic national election, and one of the most active storm seasons ever. Sometimes I feel like giving up, discouraged by the obvious lack of concern about COVID-19 shown by many, the harsh rhetoric of those campaigning and supporting the candidates, and the devastation experienced by those in the wide path of hurricanes, tornados, and the derecho (straight-line winds) in the Midwest.

Our faith in God overcomes these discouraging events and calls us to reach out to others who are disheartened. Remember B. B. McKinney's hymn "Have Faith in God"? The chorus goes, "Have faith in God,

He's on His throne;  
Have faith in God,  
He watches o'er His own:  
He cannot fail,  
He must prevail;  
Have faith in God,  
have faith in God."



Or the hymn "O God, Our Help in Ages Past" from Isaac Watts: "O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home!" Or Caroline Sandell-Berg's words in the hymn "Day by Day": "Day by day and with each passing moment, Strength I find to meet my trials here; Trusting in my Father's wise bestowment, I've no cause for worry or for fear."

What is happening now is nothing new; we have always had contentious elections, turmoil in the political process, killing diseases that have ravaged our country and others (flu pandemic of 1918, the plague in the Middle Ages, Ebola in Africa, as examples). Hurricanes and tornados and earthquakes happen frequently. We have persevered and we shall do so now. Keep looking to the Lord; never give up. Love your family, friends and neighbors and the stranger you meet. And enjoy each day and moment that the Lord provides, giving thanks for His providence and His mercy.

# We Remember...

## Charlotte Ruffner Taylor

January 18, 1919  
April 23, 2020

*...born in Blacksburg, Virginia a true Southern lady with a no-nonsense attitude and a great dose of humor, she often volunteered in her church and community and helped start Rowan Hospice.*

## Ann Dry Eagle

September 23, 1929  
May 21, 2020

*...a native of Stanly County and a life-long member of Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity, she is remembered as a devoted wife and mother and Granny.*

## Thomas Burton "Burt" Harris

March 20, 1923  
June 2, 2020

*...a native of Salisbury and a U.S. Army Air Force Veteran, he was a man who loved his family, community and church and served on the Board of both Lutheran Services Carolinas and its Foundation.*

## Ray Alton Wyatt

April 18, 1929  
June 25, 2020

*...born in Salisbury and a graduate of Catawba College, he was a Veteran of the U.S. Army. He was a kind man and a devoted friend who enjoyed golfing, swimming, reading, gadgets, and chit chats.*

## Katie Louise Lee Artz

July 29, 1929  
August 23, 2020

*...remembered for her smile and kindness to others, she worked for the Rowan County Schools for a number of years, loved her family and cherished vacationing with them at Carolina Beach.*

## Javis "Jay" Moose Arey

May 14, 1928  
September 1, 2020

*...born in Lexington and a graduate of Catawba College, he was a man who will be remembered for his devotion to family, and his service, generosity, humility and compassion for others. A U.S. Army veteran and a true gentleman, he was known as "Jay" to friends with whom he shared a wonderful wit.*

## Rev. Lawrence "Larry" Barden

October 30, 1932  
September 1, 2020

*...born in the Belgian Congo to missionary parents, he served The United Methodist Church for 40+ years and helped so many people in their journey. He was a joyful man with a big smile.*

## Carol Sebastian White

September 6, 1939  
September 1, 2020

*...a native of Wilkes County, she attended business college and worked in businesses in several states before fulfilling her dream of opening her own clothing stores. She volunteered in the auxiliary gift shop at Novant Rowan Medical Center, doted on her mini-Schnauzer fur babies, and had a deep concern for the welfare of all animals.*

**"One lives in the hope of becoming a memory." Antonio Porchia**

