

The background is a light pink color. At the top, several thin vertical lines hang down, each ending in a heart of varying size and shade of pink and red. The hearts are scattered across the upper half of the page. The text is centered in the middle of the page. At the bottom, there is a dense, colorful border of many small hearts in various shades of pink and red, creating a festive and romantic feel.

H A P P Y

*Valentine's*

S T O R I E S O F L O V E &  
F R I E N D S H I P

**H** | HARWOOD  
PLACE

# David & Jean's Story

October 26, 2021, Jean's phone rang waking her from her first night's sleep at Harwood Place. The voice on the phone said, "This is the dining room calling. Your neighbor, David, wants to buy you breakfast and dinner. What would you like to order?" David welcomed me to Harwood Place with this sweet gesture.

After receiving my thank you note, he frequently invited me for a walk in the hall. While we walked, we talked about our deceased mates and learned that we had a lot in common.

We both are artists, writers and enjoy watching football, baseball and basketball on TV. Most important of all was our faith based belief.

On August 6, 2022, Trinity Episcopal Church opened its doors and the Guild Hall to allow fifty-four family members and friends to celebrate a new beginning for David & Jean. It was the first time that many folks had been allowed to gather since the beginning of COVID.



1953

Scene: Bradford, a small town in  
northwestern Pennsylvania

By: Bill & Janet Hume

Just home from freshman year of college (Smith) I accepted an invitation from an older (4 years) guy to attend the first ever JR Chamber of Commerce dance to be held in a private hangar at a small local airport. We double-dated with his best friend from childhood, a handsome 2nd Lt. about to ship out to Korea in a few days. Both the Lt. (Bill) & I were smitten! We married three years later. He returned, finished college (Penn State), and graduated 20 days before our June wedding.



# Barb & Floyd's Story

I (Barb) moved into Harwood Place with my husband Jack in December 2018. He was already in hospice care and passed away in August 2019. Floyd and his wife Joan moved in next door in April of 2019. She, too, was ill and transferred to the Lutheran Home. She passed away in July 2020.

Despite living so close he and I had only a nodding acquaintance as we'd pass in the hallway or at the Catholic Mass on Friday afternoons, since we both were full-time caregivers. One early morning later that summer I saw him sitting in the atrium. I greeted him and asked how he was doing. He said, "do you know they don't have the coffee on yet!" I responded by saying, "I have a Keurig. Come on up and I will make you a cup of coffee."

The rest is history. He's been coming for a cup of coffee most mornings ever since.



# Scene: Florida Bus Trip

By: Ginny Kopsischke

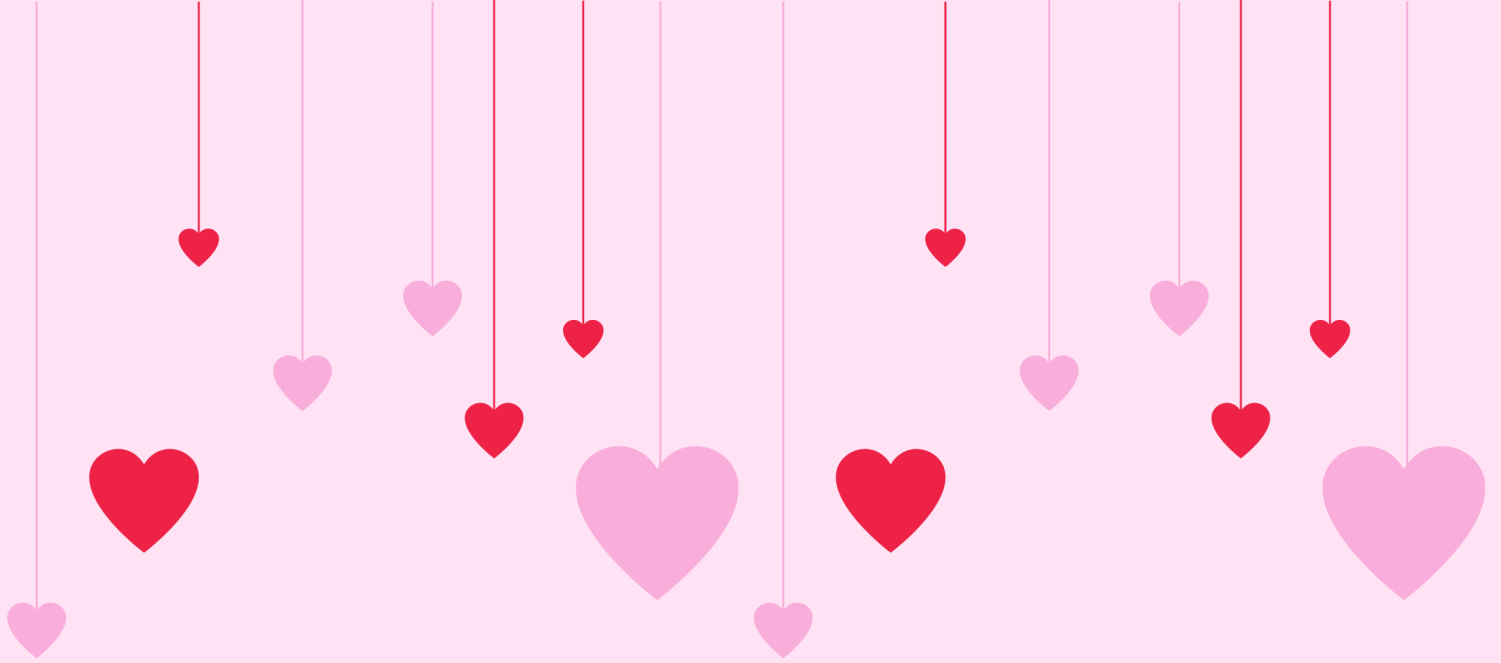
I was spending the winter in Florida and got on a bus to take a day trip and sat next to Pam, a friendly gal who ended up being my best friend. Her husband had recently fallen quite ill, and he encouraged her to take a day for herself. I'd been a widow for several years already. Since then, she has been mother, sister, daughter, and friend all wrapped in one!

We haven't seen each other for nearly five years but our phone calls are treasures.

She is planning a trip to visit me at Harwood in May and we are so anxious to see each other.

A friend like this is truly well loved.





# Dick & Nancy's Story

We met in 1993 at church. I was a member at First Unitarian Society of Milwaukee. Dick was visiting because his friend invited him to a service. After the service he was standing alone in the coffee hour looking uncomfortable, so I introduced myself. We chatted; he made me laugh. We chatted a couple more Sundays before he asked me out.

We have been married 30 years!

# Scene: Wauwatosa 1973

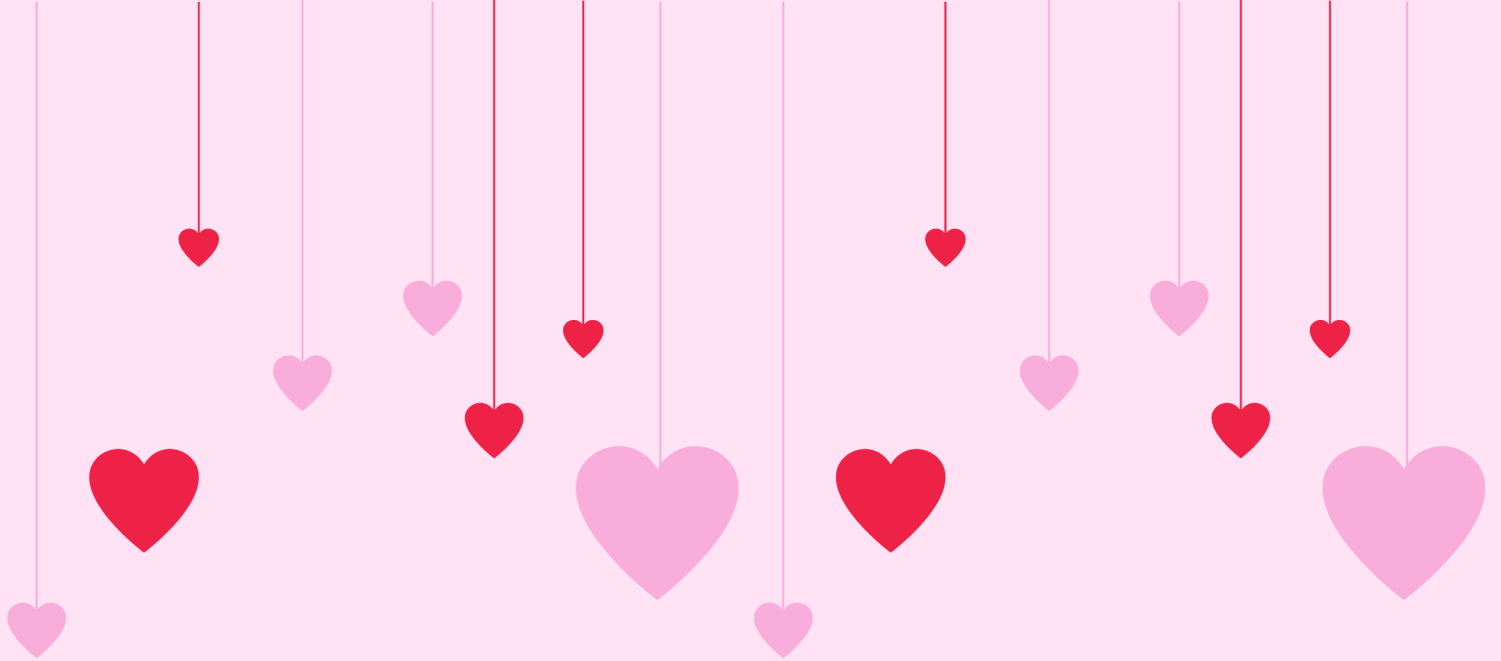
By: Jacque Liker

I was a new mom and in the drug store on 116th and North Ave (1973). When there, I recognized a woman about my age who was from my beloved Nebraska Wesleyan University (NWU). As it turned out Jane and I both graduated from NWU in 1967. Since Wesleyan was small (1200 students), Jane and I knew each other although we were in different sororities.

Seeing someone from my 'home-base' was a pleasant shock! Jane and her husband, Jim, had recently moved to Wauwatosa (her husband was a medical resident here). As time went on, Jane and I lent each other maternity clothes, baby equipment, took the train to Chicago with our little kids to visit with other NWU friends, shared meals with our husbands, and truly became close friends.

Jane and Jim have lived in Seattle for over 40 years, but we make time for each other when we are in their area or they are in ours (their oldest daughter was here as a medical resident as well). (An aside: some of my favorite recipes came from Jane when she was a member of the Milwaukee Medical Wives' Club!)

So that "happenstance" meeting in a Wauwatosa drug store brought me a wonderful friendship! And, that friendship has become all-inclusive, too. Jane is now included in my sorority news (Alpha Gamma Delta) and we "sisters" write to her "sisters" (Willard Sorority) to share good news and no-so-good news!



# *Husband & Wife*

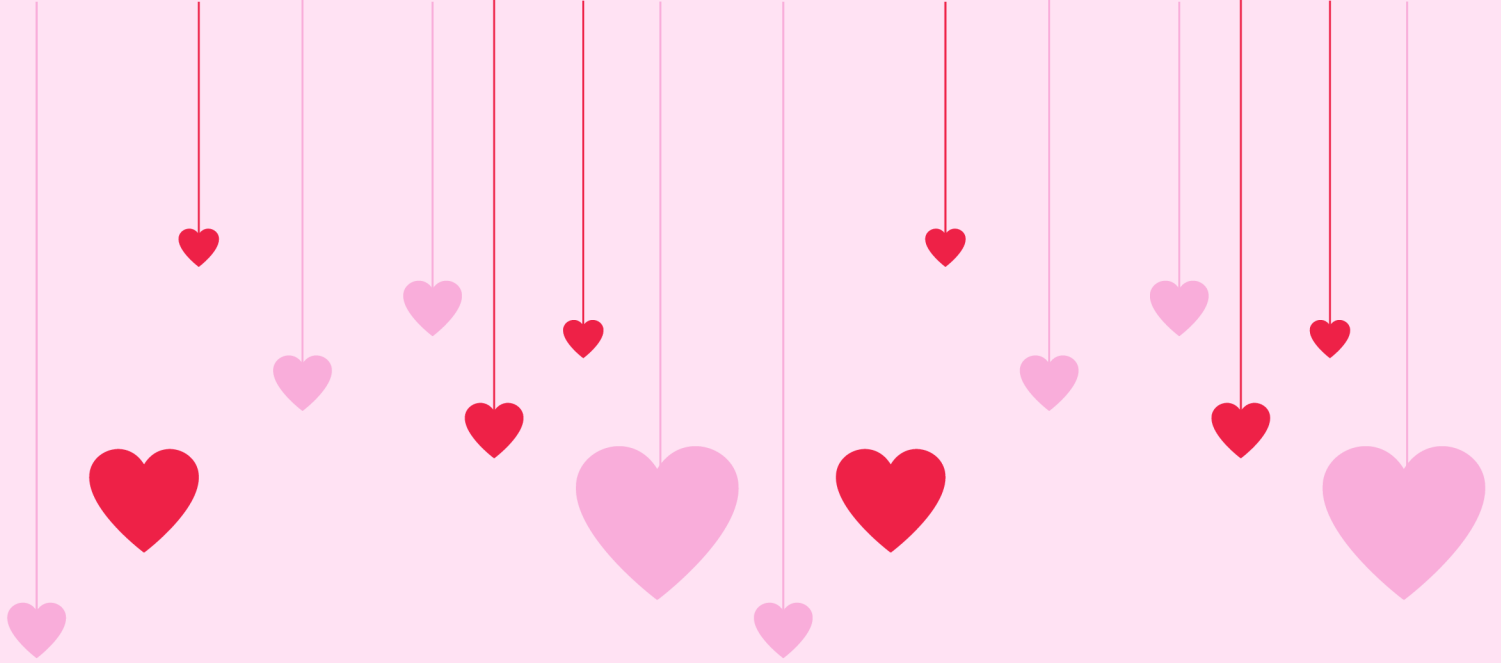
By: Bernie & Ester Windmiller

I actually saw my future husband 4 years before we met. I was in nurse training in Chicago, and he was in college in Delaware. He was part of a trumpet trio; they were on TV every Sunday evening. I was watching and had no idea this good-looking guy would be my husband!

We met and I finished college, he was on his way to the Army. We were part of a mutual friend's wedding. It was love at first sight!

We married March 10, 1956, 69 years ago.  
We are still in love and caring for each other.



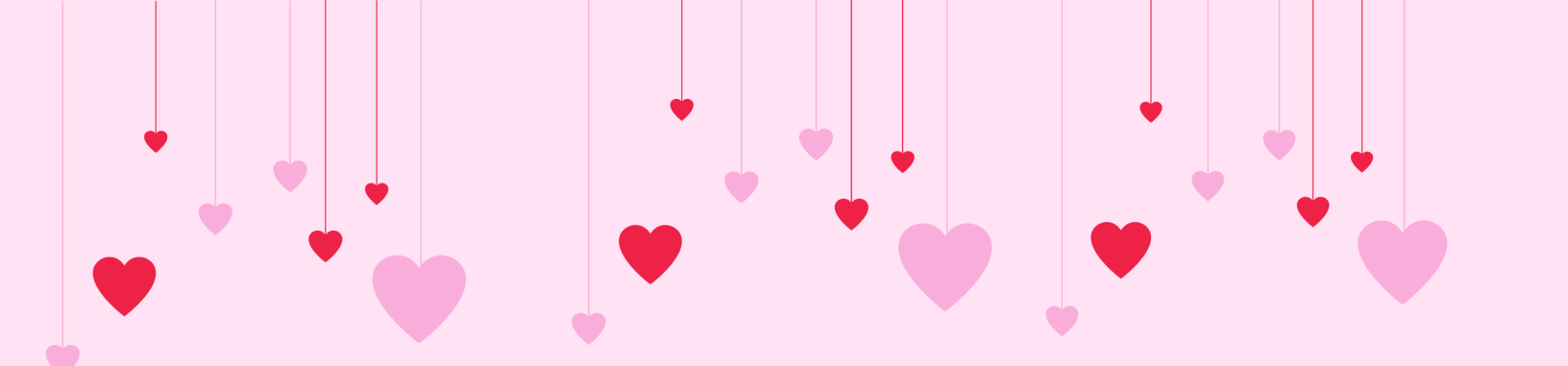


# Paul & Marion Pagenkopf

We met at Rick Barney's prom king gathering in 1957. I was a senior and Marion was a junior at Wauwatosa High School.

She was on the court and had already said she would go to the prom with another junior, broke the date off, couldn't be on the court, and went to the prom with me.

We were married in 1961.

A decorative header featuring numerous hearts of various sizes and shades of pink and red, suspended by thin vertical lines from the top of the page.

## That Damn Yankee Marine and the Sweet Southern Belle: The Beginning of Larry & Doris Taubmann's Story

I was a young sergeant in the United States Marine Corp stationed at Camp LeJeune in North Carolina after recently returning from Korea. It was June of 1956 and a friend invited me and several fellow marines to travel 200+ miles to Concord NC. His wife was a student nurse there and had arranged dates for us with students there.

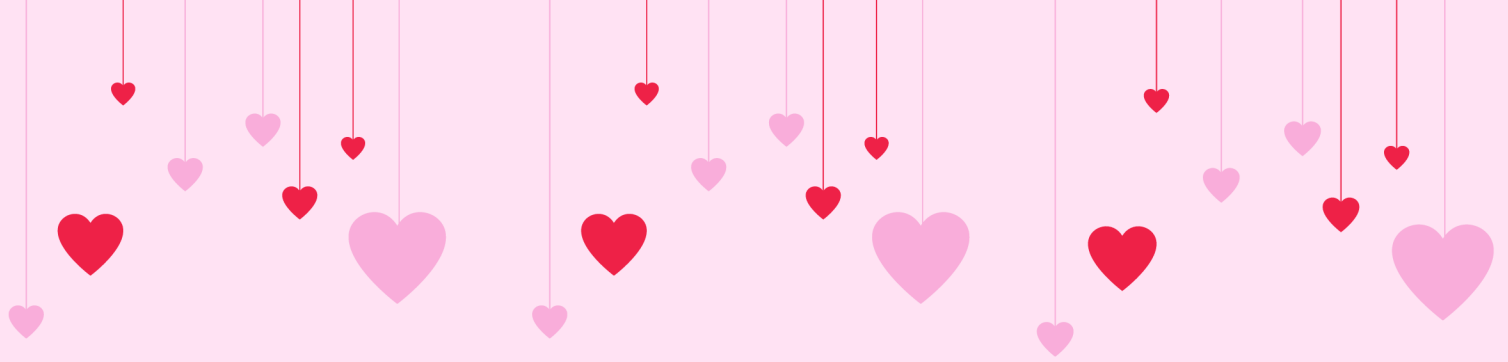
So begins the romance. I met Doris Burris – a young lady with the sweetest southern drawl you ever heard. I was hooked.

The following 3 weekends I made the 400 + mile round trip to Concord. I would leave Camp LeJeune as soon as liberty call was announced (5pm), drive to Concord, sleep in the car, wake up, go to the nearest gas station, wash up and shave and then go find Doris. If she didn't have to work at the hospital that day, we would spend the whole day together. If she had to work, she would be done by 4pm and we would spend the evening together. The students had an 11pm curfew on Saturday nights and a 10 pm curfew the rest of the week. When I would pick her up at the dorms, I'd have to check in with the housemother who would call Doris to meet me at the front desk and sign out of the dorm.

The fourth weekend I was there, we decided that we wanted to get married. There was no formal proposal at all. We just realized that is what we wanted. That next weekend I presented her with an engagement ring. I had to stretch my budget for that. It cost me \$300 which was pretty expensive for a Marine Corp Sergeant making \$140 a month.

Her parents, to say the least, were not happy for a number of reasons. Besides the fact that we had only known each other for a total of 5 weekends, there was the fact that I was a Marine and that I would be taking their only daughter away. And I think the fact that I was a "damn Yankee" played a big part in their displeasure. We went on seeing each other every weekend I wasn't on duty for the next several months anyways.

Moving on. In February 1957 I was discharged and opted to stay in North Carolina rather than come back to Wisconsin. I moved to Charlotte and got an apartment and a job working second shift. Student nurses at this time not only had class work and all that involved but they also had to work the floors at the hospital all 3 shifts. So matching our schedules was a challenge but we continued to see each other whenever we could for the next several months.



As a side note, when Doris went to school, year-round for 3 years, the total cost for tuition, room and board, uniforms, and books totaled \$180. That might buy one book today! During the last 6 months they were paid \$30 a month for working the floors.

By now her parents, while not welcoming me with open arms, had accepted me and the fact that we were going to get married. Her mother then started making wedding plans. The problem with that was she wanted a huge wedding with a guest list as long as your arm which we did not want and could not afford.

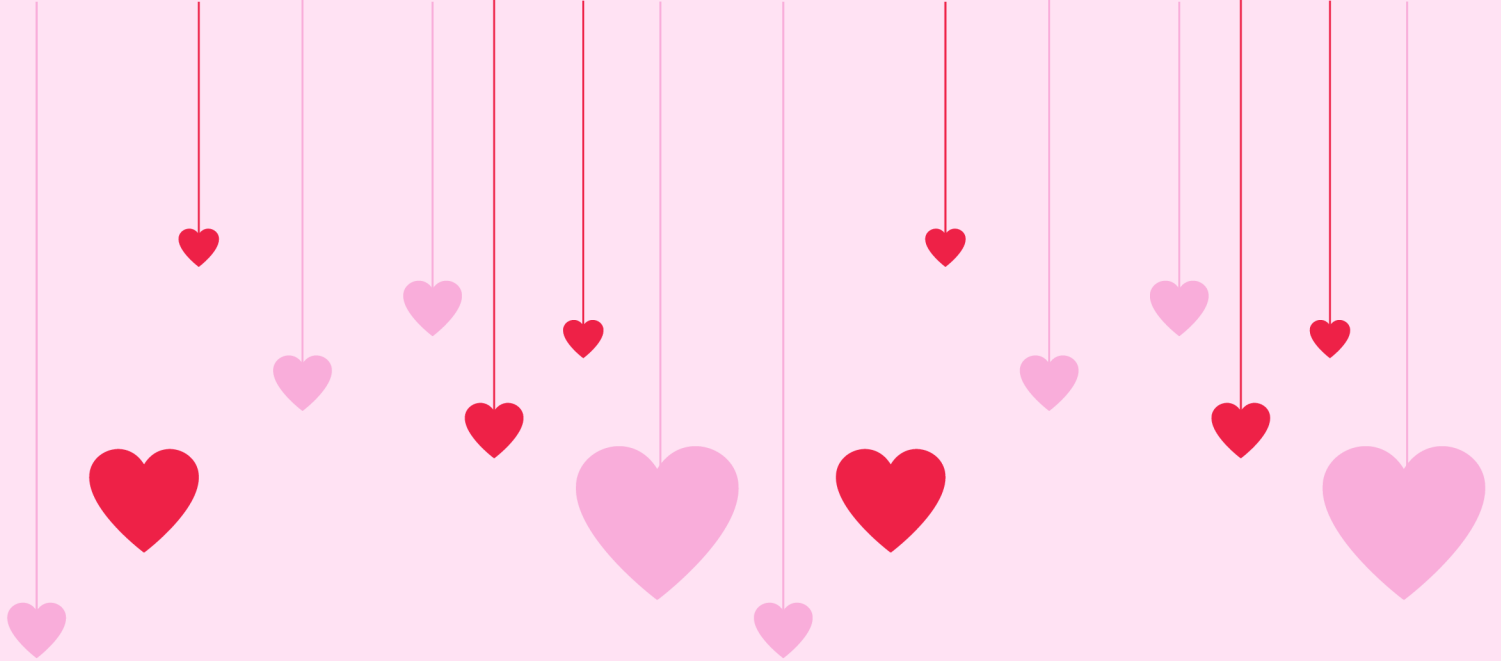
Now comes the fun part. Nursing school graduation was scheduled for August 19, 1957. A week before graduation, we contacted a Lutheran minister who was a friend of mine and arranged to get married on August 18th, the night before graduation. Next up was our wedding preparations. North Carolina required a physical exam before you could get a marriage license. No problem, we knew a doctor who took care of that. Off to the courthouse for the license which we had to have completed 3 days in advance. We were set.

Now comes the big day. We gathered 3 couples that were good friends of ours and off we went to get married. The girls were in one car and the guys in another. The guys got to the church but there were no girls! The groom left standing at the altar? Fortunately not. It seems one of the girls forgot her camera and they had to go back for that. Once they got it, they took a shortcut to the church to make up the time. Of course they got lost and showed up an hour late.

Then things got more interesting. The pastor told us we couldn't get married there as our marriage license was issued in Cabarrus County but the church was in Rowan County. So we loaded everybody up, including the pastor, drove 35 miles back to Concord and were married in a friend's home. Thus began 60 years of marriage.

August 19, 1957, the day after the we got married, was graduation. The ceremony was held in a large church and I was seated near the front and a couple of pews ahead of Doris's parents and assorted aunts and uncles. Remember her mom was planning a big wedding for us? Well unknown to us someone told the graduation committee we had gotten married the day before. When they called her name to receive her diploma, they called Mrs. Doris Taubmann and not Doris Burris. And this is how her family found out we were married. You can imagine the reaction that got! I may be a Marine, but I did not have the courage to look back to see their immediate reactions.

It may not have been the wedding her mother wanted and that's ok. It was the marriage we wanted and one we were proud of.



# *Love, Last, Found*

By: Carol Kauss

At first, when you're young, there's the pitter-patter of your heart and you think it must be love! Then there's the pitter-patter of little feet and this is a familial love!

Where was the love you dreamt about? Has it escaped you?

Sometimes it takes a long time in coming but when it is love - you find respect for you as an individual, communication on the same level, shared laughs and tears, smiles, hugs, hand holding, and touching.

You think it is worth waiting for and then it comes like a drop of rain in the guise of an invitation - a voice on the phone - someone I had met the night before at a party, saying " I cooked dinner tonight and would like to share? My house or yours?"

Dinner turned out to be a raw beef sandwich with onions but was the start of a loving relationship that lasted 28 years.