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Cover photo by Cig Harvey

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How 19th-century memorial poems taught lessons of life and death.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE



It's August already. How can this be!

We have been busy here at *Maine Women Magazine*, learning more about the many incredible women of Maine. How fortunate I feel to speak to so many good women. I sometimes can't believe all the artists, entrepreneurs, athletes, naturalists, community leaders, moms, and other family members—who endure great challenges and keep their heads up.

I am constantly in awe of the glory of Maine women.

We are honored to feature Erin French on the cover this month. I love this story of a talented woman who faced difficulties, yet kept going—kept her passion for cooking and caring for people.

We also have the story of a remarkable woman, Nikki Strout, who has built a business and faced challenges along the way that most of us cannot imagine. And many other stories of remarkable women, like yourselves.

Life challenges can often seem overwhelming. I hope we never forget that we have the ability and the right to start our days over again, time after time.

There's always light within the darkness.

Erin allowed herself to have new beginnings, and she created them for herself through hard work, with the help of others. We should all pay attention to her great example. No matter what the difficulties we face, let's remember that we get to start over.

Whether we're 20 or 80, let's remember not to judge ourselves and to be fair to others.

I am so proud of all of you. And to those of you with difficulties that seem to be overwhelming, who think they can't overcome? Restart your day. Look up and reach out. Enjoy the beautiful earth your feet are planted on.

Here's a favorite quotation of mine:

Our greatness lies not so much in being able to remake the world . . . As in being able to remake ourselves. —Mahatma Gandhi

Much love, Mary Frances Barstow, Publisher

Maine Women Magazine neither endorses or critiques the women featured in our magazine based on their belief system or political viewpoints. We wish that political and personal differences be respected and used to start conversations based on curiosity and learning. We believe in freedom of speech.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Your magazine articles on Tri for a Cure are so important [Maine Women Magazine, July 2021]. People in our community need to know about it and the organization, Maine Cancer Foundation, which are positive forces in our community. Thanks for giving them this profile. ---Mary W., Portland

Loved, loved, loved your interview with Joan Lunden [Maine Women Magazine, July 2021]. Joan is so inspiring with her "can do" attitude. -Jean, New Brunswick

Thanks for the monthly recipes from Jim Bailey. I try them all. Then I have to go out for a run! — Phyllis R., Kennebunk

Delighted this great leader, Susan Corbett, is getting the appreciation she deserves for connecting us all and launching the National Digital Equity Center! ["Changing the World, One Connection at a Time," Maine Women Magazine, June 2021]. -Ruth. via Instagram

I just picked up Maine Women and so enjoyed the wonderfully written and interesting array of articles. I liked Robert Diamante's article, "Maine's Jewelry Artisans," [June 2021] and the way he portrayed each individual artist with strong descriptions interlaced with humor. -Pat, Portland

Robert Cook is an

award-winning journalist who has covered everything from Presidential campaigns to compelling human interest stories for more than 25 years.



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cultures at the companies she led. After retiring, she graduated from Columbia Journalism School at age 65 and now writes about women, the outdoors, fish farming, and sometimes women in fish farming. She spends winters in NYC.

Pam Ferris-Olson, PhD,

worked as a freelance writer/ photographer/editor/educator prior to relocating to Maine in 2016. The breadth of her experience with natural



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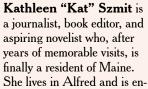
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joying all that her new home state has to offer.

Shelagh Gordon Talbot hails from Vermont. She

worked in the film and television industry, including on the award-winning kid's show *Jabberwocky*. Looking for a



less hectic life, she moved to the Moosehead Lake region and became a journalist. She is a freelancer who also writes music, plays guitar, and sings.

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enjoys writing about food and recipes and is happiest exploring the great state of Maine with her husband.





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Holly Martin's Solo Voyage Around the World

BY HOLLY MARTIN

olly Martin, 29, is sailing around the world in her 27-foot-long Grinde sailboat, which she christened the SV Gecko. She left Maine in the fall of 2019, from Round Pond Harbor on the Pemaquid Peninsula. Holly sent this "postcard" by satellite from the South Pacific, to the readers of Maine Women Magazine.

Floating My Anchor Chain to Save Coral

Since I started living on my sailboat, my carbon footprint has been drastically reduced. All my energy comes from solar power, I collect rainwater, and I use the wind to move around. However, like any "green" way of living, cruising has unexpected impacts on the environment. Coral is a delicate creature, and it likes to grow in shallow waters near the shore—exactly the same places where cruisers like to anchor. As the wind shifts around, an un-floated fl anchor chain grinds along the bottom, taking out much of the fragile coral lo



When I can't find a coral-free place to anchor, I float my anchor chain. This practice means tying floats along the chain so that it's lifted off the seafloor. When the boat swings around with the wind, the chain passes harmlessly over the coral. It makes me think of all the other small actions I can take

in my life that have a positive impact on the environment around me. Even picking up one piece of beach garbage a day can help keep an atoll clean. Floating my chain barely adds minutes to my anchoring routine, but it means everything for helping to preserve the beautiful coral.



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Left: Osprey Nest, a 2020 watercolor on paper by Barbara Ernst Prey. Right: Channeled Light, a 2019 watercolor and drybrush on paper.

BARBARA ERNST PREY Lineage and New Frontiers

BY RACHEL ROMANSKI

ou might recognize Barbara Ernst Prey's watercolor paintings. She's been commissioned by the White House, NASA. MASS MoCA. and the United States Art in Embassy program. Her work is in collections at the National Gallery, the Smithsonian, NASA Headquarters, the Kennedy Space Center, and the Brooklyn Museum. She's one of two living female artists in the permanent collection of the White House.

Barbara Ernst Prey at NASA's Dryden Flight Research Center

drawing an x-43 before flight.

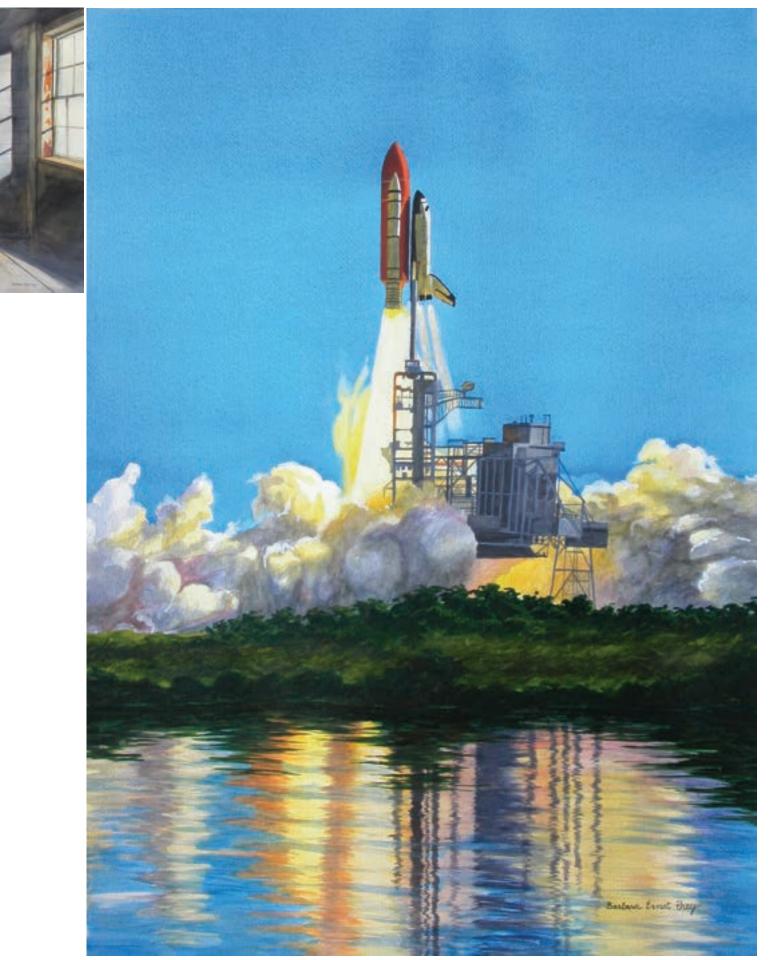
Before marrying, Peggy was the head of the design department at the Pratt Institute in New York and worked creating textile designs that could be found in people's homes across the country. She continued to paint and work throughout her life and while raising children-not an easy feat for a suburban woman in the '50s and '60s. Barbara reminisces fondly, saying she was "an artist of all things," infusing the home with creative energy. She was never too busy to make the kids' costumes. When the living room rug got old and stained.

And she works and exhibits in Maine. Her work explores

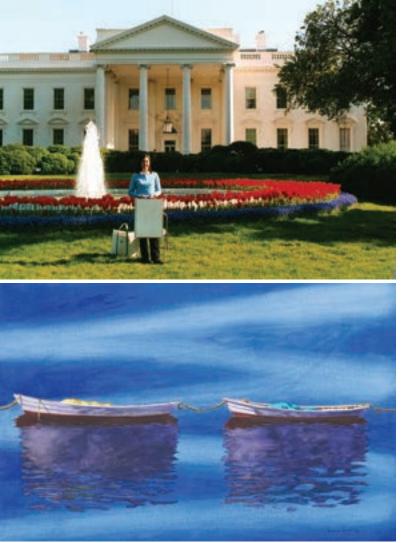
the many lineages she is connected to—her family, her home in Maine, the history of art and painting—and transcends them.

Barbara did not get a formal painting education from school, though she did study art history at two prestigious colleges, attending Williams College for her undergraduate degree and Harvard for her masters. Rather, the seeds of her love and mastery of painting were planted at home by her mother, Peggy Ernst. she would revitalize it by painting it like a Jackson Pollock.

Together, mother and daughter would paint still lifes arranged by Peggy and paint landscapes in the wooded yard. Recalling her mother, Barbara tells me, "She is why I chose to work in watercolor. . . She was a master oil painter, and I didn't want to compete." Barbara found early success, getting accepted into her first adult juried exhibition at the age of 12 and selling one of her earliest paintings to Hugh Carey, the governor of New York, at age 17.



Columbia Tribute, a 2003 watercolor on paper by Barbara Ernst Prey.



Top: Barbara Ernst Prey photographed in front of the White House after being commissioned to paint the 2003 White House Christmas Card. *Bottom: Social Distancing*, a 2020 watercolor on paper by Barbara Ernst Prey.

Additionally, Peggy nurtured a love of Art History in her daughter, going on frequent trips to the grand museums of New York and pointing out flaws in the paintings of great masters. In college, Barbara went on to specialize in German Baroque Architecture and later received a Fulbright scholarship which brought her to Southern Germany for two years.

You may notice, though, that her paintings have a distinct American style. While at Williams College, situated in the scenic Western Massachusetts' Berkshire Mountains, Barbara had access to two prestigious local museums: the Williams College Museum of Art and the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute. Both have extensive collections of American art, including the paintings of Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, and many members of the Hudson River School. These painters highlighted natural beauty, pastoral landscapes, and quiet interior spaces.

There is a clear link between these artists of the past and Barbara Ernst Prey. She is a part of this lineage of (mostly male) painters who have found themselves drawn to Maine for its beauty and its people. In her subject matter, we can see sunrises, clothes drying on a line, American flags on big white houses, marshlands, fishermen's workshops, buoys, and so on. These scenes all have a timeless quality. During our Zoom conversation, she said that her paintings are not just about their subject matter but are more often about the capturing light and color relationship. It is these two elements that allow her to capture more than just a scene, but an entire *feeling*.

A self-described colorist, her unique method of watercolor painting involves many washes of paint which create a densely saturated palate. She also uses a research-oriented approach, studying her subjects intensely and focusing on not just looking, but *seeing*. Depending on the project, this approach can involve making many exploratory drawings, building models, talking to experts, and doing historical research. It is perhaps these unique and dedicated aspects of her practice that have helped to bring her incredible opportunities and success.

In 2002, NASA commissioned Barbara to paint the International Space Station before its completion. For this commission, she spoke with engineers, scientists, and astronauts, and she built scale models to work from. As one of the few female artists to ever be commissioned by the organization, she proved her mastery and was asked back in 2003 to paint a tribute to the Space Shuttle Columbia. Near the end of its 28th flight, upon reentry to the atmosphere, this shuttle broke apart, killing the seven astronauts inside.

The stunning painting shows *Columbia* just seconds after takeoff, with a beautiful Florida blue sky, and the colors of the propulsion reflecting brilliantly in the water around the space center. The moment she chose to portray is indicative of her incredible discernment. It is a moment of hope for all of humanity, the moment of ascension toward the unknown, and a celebration of the bravery and service of the individuals on board. NASA went on to commission two more works from her.

She is also credited with the largest known watercolor painting in the world. Measuring in at 8 x 15 feet, the painting was commissioned in 2016 by MASS MoCA, a contemporary art museum that is located in an old textile mill complex in the Northern Berkshires of Massachusetts. The painting depicts the interior of Building 6 of the mill, in its raw, unrenovated state. The addition of this building to the already spacious and numerous galleries made MASS MoCA that largest contemporary art museum in the country. So, of course: the largest watercolor for the largest museum.

Watercolor on paper, being one of the most unforgiving medias, made this feat truly remarkable. Like her NASA works, and her 9/11 series, many of which were painted in Maine, it is a memorial to a particular time and place—a place with deep roots and history.

Barbara splits her time between her homes and studios on the St. George Peninsula in Maine, in western Massachusetts, and on Long Island, New York. She's been summering (and painting) in Maine for over 40 years, but this tradition didn't start with family vacations. Instead, she was brought here by a friend.

It was only later Barbara serendipitously discovered her deep familial ties to the Midcoast region. She tells me that her ancestors were among the first European-American settlers on the islands of Vinalhaven and North Haven—the Calderwoods and the Carvers, whose names are memorialized in the local Calderwood Neck and Carver Harbor. Her great-great-grandmother is buried in Owls Head. This is all amazingly synchronistic considering that she's now owned and operated her own gallery in Port Clyde since 2000.



Barbara Ernst Prey at MASS MoCA, in front of her work, the largest known watercolor in the world.

Barbara Prey Projects is located in the historic house that was once the Village Inn. At that time, it was frequented by N.C. Wyeth, another acclaimed American painter. Barbara later bought the building from artist Ken Noland and Paige Rense, the former editor-in-chief of *Architectural Digest*.

The former inn is located next to the lobster co-op, where she's made friends with fishermen and been inspired by the working waterfront that's often featured in her paintings. From the top floor of the building, she can see the ocean, take in the sky, and paint. Beneath, there are rotating exhibitions of her work.

Her exhibition, What a Long Strange Road It's Been, opened in the project space in mid-July and will run through September 6. It features monumental new watercolors completed over the course of the pandemic. Some of these paintings are focused on a renewed engagement with the natural world, while others play symbolically with the universal themes of quarantine and of the losses experienced both personally and globally.

Her painting Social Distancing features two wooden fishing dories adrift in water connected by one lonesome rope. Upon closer inspection you can see the ghost image of another dory, which had been drawn on the paper and erased, leaving flaws on the page that then caught the watercolor. This is atypical of her work but tells another story of COVID—the breakdown of the supply chain and a temporary inability to get more paper. Overall, this exhibition is calm and meditative—an antidote to the past year and a half.

On August 14, she will open the exhibition, 9/11: 20 Years, which features works created in 2001 and 2002 in the wake of the

attack on the World Trade Center. This exhibit will also be located at Barbara Prey Projects in Port Clyde.

When Barbara isn't painting or teaching at Williams College, she sits on the National Council on the Arts as the only visual artist. This council is the advisory board for the National Endowment for the Arts—a governmental granting organization. She tells me that she always keeps an eye on applications from Maine artists, knowing our rich tradition in both fine art and crafts. At the height of the pandemic, she voted on the portion of the CARES act that went towards supporting art jobs and sustaining arts organizations. Without that, many more of our favorite museums, theatres, and venues would have vanished.

One of her works is *Early Light* (2020), currently hung at Barbara Prey Projects. It is approximately 30 x 40 inches. The sun has not yet risen, but the light precedes it. The blue dampness of dawn is reflected in the calm waters and still skies. But the yellow, almost orange, first light interrupts it. A small grouping of clouds collect coral and mauve highlights and shadows but otherwise seem to be a whisper just above the horizon. Dark land in the distance has not yet awakened. Neither has its reflection.

Yes, there is a timelessness to her work. But there is also a timeliness. It is in this way that she's a storyteller, recording moments in our present history, referencing the past, and working toward the future.

For more information and schedule of exhibitions, please visit Barbara Ernst Prey's website (barbaraprey.com) and her gallery's website (barbarapreyprojects.com).







They sought adventure. They wanted to travel and meet new people and experience different cultures. But most of all, these three women wanted to make a difference in the lives of other people. So, they answered the call put out by President Kennedy 60 years ago, when he asked young Americans to join the Peace Corps and volunteer their services in developing countries.

Like all Peace Corps volunteers, they have a story to tell. A story about travel to faraway countries and living alone for the first time. A story about learning new languages and trying different foods. On one thing, they all emphatically agree: it was the adventure of a lifetime, changing the way they looked at the world and other cultures. And on their return to the United States, they continued to find ways to serve Maine communities.

MAUREEN DEA, IN THE IVORY COAST

In 1966, when many of her college classmates were busy planning weddings, Maureen Dea was making other plans. The Peace Corps beckoned. Maureen says that she came from a homogeneous suburb in New Jersey and attended a girls Catholic high school and Catholic women's college. She was ready for a change. "In the early '60s, the Peace Corps was looking for liberal arts majors to fill its ranks," Maureen explains. "Today it is much more specialized." Volunteers come from varied backgrounds and experiences and work in the fields of health, agriculture, environmental management, education, and micro-business in their host countries.

In the early years of the Peace Corps, about two-thirds of the volunteers were men, but Maureen was not deterred. One of 15,000 volunteers in 1966, she was sent to the French-speaking Ivory Coast to teach English to high school students.

By today's standards, the first generation of volunteers was truly cut off from friends and families. "We were not allowed to leave Africa for the two years that we were there. We were totally immersed," Maureen notes. "And of course, there were no cell phones, no internet. We had to go to the post office to make a call." Today, she says, it is very different. Volunteers can go home for weddings and holidays.

Maureen says that she got more out the experience than she gave, but she thinks that her students enjoyed learning English with her. "I brought a different, less rigid approach to teaching than did the other teachers in my small high school, who were Frenchmen and who were extremely strict and used all French textbooks. Instead, the Peace Corps volunteers created our lessons around Ivorian characters and experiences, and we were very open and friendly with the students."

Upon her return in 1968, Maureen, who is now retired and lives in West Bath, taught high school students in Washington, D.C., as part of the Urban Teacher Corps. She then moved to Maine and worked as a reporter for the *Times Record* in Brunswick and later for the Associated Press in Augusta. In her 40s, she went back to school to get her law degree, and most recently she worked at Legal Services for the Elderly, based in Augusta.

Looking back, Maureen says that volun-



Peace Corps Service in the Ivory Coast, late 1960s. Photos courtesy of the US Peace Corps

teering in the Peace Corps was an amazing experience. "It really broadened me. It opened me up to other cultures and to people that didn't think the way I did."



From top: Valerie Young in a traditional Tongan dress, her house, and her flip flops. *Photos courtesy Valerie Young*



VALERIE YOUNG, IN THE KINGDOM OF TONGA

Valerie Young joined the Peace Corps in 2005 right out of college and served in the Kingdom of Tonga in the South Pacific for two years. With a major in Coastal Management, Valerie wanted to go to a location where she could "wear flip flops all the time." She did get to wear flip flops, but like many volunteers, she had to adapt to a new culture and language.

In spite of the training and preparations provided by the Peace Corps, Valerie admits that when she was eventually dropped off at the site where she would live for two years, she wanted to cling to the Peace Corps host-country staff member who drove her there. "I had never lived by myself," she says, "and certainly not in a house without a door!"

She learned Tongan, a Polynesian language, and found herself teaching English to primary-level schoolchildren. Like Maureen, she used music, drama, art, games, and stories as teaching tools. "My Tongan students, however, were the most patient language teachers," she says. "They never tired of helping me with the Tongan language skills."

Valerie found a real sense of community in Tonga. "The expression 'it takes a village," she says, "is truly in practice. Tongans rarely experience hunger or homelessness. A customary Tongan greeting is 'come and eat," and Valerie relates that she was warmly welcomed by her neighbors.

Valerie now lives in Wiscasset and works as chief of staff at Bigelow Laboratory for Ocean Sciences in East Boothbay. She is also a mother to two young children. When asked how she would respond if, in 20 years, her daughter decided to join the Peace Corps, she says she would be behind her daughter all the way. "I would tell her to go for it! It is the adventure of a lifetime. It pushes you in ways that you don't expect. You will need flexibility, open mindedness, and adaptability. You will learn that we are all just people. Moms are moms everywhere."

She also volunteers as the advocacy chair for the Maine Peace Corps Association. "The Peace Corps falls under the Foreign Affairs budget, and we still need to push for funding each year," Valerie explains. She and other Maine volunteers are grateful for the strong support of Senator Susan Collins, who supported legislation that would provide unemployment benefits to volunteers who were evacuated from their countries of service during the pandemic.

MACY GALVAN, IN ARMENIA

Macy Galvan was one of these volunteers who had to be evacuated. In March 2020, while many Mainers were taking stock of their supply of paper towels, Macy, a Peace Corps volunteer in Tsaghkashen, a village in Armenia, was frantically packing and saying her goodbyes to her host family.

Macy had just completed her two-year assignment teaching English to elementary and high school students. She was in the midst of creating programs and trainings for a new language and technology lab as part of an extended stay. Speaking from her home in Portland, Macy recalls that saying goodbye to her family was the "hardest thing that she ever had to do."

But by mid-March it became clear that she, along with other Peace Corps volunteers from around the world, would have to return immediately to the United States. For the volunteers, their hopes and dreams of serving their communities came to a devastating halt. The returning volunteers had no jobs and in some cases no places to live. Coming back to Maine was an adjustment. "Being ripped away so quickly from my host family was traumatic," Macy says. "I really wanted to go back."

When a job at Portland Community Squash opened up, Macy realized that she could channel her energies into serving the Portland community. Portland Community Squash is a nonprofit organization focused on the game of squash while creating a multicultural and multigenerational community center for the city of Portland. Today Macy serves as the high school and post-secondary coordinator and provides academic support and assistance with college admissions and internships for young Portlanders.

Like most Peace Corps volunteers,



Macy Galvan hugs Tatik (grandmother), while Papik (grandfather) sits alongside. Macy says that Tatik is "my absolute best friend." *Photo courtesy Macy Galvan*

Macy views service as part of her life. As a student at Bowdoin College, she had the opportunity to take part in summer service trips: one to India and the other to Cambodia. "These experiences really transformed me," she says. "I realized that there were other ways of doing things. They were truly humbling experiences."

Macy says that her experience in the Peace Corps was formational on many levels. She does, however, have some words of advice. "You need to be resourceful and a go-getter," she says. Macy also stresses that volunteers need to learn the local language. 'You become part of the community," she explains, "versus just being hosted."

More than 240,000 individuals have volunteered with the Peace Corps over the past 60 years, and almost 2,000 of them have come from Maine. Once volunteers complete their two-year assignment, their service is never truly over. In fact, these volunteers are called "Returned Volunteers," and they continue to serve their communities once they leave the Peace Corps.

"Volunteers are a steady and constant voice of change in the communities they serve," according to Valerie. Today, Maureen, Valerie, and Macy, along with other returned volunteers, remain committed to improving the lives of others here in Maine and the larger community.

If you are interested in learning more about the Peace Corps, please visit the website at www.peacecorps.gov and if you are a RPCV living in Maine, join the Maine Peace Corps Association. •





Left: A sunset view from the balcony of Macy's host family house. *Right:* Macy with her students on a hike in the mountains behind her village to celebrate her 28th birthday. *Photos courtesy Macy Galvan*

Katie Brann, CFP®

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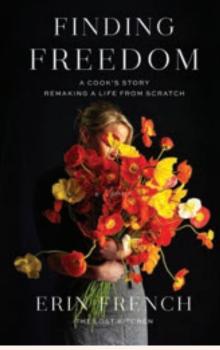
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of the 80s & 90s!



ERIN FRENCH_{AND} THE LOST KITCHEN, IN FREEDOM

Her new book is Finding Freedom: A Cook's Story; Remaking a Life from Scratch.



Book cover photo by Cig Harvey

BY MARY FRANCES BARSTOW

his spring Erin French published her memoir, *Finding Freedom*, about the years that led to the founding of her renowned restaurant, The Lost Kitchen, in Freedom, Maine.

At first, she said, "I felt too young to be saying that I had a memoir," but she came to recognize that, "actually, a lot has happened in a short period of time."

Not all of what happened in those years was good or easy, but it all made her who she is today.

Erin grew up in Freedom, often working for her dad at his diner in Belfast. In *Finding Freedom*, she writes about starting college at Northeastern University, with the idea of becoming a doctor. After two years, she set aside that dream, she writes. Instead, her path led to joblessness, single parenthood, a

harmful first marriage, anxiety, depression, and addictions to alcohol and pre-

scription medications. Life, as she says, can be full of "imperfect moments."

With her son Jaim as inspiration, Erin went into rehab in 2013 and gradually righted herself. She turned to her lifelong love affair with food and cooking. For her, cooking has similarities with being a doctor—in that both involve, "working with your hands and caring for people." In the summer of 2014, her natural culinary ability, self-taught skills, and tremendous capacity for hard work led to her opening The Lost Kitchen, located in a restored 19th-century grist mill.

People come from all over the world to experience the exceptional cuisine and warm atmosphere.



It was a great pleasure to speak with this strong, resourceful woman and to learn more about her remarkable life. Happily married to media executive Michael Dutton, Erin has found a new sense of community, along with new opportunities to share what she loves best: good food that is down to earth and in season-elegant, but not fussy.

When I asked her, "Do you have a favorite dish?" she answered, "Oh, my gosh. Oh, there are so many. I mean, one of my favorite recipes is my rhubarb spoon cake. [Pictured above.] I love making that one. It's a really simple cake made in a skillet. It's just simple and delicious."

MARY:

How did you do all you've done? How did your success happen? **ERIN:**

It happens slowly, but quickly. I don't know. It has surprised me with how popular it's been since, really, day one. I don't think we've ever had an evening, back to even my first restaurant, that wasn't totally slammed and booked out. And I've never placed an advertisement, never even had a sign. There's no sign! So, people really found it out, and it's been wild.

I wondered what makes this place so special. I think it's just that feeling of home and food that makes you feel loved. And it's approachable at the same time. You can be comfortable in your skin when you're in our space.

MARY:

Would you say you have found your comfort zone?

ERIN:

Being right here in Freedom is really my comfort zone and having an amazing group of women around methat are my village, my coworkers, my neighbors, my best friends. Having that comradery has been empowering for me. When I really decided to just dig my feet into the dirt and love where I lived and love where I came from, the world just seemed to open up for me.

MARY:

What about your cooking talent? Was it something that was in you? Something you just had to do? **ERIN:**

It was in me, but I think I learned it from a young age. My father bought the diner in Belfast when I was five years old, so I was always surrounded by food. And coming from a family that always enjoyed cooking, it was my comfortable place. I was learning how to cook through intuition and not from formal training. I was teaching myself what I thought tasted good together and how I thought dishes should be, as opposed to going to culinary school where they tell you this is what you make and this is how you make it. I was making it up on my own.

I had a lot of play time at the diner, where-because it was my dad's diner—I felt I could have that freedom of expression. Whereas if I was working for someone else, maybe I wouldn't have. I probably would have followed the rules a little bit better.

MARY:

Can you describe how your restaurant, The Lost Kitchen, works? **ERIN**:

Well, I change the menu every day. So, it's whatever I'm making. You

come in, and it's a prix fixe menu. There are eight to ten courses. You just sit down and don't make any decisions and I just start bringing out the food.

MARY:

Do you still do all the cooking? ERIN:

Yes. I mean, if something happened to me and I couldn't be here, the restaurant could not be open for that evening. Can't give it up yet.

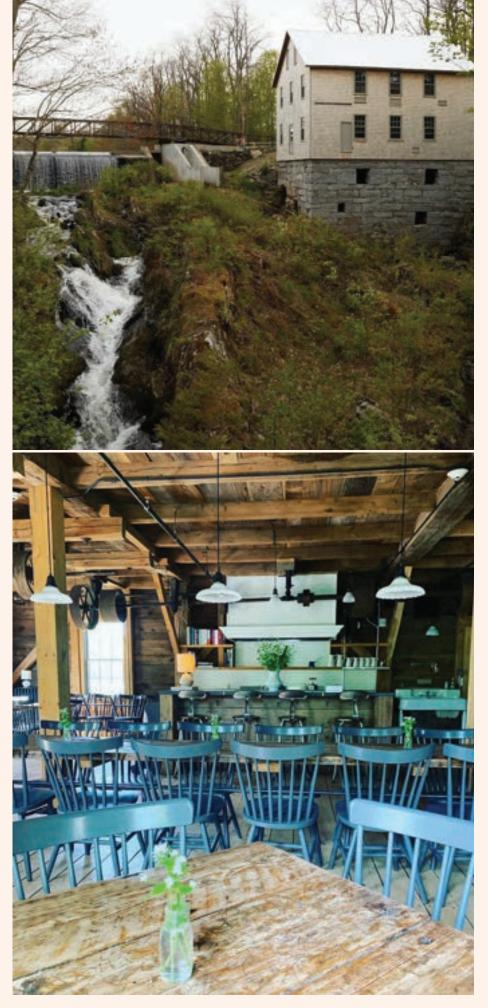
MARY:

You handle table reservations by a postcard lottery system. How did you come up with that idea? ERIN:

Well, we had gotten to a point, year after year, where the restaurant just kept getting more popular. The first year we were shocked. We were booked out two weeks in advance. I thought that was just insane. But then the next year, it was booked months out. And then after that, it just exploded, and we couldn't keep up with it.

We realized that we were at a point where I didn't want to grow the restaurant, and we had hit our ceiling. We were never going to be able to seat everyone who wanted to eat here. And we had also crashed our phone system. We'd be listening to these garbled messages from people leaving their names and phone numbers, which if we were lucky, we could decipher. The last year that we did phones was just an absolute nightmare.

So how do we make it fair? Now we have the system where you just write your name and phone number down on a postcard, send us the postcard, and we'll just pull a selection from a hat. That felt like it was fair for everyone and made it easier on our staff. And it meant that people wanting a reservation didn't have to be listening to busy signals on the telephone for six hours straight before maybe getting through to a full voicemail box.



MARY:

How many postcards do you get a week?

ERIN:

I couldn't even tell you. I mean, we have a 14-foot table here in the dining room that's one of our big dining tables, and it is covered, every inch, with thousands—tens of thousands—of postcards.

MARY:

Is it true that you, your team, and others interested in the restaurant have been helping those in Maine without enough to eat, in these difficult times?

ERIN:

Yes, we have asked people to share, to consider making a donation for our local food insecurities here. There's a nonprofit organization, and we have raised over \$330,000.

MARY:

Do you think about creating a restaurant chain or at least another restaurant? ERIN:

No. Oh, I made that commitment to myself a long time ago. It's what I told myself. I've been very firm with myself that I had no intention of opening another restaurant or growing it. I recognize that part of what makes this place so special is that it's small and it's intimate. When people come here, they get my 100-percent attention. If I grew it and turned it into something else, that magic would just disappear. So instead of growing it over the years since its popularity has exploded, I've really been working on protecting it and keeping it small and keeping it sweet and keeping it special.

MARY:

How did you decide to write your new book?

ERIN:

I'd written the cookbook [*The Lost Kitchen: Recipes and a Good Life Found in Freedom, Maine: A Cookbook (2017)*], and I remember my editor saying, "Well, your next book, you'll just feel it. You'll feel it burning inside of you."

And I did! I had that feeling inside of me that I needed to tell my story. I had given snippets of it through the cookbook, and people had gotten little wisps of it here and there. People would reach out to me, and they said how much it inspired them. I real-



Top: Erin, center, shares a laugh with the staff of The Lost Kitchen. *Left:* Erin and her husband, Michael Dutton, work on recording her new book. *Right:* The Lost Kitchen also sells a variety of kitchen and bath goods, like these items from Elizabeth Benotti Ceramics in Eliot, Maine.

ized that I had a story to tell that wasn't just 'a story to tell"—it was a story that could maybe inspire and change other people's lives.

Because as you look at this place now, it's exploded with popularity, and it looks like this fairytale out here—this restaurant by a waterfall in the middle of nowhere, run by this young woman. I wanted people to understand everything it took to get to this point. It didn't come on a silver platter. It came with a lot of sweat and blood and tears.

But it could be maybe a beacon of hope for other people who have gone through similar things like I have. I know at my lowest points, I felt so dark and in the depths of despair, I didn't know if I'd ever make it out. I thought that this story would be something inspiring that might keep people going. They could see, "Oh, you were that low, and now you're this high—the possibilities are really endless."

MARY:

How did your cooking show on TV get started?

ERIN:

The world really has been coming at us for years now, and we've had every opportunity under the sun, and we've said no to a lot. But we recognize that, again, there was an opportunity to share stories in a meaningful and powerful way that could provide empowerment for others on their own journey. We waited. We said we were going to say no to everything until we found just the right way to tell this story in an authentic and inspiring way. And we found ourselves partnering up with a production team we felt comfortable with. My husband comes with a media background, so he'd had some friends we felt confident with.

We felt that we were in good hands, and we put it out there and then Chip and Joanna Gaines' Magnolia Network [streaming on Discovery Plus] picked it up. They saw the story and believed in it, and here we are. We're shooting today, actually. It's a documentary style, so they'll be following me all this week as I'm making my menu, and then filming what we ended up serving.

MARY:

Has there been talk of a movie? ERIN:

Actually, I can tell you this because it just happened. I just sold the rights to the memoir, and it is being turned into a film. The production company is called Made Up Stories, founded by Bruna Papandrea [an Australian film and television producer]. There's still so much that they have to get in place, but I think it's their hope to start shooting next spring or summer. It's pretty wild.

MARY:

That's great! Do you get to cast who you want to play you? ERIN:

I get to have a say.

MARY:

Where do you think your strength comes from?

ERIN:

I think part of the answer is I was just born with it. I grew up around a very strong grandmother who had just a wild work ethic. She would work from the moment she got up to the moment she closed her eyes at night, and there was no stopping her. She was always moving things that were ten times bigger than her, always moving, running around the kitchen. There's definitely some of that—a bit of her. And I don't know, I guess it's also a Maine way. When we suffer through these long winters, it builds strength and character.

MARY:

Where do you see yourself going from here? Where do you think that this is all going to take you? ERIN:

We'll see. I don't generally tend to plan far out. I kind of take things season by season. I hope that in 10 years, I'm still right here doing this exact same thing.

I'm going to keep doing this as long as I love it. And I just hope that I love it for a very long time and can keep at it.

For more information on The Lost Kitchen, visit, https://www.findthelostkitchen.com/.

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SHE DOES WHAT?

CARIBOU ARMY VETERAN TRAINS FOR PARA BOBSLED TEAM

BY JODI HERSEY

This 44-year-old Caribou resident spent more years than she'd like to admit being a spectator, watching her life pass her by from the safety of her wheelchair. But not anymore. The Army veteran—turned adaptive sports athlete extraordinaire—is training for a spot on the U.S. Para Bobsled team. She loves to push herself and her body to the limits in hopes of participating in the next Paralympic World Cup in Lake Placid, New York.

"I can honestly say my accident was probably the best thing that happened to me," Tammy says. "One day I was riding my horse, and something spooked her. She took off and weaved through the trees. She was heading toward the left of a tree and at the last second went to the right and I impacted the trunk of a Georgia pine tree, the size of a telephone pole, at about 30 miles an hour."

Tammy's life was forever altered after that 2005 incident. Her husband Shawn, who is also an Army veteran, was serving overseas at the time. Once he received word, the Army immediately sent him to the couple's home in Georgia to be by his wife's side.

"They didn't tell him the extent of my injuries. I broke 28 bones. I broke my back in five places and punctured a lung," Tammy vividly recalls. "While he was packing his stuff to come home, he said he envisioned my legs in a cast and an arm in a cast. When he landed in Atlanta and called my mother to tell her he was back in the States, that's when she told him I'd never walk again." Photo by Girts Kehris

Then only 28 years old, Tammy had suffered a spinal cord injury, leaving her paralyzed from the waist down. She spent six months in the hospital and endured many months of painful physical therapy.

"I spent much of my time at inpatient rehab just learning simple things like sitting up unsupported or learning to roll over from my back to my stomach and back again simple movements that you don't realize how much you use your legs for. So, it was a long road. It was tough," Tammy continues. "The first few years I was okay with being in a wheelchair. I had a husband and two kids, and I was okay with living my life, but I definitely wasn't living my best life."

The Landeens eventually moved from Georgia to Florida, where Tammy's life changed for the better the moment she was introduced to handcycling in 2010.

"At first I wanted no part of it. Everyone was pushing me to go try it. Shawn had been home from Afghanistan 48 hours when he took me out of the house kicking and screaming to go on a handcycle ride with three other people in wheelchairs," she remembers. "But then they got me on that handcycle, and I didn't look back. The ability to do something that was taken away, and to be free and have the wind in my hair, was absolutely life-changing."



Tammy contacted the Department of Veterans Affairs, who assisted her in acquiring her very own handcycle.

"The guys I had met the weekend of my first handcycle ride said there was a handcycle racing team for paralyzed veterans and invited me to race with them in Pensacola, Florida," Tammy explains. "I don't think there was a second that I thought, 'This is nuts.' I went from lazy and unmotivated to training six or seven days a week because I was preparing for a 26-mile race in two months. That was really the catalyst into adaptive sports and a whole new mindset for me."

For many years, Tammy was one with the road, riding her handcycle on short and long treks in the sunshine state. She even competed in the Boston Marathon and later went on to win the Marine Corps Marathon in Washington, D.C., in 2015. When her family moved to their hometown of Caribou, Maine, Tammy parked her handcycle, but she kept her competitive spirit in drive.

"A girlfriend I handcycled with got involved in para bobsled. She talked about me to the coach and to the organizer," Tammy recalls. "They invited me to a beginner's bobsled camp in Lake Placid and asked if I wanted to try it out. I said, 'Absolutely.' What I didn't know is that it was also the team selection for the year. They saw enough potential in me that they said, 'There's a pilot camp in Norway, and if you successfully complete it, then we'll put you on the U.S. Para bobsled team."

Tammy returned to Caribou and immediately started fundraising to pursue an opportunity of a lifetime, a spot on the USA team.

"This community really came together to help me raise the money because we don't have corporate sponsors. Anything I do, I have to do out of my pocket," she says. "Two overseas flights out of Presque Isle and living in Europe, a couple of weeks at a time, isn't cheap, but I've had great community support here in the county."

Tammy successfully completed the camp in Lillehammer, Norway. She learned the knowledge and skills necessary to sharpen her techniques in order to solo pilot a bobsled (also known as a mono bobsled) at an Olympic caliber level. That experience boosted her onto the World Cup stage in Norway before she traveled to Oberhoff, Germany, in 2019. There she finished 13th overall and was the number one U.S. ranked athlete for the race.

"From the time I get launched off until I get down to the bottom, nothing else is going through my mind except I count out loud, calculating what corner I am heading into." Tammy explains. "It's like a dance. It's a beautifully choreographed dance. If you miss a step, you have to try and fix it, and there's not a lot of time to fix it because you're down the course in less than a minute."

Top photo courtesy Tammy Landeen | Bottom photos by Girts Kehris





Being the only person in the bobsled, Tammy is responsible for the driving, the speed, and the ability to put on the brakes when she reaches the end of the track.

"Part of the requirements to qualify for para bobsled is participants must have a spinal cord injury, a double below the knee, or be a single above the knee amputee." She also notes athletes must get in and out of the bobsled unassisted. "You're strapped in there. You've got a helmet on while piloting this sled with a D ring and a bungee cord while traveling 50 to 60 miles an hour. You have to be strong enough to pull that brake which is nothing more than a fork that comes down and grabs the ice, and it's what stops the bobsled. It's a dangerous sport."

Tammy is training in hopes of qualifying again for the USA team, which will be selected in November. Disabled athletes will participate in two back-toback days of racing, where their individual race times from both days will be added together. The top three fastest men and three fastest women will be selected to the team to go on to compete in the IBSF [International Bobsleigh & Skeleton Federation] World Cup. The World Cup circuit begins in November in New York, and ends with the World Championships held in Norway, in February of 2022.

"It's an adrenaline rush. You're pulling 4, 5 or 6Gs [the force against your body] going around corners, and it's a feeling the average person, or able-bodied person, doesn't get to feel. And I get to do it," Tammy reflects. "If I could write a letter to myself and mail it back in time, I'd definitely tell myself to get off my butt and get out there because there's a lot to discover, and life is absolutely incredible." •



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The Dennett family plot at Riverside Cemetery in Springvale, and inset, Mercy Dennett's gravestone.

Remembering Mercy Dennett

How 19th-century Memorial Poems Taught Lessons of Life and Death

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ELIZABETH DEWOLFE, PH.D.

f not for a simple poem, printed in two columns on a single sheet of paper, we would likely know nothing of Mercy Dennett, who died young in Sanford in 1861. Similarly, a long-ago tragedy in the Davis family—three daughters dying of disease in 1854 might be marked only by a row of solemn gravestones in Alfred. And in the Stevens family, the passing of sisters Huldah Ann and Elizabeth in 1858 would be recollected, perhaps, only in the family Bible or Alfred town death records.

But with early death an all-too-common and visible reality in the 19th century, family and friends often turned to memorial poems when young unmarried women passed away. The poems created a way to remember and honor the women's brief lives—for the immediate mourners at the time, and for us, reading more than 160 years later.

Given the uncertainty of life and overwhelming helplessness in the face of disease, memorial poems offered a sense of control over the uncontrollable. To those left behind in the mid-19th century, the poems explained why the young were taken, offered soothing reassurance that the departed's lives indeed had meaning. Ultimately, the poems served to instruct the living. They urged the grief-stricken survivors to prepare for their own inevitable, and perhaps frighteningly sudden, end.

Memorial poems followed a long tradition of written elegies for the dead. The funerals of prominent men frequently featured such works, read at graveside, and later printed and distributed. Married women whose lives were seen as particularly virtuous earned published biographies, short books that highlighted the deceased's merits. Memorial poems for young women followed suit. Written by family members or a poet-for-hire, poems captured the lessons of a short life, well-lived. These verses emphasized the departed's praiseworthy attributes in life and the brave way they faced death.

The passing of young single women was seen as particularly sad. Since these women would not fulfill their intended role as wives and mothers, the memorial poems stressed how the deceased, despite their youth, had in life mastered key virtues. The poet's goal was to show how, in death, the women served as role models for the living, which helped to give their short lives a sense of purpose.

Memorial poems typically began with a warning: death is at hand and young women "in the morn of life" have sadly succumbed. Poets drew on Bible imagery and familiar metaphors, such as comparing maturing girls to blossoming flowers. Mercy Dennett, for example, was a "lovely youth just in her bloom." Intended for family and friends, the poems took the form of printed broadsides. With titles like "Lines Written on the Death of Mercy A. Dennett" or "Lines on the Sudden Death of Mary, Martha, and Emily Davis," the poet left no doubt as to these stories' end.

Distributed at a funeral or on the anniversary of a death, these poetic mementos paid little attention to physical description or personal interests of the deceased, but rather, focused on desired feminine qualities. Mercy Dennett of Sanford, for example, who died single at age 27 in 1861, was "a tender friend" and "much loved by old and young." Dennett led a Sunday school with a "pleasant voice" that "impart[ed] the truth." Of Dennett, "no wrong of her knew anyone." The three Davis sisters of Alfred, who died in 1854, had "prospects fair [and] had many a castle built in air." But their airy future dreams of course ended abruptly when illness struck. Their younger brother, George W. Davis, penned a poem on the fifth anniversary of their deaths, and noted the hard inevitability of his sisters' lives: "A happy band in youthful bloom, who were but ripening for the tomb."

For young women (and all who lived before vaccines and penicillin became available), a fatal illness was an ever-present possibility. Tuberculosis, known as consumption, claimed large numbers of young women, as did diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhus, and other chronic and epidemic diseases. The Davis sisters' illness was short but severe, with a "raging fever [that] seized their frames, ... flushed their cheeks, and crazed their brains." Mary (age 18) lasted just nine days. The 16-year-old Martha died five days later, and after eight weeks more, Emily, age 11, died. George Davis' poem recorded that the "surgeon's skill was spent in vain/to raise them from their beds of pain." Similarly, Waterboro memorial poet Henry S. Hobbs, who apparently penned poems for hire, illustrated the futility of medical assistance in poems he wrote for both Mercy Dennett and the Stevens sisters: the "physician's skill was all in vain/and in the ground they have been lain."

Most prized in young women was their complete acceptance of their grim fate and their trust in God. In these poems, a victim, once struck, was expected to acquiesce to her fate. In the 21st century, obituaries frequently describe the deceased's brave "fight" to stave off death; in the 19th century, however, the idea of challenging what was understood to be God's plan would have been abhorrent.

Mercy Dennett, "while on her bed all racked with pain," sang "I'm going home [to God] to die no more." Huldah Ann and Elizabeth Stevens left "evidence behind/that they were satisfied in mind/that they were ready and prepared/To meet their Savior and their God." Not all were prepared. Martha Davis was

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH

MERCY A. DENNETT,

Who Died is Basford, Jun. 7th, 1981, April 27 Years. BY HENRY S. HORBS, WATERBORD', MAINT

Court Estan Brienda, and warning take, Ropeni of ain ere 'sis too late ; 'The menator death is in our load, 'And an you seen may lay his bend.

Our of our tension has here, called, To have her friends, associates all, To leave these friends to her so daar, To reign mith Christ, is a better sphere.

A lovely youth just in her bleens, Is him toto the effect teach. A tender friend to one and all, the just observed doubly mirror call.

A raging fever seland has frame, Oo dowey allows she was hits, But God who dorth all things well, Has celled has hour, with t

Har breasts with her wave loss as part, They tried to new the field dart. Physician shill was tried in voir, Low in the ground she lath been him

His was work herd by old and young No wrong of her knew may con. Elso was a friend, a friend in forch, Elso trely was a friend indeed.

The Stablagh School will feel her heasy They'll here as more her pleasant voice, She will as more impact the truth, Units this levely band of youth.

She's gean, she's helt as here below, We weep for her, cut without hepe. Her troubles here an morth are o'er, She's gear to Joell on Camera's shere

While on her had all ranked with pain This levely youth mas hand to slog. The lost due may seen this sheet, For going hence to die no more.

That mether new is called to meuro, A lowely droughter just in Massa. No doubt you level that daughter, dony, And to your heart she did seem near.

We find by reading in God's word, That God to you will sure to good. Ha'il not formly you, never, no, So trust in him while how below.

Your earthly rear will non be sen, Your labor here on earth be done : You soon usy grasp that daughter's hand, In a begitter, fairor, happing brid. Faxionen, Jan 14, 1961. Our only daughter now is left, One only sinter in heroff. How beely will her enemests front Size had an enter near in great.

But time is sheet, how with it fina,--How even are metals called to dia,--You mus may mixed that sintee dear, No come to shed the parting tear.

Dever bestions she has fell is more, for a dear sister from them teen ; A sister they had onese to here, is called unto her home above.

She increase an originator behind, That articliar the bosons mind, That you in Heaven may one day moot, Your sister deap at Jones' fact.

R.A. it. J. it. closer fits reservery's heart, p When with their friends (key'rs called to part, To have a hope, they've goes to reign, With Christ, where server enters pain.

A loose in Henree, have it doth choose, The leastly, exercises investice here, There may we reign, with all the blast, With our door triangle, in that had of m

New Meeting youth stimulion give, Degle a Christ-like life in live y Leave off your value and triffing sports, And her for Gol Sorevenners.

Your youthful days will need to o'er; You need must leave this earthly shore; You need must leave your carthly friends And yo where two will neers and.

Life is the man we check peoples For Hexren, above, that hand so fair ; That world of bline, a long-endy feater, Where pain and nervow ov'er one come,

Now youthful friends stop and reflect, Your anal's welfare do a transfect; Cemo, early make your passes whit God For name you'll far benesids the and.

To you, kind blonds, both one and all. This is a deviabled scheme cull ; And unto you is issuity spatie, Your Enviour you should easily muck.

And do not let this warring pass, Perlaps to you's will be the hot j Propara, prepara, prepara I say, To meet God at the Ja Ignard Day.



Top: Memorial poem for Mercy A. Dennett by Henry Hobbs, 1861. *Bottom:* The Stevens Sisters' gravestones at the Stevens Family Burial Ground in Alfred.



Mary E., Martha A., and Emily R. Dabis, who died in the year of our Lord, 1854.

33.2.

GEORGE W. DAVIS

 1. True view the careft is benety given!.
 11. And flagmain fields were sum likes provided themes had, field down were bad.
 12. And show the second the flagmain fields theme.
 13. A larger hand is presided theme.
 14. Mole show the second theme hand.
 14. While show the second theme hand.
 16. When the second theme hand.
 16. Whe

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Her sender peti de de la de digit.
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Memorial poem for the Davis Sisters by George W. Davis, 1859.

Graves of the Davis Sisters at Evergreen Cemetery in Alfred.

"undecided she remained," until her final illness led her to seek out God "with her whole heart/and found Him never more to part." She died "in faith's triumphant arms." For Dennett and the Stevens sisters, their reward was eternal life "on Canaan's fair and happy shore." George Davis recounted with pride the last advice his three dying sisters offered: "Dry up those tears that freely flow/And unto God submissive go."

Memorial poets defined good virtues to prepare the living for the inevitability of death. Hobbs was clear on the path survivors must take if they wished a "home in Heaven." First, he wrote, "you must . . . begin to pray." You must "read the Bible" and "in the Lord put all your trust." The young, in particular, Hobbs believed, needed to pay attention, live a Christ-like life, and "leave off your vain and triffing sports." George Stevens urged his youthful friends to heed his warning "e'er time with you shall prove too late." He advised they give up mirth and sinful ease and instead, learn to pray. Inevitably—and you had no idea when—you were going to die, and you must be prepared, these memorialists asserted: "Come, early make your peace with God/For soon you'll lie beneath the sod."

Historian Laurel Thatcher Ulrich made the well-known observation in 1976 that "Well-behaved women seldom make history." But the memorial poems show well-behaved women being celebrated and honored, even though, through sad twists of fate, these women had little time to make the tangible contributions to society that history typically remembers. The poems rescue many from complete anonymity, immortalizing them in death.

Struck down by sudden illness, Huldah Ann and Elizabeth Stevens, Mercy Dennett, and Mary, Martha, and Emily Davis, no doubt experienced desperate fear, tremendous pain, and heartbreaking sadness. Their loved ones watched helplessly as the inadequate medicine of the day failed these patients. Their deaths would not have been easy.

Memorial poems recast these tragic and painful events. In these renditions, idealized young women demonstrated prized attributes of mid-19th-century womanhood: submissiveness, unwavering faith, and, as single women not yet knowing of marital matters, purity in thought, body, and deed. These young women, in the poet's rendition, did not battle the Angel of Death or cry out "why me?" They would never mother children, but, in their deaths, they could, selflessly, teach their surviving friends and families a final, valued lesson. Memorial poems offered faithful Christians an explanation for the death of the young, answering the unutterable question, "Why?" Called to their heavenly home, these virtuous girls held a place in Heaven for loved ones who would one day follow, modeling how to live and how to die. •



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Speaking with Violet Cormier of



BY MARY FRANCES BARSTOW

ilt-a-Whirl or Astrosphere, anyone? Log Flume or Liquid Lightning? It was over 60 years ago that Ken and Violet Cormier opened a drive-in restaurant, and Ken's brother-inlaw, Andre Dallaire, opened a mini-golf course next door. From these beginnings grew Saco's large, thriving Funtown Splashtown USA, a beloved seasonal destination filled with thrill rides, water slides, and roller coasters.

This family-owned, family-friendly Adventure Theme Park has the highly ranked Excalibur, the tallest and longest wooden roller coaster in Northern New England. It offers kiddie rides, bumper boats and cars, pools, patios, decks, and picnic areas, as well as many food and dining locations and gift shops. There are free seniors days and military appreciation weekends.

In 1996, the Cormiers bought out the business-then called Cascade Water and Amusement Park-from its previous co-owners, and gave the place its present enduring, upbeat name. The Cormiers and their team have dedicated themselves to constantly expanding, refreshing, and refurbishing the allure of parks' many attractions.

In 2013 Violet's husband, Ken Cormier, passed away. Now Violet, who will be 86 in September, her family, and others carry the torch. It is fair to say that over the years Violet has seen it alland has each summer given countless thousands a chance to laugh, relax, cool off, and forget about their cares. It was a revelation and a joy to speak with her about her experiences at the helm of Funtown Splashtown USA.

MARY:

How did you become the owner of Funtown Splashtown USA?

VIOLET:

Well, my husband Ken and I bought out my sister and brother-in-law years ago, in the '90s. We were two families involved,



Photo courtesy Violet Cormie

and they wanted to retire, so we bought them out. It was always a family business, started from scratch. Actually the mini golf was a first mini golf in the area, and that opened in 1959. Then next door we opened Marvel drive-in, which was a food takeout before McDonald's and Burger King. The Marvel drive-in opened up in 1960. Since then, we've redone the whole thing!

MARY:

Where are you originally from and how did you get started on this path?

VIOLET:

I'm from Saco, born and raised here. I met the love of my life in high school-he was a football player-and we were married in 1952. I was 17. Then he was drafted in the Korean War. We were married before he went off. When he came home from Korea, he went to college,'56 to '59, and he became an accountant, a certified public accountant. But he realized that accounting was not what he wanted to do because he couldn't sit behind a desk eight hours a day. He was more physical and active. So we had an opportunity to start this business from scratch. We bought a bunch of acres from Sweetser, a good charitable organization for children, located in Saco. I had no idea what my life was going to be about-it just evolved. I had three small children by the time my husband and I decided to go this direction.

One thing led to another and here we are. I had never planned this. I had never thought about this. I don't even go on rides or even go online! But it's a fun business to be in. We enjoy it, and we look forward to it. It's exciting because every day's different. There are never two days alike. So you don't become humdrum and bored. This is why I love being in this business.

And it's seasonal. I've spent many winters in Florida, but when I would come back, I would look forward to coming back. I would be refreshed, ready to start up again.

MARY:

Do people come for the whole day? **VIOLET**:

Yes, many come for the whole day, and we have a huge building in between Funtown and Splashtown, separating them, because not everybody can afford a combo. Some people prefer Funtown, and some people prefer Splashdown. So we have separate tickets for Funtown or Splashtown, but then we also have what you call a combo. That option accommodates people who want to do both parks all day.

MARY:

Tell me what's at Splashtown USA? VIOLET:

We have all kinds of different major water slides, like the Mammoth, Tornado, Amphitrite's Challenge, Corkscrew, Poseidon's Plunge, Liquid Lightning. There are slides, pools, and lounge chairs. It's almost like a little resort.

MARY:

What about at Funtown?

VIOLET:

Oh, many rides—over 30 different rides. We have the Casino ride, the Sea Dragon, the Tempest in the Tea Cups. The Dragon's Descent goes all the way up 220 feet up and drops people down. We have two carousels. I love the Astrosphere, which is an indoor bubble ride. We redid it all a couple of years ago before the pandemic. Now it's a permanent bubble, and it's an experience with music and lights. It's actually my favorite ride of all. We used to have mini golf, as I mentioned, but it's gone. The land was too valuable, and there were too many other mini golf places popping up.

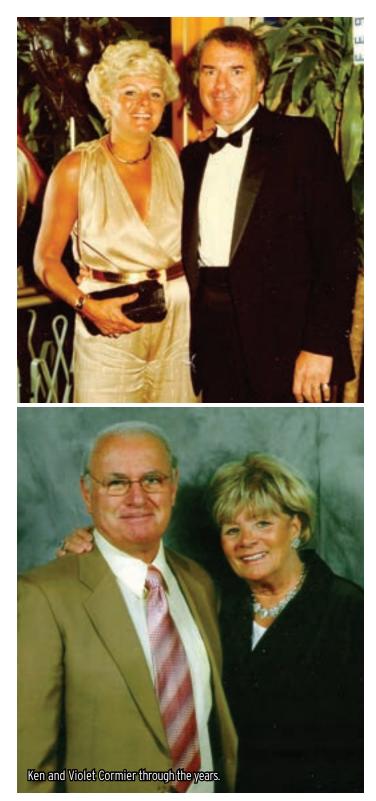
MARY:

You have been such a part of building this place what can you share about yourself? VIOLET:

Well, I'll be 86 this September. My husband passed away in 2013, in Florida. He was 80 years old. That was a difficult time because we had been married 60 years.

I had a meeting with my board members, bankers, insurance people, and everybody involved. And I said, "I raised the children, I helped in the park, and I did as much as I could." I was doing more and more and more. However, I said to them, "I'm not even looking to fill his shoes because I don't think I can do that. But he always told me if anything happened to him, I have all of you people that will help me out, and I can count on you." They all said, "Yes, we are here for you, and we'll do anything you need." So, it made the transition much easier for me, to work with people who had been with us for years.





MARY:

Do you still physically work in the park during the summer? **VIOLET**:

Not physically. But I go on my golf cart with a pad and a pen or pencil. I've been trained all these years, and I go to the park and see what needs to get attention. "This needs attention there. This needs paint. This needs . . ." Then I give the list to my general manager, and he takes care of it from there. I used to be very active, all my life, in the park. I miss that part, but now, well, the children do a fantastic job, so I'm kind of like watching them and letting them take over because I won't be here forever. I know that. They do a great job. I'm very proud of them. And I'm proud that I still can get out and do stuff that I feel that I want to do. Now I can pick and choose what I want to do.

MARY:

How many children do you have and are they involved in the park?

VIOLET:

I have six children. And, yes, all involved in the park. My oldest son is going to turn 68 in September. He has children. His oldest son works in the park, and he's in his 40s. My grandchildren, some of them, choose to work in the park. So, I have all my children involved in the park, and grandchildren working in the park. The older great grandson is 12, so in a few years, we're going to put him to work.

MARY:

What was your birth family like, and your time growing up? **VIOLET**:

Well, my dad died when I was just five. So, my mom had to go to work because we were five girls. I grew up with four sisters, which was wonderful. But we all had to help our mother at a very young age because she was widowed and had to work, so we all participated. She had a little business at the time, so we were all helping it, and it grew, and we were all busy. Then she invested into apartment homes, so we would all help her clean the apartments, rent them out. I can't believe when I was 12 years old, I was renting apartments for my mother.

I would interview people. She'd say to me, "You got to pick the right couples because if they move out, you have to clean that whole apartment." We grew up fast. We grew up very fast.

MARY:

Are you still wintering in Florida, or do you stay in Maine now?

VIOLET:

A couple of years after my husband passed away, I didn't enjoy it so much to go there. So about six years ago, I sold my home in Florida because I was 80 years old and I said, "Why go there?" I like to be close to my children, my grandchildren, my great-grandchildren. I decided I don't need two homes to take care of. I'm just happy here. I love my home here. So it was not a big decision for me to sell. Without my husband, it was never the same.

We did everything together and it was fun, but by myself, I found myself not feeling that way.

MARY:

How many people do you employ in Funtown Splashtown?

VIOLET:

This year we're going to one shift only, but we usually had two shifts. We were employing close to 400 kids. And we have school teachers who come here to work in the summer. We have retired people who want to be active and do something. So, we have a range of all ages working in the park. We have a retired banker. We have all kinds of different people here from all different careers who love to work for the summer.

We had been thinking about possibly expanding, but right now we're experiencing problems with hiring help. There are not enough workers. So, my motto is to take care of what we have, keep it pristine. That's better than expanding and letting it go. You can expand and grow bigger and bigger, but lose control. It's very important to keep the park fresh and nice, so people will have a good time.

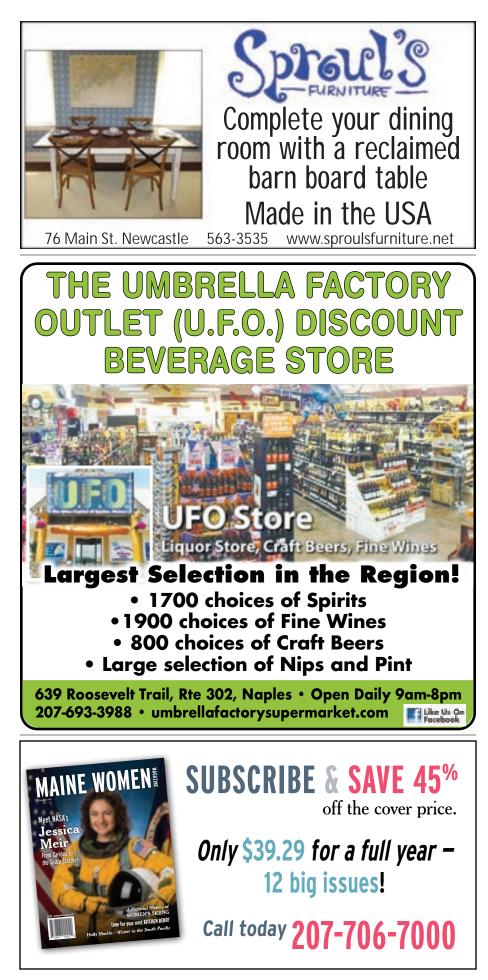
MARY:

Do you ever think about retiring?

VIOLET:

I still get excited by life and work. I said to God, "Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. You created me. I am who you want me to be, where I am supposed to be, and I love what I'm doing." I can't thank God enough for all the blessings. But retiring is not in my DNA, I don't believe.

Funtown Splashtown USA is located at 774 Portland Rd, Saco, ME 04072. For more information and directions, please visit the website at https://www.funtown splashtownusa.com/# •





DoryWoman Rowing

BY NICOLLE LITTRELL

am an ocean rower. I row traditional-style wooden boats in and around Belfast Bay, which is part of Penobscot Bay in the Midcoast region of Maine.

I first started rowing in 2012. I discovered Come Boating, a community rowing and sailing program in Belfast, Maine, where I live. The organization's mission is to get folks out on the water, primarily in pilot gigs, which are traditional Cornish-style wooden and fiberglass boats. These vessels, dating back to the 18th century, were used to transport goods back and forth between tall ships in the Cornwall region of the UK. The boats are 32-feet long, weigh over 800 pounds, seat six rowers, and are piloted by a coxswain. There's also room for a passenger!

Rowing in the pilot gigs felt awkward but also empowering.

A former athlete, I was using muscles at first that I didn't even know I had. Rowing within a group provided a wonderful sense of community and connection. This companionable aspect was especially meaningful to me as a single parent. And being out on the water . . . the peace, communion with the natural world, and sense of adventure were very gratifying.

For the next few years, rowing became an important source of fitness and wellness for me. I took a break for a few years when I developed an injury and then came back to the oars in 2018. I was now 49. In the run-up to 50, being

strong was an imperative. It was during this year that I began racing in the gigs, most often on women's teams. Rowing in tandem with five other impressive, badass women, all who were older than me, was thrilling.

Come Boating offered a winter rowing program to members, and so for the next two years I rowed through the colder months. The program came to a screeching halt on March 15, 2020, when, on this chilly Sunday, we went out for what would be our last community row. The Coronavirus pandemic had hit Maine and the nation, and stay-at-home orders were about to go into place. My teenage son would soon be attending school remotely, and I would be working from home.

After a few weeks of not rowing, I started to go out of my mind. Rowing had become a crucial outlet in my life, for both physical and mental health, as well as social connections. I did some research, and in May, with part of my stimulus check, I bought my own boat. It is a traditional-style Swampscott wooden dory, 19'5" long and weighing around 200 pounds. Drawing on my Franco heritage and my fascination with magic and transformation, I named her Sorciere, which means "witch," in French. And I've been rowing her ever since. Drawing from experience and skills gained in the pilot gigs, I row year-round, through all four seasons and in all kinds of weather, wind, and waves.

I rowed mainly solo from the time I launched my boat on Mother's Day in May 2020, through the fall. Those months gave me an opportunity to get to know Sorciere and to build new skills and confidence. I had only ever rowed within a

> group, so going out alone was pushing my edges. I would row further out into the bay, expanding both the distances I traveled and my comfort zone. That feeling of being out in the open water, just me and my boat, was big and engendered a healthy dose of humility and vulnerability. I felt the vastness of this incredible place and my smallness in it. Yet, in another sense, I wasn't at all alone. In my rows, I saw seals, jumping fish, birds of prey, colonial-nesting seabirds, and the occasional porpoise. These interactions were both delightful and awe-inspiring and strengthened a growing sense of stewardship to help

protect these vital coastal waterways and the creatures that live here.

By early summer, I had returned to longer distance rows, something I had done with Come Boating. In early July, I rowed ten miles round-trip from Belfast to Searsport. And for my birthday in August, my son and I rowed to Warren Island, a Maine State Park (a little Shangri-La off of Isleboro), eleven miles from Belfast. This trip proved quite the adventure, not just because of the difficult wind and waves we faced, but also for me, contending with an irate teenager who wanted to be anywhere else but in a rowboat in the middle of a bay with his mother. At his protestations, we did get a little help on the way back. Friends of ours, who met us at Warren Island, offered to tow us back the next day with their motorboat.



I compromised and agreed to a tow *half-way* back. They dropped us off with our boat at Bayside, and my son, like a horse to the stables, rowed back without complaint, a smile spread across his face as big and bright as the sun.

In the fall, I started rowing with friends. We rowed throughout the fall, marveling at the changing seasons from the vantage point of the boat, marking the passage of time (and various holidays) with each stroke of our oars. On Halloween, I organized a "Witches Row," where several rowers and paddlers donned witchy garb and rowed across the harbor to a friend's beach where we gathered around a fire. Later, we rowed back to the docks under the light of the full October moon. We rowed on the Solstice and rang in the New Year on my boat. In these colder months, we encountered ice, fierce northern winds, challenging chop and swells, and the occasional snowstorm. Even in such turbulent conditions, winter offered its own quiet beauty. We had the harbor and the bay (almost) to ourselves. Our only companions were different species of waterfowl that return to Maine in the winter and the seals and river otters. who left evidence of their romps with their pawprints and slides in the snow on my dock.

My boat continued to be a source of inspiration and play. On Valentine's Day I outfitted myself in a red-and-black buffalo-checked cloak. On St. Patrick's Day, I bedecked myself in green layers and baubles. My friends and I kept rowing, right into spring, which included a small boat race, "Return of the Cormorants," celebrating these awkward migratory birds. On Mother's Day, we celebrated the one year-anniversary of bringing my boat home to Belfast.

With spring came some unexpected changes. I lost my job. I was once again faced with the question, at age 51, of what I wanted to be when I grew up. A sentiment I often shared with my friends was "I wish I could be paid to row." Out of this thought, a new vision and path began to emerge—offering private rowing lessons, small group charters, and wellness outings for women in my boat. But how to do this? Despite being an experienced rower with my own boat, it wasn't quite as simple as it would seem. I vetted Sorciere with the Coast Guard, who cleared me from any requirements



with them, but then I quickly discovered that in Maine, in order to take people out on the water for profit, you need to be a Licensed Guide. A Sea Kayak Guide, in fact! It took me a while to wrap my head around this requirement. Rowing and kayaking couldn't be more different. For starters, with rowing you are moving backwards. But I ended up pursuing this path with the doggedness I have employed with anything that has really mattered to me in my life.

In late June I took my Sea Kayak Guide exam through the Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife—and I passed.

This summer of 2021, I'll be launching my new business, DoryWoman Rowing. On one hand, this name seems straightforward: I'm a woman, and I row my dory. On the other hand, this name means a whole lot more. When I searched for "dory woman" on the internet, I got almost no entries. Though surely women, dories, and other small wooden boats have been inextricably linked throughout the ages, in the present day these linkages seem to be uncommon. Women and rowing, in general, aren't overly linked, despite important gains made through Title IX legislation. Women, traditional boats, and rowing are hardly synonymous, in other words. I'm hoping to help change that.

In June, Come Boating reopened and launched its 2021 season. Like many of my friends, I've found my way back to rowing in the pilot gigs. I am reminded there really is nothing like rowing with a group of strong rowers, using our bodies to pull our oars hard and propel a heavy boat through the water. At the same time, there is also nothing like the intimacy and communion that being in a small boat floating in a large body of water provides. It's nice to have options.

With most COVID-related restrictions lifted in Maine, I encourage *Maine Women* readers to get out on the water this summer, and why not in a wooden rowboat?

To learn more about Nicolle go to www.dorywomanrowing.com or follow Nicolle @dorywomanrowing. •

🛞 Profile

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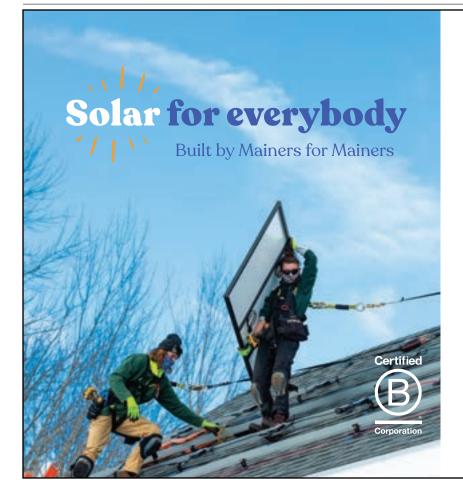
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JAMIE DORR and the Midcoast Youth Center

BY KAT SZMIT

Jamie Dorr, Executive Director and Founder of the Midcoast Youth Center, and her colleagues would love is to be able to buy the building housing the skate park and Midcoast Youth Center.

n 2016, the suicide of a recent high school graduate in Bath rocked the coastal Maine community. Jamie Dorr, now executive director of the Midcoast Youth Center, had watched the young man grow up alongside her eldest son at the local skate park, and she was gutted.

"You would see him in the community, and he would smile and wave," Jamie said. "He had a big smile. He was a lifeguard at the YMCA, an athlete. It was really devastating to our community because none of us saw it coming."

Jamie's immediate question echoed that of other parents: Why? It wasn't the first in the community, but Jamie decided that she was going to put her efforts toward making it the last.

According to the 2019 Maine Integrated Youth Health Survey, 32 percent of respondents said they felt sad or hopeless for at least two weeks during 2019, and 16 percent of those taking part in the survey said they had considered suicide.

"Our county was one of the worst in the state of Maine for suicidal ideation and substance abuse," Jamie said. "Why are we not talking about this?" First a volunteer with the skate park and later head of their small board, Jamie reached out to the local YMCA, educators from Morse High and Bath Middle schools, and the National Alliance on Mental Health, Maine, as well as the local sheriff. By October 2016, a community grassroots coalition had formed and opened a dialogue about difficult subjects, including youth mental health and suicide.

"It takes a really unique individual to deal with diverse needs, agendas, egos, crossing schools and school staff, law enforcement, community providers, and Jamie did it," said Greg Marley, director of suicide prevention at NAMI Maine. "She's pulled it together."

But Jamie wanted to do more than talk. Since the skate park itself was a huge draw, the group took it over and, with Jamie at the helm, created the Midcoast Youth Center (MYC), both now housed in the old armory building on Old Brunswick Road in Bath. The purpose of the MYC is to provide support to teens in Sagadahoc County. That means making sure they're connected to mental health services, medical and dental care, and sources for clothes and shoes. A grant from the Department of Education has funded after school programming, as well.



"Anytime a young person walks through our front doors . . . we work to help support them," Jamie said. "It's about making sure their basic needs are met. It goes beyond food and clothing to their emotional wellness."

Each year the MYC holds its annual Set for Success initiative, in which all families from the Bath school district are provided backpacks and school supplies, regardless of need. Students are welcomed by the superintendent and principals from each school before visiting various stations with backpacks, supplies, even haircuts and gently used clothing.

Then there is the Merrymeeting Homeless Youth Project, which provides critical outreach services to children and youth up to age 21 with the goal of helping increase school attendance and helping them find stability.



Top: Aqil Alaboudi executes a kick flip in the skate park that's part of the Midcoast Youth Center in Bath where Aqil is also a youth leader. *Bottom:* Youth Activities Coordinator Bob Gray (far left) watches as 21st Century Community Learning Center Program Coordinator Jeremy Harper finishes a run with a stunt.

The work being done at the MYC hasn't gone unnoticed. In 2019, Jamie was named the New England Patriots Foundation Difference Maker of the Year. The center was recently chosen as a finalist for the Working Communities Challenge, receiving a \$25,000 grant toward expanding their horizons, with the chance to win a \$375,000 grant to actualize their plans.

Heather Alaboudi has had two children utilize the center. Son Aqil is now a Midcoast Youth Center Leader.

"I'm what they call a youth leader," Aqil said. "I can help out the middle schoolers. They're super fun. When I was in middle school, I didn't have anybody like that. It's been really good for me."

Heather said her son's experiences have been overwhelmingly positive.

"One of the things that I think is really spectacular about [MYC] is that there's no class or social differential," she said. "Nobody knows whether somebody comes from a house that's full of millionaires or poverty."

Heather said the staff maintains a level of inclusivity that's vital for young people, especially the middle and high school age groups the center serves. She said they've helped Aqil, a sophomore at Morse, with everything from homework to dealing with the ups and downs of high school.

"He's way more confident in himself than he was before," she said. "He used to have a lot of anger issues and doesn't seem to have those anymore. Now he's got something to be proud of."

Aqil has been coming to the skate park for many of his 15 years, and to the MYC for four.

"I like how it's structured, and I like the staff a lot," he said. "You can skate, do homework, you can come here and eat, come here with friends."

It was the shutdowns of the pandemic that truly highlighted the value of the MYC.

"During the stay-at-home order when everyone had to shut down, the thing that scared us the most was that we have so many kids that rely on us for food," Jamie said. "Instead of inviting them in for dinners three nights a week, we'd prepare dinners, package them, then put them on a table in the parking lot. It allowed us to keep eyes on kids we were worried about."

"We would have these weekly Zoom calls when we were in lockdown, and we could talk with our friends, people we hadn't seen in a while," Agil said. "When it reopened, it was the best ever."

"During the pandemic there were a lot of questions. The people we support needed it most during the pandemic," said Youth Programs Coordinator Bob Gray. "It was really hard. I'm hoping that the end is near because over a computer you just don't get the level of relationships."

When the doors reopened on July 1 of last year, it was a momentous occasion.

"We know that our kids were already struggling with depression and anxiety and that the social isolation had made that much worse," said Jamie. "We wanted to try to bring normalcy back into their day."

Aqil said the academic support offered at the MYC has helped him with school, and that the time he's spent with staff, like Bob, has helped in other ways.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

Parents, especially those of teens and tweens, know that addressing mental health issues in children can be overwhelming. Greg Marley, director of suicide prevention at NAMI Maine (National Alliance on Mental Illness Maine) said it's one area where it truly takes a village.

"The Maine Suicide Prevention Program . . . rests on the vision that suicide prevention is up to everyone," he said. "Everyone." That means not leaving it solely on the shoulders of educators, counselors, and crisis teams. It takes the entire village, and it starts with parents. "Parents know their children," Greg said. "They see when changes happen that concern them, confuse them, worry them."

Greg said that from the beginning, it's important for parents to establish and maintain solid relationships with their children, something he acknowledges is easier when they're little. But as they age, it becomes vital to keep the lines of communication open. "If you're worried, ask and listen," he said. "Take their concerns seriously." And be prepared to ask the really hard questions.

"If it ever enters your mind that they might be at risk for suicide or self-injury, you ask," Greg said. "Tell them why you're worried. Tell them what you're seeing. Ask them if they've thought about ending their lives. The reality is that 16 percent of our high school students have seriously considered suicide."

Greg said it helps to put it in perspective. Think of the stresses you're under as an adult, ideally armed with the tools to help you deal with them. Then imagine your child under similar stresses, but without those tools. Greg said everyone who interacts with young people on a regular basis—everyone in a school setting, law enforcement, youth organizations, and more—would benefit from attending a suicide prevention awareness program.

If you're worried for your child, someone else's child, or for yourself, please reach out for help via the Maine Crisis Line at 888-568-1112 by phone or by text message. You can also call the National Suicide Hotline at 800-273-8255.

"It's shaping me to be a better person," he said. "I feel like I'm a lot more respectful. If I see someone in need, I want to help them."

Like many local skaters, Gray has been coming to the skate park since he was a child. He officially joined Jamie's team about a year ago, excited by the emphasis on community and the priority to put kids first.

"Growing up here I've known a lot of great people who struggled and went down difficult roads because there weren't enough support systems in place," he said. "That's our goal, to combat that. To redirect them from drugs and alcohol, things that derail them from success and happiness in life. [Jamie's] focus on that is what inspired me."

As the Youth Programs Coordinator, Bob works primarily with high school students on academics and finding activities that will appeal to that age group. Since skateboarding and scootering are very popular, Bob would love to create some type of competition, but also knows not everyone skates, which is why he's working on finding other areas of interest.

"I see a lot of people growing up and I worry that they're not developing something they're really passionate about. We're always worried about grades and schoolwork. We want to go beyond that," Bob said. "We want to have activities that get kids excited."

Before the pandemic, Bob said there were often 90 to 100+ people in the building between the different programs and activities, not to mention the skate park. The shutdown, he said, was difficult for everyone, especially the kids.

The financial challenge facing the MYC is substantial, according to Jamie Dorr and Bob Gray. At present, the MYC rents the building that houses the center and skate park from the city, which recently slashed funding for the organization from \$30,000 to \$3,000. It's a difference the fees from public use of the skate park don't come close to meeting.

"We are very new to this process and thought we had partnered with them, so it's pretty devastating to learn about," Jamie said.

The goal would be to buy the building from the city, ensuring that the MYC can remain in its familiar location.

"It's a great space for them to be themselves. They can run, they can be loud, they can be kids. It's amazing," said Heather. "Every community should have one."

"MYC has caring, concerned, connected adults that establish relationships of support with young people," said Greg Marley.

Jaime said the kids, her own and those at the MYC, bolster her every day.

"They always surprise me," she said. "They don't give up. We would all do well to listen more to our youth. They're the ones who are going to change things [by] bringing together so many different stakeholders and having those tough conversations. And honoring the memory of the people we've lost." •



Saturday, September 19th, 8:30am Event - OCR 20+ obstacles on the Kuller Trail of Ragged Mountain





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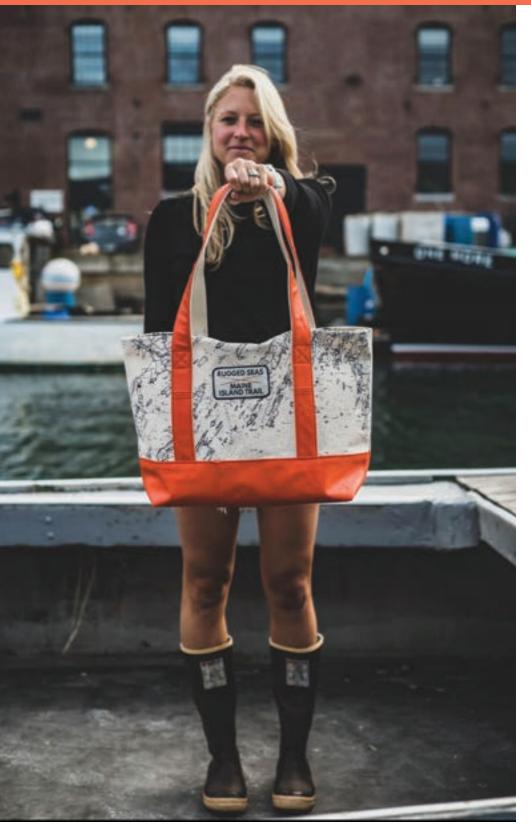
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An Interview with NIKKI STROUT, Co-owner of Rugged Seas . . . and Mom of Three



BY MARY FRANCES BARSTOW

hen Nikki and Taylor Strout started Rugged Seas—a Maine company that makes tote bags, wallets, backpacks, and other items out of recycled fishermen's "bibs" (hauling pants)—they thought it would be a small sideline, a way to help raise money for fisherman's causes.

Now they work hard to keep up with demand and sell all over the world.

"Our brand is as tough as the people who fish our oceans and live in our coastal communities," says the company's website. "Rugged Seas isn't just for the fishermen who work year-round and through all kinds of weather to bring seafood to the table—it's for all of us who love and respect the ocean and what it does for us."

Many steps go into making a Rugged Seas product, such as collecting the old, used bibs that get donated to the company's drop sites or mailed in, taking them to a local dry cleaner, and delivering them to a family-owned manufacturer in Lewiston, where a range of sturdy designs get implemented.

For Nikki, the success of Rugged Seas has meant she's taken on more and different responsibilities than she ever expected. With Taylor often gone on long fishing trips, she puts the "busy" in "business." Plus, the couple has three young sons, aged seven, five, and two. And the oldest and youngest have a rare genetic condition that causes blindness in children.

Nikki Strout is an amazing Maine woman—for all she does and for the positive, resilient way she approaches challenges. I was so glad for the chance to talk with her and to learn more about Rugged Seas and her great family.

Photo by Mint and Thistle



MARY:

Where are you and your husband originally from, and how did you meet? NIKKI:

My husband Taylor and I grew up together in Cape Elizabeth. We were always friends. He's a year younger than me, and we were friends in high school. We went away to college-he went to school in Colorado, and I went to school at Marshall University in West Virginia-and we stayed friends through college. Then after college was when we actually started dating. We ended up getting married, and we moved away to Vermont for my first job as a nurse practitioner. We basically moved away for a while and took jobs elsewhere. but we finally made it back, and we live in Cape Elizabeth now.

MARY:

Your husband has a fishing background? NIKKI:

Yes. He grew up lobstering here in Maine with his dad. His dad's a commercial fisherman out of Portland. And so Taylor grew up doing that job with him, and then he had his own boat in the summers. He would always fish through the summer. When we started dating, my uncle, who is the captain of a boat in Dutch Harbor in Alaska, called Taylor and said, "Can you come up here and help me? I've lost one of my crew members." Taylor said to him, 'Well, let me talk to Nikki about it. When do you need me?" And my uncle said, "I already booked you a flight for tomorrow."

So we kind of didn't have a choice.

Taylor left, started fishing up there, and he loved it. He put himself back through school to get his Merchant Mariner's credentials, but he continued to work up in Alaska. He took a break from fishing for a while and was working on tugboats and out of the Gulf of Mexico, but he really missed fishing. So he went back to it, and he's been doing that consistently since 2012. He is still fishing a lot in Alaska.

I don't think he'll ever stop fishing. It runs in his blood at this point. His last season he left in January, and he didn't come home until May. They got stuck up there with COVID. They all were stuck on their boats in guarantine and couldn't fish for a month and a half. He was gone for almost five months this last trip. I'm used to it. I don't think we've really known anything different. We got married on June 9th in

2012, and he left June 10th to go fishing, and he was gone for four months. It's just our way of life.

MARY:

Tell me about the company, Rugged Seas, and how it got started. NIKKI:

The fishing industry and the community here were facing a lot of struggles with the working waterfront, a lot of development issues. Taylor and I really wanted to find a way to get more involved, show our support, and raise money for the fishermen.

Our whole idea was to take the classic fishing bibs that you see guys wearing, the waterproof overalls, and see if we could recycle them into other products. Because otherwise, usually, they're just thrown away. So we brought some home. We were washing them in our washing machine, and I was doubtful, saying, "Taylor, I don't know how we're going to do this." But we found a manufacturer who was willing to work with us, and we started making tote bags and clutches.

We thought this is a great way to tell the fishermen's story. All these bags look so different because all of their bibs are worn

differently, and the lobstermen use them in different ways, so the materials have different tears and cuts.

No two bags look the same. We started selling our products just about a year ago, and it blew up. I couldn't keep products in inventory. Every time I would load an item on our website, it would sell out within a few hours. It was just crazy. People really like the tote bags because they tell a story, about hard work being done. We've had people purchase from Australia, Canada, all over the world. And we've had people send us bibs and their gear from all over the world.

Now we're up to, I think, 35 different wholesale accounts, and it's very busy on our website. As I mentioned, we really wanted to be able to give back to the fishing community, so we give a portion of our proceeds to the Maine Coast Fishermen's Association and the Maine Lobstermen's Association.

MARY:

Do you know if Rugged Seas products are purchased mostly by men or by women? NIKKI:

It's interesting. I thought originally that mostly women would be buying our tote bags, but I've had a lot of men purchase them, men who like to sail or who work on the water. Because the bottoms are made out of the bib materials, they're water resistant on the bottom. So, they're great for the beach or on a boat. Our backpacks, I think it's 50/50, men and women, who purchase them. And all of our apparel, I think it's pretty even 50/50, which is really neat to see.

MARY:

Are you able to handle the sudden growth in the business?

NIKKI:

I do have times where I think to myself, "I can't do this anymore. This is way too much work. I'm so exhausted." And two of our three sons are not well. But when Taylor is home, it's great. We have his undivided attention, and he has ours. And my mom and our extended family live nearly. There's no way that we could live this life if our family weren't around to help us. It wouldn't be possible.



MARY:

Two of your sons are not well? NIKKI:

Yes. Two of our boys have a very rare genetic condition. It's called autosomal recessive bestrophinopathy, and it's a disease that causes you to go blind in childhood. We don't have anyone in our families who is blind. We don't have any family history of this. I think the statistics are one in a million, or something like that, with this disease.

MARY:

Did you know right away that the two boys had it?

NIKKI:

No, we didn't know that they had this condition. When our youngest was seven months old, I noticed that one of his eyes kept turning in, and I thought maybe his muscles were weak. I gave it a couple days, and it just was getting worse. So, I brought him to the doctor, and they sent us right to a specialist who said, "This is what I think it is, but we need to do further special testing and genetic testing." We found out then that he had this condition. At that time, the doctors said, "Since it is a genetic condition, we really need to see your other kids, too, to rule out if they have it or not."

And come to find out, our oldest son, who was in kindergarten at the time, has it, too. He was having a hard time in school. His case is much worse than the baby's. He's progressed much further along than the baby. Our middle son doesn't have the condition. He's the fiveyear-old. So, the seven-year-old and the two-year-old have it.

MARY:

Will they lose their sight?

They have already started losing their vision, but they still have a lot of functional vision. If you were to see them, you would not know that they were struggling at all. But yes, their vision continues to decline. It could be that suddenly they wake up, and they say, "Something's wrong. Things don't look right." It's a lot like macular degeneration, but in kids.



MARY:

How are you dealing with all this? NIKKI:

It was really scary, and Taylor was shipped out when we found out. It was hard to deal with this news on my own. There was a week when we had seen a specialist up here, and we had to wait to see a specialist in Boston, and I would just cry and cry-I was terrified. But in everything that we've learned, we're getting them the best care that we can. We have a great team behind them. We know that we are going to raise them to be as independent as they possibly can be—as happy boys. The blindness community is very welcoming. We've made a lot of friends. I've met a lot of moms who have kids who have similar conditions, and it's been really helpful to be able to talk with them and get through it that way. We've learned a lot about blindness and about being visually impaired. There are so many different degrees of what is blind.

But it's scary. I threw myself into doing as much research as I could and learning as much as I could and finding out about, "Where can we go?" I would think, "There have to be answers. There has to be some sort of treatment. There has to be some sort of cure." And there's not, which I think is the hardest part to swallow.

Still, every night I'm up reading articles, and I'm trying to find a different doctor to take them to and figure out how we can manage this, what the next steps are going to be, and what I should be watching for with our oldest, making sure that he's still okay with his schoolwork and things like that.

MARY:

What has been the reaction of the boys? **NIKKI**:

Our seven-year-old son sees a handful of specialists. And one of the doctors he sees in Boston is what's called a low vision specialist. In conversations with her, she has told me that I'll know when the right time is to have an in-depth conversation with him about, "Okay, this is what's happening. This is what's going to happen. And this is how we're going to deal with it." And she feels that for right now, just let him be a kid and not put that in his head, not give him that stress.

He knows that his eyes are different. We've explained that fact in simple terms. He wears glasses. And he's extremely sensitive, does not like being different, does not like having to wear his glasses. He hates the fact that he has this condition. Emotionally, he's having a really hard time already, I think, with isolation and depression. So, we're trying to help Cooper with those issues now, before they become too deep for him. He sees a therapist. He sees his guidance counselor at school. But he does not like the fact that he's different, that's for sure.

MARY:

Oh, Nikki, I can't imagine. From one mother to another, you're like a superstar here.

NIKKI:

I wish. I wish. That's very kind.

I think I have come to accept it better. There are some gene therapy trials that in progress right now, not to restore any vision that's been lost. It's to prevent any further loss of vision. But these trials are so far down the line that I can't allow myself to have that hope. Because I just feel like if you're just always holding onto hope, you're not dealing with your reality. I don't know. It's a hard balance, between not wanting to lose hope but having to deal with reality.

MARY:

Yes. And meanwhile, you are running a successful business. How did you get so good at balancing different large pressures and priorities?

NIKKI:

I have two sisters, and we were raised by my mom. She always instilled in us you always have to be able to take care of yourself and your family. You can't rely on anyone else. And so that's been part of me since I was very little. Looking back on everything that's gone on in the last year and a half or so, I've surprised myself. It's amazing what we can do when we put our mind to something. And I want to show my kids what hard work means and what it means to find reward in hard work. They're proud of Rugged Seas, and some of their friends wear Rugged Seas stuff, and they think it's really cool.

MARY:

I hope you are keeping notes on your experiences. I think you might want to consider writing a book someday, Nikki. You have nothing else to do, right?

We have days where we look at each other and we just say, "Okay, we have to remember this day. Just remember this day 10 years from now. Who knows where we'll be, but remember this day and the meeting that we just got out of and how exciting that was," or, "Remember being out lobstering."

My oldest son is out lobstering with my father-in-law today. We keep reminding ourselves, "We have to remember these moments," you know what I mean? And live in this moment right now because who knows where things will be even a month from now.

For more information about Rugged Seas, please visit their website, at ruggedseas.com. •



SOUTHWEST HARBOR RENAISSANCE

Meet the Women (Re)Painting the Town

BY LYNN FANTOM

his summer several freshly remodeled shops and restaurants dot Main Street of Southwest Harbor. Around the corner, the variety store that had sold newspapers and cigarettes is now a boutique with one-of-a-kind creations from socially aware artisans.

But more than a new season is in the works.

A Renaissance of sorts is occurring, led by several women. These Southwest Harbor entrepreneurs are creating a destination on the "Quiet Side" of Mount Desert Island, home of Acadia National Park. The revival is marked by a sense of community and social responsibility, with a deliberate nod to the past.

Tucked between a restaurant and art gallery at 326 Main Street sits **Bramble and Stone Maine**, opened this summer by island native Mary Musson. Ten years ago, when she wanted to earn \$1,200 to help finance new siding for her Southwest Harbor 1950s ranch, Mary decided to sell some home-baked pies at her front door, also on Main Street. The business took off.

Since then, sales of pies from IslandBound Treats have skyrocketed, not only in the little cabin beside Mary's house but at Mount Desert Island markets and lobster pounds. Getting one of Mary's blueberry pies, which earn five-star ratings from Yelp and Trip Advisor reviewers, has become as much of a ritual for returning vacationers as a hike up Acadia Mountain.

This mother of three girls is now attracting new fans who love her women's tunics, stylish home accessories, children's books and playthings, and wide selection of tote bags. "I always wanted to have my own shop," she confides.

Upstairs in the two-story space, Mary kicks off her Menorcan leather sandals and curls up in a chair to talk about her entrepreneurship. "Having this shop doesn't feel like work," she says.

The "carefully curated" wares at Bramble and Stone aren't necessarily something you'd buy on vacation, she notes, though the hand-painted whales or lamps crafted in Maine might fill

Top: Mary Musson, proprietor of the new shop Bramble and Stone Maine. *Bottom:* Owner of 360 Maine Kristina Stanley, in front of waffle cones she made that morning. *Photos by Lynn Fantom* the bill. Mary expects to close the shop in mid-October, but open in early December for local holiday shoppers. The summer season will start again in April.

All year long she's scouting for merchandise. "I love seeing what women are making, and supporting businesses owned by women," she says. It's a driving force for her shop. For example, there are book gift sets for children that highlight women in art and women in science.

Mary's creativity has also found an outlet in renovating the space, which features dramatic beams boldly painted navy blue. Not only was that her design choice, but she did the work. "I'm a Maine girl," she says. "You don't hire people to do something you can do yourself."

When Mary attended Mount Desert Island High School in Bar Harbor, she knew Kristina Stanley, who this year also launched a new venture, an ice cream and candy parlor called **360 Maine**—at 360 Main Street. Every day the nearby elementary school is in session, Kristina's shop gets an influx at 3:15 pm as kids stream in to purchase a little snack. She's quick to mention her own 5- and 10-year-olds are among them.

A veteran of retail since she was 13 years old, Kristina worked in her mother's clothing and footwear store and later operated it herself. She bought and sold the building that housed that business, then bought and renovated the 100-year-old building at 360 Main Street. With an eye toward the future, she says "This is for my kids."

An entire wall of the shop, which is painted the color of strawberry ice cream, is devoted to a candy array that would impress Willy Wonka. Opposite are an ice cream counter and display cases full of tempting tarts, sticky buns, cupcakes, muffins, and scones.

But whoopie pies are the big seller. "People come in and ask, 'What is a whoopie pie?'" Kristina says. When they have tried one of the frosting-filled chocolate sandwiches made from her mother's recipe, they like the answer. One customer returned and bought every last one available.

The back of the shop is an open kitchen, sparkling with stainless steel. "I wanted people to see we are doing the baking here," Kristina says. Her pastry chef, who has owned seven restaurants herself, also creates lobster and crabmeat quiches, as well as a lobster and avocado BLT, which has been among the sandwiches made fresh daily. Kristina has good local sources: her father is a lobsterman. Already she is musing about the soups and chowders for cooler weather. The shop will stay open until January 1.

Main Street intersects with Clark Point Road (there's even a blinking traffic light). Exploring in this direction reveals another new shop, **Tom Cat Tide**, located at 16 Clark Point Road. On some days, all three owners—long-time Mount Desert Islander Joan Jones and her daughters Debi Estep and Nancy Critchett—may be working, often with a granddaughter.

Filled with enthusiasm, these women delight in presenting to shoppers the crafts and creations of 208 vendors. Their vision was to source from entrepreneurs who are devoted to sustainability and also from "small batch" artisans, says Nancy.

NEW LOCATION FOR AN OLD FAVORITE

t's busy as heck at the **Quietside Café**, a classic Maine luncheonette which is flourishing in its new home at the Southwest Shoppes Plaza, 11 Seal Cove Road, after 24 years on Main Street. A community mainstay, it is open from April 1 until December 15 and serves breakfast, lunch, and dinner—plus a lot of ice cream.



Frances Reed, owner of the Quietside Café now located on Seal Cove Road. *Photo by Lynn Fantom*

Frances Reed, who owns the café with her husband Ralph, moves among tables of smiling vacationers and longtime patrons. Many pop up from their overloaded breakfast platters to give her a hug.

"When we relocated, people said they would follow us," says Ralph. "But that doesn't always happen." In this case, it did. With easier parking, a larger indoor dining area that seats about 35, five outdoor tables shaded by umbrellas, and a convenient window for ice cream, "it's more comfortable for people,"

Ralph says. He estimates business is up about 20 percent over their historical run rate.

It hasn't always been easy, though. Frances, who is a native of Ghana, met Ralph when she was a student in Germany and he was serving in the Army. They married in 1985.

Continued on following page.



The Quietside bakes 80 to 100 pies a day. Frances's blueberry is the most popular, but her husband goes for her apple. *Photo by Lynn Fantom*



Joan Jones (left) and her daughters Debi Estep (center) and Nancy Critchett (right), founders of Tom Cat Tide. *Photo by Lynn Fantom*

For example, the work of three Maine jewelry artisans enticed a local woman who said she is "obsessed with earrings."

In considering the beautifully made items, "Each has its own story," adds Debi. There are richly patinaed candle holders made of wooden bobbins that were rendered obsolete when textile mills adopted plastic. Striped totes and clutches, called "Burn Bags," created with decommissioned fire hose

Continued from previous page.

Frances was the first black woman to have a business on Mount Desert Island. During the early years of owning Quietside, Frances would notice how "the entire town" seemed to flock to the restaurant across the street to support its opening each season. Not so for her establishment. "What am I doing wrong?" she says she asked herself.

She powered on. After school, the Reed's two daughters, Ebony and Marlena, would come to the café, drop their backpacks, and start cleaning tables. Quietside served a free Thanksgiving dinner for 16 years. Lots of local kids worked at the café during the summer.

Her husband says, "Frances was a pioneer, and people learned to love and respect her." by a female firefighter. Handbags and laptop cases fashioned from recycled men's suits by a grandmother who loves to sew. Some creations, like the texturized photo prints, are their own.

Tom Cat Tide also has a "killer card selection curated to make the store a destination for locals," Debi says. After Thanksgiving, the three women plan to turn the shop into a winter wonderland featuring gifts, cards, and wrapping pa-

And to love her cooking. Eight cups of blueberries go into her blueberry pies. Customers crave her lobster stew and fried scallops, but some days a tuna melt just hits the spot. A favorite of vacationers is the "Island Pizza," topped with lobster, crabmeat, and shrimp sautéed with garlic.

In the new restaurant, photos on every wall chronicle Frances' past: customers see her mother and aunt in West Africa, Frances wrapped in an elegant Ghanaian cloth, Ralph in uniform, daughters in white wedding gowns, a swaddled infant grandson, and a big blue lobster.

Frances adds a story. It was early September, the week of the Blue Hill Fair. Ralph was away, but four staffers were lined up to cover the evening shift. One by one, however, they called in to say they couldn't come. Frances took a deep breath



One of the alluring window boxes at Tom Cat Tide. Photo by Lynn Fantom

per. Tom Cat Tide will close on New Year's Eve and reopen in May.

For each sale of \$100, Tom Cat Tide donates \$1 to a charity the shopper chooses—whether an animal shelter or a program devoted to heating or food assistance.

It's not a surprise that many of the other businesses in Southwest Harbor sent flowers or gifts to welcome the new owners. The supportive community spirit is strong.

But what about the shop's name? The variety store that had been in the same location for three decades was called Tom Cat. This season's spring tide washed some new treasures into the vacant building . . . but not without a remembrance of things past. And so rolls Southwest Harbor.

and said to herself, "I can do this." If she put extra time into preparations, she convinced herself, she could make it through the night.

But the phone began ringing non-stop with pizza orders. As Frances zigzagged between the cash register and milk shake machine, a line curled around the corner outside.

Then, a man said, "Can I help you?" After Frances put him to work making pizza boxes, a couple she knew from school began cleaning tables. As she showed her next volunteer how to run the register, a paranoid New Yorker yelled, "Do you know him? You can't do that! It's not safe." Most people didn't leave the café. They just stood and watched the chaotic scene as it came under control. Then, suddenly, the entire crowd broke into applause.

ON THE HORIZON

Events around Maine this month

TASTE OF WATERVILLE, AUGUST 4

Enjoy a fun-filled day of entertainment, complete with a beer garden, music, demonstrations, and a wide selection of great food. Festivities begin at 11 a.m. and continue into the evening with varied ethnic cuisine and music at the Head of Falls waterfront park. Visit www.tasteofwaterville.com for more information.

ART IN AUGUST-OPEN AIR SHOW AND SALE, AUGUST 5

The Rangeley Friends of the Arts annual "open air show and sale" presents "fine art and fine craft." This event is open 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. in Oquossoc Park, Oquossoc Village. Ribbons in fine art and fine craft categories will be awarded early so that visitors can enjoy viewing the winning pieces. Call 207-864-5000 for more information.

2021 MAINE BOAT & HOME SHOW, AUGUST 13-15

Celebrate life on the coast at Maine's largest in-the-water boat show! Now in its 19th year, this is also the only show to feature dozens of Maine's most talented artisans, furniture makers, architects, and builders gathered on the Rockland waterfront. For tickets and more information, visit mainboats.com.

HARBOR FEST, AUGUST 13-16

The Belfast Rotary Club plans to host Harbor Fest in Steamboat Landing Park. The event typically includes a boat competition, food and craft vendors, charity auction, 5-K Bug Run, pancake breakfast, cardboard boat race, and children's activities. Some features may be altered this year to adhere to Maine CDC guidelines. Visit belfastrotary.org for more information.

FOREST HERITAGE DAYS, AUGUST 14

This Greenville celebration from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. includes the Game of Logging Competition, Colby College Woodsman's Team Demonstrations, a craft fair, and Forestry, Wildlife and Recreation exhibits with forestry equipment on display. Kids programs take place on the Greenville School campus, 130 Pritham Avenue. Visit forestheritagedays.org for more information.

BATH ART HOP, AUGUST 20

On the third Friday of each month, June through September, visitors can stroll the historic streets of downtown Bath from 4 to 7 p.m. to enjoy a free, self-guided tour of local artists, makers, and live performance artists. Local eateries, shops, and galleries offer extended evening hours, as well. Check out the event on Facebook, or call (603) 767-7411 for more information.

BY SHEILA D. GRANT

A slife slowly eases back toward normal, more festivals, fairs, tours, and events are ours to enjoy. With school beginning and temperatures cooling next month, August is when we celebrate summertime's last hurrah in Maine. Here are some excellent ways to do that this month.

STATE OF MAINE BICENTENNIAL PARADE, AUGUST 21

Delayed last year due to COVID-19, this parade through Auburn-Lewiston celebrates Maine's people, culture, landmarks, and history. The parade features floats, bands, and participants from across the Pine Tree State. Visit maine200parade.com for details.

GUIDED TROLLEY TOUR OF PRESQUE ISLE AIR MUSEUM AND FORMER PRESQUE ISLE ARMY AIRFIELD, AUGUST 21

Hear about the history of this military installation, visit an actual launch pad for one of the nation's first ICBMs, the Northrop SM-62 SNARK (used 1958 through 1961), and much more. Reservations are required. Visit pihistory.org for details.

THIRD ANNUAL YORK COUNTY BLUES FEST, AUGUST 21

This event promises to deliver "fresh air and great music" at Friendship Park in Waterboro from 2 to 8:30 p.m. Gates open at 1 p.m., with a Pre-show Jam at 1:50. Performers include Paul Nelson Band (Paul is Johnny Winter's Grammy-winning guitarist), and Detroit Queen of the Blues Thornetta Davis. Also scheduled are local artists Bonnie Edwards & The Practical Cats, Memphis Lightning, Mike James Blue Lions, Deej SG, and keyboardist Andy Schoenfeld. Visit yorkcountybluesfest.com for details.

2021 MAINE OUTDOOR FILM FESTIVAL, AUGUST 22

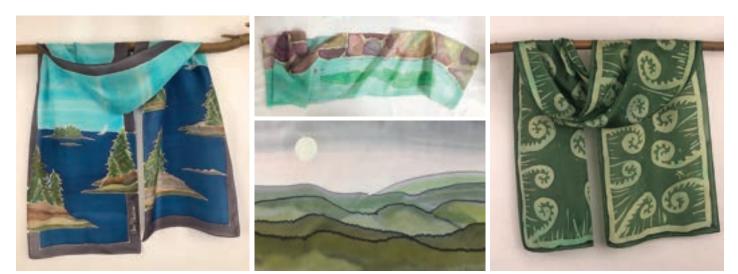
This annual outlet for Maine's creative filmmakers typically draws thousands of attendees to the Schoodic Institute at Acadia National Park, but this year organizers plan to sell only 50 tickets, so preregistration is required. For tickets and a list of the films, visit schoodicinstitute.org.

2021 CROWN OF MAINE BALLOON FESTIVAL, AUGUST 26-29

This weekend festival in Presque Isle has hot air balloons to watch and ride in. Other fun features include a pilot meet and greet, craft and vendor fair, array of food vendors, farmer's market, ATV ride-in, live music, and more. Visit combf.org for more information.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL WELLS CHILI-FEST, AUGUST 28

Sanctioned by the International Chili Society, this event includes free parking and admission, a "People's Choice" competition, food vendors, and more. Winners in various categories may qualify for the World Chili Championship Cook-Offs. Visit https://www.wellschilifest.com/ for details. •



Clockwise from left: Maine Coastal Scene, the first scarf from 1995, Fantastic Fiddleheads, and Mountain Moonrise.

CAROL SULLIVAN SILK ARTIST, FOX RUN STUDIOS

hether she's snowshoeing in the winter or running errands in the summer, Carol Sullivan wears a colorful silk scarf tied around her neck. It has less to do with the material's warmth, soft texture, or sheen and much more to do with one particular "magical quality"-the dyes. Carol admits to having been "smitten right away" during an introductory workshop on silk painting. This passion simmered for decades, and now in her unfinished basement studio, the 65-year-old silk artist creates scarves and silk art for commissions and retail sales. Some of her bestselling scarves portray Maine coastal scenes, but she also creates images of such iconic Maine subjects as lobsters, blueberries, ferns, and starry nights.

Carol lives in Rangeley, a small town in western Maine, yet much of her work reflects ocean themes. Most likely this ocean motif is because she grew up in a family of sailors and lived on an islan the eastern side of Chesapeake Bay

family of sailors and lived on an island on the eastern side of Chesapeake Bay. As a girl, Carol had her own dinghy and a BY PAM FERRIS-OLSON



Carol Sullivan creating in her studio.

Penguin class wooden sailboat. She spent summers on the family's sailboat because her parents rented their house to "summer folks." In her late teens, Carol joined her parents for a portion of their trans-Atlantic trip on a 42-foot sailboat. She sailed with them from Spain to the West Indies. Carol continued to live along Chesapeake Bay after she was married. There she raised two daughters.

When a friend invited Carol to a silk painting workshop, it sounded like a nice retreat from child-rearing. Carol, who is a graduate of the Maryland Institute College of Art, still has the scarf she made at the workshop. Thinking it would be fun to teach others about silk painting, she purchased supplies. Before she had a chance to offer the class, life got busy going in different directions. It wasn't until 2014, a decade after she had settled in Rangeley, that Carol was able to take up silk painting again.

"I still had all those supplies for teaching a class—that had frozen and thawed in the garage over the

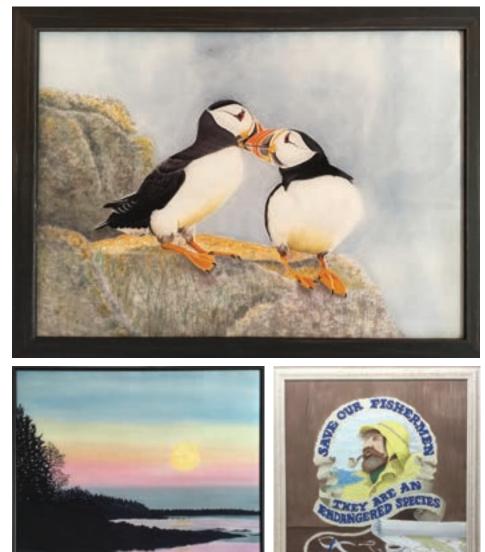
years. The silks had been crumpled into trash bags close to 20 years, and the dyes were not looking good. I called the supplier for the dyes, and they advised that if the dyes didn't smell bad, they would likely be viable. So, I dipped my brush once again in the dyes, and I fell more in love than before. I haven't stopped!"

After all the years she spent living on islands in Maryland, her move to Rangeley hasn't disappointed. Rangeley is just, "an island of another sort, up here in the western mountains of Maine." Carol is happy to be near the water, "be it brackish, salt, or fresh." At a certain point, Carol was able to quit her job and switch her focus to silk painting. Her artistic process is what she calls "old school," relying on trial and error, books, and workshops.

The art school graduate had worked with fabric in the past, but her prior experience had been in creating art quilts. Some of these creations were made in the style of gyotaku, a traditional form of Japanese art originally designed by fishermen to keep a record of their catch. Ink is applied to one side of a fish, then rice paper is put on top. After rubbing, an exact image of the animal is left on the paper. Carol often embellished her fish prints with beads and other decorative elements. She has a fondness for Japanese fabrics, with some pieces held in reserve, waiting for some day when they may be used to create a unique piece of art. Carol has thought about including some of her own hand-dyed or painted silk into this imagined creation. At the right time, she trusts she will figure out the right way to go.

Although she's a Maine transplant, Carol believes she has the traits of a Maine Woman because she is savvy, practical, independent, and hard working. These traits are handy when working with silk. Every one of Carol's creations is one of a kind, which means she applies dye on the silk by hand. The dye is applied somewhat as it is done with watercolor—from light to dark.

"But with dyes, there's no erasing or scraping paint off if you make a mistake. Once the dye hits the silk, it's there. You can go darker to cover it up but there's no turning back!" When the ink is dry the dyes must be set using heat. This part of the process she does with a stovetop steamer that covers two burners on the stove. The silks are then rolled in plain newsprint and suspended in the steam-



Clockwise from top: The Secret, Save Our Fishermen, and Ducktrap Harbor.

er. The dyes can take as much as three hours to process before they are washed in hot water with a chemical additive that removes excess dye. Finally, the silks are hung up to dry, then pressed.

Carol is grateful for her husband Tom who has, "believed in me before I believed in myself and has had a steady hand at my back throughout my artistic journey." They have been creative partners for years—for instance, running their own advertising and graphic design business. Carol also credits Tom as her shop technician who has built whatever she's needed to get her work done. The couple shares another passion beyond art: sled dogs. Tom has owned a Siberian husky and three Malamutes. The current Malamute, named Trevis, came to Tom directly from Russia. Tom and Trevis enjoy daily walks, whatever the weather.

Creations can take shape gradually in the artist's mind, before they become realities. There's still plenty Carol would like to create with silk. She's got plans for a new line of products for her Fox Run Studios (named for a road she lived on in Maryland). She's thinking about silk jewelry coated in resin, silk mobiles, silk apparel such as tunics and robes, and her own line of fabrics with her own designs. Her ultimate "dream come true," she says, "would be to create a public installation of multiple panels or a mobile. Wouldn't that be something?"

For more information about Carol Sullivan and Fox Run Studios, please visit foxrunstudios.com. •



Getting a Good Fit BY SARAH HOLMAN

ne of the best things about summer in Maine is the opportunity to enjoy our outdoor living spaces. Reading in a hammock, lounging on a chaise, playing lawn games, and eating meals in the fresh air are all activities we cherish during our few months of warm weather. Sure, we can be outside year-round if we bundle up, but nothing beats the easy moments of summer.

The popularity of outdoor living and entertaining has increased since the pandemic began. As a result, there are more options than ever for furniture and accessories, and the offerings meet a wide range of needs and budgets. With so much to look at, and the prices in some cases substantial, here are some factors to consider.

DETERMINE THE OVERALL AIMS

What are you trying to accomplish with your outdoor furniture? This isn't a question of how much space you have; it's what you want to do with the space. Are you dreaming of throwing outdoor gatherings, creating a cozy spot to read, making a small conversational seating area that leaves lots of room for playing on the lawn, or making a dining area to enjoy mealtimes outside? Making a list of the activities you envision happening in your outdoor space will help you stay on track with your purchases and budget. For example, if you're planning to host casual evening cocktail hours, you may not need a full-sized dining table. Your money could be better spent on comfortable seating, side tables, and a fire pit.

EXAMINE THE SPACE

The same way you would consider the shape of an indoor room, look critically at your outdoor space. Determine how you might place and group furniture to achieve your outdoor living goals in the area you have. You may have enough space for separate eating, sitting, and lawn game areas, in which case you can look at each individually. If your space is on the smaller side, dual purpose pieces will offer greater flexibility. For example, an ottoman can double as an extra seat and a bench can become a low table. In any furniture arrangement, make sure there is enough space around everything for traffic flow, especially if you have a grill or fire pit, which could be a potential hazard. It's helpful to take some basic measurements and draw a sketch before you shop. Furniture often looks smaller than it is when you are viewing it in a large retail space.

CONSIDER THE WEATHER

If your furniture will be exposed to the elements, think about the climate. Will the midday sun be beating down on your space, or is it shady and possibly damp? Is your furniture likely to be hit by gusty wind? Are you near the ocean? These are all worthwhile considerations when deciding what material is best from your space. Hot conditions can make wood splinter and crack, while moisture can promote rot. Aluminum and plastic can go flying in strong winds. Iron won't blow away but also won't stand up to salty air. Most materials (except metal) are vulnerable to UV damage and will degrade over time. The top weather-resistant pieces are made of metal, teak, cedar, and all-weather wicker. Wear and tear is inevitable in any situation, but you can get a better sense of the lifespan of your furniture based on what it will be exposed to. Consider easy-care waterproof cushions, to save yourself a lot of time moving cushions in and out.

WEIGH THE COST FACTORS

The old saying "you get what you pay for" holds true for patio furniture. High-end furniture is an investment, but it is one that is likely to last many years with the right care. Plastic or metal pieces might look great on display, but after a season or two in the sun they can become brittle, faded, and rusted. On the other hand, there's nothing wrong with buying less expensive, fun pieces to try out if you're not ready to commit to a big purchase. If you want to do a little of both, splurge on items you will use most often, like comfortable chairs or a durable dining table. You can save on smaller accessories like pillows, accent tables, and other decor. You can also check online sites, classified listings, bulletin boards, yard sales, and thrift shops for used offerings in good condition. Some finds can be lovely, with many years of happy, comfortable service left in them.

TIME YOUR PURCHASES

Economize your purchases by shopping for outdoor furniture in August, as fall approaches. This is the month it's most likely to be discounted but is still available, and you'll have at least two months to use your new pieces before cooler weather settles in. As noted above, if you have time, look at yard sales, thrift stores, and online listings where you could find higher quality pieces at lower prices. Outdoor furniture often doesn't make the cut when families move, so it's commonly sold secondhand. You can paint or refinish used furniture with weather-resistant paint or stain and make it your own with new cushions and pillows.

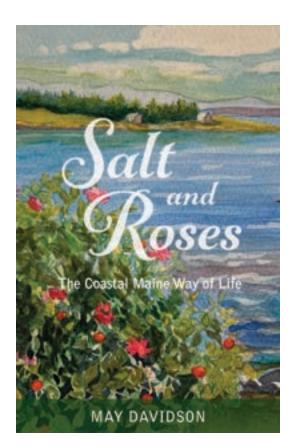
MAKE IT LAST

Regardless of what material you choose, you will add years to the life of your outdoor furniture by storing it in a protected location during the off season. A garage, basement, or shed is ideal. If your storage space is limited, consider furniture that folds, stacks, or can easily be taken apart at the end of the summer. Before you pack everything up, wipe or rinse off any dirt, pollen, or debris that has accumulated over the season. Your furniture will store better that way, and it will be ready to pull out and set up on the first warm day next year.

Whatever you find and decide on, it's important to enjoy your outdoor space to the fullest—taking and making time to sit outside with a refreshing beverage, a book, or a friend. •



| **GREAT READS** | BY PIPER WILBER





SALT AND ROSES: The Coastal Maine Way of Life

By May Davidson

\$17.95, 208 pages, est.

Published by Maine's Islandport Press.

Available late August 2021 A t 92 years old, May Davidson still works three days a week at North Country Wind Bells. She can still be found feeding the cows on her family's land in Round Pond. This summer she is preparing for the release of her second book *Salt and Roses*, a collection of essays about her life and adventures along the Coast of Maine (the "Salt") with her late husband Jim as well as her appreciation of the state's natural beauty (the "Roses").

That is the first reason for the title. The second is a more sentimental one.

"Some of our happiest days were spent exploring Maine's many islands," May said. "In summer, the harbor and coves are drenched in a memory-inspiring scent of salt air and the abundant wild Rugosa roses that grow thickly on the island shores. These fragrances became the base of enduring recall of near-perfect times in our lives."

While that is true, it also took May and Jim a lifetime of hard work to find enough success to truly enjoy those coastal excursions. That came after the couple invented the iconic Maine Buoy Bell, and sales soared when they were in their 60s. But for years May and Jim gave practically every industry in Maine their best—from farming to lobstering to long-haul trucking. May's first book, Whatever It Takes, published when she was 90, tells the remarkable story of her life, a decades-long tapestry of adventure, brutally hard work, light-heartedness, and risk taking with Jim. In it, she presents the story of a couple who, despite setbacks that brought them to their knees, clung together through ups and downs for nearly 70 years and would eventually find salvation in the woods and on the sea.

"Her love of Maine is obvious and her ability to capture the simple grandeur of nature around her is wonderful," one reviewer wrote about May's first book.

Now in Salt and Roses she takes a more gentle journey over the times of her life, as she reveals snippets of her childhood spent at her parent's inn on the edge of Greenland Cove in Bremen and muses about the mystery of the natural world where she was raised.

"It always seemed that summer flashed past our outreaching arms," May wrote in one essay, reminiscing about the change of season on the harbor. "We were suddenly in the season of the blue enamel skies of October, creamy granite shorelines caressed by now crimson huckleberry and blueberry bushes and the quiet dark of juniper."

Available in late August from Islandport Press, Salt and Roses is a compilation of slightly humorous, true stories from May's many well-lived decades of life. While some pieces have appeared as short columns in the Lincoln County News, most of the anecdotes are new, picturing the beauty of Maine, life in early times, and even a few of May's embarrassing moments.

Born in the charming fishing village of Damariscotta in 1929, May graduated from the nearby Lincoln Academy and went on to marry her high-school sweetheart, James, when he was honorably discharged from the Army after serving in World War II. The couple had two daughters.

"Remember," May writes, "after sunset comes another sunrise. Maybe on a magical island with the sweet air of salt and roses." •

YOU MIGHT ALSO LIKE

WHATEVER IT TAKES

By May Davidson \$18.95, softcover, memoir

May and Jim Davidson spent 68 years together sharing an unbreakable love of Maine and a relentless drive to do "whatever it takes" to find success and happiness. After falling in love as teenagers, they built their first house using 20 dollars' worth of lumber and optimistically started creating the life of their dreams. However, they soon learned that optimism alone wouldn't sustain them. They lobstered, fished, farmed sheep, started a lobster trap sawmill, and crisscrossed



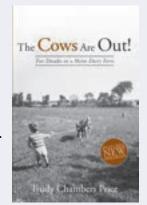
the country as long-haul truckers. And when they eventually collapsed into debt and uncertainty while trying to raise thousands of chickens, they regrouped and fought their way out again by developing a unique gift product inspired by the sea. May Davidson's story is one of the hard work and moxie that's required to pursue a happy life.

THE COWS ARE OUT!

By Trudy Chambers Price

\$16.95, softcover, memoir

Family dairy farms are disappearing in Maine and with them, a way of life. In *The Cows Are Out!* author Trudy Chambers Price captures the daily joys and struggles of the family farm in a way that ensures this Maine way of life will not be forgotten. Along with her husband, Price raised two sons, and hundreds of cows, on their farm in Central Maine. In this bittersweet memoir, Chambers writes of the daily trials of haying, cow breeding, and milking against a



backdrop of intriguing and entertaining rural life. She introduces kind neighbors, eccentric neighbors, visiting city folk, and loveable pets. *The Cows Are Out!* is a tribute to hard-working family farmers and Maine's historical and cultural heritage.

IN MAINE

By John N. Cole

\$16.95, softcover, essays

In Maine, John Cole's classic, is a sometimes moving, sometimes lyrical, but always personal book that reveals a man examining the progress of his life. Here is a man reveling in a natural world that not only unfolds around him, but also engages him as an active participant. The Islandport Press edition features selected essays that first appeared as "John's Column" in the Maine Times, as well as additional essays that speak to the wondrous rhythms of life in Cole's signa-

ture style. They demonstrate an enduring passion for Maine and the outdoors.

ORNIN

In Maine

All About Kitchens of Kennebunk

Sarah Chadbourne treats every kitchen as if she is installing it in her own house.

By Robert Cook

Sarah Boynton Chadbourne worked at her father's Sunoco station in downtown Kennebunk when she was a teenager. She spent countless hours every summer pumping gas, changing tires, and building relationships with customers. Sometimes it was as simple as helping elderly drivers adjust their seat or giving a visitor directions. She says the most important thing she learned was that hard work and great customer service are the keys to success.

Today, Sarah owns *All About Kitchens of Kennebunk*, just a few miles down the road from her dad's service station. She talks about how those early life lessons laid a foundation for her own success. In fact, both of her parents were small-business owners, and Sarah learned a great deal from them.

Joking, she said, "I had a pretty good education about why I shouldn't own my own business, but now I wouldn't have it any other way."

Customers from all over York County and beyond have come to her to design their kitchens and bathrooms. Using her education and experience as a designer, she helps customers identify their style and design objectives. She also works closely with a team of local contractors who assist in the installation of everything from cabinets to countertops. On the right day at her storefront, you may be greeted by the friendly face of Ranger, the rescue dog she and her husband, Eben, adopted.

"I like to be present on jobs throughout the process when possible so I can clarify and answer questions that arise, as well as check progress and see that the overall design and installation meets client satisfaction."

Initially, Sarah's career as a kitchen designer took off when she came to work for the previous owner of *All About Kitchens of Kennebunk* in 2014. Sarah had grown up in Kennebunk and earned a bachelor's degree in Fine Arts in Interior Design at Syracuse University in upstate New York.

When she graduated, she had visions of entering the commercial sector of interior design. At that time, the economy was in a recession, so she found work locally for a timber framer, creating construction documents and space planning.



Sarah Chadbourne designed this kitchen owned by Chris and Peggy Rynne of Kennebunk. PHOTO BY AUTUMN WELLS/AUTUMN BLISS PHOTOGRAPHY



Sarah Chadbourne, owner and designer at All About Kitchens, is pictured in the kitchen she designed for David and Rosemarie Hines in Kennebunk. PHOTO BY AUTUMN WELLS/AUTUMN BLISS PHOTOGRAPHY

Today, Sarah draws on this experience when working with her carpenters and subcontractors to give her a better understanding of how an installation will come together.

In August 2019, Sarah got the opportunity to buy *All About Kitchens of Kennebunk* and she went for it.

Becoming a new business owner wasn't an easy decision, but by that time, she had the experience, vision and passion for the business. As she puts it, "I absolutely love what I'm doing and love helping people."

Sarah understands that kitchen remodeling is a major investment for her customers. The kitchen is the hub of a household, for gathering and entertaining, as well as for cooking and eating. Knowing that people spend an enormous amount of time in their kitchens, Sarah brings all her experience and design skills to the job.

"I treat every kitchen as if I am installing it in my own house," she says.

And at any given time, All About Kitchens of Kennebunk has a variety of projects in the works. The projects range from remodels to new builds, all with different styles and timelines, which Sarah enjoys. She offers her customers competitive pricing and high-quality products for cabinetry, hardware, and countertops. The great advantage a customer has when they do business with All About Kitchens of Kennebunk, is that they get to work directly with Sarah, and they experience a one-on-one partnership throughout the entire process.

"After the design concept is in place, I like the technical part of how it all comes together . . . working with great contractors in this area," she says.

Sarah looks forward to continued growth for her business and her brand here in Maine. Her strong work ethic and commitment to helping customers are the foundations of her success. These qualities have been developed and proven over many years of experience, stretching back to her dad's service station.

To learn more about All About Kitchens of Kennebunk, go to sarah@allaboutkitchens.com. •









From top: Daylily Cape Romain Harbor, Daylily All-American Baby, and Daylily William Seaman. Photos courtesy Ellie's Daylilies website Bottom photo by Dillon Bustin



| GARDENING |

ELLIE'S DAYLILIES

A Beauty of a Daylily Farm in Troy

BY LYNETTE L. WALTHER

ere today and gone tomorrow." That's how Ellie Richardson describes the miracle of the daylily.

In Troy, Maine, she and her husband Bruce have created an acre of blooming perfection named Ellie's Daylilies.

And if you visit in July and August—daylily prime time—you'll see hundreds of varieties of these magnificent but ephemeral flowers.

Ellie explains that even though a daylily is commonly thought of as a lily, it is actually a different genus. A lily grows from a bulb, while a daylily grows from roots. From these roots, a daylily puts up a scape, a tall, leafless flowering stem, that produces several buds that flower. Each flower lasts one day. The plant itself, however, is a sturdy perennial that if properly cared for will last for years. "The plant forms clumps which you can divide every three or four years," says Ellie with affection.



Ellie Richardson and her husband, Bruce, work together to make Ellie's Daylilies in Troy the special place that it is. Ellie specializes in the newest and showiest of daylilies, all grown on her acre display garden and all Maine hardy. *Photo by Dillon Bustin*

Some of the daylilies available at the farm, Ellie hybridized herself. She's got what she calls her "baker's dozen" of registered new blooms now, after years of work. "It takes a long time—at least several years—to introduce a plant and get it to the public," Ellie says of the process. Part of that process includes registering each new hybrid with the American Hemerocallis Society, which keeps records of the thousands of cultivars.

As the hybridizer, Ellie got to name each of her 13 daylilies, which she has done over the years in a way that creates a series. Their names are Ellie's Awe, Ellie's Bombshell, Ellie's . . . Butterfly, Curve Ball, Fading Rainbow, Fortune, Prodigy, Shock, Startle, Subtle One, Surprise, Whammy, and Wonder.

Ellie's joy in her work is evident, and

she abounds in energy and enthusiasm. She loves being outdoors in the gardens, where every day is different, and she loves learning ever more about daylilies—there is always more to learn—and teaching people about them.

For example, we learn that a daylily is a flowering plant in the genus Hemerocallis, two Greek words meaning day ($h\bar{e}mera$) and beauty (kallos). It is a member of the family Asphodelaceae and subfamily Hemerocallidoideae. (Again, in contrast, the lily is the genus Lilium, a member of the family Liliaceae. And while a lily's blooms are long-lasting flowers with six petals, the daylily's short-lived blooms have two layers of three petals each.)

This "Maine girl," as Ellie describes herself, grew up gardening. One of a family of nine, her early gardening involved a lot of time helping in the family vegetable garden, which was the province of her father. Her mother kept a flower garden.

"He was a stickler. He gardened with a measuring stick and string," she recalls her father. But that early practice of precision in the garden has served her well in her daylily cultivation and in the thriving business that has evolved today. "We were a poor family, but we ate well because of his garden. He would sell tomatoes and cucumbers, and before he'd take them to sell, we were set down with a rag, and we polished every one of those tomatoes!"

After a career in social work, Ellie retired and opened a small gift shop in Unity. Outside, she would grow and sell various perennials. She also did some volunteer work, and while working at a local college she cleaned out an overgrown bed of daylilies. She was told she could take the extras, and she did.

Once home she started dividing the large clumps. As she did, a lightbulb went on in her mind, beginning what would be a new direction and a new career for her.

"It was because of those roots!" Ellie says, describing what sparked an idea. "I was cutting them up with a hatchet. I didn't know anything about daylilies, but there were so many roots there. And it dawned on me—Holy cow—I could sell a lot of these plants!" It was the new path forward that she had been looking for. She knew she had a natural green thumb and a tremendous capacity for self-motivation and work, so this lightbulb moment made sense.

That was the beginning of what would turn out to be a major undertaking—a new business for Ellie and her husband, too, when he retired in 2010. It would eventually result in her growing some 400 daylily varieties; selling thousands of vigorous healthy daylily plants each year; running a thriving mail order business (https://elliesdaylilies.com/); creating the thirteen stunning new hybrids that she has registered; and making an extensive daylily garden that just recently was designated by the American Hemerocallis Society as an official display garden, which is not at all an easy designation to get. They are members of the American Hemerocallis Society and part of the State's Maine Made Program, which recognizes and advances Maine products and producers.

With everything Ellie has on her plate these days, one might think she's got a dedicated staff of workers to help keep everything running smoothly. Oh, everything is running smoothly, but first it was just Ellie, and now that Bruce has retired, it is just her and Bruce. They do all the work, taking care of the many spacious garden beds and the busy retail and mail order business.

Both of them are out in the gardens early every day, working until late afternoon. "My husband and I work at this very, very hard. He's also my 'office manager," she says of the arrangement that works for them both. When he began helping with the business, that is when they began to ship more of their plants. The mail order capacity of course proved to be a boon when the pandemic hit, which curtailed retail operations. Bruce's background was in business and involved using computers. He added a website, which allowed greater and easier connection to the dedicated davlily community that exists nationwide. In 2017 the Richardson's moved to Troy, taking the daylilies with them.

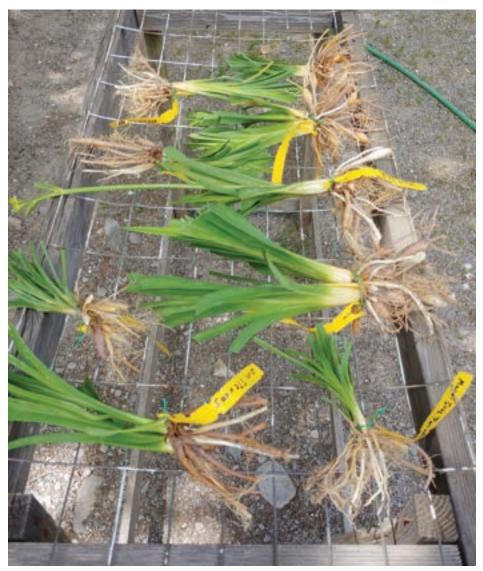
Back when they were getting established, Ellie says, "We visited some of the top hybridizers in Florida to learn from them." She noticed a pattern, and she set her course in a different direction.

"Everyone seems to have the old varieties of daylilies, and I decided I wanted to specialize in the newest ones," Ellie says of her approach. And, indeed, her website lists hundreds of unique and new hybrids—all of which Ellie herself has growing in her display garden, and from which orders are filled. She estimates her daylilies are growing in every state of the union, save Hawaii and Alaska.

She has developed a system that works well for fulfilling orders and shipping plants: "All plants are freshly dug and labeled. We wash the roots and cut back the foliage. The roots are dried slightly. then wrapped to assure the daylilies arrive moist and ready to plant." And here's where that heritage of being a "stickler" like her father has kicked in. Ellie is very particular about her plants and wants to make certain her clients get exactly what they order. "It would be easy to make a mistake," she says. "When we are shipping (earlier in the spring and summer) everything is green, they all look the same!"

In terms of schedule and pricing, Ellie's Daylilies website provides the following helpful information: "We begin to dig and ship May 25th and continue through September. Our peak blooming season is July 15th to August 15th. Daylilies are priced by supply and demand, with usually the newer Daylilies are more expensive. Our Daylilies have wintered over in our Maine gardens to assure plant hardiness in Zone 4. We generally choose the dormant foliage." Visitors can see the daylily display gardens adjacent to Ellie's Serendipity Shop. The state has five officially designated and certified daylily display gardens, where the flower's spectacular variety is showcased. The garden at Ellie's Daylilies is one of them, an impressive place of lasting beauty and charm, and an achievement Ellie is as proud of as she is of the many hybrids she has created. It's more than worth the trip to see, even if individual blossoms are "here today and gone tomorrow."

Ellie's Daylilies is located at 681 Bangor Road, Troy, Maine 04987. For more information, please visit https://elliesdaylilies.com The Serendipity Shop sells antiques, collectibles, and home décor, featuring earthenware, prints, vases, garden ornaments, small furniture, and linens. •



A drying rack of mail order lilies. Photo by Dillon Bustin

YANKEE BREAKFAST BAKE

Photos courtesy Jim Bailey

BY JIM BAILEY, THE YANKEE CHEF

t is not often I enjoy a savory bread pudding, but when I do, it is only in the Yankee style! I have used ground, Italian turkey, ground chicken, beef, and even Italian sausage in this recipe, with each contributing their own special flavor. But unlike what you might do in making dessert bread pudding, do not feel the urge to add extra sugar. The apples and little bit of brown sugar are sweet enough for this aromatic breakfast casserole.

INGREDIENTS

- Nonstick cooking spray
- 2 medium apples, your favorite
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 8 oz. ground pork (breakfast) sausage (see Note)
- 1/2 cup minced onion
- 1 1/2 cups shredded, yellow cheddar cheese
- 8 oz. (8–9 slices) bread, cubed
- 2 cups milk
- 5 eggs
- 1/2 teaspoon each salt and black pepper

Note: I can never find just the right flavored pork sausage for my taste, so I make my own by mixing 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon each salt and black pepper, 1/4 teaspoon each sage, savory, celery seeds (optional) and Dijon mustard, and an eighth teaspoon red pepper flakes into 8 ounces ground pork.

DIRECTIONS

• Grease a 9–10-inch square baking pan with nonstick cooking spray; set aside. (Alternately, you can grease 4 (2-cup) individual, oven-safe casserole dishes, as I often do.)

• Peel and cut apples in 4 wedges, core, and dice. Mix the brown sugar into diced apples well and add half the apples to a large skillet along with sausage and onion.

• Cook over medium high heat until thoroughly done, breaking up sausage as you are cooking. Drain grease and set aside.

• In a large bowl, add bread cubes, cooked sausage mixture, cheddar cheese, and remainder of the spiced apples but do not mix; set aside.

• In a separate bowl, whisk milk, eggs, salt and pepper and pour over bread mixture. Gently toss and transfer to prepared pan, making sure meat, fruit, and bread are evenly distributed.

• Bake for 45–50 minutes or until well browned on top and it feels firm in the middle when carefully touched.

• Remove from oven and serve hot, with or without maple syrup. •

MOMSENSE

SMALL STUFF

BY SHELAGH TALBOT

ave you ever had one of those days where everything that could go wrong does? I recently came back from an exhausting plane trip out of town, complete with wearing a requisite mask during all the travel, and I discovered that my car wouldn't start in the parking lot where I had left it. I was instantly rocketed to that dark place of feeling angry, unhappy, and helpless. "Why do these things always happen to me?" I complained to no one in particular.

Then I remembered that I had one of those wonderful cards you can use to get a free jump or a tow with, and it wasn't long before the tow guy showed up with a jumper for my car. After fiddling around a bit with the battery terminals and so forth, we tried to start the car, but nothing happened. The car just went "click, click, click". Several attempts brought the same result.

So . . . the tow guy finally called another tow guy who drove a big flatbed wrecker. They loaded the car onto the flatbed, and I thought we were all good to go. But Murphy's Law intervened once again. The truck's engine started smoking, and the driver said,

"Uh-oh, that can't be good!" We jumped out, and he told me he would call another truck to come. He and the original jumpstart guy opened the hood and looked at the smoking engine while they shook their heads. "This doesn't look good at all," one remarked to the other. "We're probably going to need to tow this back to the shop," the other said morosely.

Then, the three of us waited a bit and sure enough, another tow truck guy came, and they transferred my car from one flatbed to another. It was quite the scenario! After that, tow truck guy number two had to turn my car around because it was facing the wrong way on his truck. Then, following another 15 or so minutes of readjustments, we were ready to head down the road. The rest of the trip was uneventful, and I enjoyed the company and the view from the high seat in the flatbed. My car was dropped at the local repair shop and happily, one battery and a few electronic relays later, my car was and is up and running again.

It reminded me of another time long ago when my daughter gave me some excellent advice. She was only nine at the time, but it has stuck with me all these years. I was having a major meltdown over something trivial, and she said, "Mom, don't sweat the small stuff! We're healthy and happy, and after that, everything is really small stuff." (It's the name of a good book, too: Don't Sweat the Small Stuff—and It's All Small Stuff, by Richard Carlson, Ph.D.)

I have forgotten that advice many times because truth to tell, when things don't go right, I tend to slip into panic mode. Thankfully, I remembered it this time, and, just in time to really enjoy the ride home. Maybe that's what it's all about in the long run anyway. We're all on this journey through life, and we never know

when the path will lead to twists and turns that we never could have imagined. When that happens, it's time to step back, take a deep breath and say, "OK, I can handle this!" It's all part of the magical journey, and heaven knows when it will end for any of us. We need to appreciate the *Now* and the people in our lives—children, partners, husbands, friends—the people worth getting up for, and putting one foot in front of the other for. It's all part of this grand test called *Life*. Sometimes it takes someone to remind us, as my nine-year-old daughter sagely noted: "Don't sweat the small stuff!" •

QUESTIONABLE ADVICE

BY L.C. VAN SAVAGE

After the pandemic, most vaccinated people are so glad to get out and go to fun places, be in groups and crowds again, and attend events and parties. I am having a hard time bouncing back into the normal swing of things. I got used to hiding away and having a quiet, simple life, and now it feels like I can't un-hide and socialize well. What if I can't ramp up again into a complicated, full-tilt life? —Reclusive

And who says you have to? There were no rules at the start of all this, so there don't have to be any rules now—except your own, which you can follow as long as no one is harmed. You say you can't "bounce back to the normal swing of things." Were those crazy busy social times really all that normal? Seems to me, Reclusive, that "a quiet simple life" is or can be "normal." You can always go to an occasional party if you're invited and really want to. But there are no rules out there demanding you partake in activities you dislike or don't feel ready for. No, your personal rules are the only ones that matter.

How bad is it to collect books? In my book group, I notice that all the other members use Kindle or the library, never buying nor saving whatever book we have chosen to read. I am the opposite. I like to have my own copy and to keep it afterwards.

And furthermore, I like to buy books at yard sales, used book shops, and bookstores of new books. Books make me feel connected to other people's ideas, so I can keep learning and thinking along with them. I just like to have big shelves full of books, to look at and use. Clearly, others see them as weighty dust collectors. Professional organizers say to get rid of all but 10 to 20 books. That would be hard! Too hard . . . or should I bite the bullet and try? —Full Shelves

Well, Full Shelves, you've done my job for me—you asked the questions, and you've provided the answers far better than I could. Well done! So, the problem is . . . what again? Books make you feel connected, help you think and learn, take you on journeys, and provide a friendly feeling of companionship. Just the sight of books on your shelves gives you comfort and joy, and it brings immeasurable happiness in finding them for sale everywhere . . . and—wait—"others" don't feel that way? "Organizers" say to get rid of all but 10 or 20 of your book friends? And you're actually paying attention? Seriously, what is wrong with you? Seriously, why are you listening? You want my advice? Dump the "others" and the "organizers." Keep the books. I've heard that expression, "There are two ways to get home—to travel and come back home, or to just stay home." Which is better? To be a tourist and visit lots of famous sites and attractions, or to stay in familiar terrain and be deeply settled in one place? —Homebody

OK, for me there's no question here at all. I know many others feel differently, and that is fine. But I personally don't have to get on a crowded plane, fly for hours, and land somewhere remote so I can stand and stare at some fabulous historic landmark or maybe even touch it. I'd personally prefer to watch a well-done documentary on the subject, from the comfort of my easy chair. I know, I know—I won't actually experience the grandeur, smell the scents, hear the sounds, see the sights, feel the feelings, etc. That's cool with me!

Traipsing through strenuous environments at high temps and low temps, with unknown hazards stalking me and inconveniences nettling me? It all has a certain appeal . . . OK, not really. Dealing with tourists, and they with me? . . . Nah, let's offer up thanks to television pioneer Philo T. Farnsworth (1906–1971). He invented the image dissector camera tube that made the electronic transmission of images possible, and he's also credited for the first electronic television system, with its ingenious camera and receiver.

Three quick side notes on Farnsworth: (1) He saw a utopian potential in his invention, saying "If we were able to see people in other countries and learn about our differences, why would there be any misunderstandings? War would be a thing of the past." (2) He always equally credited his beloved wife and partner, Elma "Pem" Gardner, for their many television-related inventions. And (3) years after his death, Pem was asked what was her husband's "proudest moment," and she recalled his great satisfaction in watching the live television images, in 1969, of Neil Armstrong stepping onto the Moon.

So, I say, if you want to stay home and see the World—and the Moon, too—with the help of television, there's a case to be made for it.







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