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# **FEATURES**



# TRI FOR A **CURE**

Our special section on the fundraiser includes two striking stories of persistence and sisterhood.

# THE LIVEABOARD LIFE

Maine families set to sea for adventure (and closeness).

## 60 **HAUNTED BY** A HOUSE

A roadtrip to Readfield becomes a journey in time.

# Maine Cancer Foundation Tri for a Cure CALLING ALL VOLUNTEERS!

WE NEED YOUR HELP AT THE 12<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL TRI FOR A CURE SATURDAY, JULY 13 & SUNDAY, JULY 14 AT SMCC IN SOUTH PORTLAND

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# CONTENT

#### MORE FEATURES









26 A ROOM OF HER OWN Inside the home bar of Lio's mixologist

**30 MAINE MAKER** 

Jeweler Edith Armstrong

#### **46** EGYPTIAN ADVENTURE

Lessons from Egypt's women

70 iZOSH

Funding global enterprise from Falmouth

#### IN EVERY ISSUE



#### 14 THIS MONTH

Festival time

#### 16 AT THE HELM

Taxi, taxi

#### **20** AT THE TABLE

Dreamy olive oil cake

#### **76 HOME**

Puppy pen

#### 78 I'D RATHER BE READING

The Guest Book

#### **80 MOMSENSE**

Step up day

82 VERSE & VIEW

#### EDITOR'S NOTE



On July 14, hundreds of Maine women will be participating in the Tri for a Cure. Swimming, biking and running through a sprint triathlon, they're likely to raise \$2 million to fight cancer (they did in 2018) and along the way, raise a lot of spirits. Maine Women Magazine is happy to have even a small part in that day as a sponsor. Meanwhile, I had the pleasure of assigning and editing stories for our special section on the Tri, which gave me a behind the scenes look at a few of the women participating in this annual event. I was about two paragraphs into writer Katie Bingham-Smith's story about the connection between one of last year's participants, Elaine Bourne, and one of this year's, Sarah Emerson, before I had to reach for a tissue. Don't even get me started on Angie Bryan's story about two women in their early 30s who share a profession, a friend group and unfortunately, a diagnosis. May they be victorious on July 14 and every day after.

We all know someone. For me, it was Ann

Murray Paige. In 2006, the former WCSH-TV news reporter and anchor wrote to me to let me know that she was bringing her documentary, The Breast Cancer Diaries to the Mill Valley Film Festival, near where I lived. We knew each other just a little, but her film delivered a powerful punch. Paige was a vibrant presence and an utterly engaging storyteller. She also had two young children. When cancer returned to her body a few years later, she was living in California with her family and I had moved back to Maine. But we stayed in touch. Paige had written a book of tips for people with breast cancer and she wanted to work more as a writer. Her writing voice was lively, funny, intimate. I admired her ferocity in the face of the toughest odds and when she died in 2014, I could hardly believe it. I can still hardly believe such a bright light, someone so eager to be in this world, could be extinguished.

But Paige changed how I lived my life. These are the people who model bravery and who remind us to live every day, week, month, year as if they might be our last. You'll find that spirit in this issue of MWM. The one that makes you take the plunge into Casco Bay and swim for the Cure on a July day. Or the one that drives you to sell the house and hit the high seas on a sailboat. To set out on an adventure to a foreign land that's edgier than you're used to. Or to go find the answer to the questions you've always had about your hometown. Jump in, eyes wide open to possibilities, including the ultimate adventure: believing in yourself.

Mary Pols Editor mpols@mainewomenmagazine.com

#### ON THE COVER

Originally from Scarborough, the Ferrie family, including four children and two dogs, is living full time on their sailboat, the Serendipity. In this shot from August 2018 the children and friends jump from the boat into Portland Harbor. From left, Lilah Ferrie, Mairead Ferrie, Lauren Topchik, Callum Ferrie, Clara Ferrie and a family friend.

Photo by Stephanie Colotti Ferrie



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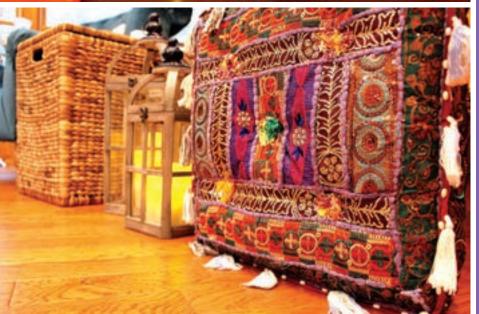
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# KICKING IT INTO SUMMER

How Shoshana Currier is shaking up the Bates Dance Festival

"This morning I was making a moose roast," says Shoshana Currier, the new(ish) director of the Bates Dance Festival. "Or it might be a deer roast." This may not be what you expect to hear from the director of a major dance festival, but Currier is perhaps not your average contemporary dance expert.

Born in Fort Kent, Currier is the granddaughter of a hunting guide. She grew up in Portland and Windham from middle school through high school. The job at Bates enabled her to return home after about 20 years away, which included studies at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, New School University and the Institute for Curatorial Practice in Performance at Wesleyan University. Most recently, she was the director of performing arts for the Chicago Department of Cultural Affairs and Special Events for five years. And that was great, but Maine was calling. "I had been looking for ways to come back," Currier says. She visited Maine in the summer and her mother would come every year for a week, helping her with her three children (boy-girl twins, 6, and a son, 8). But she wanted to be closer to the community she grew up in. Some of her family are still in The County (and they hunt, hence the roast, which she concludes after closer inspection, must be deer; too small to be moose).

"And getting to Chicago from Aroostook County is not easy."

Nor is finding a job in the performing arts in Maine. So when she learned that Laura Faure, the director of the Bates festival since 1987, would be leaving in 2017, Currier leapt at the opportunity. This summer's festival is the first that Currier has been solely responsible for. The most obvious change she has made is sharpening its focus from a series that unfolds over the course of a summer season to a nine-day festival (July 25-Aug. 3). "It felt a little bit diffuse," Currier says. The longer workshops for young dancers continue, but she's also brought some new elements into the festival, which was founded in 1983 by the late Bates dance professor Marcy Plavin. Currier asked if she could take over Bates' ongoing but formerly unrelated Concerts on the Quad series and is incorporating dance lessons into those concerts. The festival will leave Lewiston for an outdoor dance party—rolling through the streets in Portland on Aug. 2 during First Friday. There are also two breakout events at mid-month in Lewiston, including a concert on July 12 pairing the hip-hop/soul duo The Reminders with hip-hop dance duo Mama<sup>2</sup> and DJ Man-O-Wax.

Contemporary dance is often the forgotten performing art, Currier says. It might seem intimidating but it shouldn't be; after all, so many people dance socially. "I really believe that the festival needs to have so many points of access," Currier says. "It can't just be about selling people a ticket to sit in a dark theater and watch a show. We are part of Bates but we are also part of this community." And now, so is she. *Full schedule batesdancefestival.org*.

-Mary Pols

# MONHEGAN MUSEUM CELEBRATES **VISIONARY WOMAN**

A Life Made in Art: Maud Briggs Knowlton, a retrospective of the works of the Arts and Craft era painter, museum director and summer resident of Monhegan Island, opens July 1 at the Monhegan Museum of Art & History. Knowlton (1870–1956) first came to Monhegan in the 1890s, an era when the island was in its early days as artists' muse and subject. She and her husband Edward initially stayed in hotels on the island, but in 1921 built a cottage and studio (which she christened "Candlelight"). Both of them found artistic inspiration on Monhegan for nearly five decades, she painting the houses, gardens and seascapes while he made photographs of the fishermen and island residents (there were only about 94 then who lived there year round). Knowlton had started her career as a china painter, a traditional medium for women at that time, and she was one of the first women, if not the first, to start painting on Monhegan.

The exhibit includes more than 40 watercolors, oils, etchings, drawings and painted porcelain from Knowlton's time on Monhegan and

also in Manchester, New Hampshire, where she taught art at the Manchester Institute of the Arts for many years. Knowlton became the first director of the Currier Gallery of Art in 1929. She served in that position for 17 years. Among her many accomplishments was recognizing Andrew Wyeth's talent when he was just 21, giving him his first museum exhibition in 1939 at what is now the Currier Museum of Art. She also included many of the artists inspired by Monhegan in group exhibitions there, including George Bellows, Andrew Winter, Jay Hall Connaway, Leo Meissner and Frederick J. Waugh.

The retrospective also includes many of Edward Knowlton's photographs. It will run through Sept. 30 and will move to the Currier in Manchester, where it will be shown from Feb. 20 to May 20, 2020. The Monhegan Museum of Art & History is in Monhegan Island Light Station and is open daily through Sept. 30. Sounds like a great reason to hop on a boat for a trip to one's Maine's most beautiful islands. (monheganmuseum.org)





Top: Maud Briggs Knowlton on Monhegan in 1897, photographed by her husband Edward. Above: Hilltop Garden, Monhegan, by Maud Briggs Knowlton. Images courtesy of the Monhegan Museum of Art & History

#### >>>> Goat Yoga

July 5, 6, 8, 12, 26

All those Instagram photos of women in yoga clothes holding baby goats making you jealous? You've got five chances this month to try it out at Smiling Hill Farm in Westbrook. Instructor Ashley Flowers will lead Goat Yoga (\$20) in the evenings of July 5, 6, 8, 12 and 26, visit ashleyflowersyoga.com for specifics and signup. Smiling Hill is at 781 County Road (Route 22), Westbrook. Get there early and hit the farm store for the farm's glass-bottled milk in coffee, chocolate and strawberry flavors. (800-743-7463; smilinghill.com)

#### Yarmouth Clam Festival

July 19-21

It's time for the Yarmouth Clam Festival, a summer tradition since 1965. Dozens of nonprofits serve up seafood, fair food, lime rickeys and homemade pie. There are carnival rides and games. There's a parade. But most important, there's Greg Brady. That's right, Barry Williams, the actor who played the eldest of the Brady Bunch, will serve as the marshal at the parade Friday night at 6. Not into Greq? There's live music on multiple stages over the weekend and fireworks Saturday night. (clamfestival.com)

#### >>>> Toni Morrison Documentary

July 19-21, 24

The Portland Museum of Art is screening a deep documentary dive into the life of writer Toni Morrison, showing the film The Pieces I am five times this month. The film follows Morrison from her childhood in an Ohio steel town through her 1970s book tours with Muhammad Ali and activism with Angela Davis and her teaching career at Princeton University. Not to mention discussions of seminal novels Beloved and Song of Solomon. Screenings at 2 and 6 p.m. on July 19; 2 p.m. on July 20-21 and 24. (portlandmuseum.org)

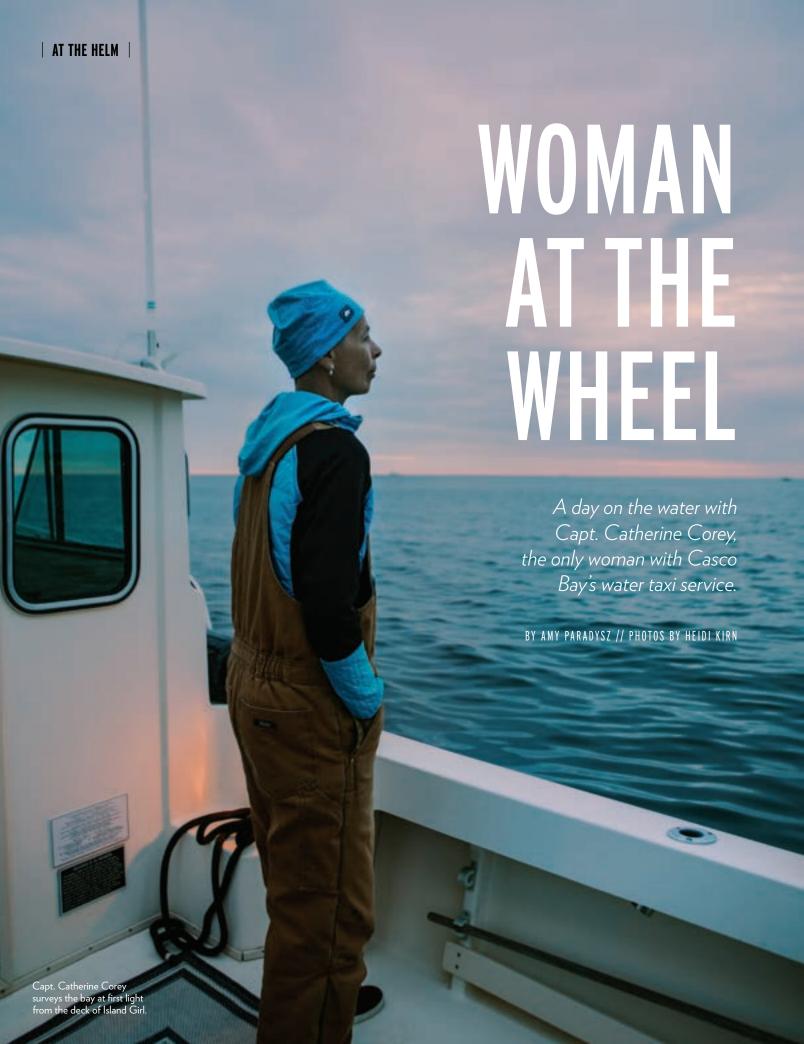
#### >>>> Summer Session on the Seaside July 27

Summer Session, the Maine Brewers' Guild Summer Beer Festival, is Maine's biggest beer-

fest, with over 100 breweries represented, most from Maine. It's right on the water at Fort Preble (on the Southern Maine Community College campus) in South Portland July 27, with tickets sold for either the noon to 3 p.m. session or the 5-8 p.m. sunset session. Expect food trucks, live music and free parking. Tickets are \$49/\$65 at the gate or in advance (eventbrite.com).

#### >>>> Open Farm Day

Did you know that Maine has 7,600 farms, according to the 2017 Census of Agriculture, and that 4,107 of them feature a principal producer who is a woman? Here's your chance to get to meet some of them. Every year the Maine Department of Agriculture, Conservation and Forestry asks Maine farms to throw open their doors to the public. This is your day to peek into the inner workings of your favorite farm. Want a particularly pretty visit? Try Stacy Brenner's flower farms at Broadturn in Scarborough or Carolyn Snell's in Buxton. Check for participating farms at maine.gov/dacf.





his is my own boat," yells Capt. Catherine Corey, wearing a purple rain jacket and a cream-colored knitted hat and commanding a 24-foot enclosed boat she has named Island Girl. "Isn't she pretty?'

A subcontractor with Fogg's Water Taxis & Charters, Corey is the only female water taxi captain on Casco Bay. In the busy season (July would be the height of it) she might do upwards of 20 runs a day. Some of her customers are tourists, but others are repeat customers, including islanders, construction crews and people like Portland Public School teacher Hannah Edwards, who taxis to and from Cliff and Peaks Island a couple times a week to meet with students.

After Corey picked up Edwards on a recent morning, she mentions to the teacher that the little school on Cliff is the oldest continuously functioning schoolhouse in the nation, established in 1880. "I always learn a little something from the captain," says Edwards. At Cliff, Edwards walks uphill in the rain, knowing Island Girl will be back in a few hours to pick her up.

Many of Corey's repeat passengers become friends with her over time. "My connections with the islanders, some more salty than others, go beyond the water taxi service of taking them down the bay," she says. "We have a shared investment with one another and with the bay."

Those connections are also forged on the fact that Fogg Water Taxis are nearly as dependable as the U.S. Postal Service, heading out in all kinds of weather, including gusts (although once winds go over 30 knots, they stay in port.) There were only a half dozen days that they were shut down in the past year, all of those in the winter. Unlike the postman (or postwoman) they let you know when

"Capt. Catherine is always there when you need her to be," says Allyson Jordan, who is renovating a house on Long Island and relies on Corey to deliver workmen and materials. "It's great to have a woman on the water."

Corey's schedule is a carefully managed puzzle, assembled with a varying number of always-moving pieces. In addition to Island Girl, Fogg's runs three other taxi boats (plus a new 49-passenger catamaran, the Casco Bay Cat, built in Yarmouth). Each time someone calls wanting to go from



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one island to another at a specific time, Corey consults her Google calendar, color-coded by vessel, and mentally calculates.

Her cell starts buzzing again. "Always, when you're docking—" Corey says, navigating both the boat and her phone's touchscreen while floating into a marina. She answers: "Fogg Water Taxi, this is Capt. Catherine."

At the marina, general contractors from Woodward Thomsen Co. and a window installation crew from Pella scurry out of the rain and into the cab. They're headed to another island renovation job. When someone mentions Catherine by her name, Tom Thomsen chides: "It's Captain Catherine. We salute when we come onboard."

He's kidding about that second point, not about the first.

Thomsen is a recreational sailor, and, knowing that, Corey lets him throw out the bumpers and tie up when they get to the private home where the crew is going. The men pick up their backpacks and a large replacement window, waving as they estimate when they'll be calling for a ride back to the mainland.

It's not all errands and appointments though. The pace slows down a bit when Corey has a couple of hours at a time devoted to a private charter. It may be a couple on a sunset cruise sharing a champagne toast. Or a family interested in seeing seals gathering at the "smack shack" where lobstermen get their bait. Or history buffs bound for Eagle Island State Park to tour the former home of Arctic explorer Robert Peary. The most popular option for a two-hour charter is to see three Civil War-era forts (Gorges, Scammell and Preble) and four lighthouses (Bug Light, Spring Point Light, Portland Head Light and Ram Island Ledge Light).

"We even saw this old ferry from the 1800s that got stuck, and the ruins of the boat were still there," said Ashley Cech of New York City, who recently booked a two-hour Island Girl charter for bonding time with her mother. Most charter customers are tourists or wedding quests from out of state.

"Portland is growing rapidly, and we are the destination to come to for food, for beer, for lobster—and for the islands," Corey says. "Every day is an adventure out there, because the weather changes, the environment changes and the people change."

One day last year, she took former U.S. Rep. Gabby Giffords and her astronaut husband Mark Kelly from Littlejohn Island to Diamond Cove on Great Diamond Island, where they were meeting friends for lunch. He rested his head in his wife's lap, and, awestruck, Capt. Catherine didn't want to spoil their privacy by letting on that she knew who they were.

# "EVERY DAY IS AN ADVENTURE OUT THERE, BECAUSE THE WEATHER CHANGES, THE ENVIRON-MENT CHANGES AND THE PEOPLE CHANGE."





"My heart was beating a thousand times," Corey says. When the couple disembarked, Corey passed a note to their security person thanking them both for their service to the country and politely declined a photo op. By then, Giffords and Kelly were already swarmed by well-meaning folks with their cell phones out to take photos, but Corey felt good about keeping that aspect of their lives out of their private jaunt across Casco Bay. Giving each passenger the experience they want is her priority. Having spent decades in the restaurant business, putting the customer first seems as natural to Corey as the tides.

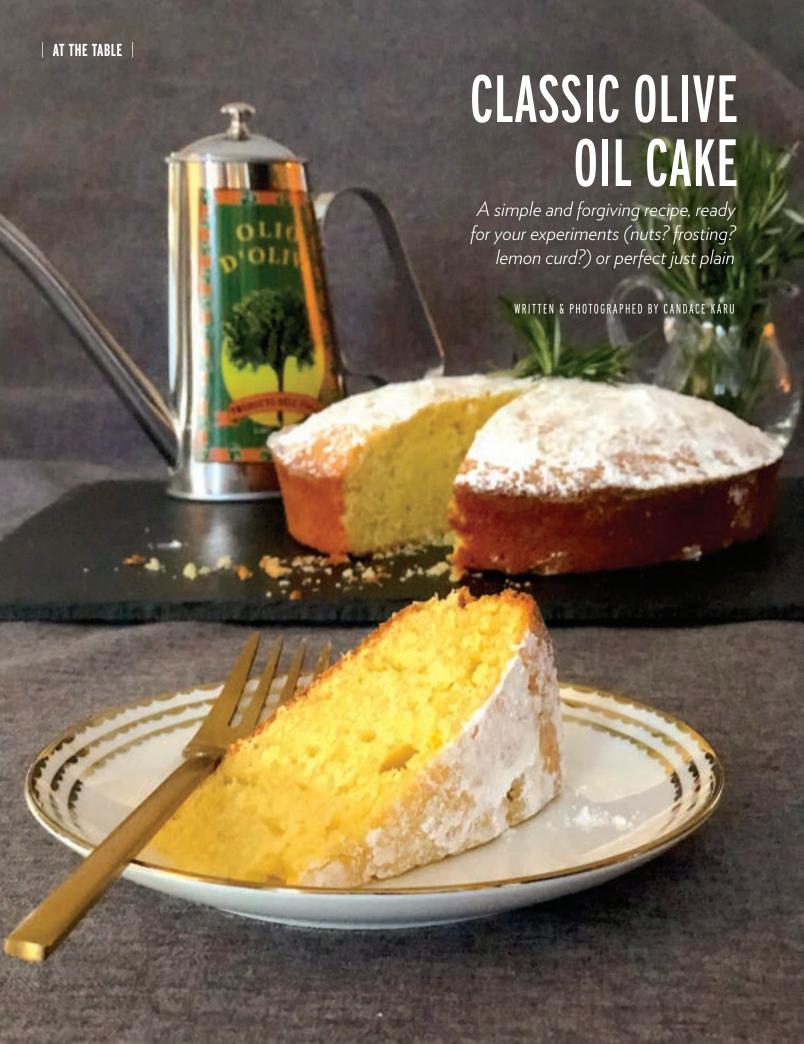
Corey, 54, grew up in Yarmouth with classmates who lived on Cushing and Chebeague islands and with two older brothers who were her mentors. "Casco Bay was our playground," she says. In her 30s, she became a Registered Maine Guide, leading off-the-grid sea kayaking trips Down East.

"I would go for five days at a time," Corey says. "You're so close to the water you're at one with it."

And yet she wanted more. Six years ago, Corey got her captain's license and bought Island Girl. And that 24-foot vessel is indeed pretty, as well as efficient and practical.

"I call this my final act," Corey says. "At 48, I needed to care for my parents and life took me in a different direction. For me, the best part of the job is connecting with people and with nature. It's a passion and a way of life. I wish I had done this from the beginning. But I'm glad I found it now."

Amy Paradysz is a freelance writer from Scarborough who is always happy to research a story out on the water.



e were a group of a dozen high school Latin students who somehow convinced our young, adventurous Latin teacher and our parents that we needed to take a trip to Italy to see history and a dead language come to life. Many things came to life on that trip, though history and Latin didn't even make the top 10.

Since then I've made scores of trips to Italy and I fall newly in love with the country and the people every time I return. And of course, I fall more deeply in love with the food. There are a handful of dishes in my repertoire that have their origins in the Tuscan hills or the Venetian lagoon, recipes recreated from a refined restaurant in Milan or an outdoor café in Rome, from the kitchen of Italian friends in Montecatini to a Sicilian street food cart. I make Drunken Spaghetti for last-minute dinner quests or Ribollita for comfort on a cold winter afternoon. But it is classic Italian olive oil cake that holds a special place in my heart.

The beauty of this light, moist cake lies in its simplicity and versatility. Baked in a round cake pan, it can be served warm from the oven, without icing or other embellishments. It's a sweet way to end a family dinner, but it's just as good in the morning with a cup of coffee or in the afternoon with a cup of tea. You can ice it, frost it or glaze it. You can dust it with confectioners sugar or sprinkle it with chopped nuts. It's lovely with lemon curd or candied lime slices.

To capture the taste of Italy on a summer afternoon, you can make the cake a little savory by adding rosemary. Use either rosemary infused olive oil (New England-based LeRoux Kitchen sells a wide variety of infused olive oils) or a couple of tablespoons of finely chopped fresh rosemary. Garnish with a few sprigs of fresh rosemary for an authentic presentation.

When trying this recipe, using round cake pans is a great way to start, but from there you can experiment with different shapes and sizes. The cake is beautiful in a Bundt pan and lovely in a loaf. I also make mini cakes in festive shapes like hearts or stars. Just be sure to adjust the cooking time accordingly—a little longer for a Bundt or loaf pan, shorter for mini cakes. You cake is done when the edges are golden brown and a cake pick comes out clean when poked in the center of the pan.

The recipe is so simple and forgiving that you can give your imagination free reign with ways to make this cake your own.

Candace Karu makes her living writing about food, fitness and travel. Follow her on Instagram @candacekaru or at candacekaru.com.



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3 eggs

2 1/2 cups sugar

1 1/2 cups milk

1 1/2 cups extra virgin olive oil, plus more for greasing pan

3 3/4 cups all-purpose flour, plus more for dusting pan

Pinch of salt

1 teaspoon baking powder

1/2 teaspoon baking soda

Zest of 1 lemon

2 teaspoons fresh lemon juice

#### INSTRUCTIONS

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour two 9-inch cake pans.

Mix the eggs and sugar until smooth. (I use a hand mixer for about a minute on medium-high speed.)

Add oil, milk, lemon juice and zest and mix well. (With a hand mixer, about a minute.)

In a separate bowl, mix flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt.

Add the dry ingredients to the wet and stir with fork until just blended.

Pour into the greased, floured cake pans.

Bake until golden and cake pick comes out clean, about 40-50 minutes.

Cool on baking rack for 30 minutes, then remove from pan.

#### >>>> OLIVE OIL CAKE PRO TIPS

- I like a rustic look and simple presentation so I often serve this cake as a single unfrosted layer. You can freeze the second round and bring it out for last-minute quests or a sweet tooth emergency. Or go crazy and do a layer cake with your favorite frosting.
- Nuts pair well with this cake, especially almonds or pistachios. You can mix in a half-cup of ground nuts to the batter before cooking and garnish with whole or slivered nuts.
- For a quick lemon glaze, mix 1 1/2 cups of confectioners sugar, the juice of one large or two small lemons (about 2-3 tablespoons) and 2 tablespoons of lemon zest. Glaze your cake after it has cooled.





#### **CANDIED CITRUS SLICES**

#### **INGREDIENTS**

1 ripe lemon or lime

1 cup granulated sugar, plus more for sprinkling later

3/4 cup water

#### INSTRUCTIONS

Slice fruit into very thin rounds.

Combine water and sugar in a small saucepan.

Cook over medium heat, stirring until sugar has dissolved and water is simmering.

Add fruit slices to the sugar water and simmer 15-20 minutes. The white pith should be soft and translucent.

Lay the rounds on parchment paper, sprinkle with sugar and let cool.

Candied slices can be stored in the refrigerator for up to a week.

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iz Smith, bar manager at Lio in Portland, loves tequila (she favors Tequila Ocho), but you'd be hardpressed to deduce that from her home bar. There's barely any tequila in it—"I keep drinking it," she says, laughing.

Smith found the wooden bar on Craig's List when living in Rhode Island. Her favorite housewarming present, a "Margaritas: They're Not Just for Breakfast Anymore" sign, hangs above it in the Old Port apartment she shares with two roommates and her cat Yoda.

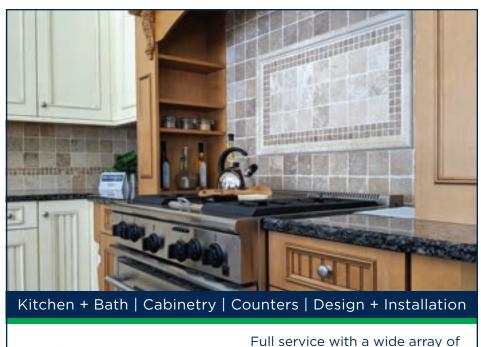
The bar may be low on tequila, but it's full of other goodies: Wild Turkey Rare Breed (116 proof) from a trip she won to Kentucky, where she acquired a newfound respect for the brand; Vespertino, a tequila crema that tastes like cookies and cream; El Tinieblo mezcal, a gift from a friend, which she can't bring herself to finish; two tiny bottles of St. George's gin she bought when she took her first mixology classes at age 21; Clyde May's apple whiskey; Hardshore gin, her favorite local spirit; and Chambord, a gift from her stepfather, which she mixes with lemonade to make one of her favorite summer patio pounders.

Smith's most common mixed drink at home is a rum Old-Fashioned. In lieu of making a traditional simple syrup, she mixes 4 dashes of Angostura bitters, a teaspoon of sugar and a little bit of water and then lets that sit for a bit before mixing with ice and 2 ounces of Plantation rum. "Sugar, booze and bitters—it's the original cocktail."

A dedicated bartender, Smith has a separate minibar in her bedroom where she keeps any truly special items. It, too, is out of tequila.

Angie Bryan moved to Portland in 2018 when she retired from the diplomatic service. Her writing has also appeared in The Foreign Service Journal and she contributes regularly to Maine Today. com. After interviewing Liz Smith, her own home bar now includes Vespertino.





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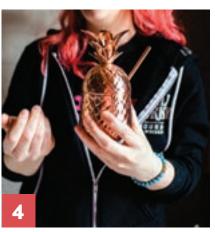
#### A ROOM OF HER OWN



- Smith loves an Aperol Spritz. The mason jar is not a trade secret; she needed to use the Aperol bottle to practice free pouring (counting instead of measuring) for a bartending competition.
- Out of the reach of roommates and guests is Smith's prize bottle, a bottle of Russell's Reserve Kentucky straight rye whiskey signed by Jimmy Russell himself, a master distiller known as the Buddha of Bourbon who has been at it for over 60 years.
- Smith named the cup she used for a tiki shakeoff "Bimbo Kitty," painting it pink and adding
  glitter to up her game. Her second-place
  concoction consisted of Plantation 3 Stars rum,
  Bimini gin, hop tea from fresh hops, Pedro
  Ximenez sherry, lime juice, a grapefruit and
  thyme syrup. She was bested by bar manager
  Pat McDonald of Chaval in Portland, but no
  hard feelings—"If you're gonna lose to someone, lose to him."
- Smith is a big fan of pineapples and "anything shiny," and admits that she cannot bring herself to drink out of her beloved pineapple tiki mug, a gift from one of her best friends, because "I don't wanna mess it up."
- Each bottle evokes a memory. One is a 2010 port from when she worked at Sakonnet Vineyards in Rhode Island; one is a 2015 Cabernet Franc, which was among the last bottles a Rhode Island vintner made; and one is a 2013 Givry Premier Cru, one of three bottles she attempted to bring back from a tasting in New Orleans—the other two bottles were destroyed in transit.
- The Turkey Dew, "a deconstructed whiskey sour," serves as a secret handshake for alumni of Camp Runamok, a week-long bartender event in Kentucky. Mixologist and Turkey Dew creator Josh Seaburg brought it to Camp Runamok; Smith now stashes a bottle of Mountain Dew at work in case any other alumni show up and demand one.













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# HOW TO SUCCEED IN THE JEWELRY BUSINESS?

For Folia's principal designer Edith Armstrong a path of personal service in Portland has proved the key to longevity.

WRITTEN & PHOTOGRAPHED BY AMANDA WHITEGIVER

hen Folia's owner and master jeweler Edith Armstrong was in high school, she was in a jewelry club with friends. They made basic items, like little silver bangles. "Back then you wanted to have about 45 of them on your wrist."

She went on to Hartwick College in Oneonta, New York. "I burned through the art department," she says, and the allure of jewelry deepened well past the club level. "I've always loved to draw and thought I'd be a painter, but making and selling jewelry seemed to be a more realistic way to make ends meet." After two years at Hartwick, she transferred to the Rhode Island School of Design, studying metalsmithing and other fundamentals. "Which have served me well."

After RISD, Armstrong, a native of Milton, Massachusetts, moved to Maine, where her family had always spent summers in Friendship. She started making and selling jewelry wholesale and at craft shows. She found some steady outlets to feature her work, including Abacus in Portland's Old Port, and in January 1993 opened Folia nearby on Exchange Street.

During the more than a quarter century she's been there, Armstrong has ridden out a recession and observed many changes. "It's been fun to welcome many new businesses to the Old Port, but sad to see many great favorite shops go," Armstrong says. Long standing friendships with her neighbors at D. Cole, Abacus and Folly 101 help offset those losses. And her store itself feels like a sanctuary, simple and uncluttered, with high ceilings and other period details. The elegant wooden cases are well-lit and inviting. Armstrong and her staff float between the jewelers' bench and new customers, accessible but not pushy.



While it's hard to think of a consumer good more romantic than jewelry, romance is not what has kept Armstrong's Folia thriving. Folia is more than just a showcase for beauty; it's a full service design studio. "I think you have to perform services like repairs and all those appraisals and restringing," Armstrong says. "All the kind of stuff that keeps the door open. It's really hard to just make jewelry." She counts off the number of jewelers in America she knows of who can do just that, and it is only a handful. There are the David Yurmans and then there are the local jewelers who want to stay in business. "Those

people just hit it big and that is a different path."

JEWELR)

Custom work is the heart and soul of Folia and Armstrong credits her clients, many of whom have been with her for over 20 years, for their part in her success. "It's been a huge privilege to be a part of many life events," she says. "And a joy to see their children coming to Folia for special projects and gifts as they become adults." She'll work with any client who has a specific need—the range is wide, from belt buckles to a piece of jewelry to hold the ashes of a loved one to a treasured family stone they want reset. In the last case, clients might



ask her to take that stone and adapt it to one of her already established designs. But the commissions where a client asks for something new often end up inspiring Armstrong, pushing her in new directions. Sometimes a new line might even evolve out of it. "That has happened a lot," Armstrong says. "Unless the client is adamant that they be one of a kind, I might mold it and run with it, or modify it and run with it."

Her team of six includes bench artists, like her master jeweler Jim Bradley; Nell Ballard, who has been at Folia nearly nine years; and Anastasia Salvucci, who also helps with social media. There's an appraiser on staff, Meg Campbell, who trained at Sotheby's as a gemologist. Armstrong points out that Ballard and Salvucci both have their own lines of jewelry (which they show on social media) as does Mary Forst, who does computer assisted design and photography and is Folia's webmaster.

Whenever Armstrong is in need of fresh ideas, she turns to the Art Nouveau period for inspiration. Her goal for each piece is to create perfect balance and a satisfying relationship of the elements used. Her favorite material to work with is 18 karat green gold, which she says produces rich and earthy tones when texture is applied to its surface. To add flash and color, Armstrong often relies on gems.

One of her more recent designs is the Air Frame line, which features strings of tiny diamonds and other gems captured within metal frames. "I always liked channel-set diamonds, but when I discovered the diamond beads, I realized I could get that look but in a way that was more rustic and crafty and arty." The success of that line recently prompted Armstrong to venture onto a national stage via very highend craft shows. She applied to the top three



Top, master jeweler Jim Bradley works on a design. Bradley is part of a close knit team of bench artists at Folia. Above, one of Armstrong's recent designs from her successful Air Frame series.

national shows, including the Smithsonian's. "By golly, I got into all three," she says. It was an interesting experiment, involving a lot of schlepping and sitting in shows with top designers from around the country. Ultimately though, the shows made Armstrong miss what she had back home in Maine. "I feel like my clientele in Portland is so loyal," she says. She's in a sweet spot, able to depend on them, and on herself. "As artists, we really do improve with experience," Armstrong says. "We finally have the confidence to know what works and what doesn't."

Amanda Whitegiver is a lifestyle family photographer who adores dark chocolate and singing with her two daughters.















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# THE TRIUMPH OF THE

As organizers head into the 12th year for the fundraising event, some of the 2019 athletes share their stories.

very year, Maine Women Magazine not only has the honor of sponsoring the Tri for a Cure, but also of getting a chance to know a few of the participants' stories by featuring them in the July issue of the magazine. The all-women's sprint triathlon was founded in 2008 by Julie Marchese and her friend Abby Bliss and in the 11 years since then, more than 13,000 women have participated. They do so to raise money for the Maine Cancer Foundation and the model has been extraordinarily successful; heading into its 12th year, the Tri has raised a total of nearly \$14 million. Last year's event alone surpassed \$2 million.

But as much as the Tri is about raising money, it's also about creating bonds among participants, many of whom are survivors. This is not a community anyone asks to join, but the tales of camaraderie and spirits that won't be broken that emerge from this sisterhood are undeniably powerful. One of the 2018 Tri participants was Elaine Bourne, a 57-year-old Bath resident who died less than a month after her race. In the following pages, you'll find the story of the tribute being paid to her by another Maine woman who is engaged in her own fight with cancer. It's a beautiful story of passing a torch and holding a memory up as inspiration.

The Maine Cancer Foundation anticipates at least 329 women participating in the 2019 Tri who have never done the event before. Among them is a pair of friends who had a lot in common, including boyfriends who worked together and jobs in the same profession, and then, suddenly, within four days of each other, they found out they had cancer in common as well. Their story of struggle, and strength, is in these pages. We consider their courage a call to arms, for ourselves as individuals and the greater Maine community.



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#### **EXPECTED NUMBER OF PARTICIPANTS IN THE 2019 TRI:**



(some teams are still adding members)

#### **HOW MANY OF THEM ARE CANCER SURVIVORS?**



#### SINCE THE TRI FOR A CURE STARTED, PARTICIPANTS HAVE



swum a total of

biked

172,470

and run nearly

miles

miles

miles

#### **VOLUNTEERS OVER THE LAST 11 YEARS:**



5.032

2019 TRI INFO

WHEN: July 14, 8:30 a.m.

WHERE: Southern Maine Community College, South Portland (the event runs through Cape Elizabeth and Scarborough)





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Tina Hewett-Gordon (General Manager) left Jean Ginn Marvin (Innkeeper) right



Having both lost a sibling to cancer, Jean and Tina know the importance of the Tri For a Cure Triathlon and the money it raises for research. Since its inception 12 years ago, Jean has participated every year and Tina has participated for the last 10 years, and both train yearround for the race.

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## THE BIKE BATON

How a breakfast and a bike connected two brave women fighting cancer; Sarah Emerson will ride a bike belonging to the late Elaine Bourne over the finish line at this year's Tri for a Cure.

BY KATIE BINGHAM-SMITH // PHOTOS BY HEIDI KIRN

n 2017, Sarah Emerson stood on the sidelines at the Tri for a Cure. She was deep into her fight against breast cancer, but she wanted to show her support for the participants. So she made a sign and held it up as women raced past her. "I had chemo on Friday." the sign said. "You can do this!"

Many of the women running the race stopped to give her back that encouragement. They hugged her, took pictures with her and told her they'd see her on the course the following year. In 2018, Emerson walked into the survivor's breakfast, an event held the day before the Maine Cancer Foundation's annual Tri for a Cure. "There were only a few empty seats left and I grabbed one of the last ones," she says. A few minutes later, another woman slid into the seat next to her and introduced herself as Elaine

Bourne had been training for the 2018 triathlon for months. In September 2016 she'd been diagnosed with triple negative breast cancer, a fast moving, aggressive form of the disease. She'd viewed that diagnosis into a call for both acceptance and action. She'd bought herself a beautiful new Trek bike and started training for the Tri's 15-mile bike ride, the 1/3-mile swim and the 5K, all while working full time and pushing back against cancer. But that May, while running another 5K—Bourne was an avid runner and had run several Beach to Beacons—something felt not quite right. She was winded. She had to take breaks from running. By June, Bourne learned that her cancer had reached Stage 4 and metastasized to her brain.

But she refused to drop out of the race. She reached out to the Maine Cancer Foundation to ask for help figuring out a way to participate that wouldn't include all three portions of the triathlon. She was matched her with someone who could do the swim and the bike, but her partner would use her own equipment. Bourne's shiny new Trek would not be used.





"Every time I get on the bike I get a little stronger and feel fueled by her," Sarah Emerson says of Elaine Bourne.

On the July day in 2018 at the survivor's breakfast, seat-mates Emerson and Bourne spent the morning getting to know each other. They realized they had been treated by the same oncology team. They chatted some more and Emerson was captivated by Bourne's grace and outlook. Here was the woman who had sat down after her diagnosis and written down this quote by Imam Al-Shafi'i: "My heart is at ease knowing that what was meant for me will never miss me, and that what misses me was never meant for me." Bourne would die before the month was out, but she was not missing the 2018 Tri for a Cure. Or the chance to make a new connection with Emerson.

At the 2019 Tri, Bourne's bike is scheduled to finally make it across the finish line. Sarah Emerson will be riding it, thanks to Bourne's partner of six years, Ken Darby. Bourne and Darby met while working at Volunteers of America Northern New England, where Bourne was the director for group's Community Mediation Services program. He'd been with her when she started her cancer treatments on Halloween in 2016, traveling with her—and their dog lvy—to the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute in Boston. "Elaine's only rules were no fanfare, no whining and no drama," says Darby.

And seemingly, don't stop. Darby watched her buy the bike and throw herself into training for the Tri. And he'd seen her struggle at that 5K in May of 2018. "She had to walk most of the way and was uncharacteristically winded," he remembers.

But she still walked the 5K portion of the Tri on July 22, 2018, just

three weeks and two days before her death. After she was gone, Darby focused on her friendship and the love and acceptance he'd felt from her over those six years. "But what do you do with the sadness?" he says.

As he grieved, he also faced the practical issue of giving away Bourne's belongings. "Distributing a loved one's possessions is never easy," he says. The bike she'd been so excited about was one of them. He thought about selling it and donating the cash to the Maine Cancer Foundation. But, "that didn't feel personal enough," he says. With the foundation, Darby decided it would be better to make the bike available for another participant to ride during the Tri for a Cure. Many cancer survivors were interested in riding the bike across the finish line for this year's race, but after learning about Emerson's encounter with Bourne, Darby knew who should be riding it.

As she trained this spring for the race, Emerson said she thought of Bourne's strength and determination. "It is not easy for my body right now," she says. "I'm tired and I hurt, but every time I get on the bike I get a little stronger and feel fueled by her. When I want to quit, I take from Elaine's strength and determination. Riding her bike on race day, the way it was intended to be used, will be extremely emotional. I know she will be with me the entire way."

Katie Bingham-Smith is a writer, shoe addict and mother living in Bowdoinham. She pays her kids to rub her feet and never turns down anything with caffeine.





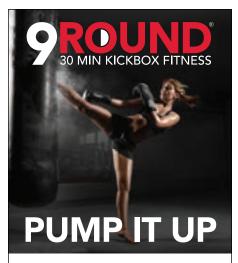
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# FRIENDS IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH



Two friends discovered they have almost too much in common when they were diagnosed with the same cancer four days apart

n June 2018, Amanda Schweizer and Chelsea Paterson had been part of the same friend group for about four years. Their respective boyfriends, Geoff Keating and Ryan Houghton, co-founded The Hop Yard, a farm in Gorham that grows hops for craft brewing. Paterson was also studying to be a nurse practitioner in the office where Schweizer worked as a physician assistant.

They didn't know it, but they were about to embark on a shared battle that would ultimately make them much closer. On June 26, Schweizer, 33, was diagnosed with breast cancer (invasive ductal carcinoma). Four days later, Paterson, 30, received the same diagnosis. Neither has a family history of breast cancer and neither carries the breast cancer gene.

Their treatment plans did differ. Schweizer started with a single mastectomy with sentinel lymph node biopsy, then did chemotherapy and finished with radiation. Paterson started with chemotherapy, had the same surgery as Schweizer, and then began radiation. A few of their chemotherapy sessions overlapped, but not many.

The worst part, said Schweizer, was the egg harvesting. Eggs can be damaged by chemotherapy, so both women went through the harvesting process to preserve eggs for possible future pregnancies. But in Schweizer's case, she had to schedule the harvesting procedure only four days after her surgery. She was in pain and had difficulty moving, and the medical staff-accustomed to seeing women excited about the prospect of getting pregnant soon—didn't seem to understand that the procedure was not positive for her. Paterson agreed, noting that, only two weeks after her diagnosis, she too had been forced to make a decision she wasn't ready to make. To make matters worse, the egg harvesting cost close to \$20,000.

But they had each other and throughout their treatment, their bond strengthened. They texted each other constantly, left notes on each other's cars as they were coming and going, and joined a support group called Tatas and Tapas.

Around the time of Schweizer's surgery, she watched news coverage of the 2018 Tri for a Cure and thought, "I want to do that next year." Once Paterson learned that Schweizer was doing it, she wanted in as well. But they had a way to go to prepare physically. Schweizer used to run and had done guite a bit of mountain biking, but her experience with swimming was limited; "I think I float!" She signed herself up for swimming lessons along with spin classes. Paterson has done a few 5Ks and cycled a lot, and has enjoyed swimming since childhood. Both women describe themselves as competitive, but neither has ever done a triathlon. They didn't take it easy on themselves, though—each signed up for the whole triathlon, not the relay version. "I'm not as strong as I was before," said Paterson, "but I'm more dedicated."

As evidence of that dedication, they competed in the Sugarloaf Uphill Climb, an event advertised as "the toughest mountain run in Maine." It was October and both were still undergoing treatment. "I whined the whole time," said Paterson, "but I finished." Schweizer was fourth in her age group and remains miffed that she didn't make the podium. Both couples were long-time Sugarloafers, so they spent much of the winter there. "It was just comforting to spend time together," said Paterson. "Even if we weren't talking about it."

As the end of their treatments neared, both women admitted to feeling somewhat lost. "In treatment you have a goal, clear steps and support," said Schweizer. "After you finish, that support isn't as constant. My world was turned upside downwhere do I go from here? What is normal now?" Paterson chimed in, "And how do I get to normal?"

Keating noted that the foursome had a pretty balanced approach to life and work before the diagnoses, but cancer deepened their perspectives on both. Schweizer has become more empathetic, a trait which helps her with patients. She also gave up meat. Paterson is more intentional than she used to be, wanting to make sure that she values and enjoys whatever she does. She often tells her friends that she doesn't want them to stop talking to her about their own challenges just because they think hers is bigger. "Everybody's got something," she says.

Despite their evident strength, Schweizer and Paterson have still struggled with insensitive comments, people trying to force them to be positive when they weren't feeling it and the symptoms of depression and anxiety inherent with being on such an emotional rollercoaster.. One of the hardest parts to deal with, said Paterson, had to do with the incongruity of a threat within her breasts. "Something so innately feminine and sexy is killing you." She reminds herself that she is still strong and capable of living a full life.

The two couples have some advice for anyone who receives a similar diagnosis. "The most helpful thing was reaching out to women who had just gotten through it," said Schweizer. Paterson agreed, noting that she would be happy to be put in contact with young women who need to talk to someone about their experience. Both women pointed to the "oodles of resources" out there and recommended that patients make full use of them. That includes offers from friends and family to help. The best of which, Schweizer said, are the highly specific kind, like the person who says "Can I walk your dog/clean your house/bring dinner/do your laundry?" That's more effective than a basic "What can I do?"

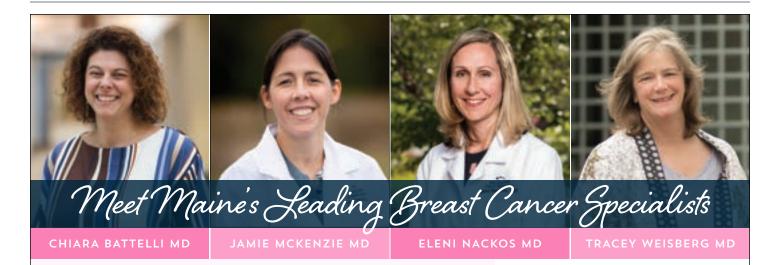
Throughout their ordeal, Schweizer and Paterson never forgot their friend and colleague Chris Shaffer, who was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer four days before Schweizer's diagnosis. Unfortunately, she lost her battle after only five weeks, leaving Schweizer and Paterson devastated. This July they'll compete in the Tri for a Cure not only for themselves, but in memory of Shaffer.

Angie Bryan moved to Portland in 2018 when she retired from the diplomatic service. Her writing has also appeared in The Foreign Service Journal and can be found regularly on Maine Today.com.

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## Adventuring beyond the burkas

## On a trip to Egypt, a mother and daughter explore the roles of women in a different culture.

### BY CHRISTINE BURNS RUDALEVIGE

undreds of towering camels milled around us, churning up the Egyptian dust. Their tenders tried to keep them in line with bamboo sticks, but some of the camels were bolting anyway.

"If one runs at you, wave your arms to catch their eyes," cautioned Ann Light, a longtime friend who is married to a U.S. naval attaché in Cairo. She'd brought me to this giant livestock market, the Birgash Camel Market, about 22 miles northwest of Cairo. "And then they swerve around you."

This was her sixth visit to Birgash. It's the largest camel market in Egypt and hundreds of camels are traded or sold there every Friday. Most-animals and tenders-have walked the Forty Days Road from western Sudan to Abu Simbel on the Egyptian banks of Lake Nassar. There they are hobbled and trucked to Upper Egypt and then onto this market, the end of the line. The animals were stressed. No wonder they wanted to bolt.

I could relate. From my perch of Western feminist privilege, where I can pick and choose which news events to read about and which social norms I work to understand, traveling to Egypt with my youngest child was daunting, like setting foot on the Yellow Brick Road. My family and friends had expressed their own fears about our trip. Now here I was, surrounded by animals as tall or taller than an average moose back home in Maine. My teenage daughter was back in Cairo sleeping in after a late-night party I still can't believe I let her attend. To further stir the pot of potential travel anxiety, the Islamic State of Iraq and the Levant, better known as ISIS back home, had claimed ownership of a deadly attack on the Egyptian

Army on the Sinai Peninsula the day we arrived in Egypt. At least 15 people had been killed.

But an embassy-approved driver had brought us along a bumpy road from Cairo to the camel market in a borrowed armored car. We had dressed conservatively and carried scarves to shield our faces should a sandstorm kick up. It was mid-February and we were in an open air market in a foreign land, but about as safe as we could be, largely thanks to Light. She and I met when we were neighbors in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and our daughters were in third grade. She's generally fearless and that fearlessness is contagious when I'm with her.

Some of these animals would be traded for other livestock and some of them would end up as meat. I told Ann I needed to taste camel meat to help me absorb the experience. That request prompted a shift in our exploration of Egypt from a typical tourist perspective. We decided we wanted to learn more about the women of this country, to challenge our own likely misconceptions. We needed to look beyond the burkas.

Light called a friend, Alaa el Masry, who she's heard bragging many times about his wife Fatima's cooking. By the next day, Fatima el Masry was leading us through an open-air mar-



Watching camels sold at market inspired the author to learn how Egyptian women prepare camel meat.

ket in the back streets of Cairo's Maadi neighborhood to a stall that sells one product: the very best camel kofta mix. That's essentially meatball mix, but with camel meat. Fatima calls the shots even if it is her husband who asks the stall owner for a half kilo of meat. He carves the beef-red meat from one of the hanging camel quarters and wields his curved knife to hack off enough fat from a second one to flavor and moisten the meat. Both cuts squeeze through a large-grain grinder first and then through a small-grain one with uncooked rice, parsley, dill, cilantro, salt and pepper.

Back in her kitchen, her husband and sons entertained the other guests with family photo albums that featured pictures of American presidents and Fatima, circa 1980, in shorts on an Alexandria beach before the hijab was a social norm. An Indiana Jones movie dubbed in Arabic provided white noise while she taught me how to roll the kofta, fry it and simmer it in a spicy tomato sauce, a dish her family clamors for whenever she chooses to serve it. Camel turned out to have a mild taste, somewhat like rose veal, less interesting than the chance to observe Fatima el Masry at home in her kitchen. When it comes to feeding the family, she wields the power. "Historically, as we've grown to view a woman's freedom synonymously with her ability to work outside of the home, we've discounted the control any woman can wield over her life from the kitchen," says Maine-

based writer Nancy Harmon Jenkins. She's a Mediterranean food expert who spent a significant amount of time in Egypt researching a book she wrote about ancient Egyptian maritime technology. It is the women who determine when the family gathers to eat; what they consume; how a significant portion of the family's income is spent; and how the food is divided among its members. Finding the open window into a local woman's kitchen while traveling in a foreign place helps a tourist understand some of the

power dynamics of a place, says Harmon Jenkins.

We also got a peek into another domestic area: the nursery. Light, a nurse by training, took us to assist her at Baby Wash, a long-standing program set up by a group of French nuns in Giza, that takes place in a clinic in the shadow of the Great Pyramid. Since many young families don't have running water, Baby Wash brings new mothers into the health clinic four times in the first six months of their babies' lives for a warm bath. Coming in for a bath is also a way to open the lines of communication for health checks and parenting classes. The mothers can also pick up clothes, blankets and much-needed supplies like Desitin and diapers. My daughter donated rubber ducks, that universal tubby time treat, for this visit. Together we washed 18 babies that morning. The women watched, attentively, proudly, as we communicated our concern for their children's well-being by cradling their child's head and gently introducing their tiny bodies to the new sensation of a warm bath.

The first baby my daughter washes on her own is a boy who's severely underweight, ribs exposed, a high-pitched cry like the one I remember coming from her lungs when my breast milk was less than what she needed but I still persisted in nursing anyway. "I'm afraid I'll hurt him," she says. Light assures her that you support a small baby just as you would a hefty one. My heart aches as I watch my own child contemplate childhood hunger at such close range and as I imagine how or if this baby's mother could

supplement breast milk with formula in a house without running water.

That was one of the most sobering experiences we had. With Light we went on to all the requisite historical sites and to some places where only Western women dare to tread. Then she took us to a factory started by women and staffed almost entirely by women. Founded in 2004 by Ecuadorian ex-patriates Margarita Andrade and Goya Gallagher, Malaika Linens produces luxury items from a well-known local resource—Egyptian cotton—while upholding a social mission to give local women a chance to learn a marketable skill, namely embroidery and ancient hand-drawn thread crafting techniques, to improve their economic standing.

"Everyone can learn to sew," said Andrade, as she conducted a tour of the company's airy, orderly production center in 6th of October City, a suburb of Cairo. A dozen women in various levels of veiling sit at sewing machines, edging bed linens. In another room, others work with screens to paint a palm tree motif on toiletry bags, tablecloths, sheets and pillowcases. The walls are lined with past designs, golden camels, fish in four shades of aqua, lucky scarab beetles in blue, coral and orange.

What we weren't seeing, explained Andrade, were dozens more female employees who must work from home for child care reasons or because the men in their lives require them to do so. In central Cairo, Malaika set

up the first of three planned training centers where women can learn the embroidery techniques. Once proficient, the women leave the school with the materials they need to make the products and complete them at home on their own schedule.

"When you empower a woman, you empower her whole family," said Andrade. I promptly buy about \$300 worth of Egyptian linens. Later, when I'm back home, another Mainer, Bowdoin College professor Batool Khattab, tells me she does the same kind of thing

whenever she visits her native Cairo. Her suitcases tend to be stuffed with Bedouin rugs, pottery from Al Fayoum and beaded jewelry from Aswan that she's picked up at one of the two Fair Trade Egypt outlets in the city. She sees a clear value in purchasing authentic souvenirs made by her country women; she knows she's helping to support their families.

But Khattab encourages any traveler interested in supporting local women while in Egypt to look beyond commerce, particularly to the burgeoning modern art scene, where women are expressing themselves alongside and in collaboration with men. At Room Art Space in Cairo's wealthy Garden City neighborhood, Khattab said male and female performers and artists collaborate, create and share ideas. The stage hosts live music, film screenings, stand-up comedy and open mic events. "We gain a lot by redefining gender roles culturally," said Khattab.

And in this case, by looking back to the past, when Egypt in the age of the Pharaohs dignified women's role in government and society. When Khattab recently visited Egypt with her new husband, she was struck by how often ancient Egyptian couples are presented in equal measure. "There is something striking in seeing a huge stone representation of a couple, and they are standing, hand-in-hand, on an equal footing for the world to see," said Khattab.

We got a sense of that when we visited the Mortuary Temple of Hatshepsut near the Valley of the Kings near Luxor. Hatshepsut, a queen-









Top left, a stitcher at Malaika Linens, a woman-led company. Top right, a detail at a temple. Bottom left, at the kofta stall in Cairo. Bottom right, Fatima el Masry cooking camel meat. Photos courtesy of Rudalevige



The author at the Mortuary Temple of Hatshepsut. Photo by Eliza Rudalevige

turned-pharaoh, constructed the temple in her own honor 3,000 years ago. Other women had controlled the royal line as regents for their young sons. Hatshepsut had no children herself, so when her husband died, she worked the system to become regent for a lesser wife's son—and went on to extend her rule for two decades. She has taken grief for it in many history books, according to Egyptologist Kara Cooney. In her book *When Women Ruled the World*, Cooney writes that Hatshepsut "remains, arguably, the only woman to have ever taken power as a king in ancient Egypt during a time of prosperity and expansion—and thus many historians have interpreted her kingship as an ambitious and immoral power grab."

Despite Hatshepsut's rule-breaking, Cooney writes, she did everything else to the era's standards, securing and expanding her kingdom's borders; making the elites richer to sustain her control; building houses of stone to appease the gods; and engaging in risky trade ventures that paid off in the end. Just like a man.

"She did what the gods would have expected of a male king," writes Cooney. Modern historians have had to re-evaluate her reign, saving her, Cooney says, "from the void and judgment imposed on her by the men who came after her."

My daughter didn't need a historian to validate her feelings about the pharaoh. Her Instagram post of her standing in front of the temple said it all. "Hatshepsut was a badass" was the caption.

Christine Burns Rudalevige is a traveling food writer who is based in Brunswick but will go anywhere for a good story. She's also the author of a cookbook, Green Plate Special (Islandport Press).

## ARCHAEOLOGY FROM SPACE

You know how you come home from a vacation wanting to know even more about the place you've just been? And fascinated to find surprising new connections between the place you live and the place you've just been? That's what happened when I learned about Maine native Sarah Parcak. Parcak has a book coming out this month, Archaeology from Space, about her work using satellite imagery to identify topographical patterns that could denote archaeological sites in Egypt, Rome and elsewhere in the former Roman Empire. Her techniques have helped locate sites believed to contain the remains of 17 pyramids, 3,100 forgotten settlements and 1,000 lost tombs in Egypt.

Parcak grew up near Bangor, heavily influenced by her grandfather Harold Young's work as a forestry professor at the University of Maine. Young pioneered the use of aerial photography to track the health of different species of trees. Today his granddaughter, a National Geographic Explorer and University of Alabama professor, does something similar, but with satellite technology. To date, Parcak has a 90 percent success rate at finding archaeological sites from space.

These discoveries, as well as the work of female Egyptologists, have been helpful in illuminating the role women played in Egyptian culture, whether in household economies, trade or temple rituals. For example, Parcak said, the title "Chantress of Amun" was given to women who were part of temple rituals, and who had a great deal of power and influence especially in Egypt's Third Intermediate Period (ca 1070-664 BC). Women archaeologists have found data that provides insight into the role women played in households, how they were organized, and in some cases, how they were managed when the men were away. And DNA evidence collected from skeletal remains is opening doors into ancient women's lives. 'We are learning about women's health, diseases, life expectancy, and how work done every day affected their [bodies]," Parcak says.

As more focus is placed on interpreting female-forward archaeological data, Parcak and her colleagues are figuring out the questions that need to be asked about how women raised their children, helped run the family business, and even ruled the world in which they lived.

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## At Home on the Sea

For these families, moving into (very) close quarters, setting out for open





tephanie Colotti Ferrie made a proposal to her husband Kevin about five years ago. She was in training for a half marathon and feeling strong and ready for a change. Why not pack up their four young children (and two dogs) and go live on a sailboat?

Kevin Ferrie thought she was joking. "He laughed," Colotti Ferrie remembers. Not long after, she was diagnosed with cervical cancer. It was a hard road to beat it, but she eventually came out on top, cancer free. That's when the Scarborough couple revisited her idea. Kevin was leaving his job at the Coast Guard. Cancer had brought home the fact that time shouldn't be wasted. He already knew boats, inside and out, but she trained by crewing on a racing boat every Tuesday night in Falmouth. In 2017 they bought a boat, rented out their house in Scarborough and began the process of moving aboard. These days they are cruising the Caribbean, stopping at one astonishingly blue tropical sea and sandy beach location after another.

"We're about to hike a volcano this morning," Colotti Ferrie wrote via Facebook Messenger on a June day. "We" would be her children, three girls and one boy, ages 13 to 8, and their two Labrador retrievers. While friends and family back home were enduring a cold and damp spring, the Ferrie family has been roaming Barbuda and Antigua, fishing, hiking, beachcombing. Their boat is named (fittingly) Serendipity and she's a 44-foot Jeanneau sailboat.

Sharon Renk-Greenlaw, a longtime sailing teacher who has taken four long cruises to the Caribbean (once going as far as Venezuela) and back with her husband, says the Ferrie family represents a small but stalwart segment of Maine's



## LIVING ABOARD REALLY SPURRED THE KIDS TO GET ALONG BETTER TOGETHER. EVERYONE HAS TO GET ALONG. WHEN THEY DON'T, THINGS GET REALLY BAD."

sailing population. "Day sailing or cruising the Maine coast for a couple of weeks a summer satisfies most people," Renk-Greenlaw says. "It takes a certain kind of individual to say, 'I am going to do this."

It looks like a magical life, a story of romantic gypsy existence, but it's a life of relentlessly managing logistics. Having a good savings account to start is important, but liveaboard sailors frequently take steps like selling their homes or renting them out to cover the mortgage. They pick up work where they can. It helps to have a portable profession, like teaching or consulting. (Renk-Greenlaw is a registered nurse and made a practice of keeping her credentials up to date so she can work in places like Florida in between trips). Then once you're on the boat, you have to manage groceries, meals, laundry and, if you have children, their educations.

That's navigating domesticity. In terms of the nautical life, they need an education that goes beyond just setting the sails. A vast amount of knowledge is required, Renk-Greenlaw says. An understanding of wind, tides, currents and weather for one, sailing technology for another. There are plenty of geegaws to make today's sailors lives easier, but you have to anticipate days on the ocean when none of it is working. When the motorized sails need to be cranked by hand. When the GPS fails you and the stars are your navigational tools. "There is a lot more that is on your plate than when you are just out for a day sail," Renk-Greenlaw adds. "It really does take a certain kind of individual to say 'I am going to do this for myself. I am going to stay on a 40 foot boat for months."

The person who decides on this life has to be an adventurous soul, she said. "And there has to be an element of being willing to take risks. The people that are successful at it also have an understanding that they have to have a huge respect for Mother Nature."

The Ferrie family progressively built up to the liveaboard life in 2017 with trips up the Maine coast, going progressively farther Down East. The Serendipity is self-sufficient, with a desalination system for fresh water and solar panels for power. They have, Colotti Ferrie says, all the comforts of home with small concessions, and it all goes with them wherever they go. It was eye-opening for Colotti Ferrie, who had never experienced the Maine coast quite like this. "Seeing it from the ocean side was just amazing," she says.

But when they left the East Coast last fall on an 11-day course

from Virginia to the British Virgin Islands, it was a rude awakening. Sustained winds of 25 to 30 knots. Waves 10 to 15 feet. "I was in the fetal position and just wanted it to end," Colotti Ferrie said. "Being in the middle of the ocean makes you pretty vulnerable."

And some of the duties on board make you cranky, she says "Everything takes longer." Food planning is different. "You can't run up to Hannaford," she says. So is keeping energy consumption under check, although being off the grid is "fantastic." Washing laundry in a bucket, especially sheets, is "pure hell" but add in a crisis like lice? Even worse.

The bonuses far outweigh the bad, she and others say. "We really like having the ability to go where we want when we want." Colotti Ferrie says. That is, as soon as school is done for the day. (She homeschools her children from 9 to noon every day). They have to work together as a family, and the children have a lot of responsibilities. Renk-Greenlaw says for the family that lives aboard, it's not unusual to have a 9-year-old on watch at night.

That leads to increased maturity, Renk-Greenlaw says. Colotti Ferrie agrees. "Living aboard really spurred the kids to get along better together," she said. There's literally nowhere else to go. "Everyone has to get along. When they don't, things get really bad."

For Susan and Andrew Allen of Southwest Harbor, giving their children that experience was part of the appeal of living aboard. They'd met while working aboard a boat in 2006, where he was the captain and she was the cook and crew. They sailed to many exotic locations, from Croatia to the Cape Verde Islands. "We were always drawn to sailing families and were amazed by the maturity of the kids and intelligence, and thought that was a great way to raise a family," Andrew Allen says. They had the idea that they'd work for years, then quit and sail away. But after they moved to Southwest Harbor (where he grew up, in the shadow of Hinckley Yachts) they took on the kind of responsibilities, including ownership of seasonal businesses, that meant two months away was the most they could do. Since 2015 they have sailed in Florida or the Caribbean on their 34-foot Catalina, the Chickadee, homeschooling Lilly, 11, and Violet, 8, and doing part of the trip with another family from Bar Harbor. The shift from house life to boat life, with its different rhythms and demands, is always a bit of a shock. But within the first few days of living aboard, all the noise and chaos of land life falls away, as do



their children's regrets about leaving their friends at school.

"They quickly remember how fun it is," Allen says. Both girls are growing as sailors, he says, and their parents hope they go to college but wouldn't mind if they ended up working on boats as adults. "The first year they had a few sailing lessons and they said they were excited but were afraid of the boat tipping. Asking, 'Dad, can you make sure the boat doesn't tip?'" By the second year they were less worried about heeling and by the third year: "Nothing."

What about life as a couple? Colotti Ferrie says it is unavoidable that she and Kevin will get on each other's nerves "from time to time." And he, she says, "is the natural captain." For many years, Sharon Renk-Greenlaw of Freeport taught a class, Women Under Sail, designed to give women the confidence they needed to be their own captains. Gender roles, she says, tend to break down in a very traditional order on a sailboat. Some women she's taught have been sailing for decades, but always in the limited role of a passenger/cook/laundress.

"Many times they would come to me and say, they have a partner, typ-

South Carolina to Bermuda—and he says he wouldn't mind if she took charge more. But they met when he was the captain and she was the crew and he says, "It just kind of stuck." Still, when they've encountered other sailing couples it is clear to him that his wife is not the average sailing wife. "It's the husband's dream of sailing away and the wife gets to come along but it's not her dream," he says. "With Susan, it's not the same. She has the same or more of a desire to have this."

For Allison Sayer and her husband Sean, frequent summer visitors to Maine who live aboard in Maryland with their 4-year-old daughter, it has been a steep learning curve. In 2005, when she was teaching and Sean was in graduate school, a sudden rent increase caused him to suggest they move onto a boat. Allison Sayer started googling. She came across a blog written by a liveaboard sailor who said, "Every day that I come home from work I feel like I'm on vacation." She told Sean to let her know if he found a boat. That Friday they looked at a 35-foot Hunter. It was her first time on a sailboat ever. She went down into the cabin and looked around and felt, "OK, I can live here."





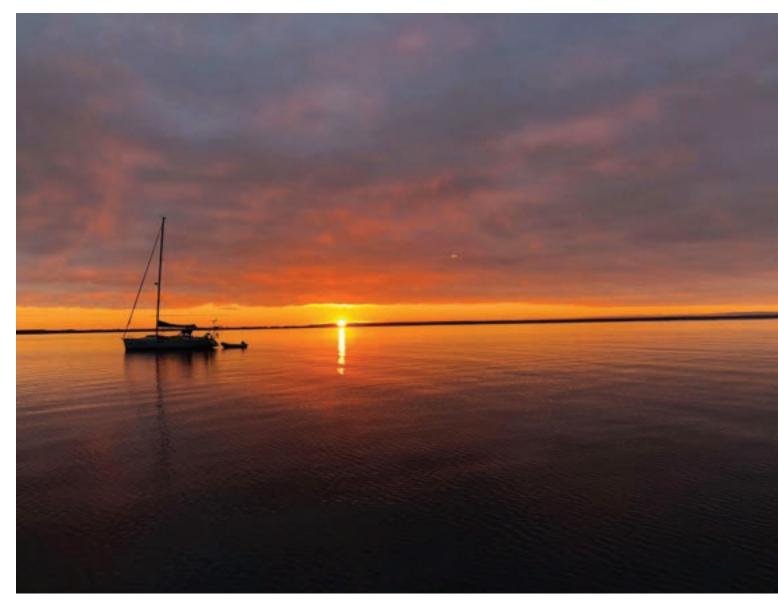
The Ferrie children get a lesson in sea turtle life (above left) and the whole family on the shore at Antigua on Christmas day. Photos by Stephanie Colotti Ferrie

ically male, who they can't seem to learn with like they want to," Renk-Greenlaw says. Men and women often have different approaches to learning, she says, and to fear. "When women get scared, we get quiet," she says. "We cry and then we talk about it. When men get scared, they yell, and that doesn't work on a boat." Knowing what to do if you're solo is key for anyone contemplating the liveaboard life, because if the captain goes overboard the crew have to be able to sail with confidence.

For the Ferries and the Allens, their roles do break down along gender lines. Andrew Allen says he does the bulk of the maintenance while Susan does the cooking and the homeschooling. As a sailor, she's extremely capable—having participated in an all female-crew race from Charleston,

At the beginning of their adventure, she says she was more concerned with the comfort of the living space in the cabin. As her sailing skills developed, her expectations shifted towards performance features like self-tailing winches. Her growth as a sailor is a source of pride for both Sayers. And they have a new(ish) boat now that makes it easier to sail up to Maine to visit friends and family. "Our 4-year-old has over 5,000 nautical miles under her belt which is incredible."

Renk-Greenlaw says she's been the force behind four liveaboard trips to the Caribbean. "I am the sailor," she says. "My husband has gone with me because he enjoys it, but mostly, because he loves our relationship." She has done plenty of "single-handed" sailing over the course of a life-



time of owning sailboats (she's had five). "It is challenging and it is very empowering," she says. She's between boats now, and giving private lessons to people who own their own. But she does miss the liveaboard life. "I miss the adventure of going to new places and meeting new people and being in different cultures and the challenge of having to make do with what you have." No matter how many tools you pack, it is inevitable that something will break and you'll have to do without. "I miss it all," she says. "There is nothing like being out on a sea with like a 15 to 20 knot wind and you are just cruising along and it is so quiet." Maybe that's why the Ferrie family is in no rush to get back to Maine. Eventually, Colotti Ferrie says, they will. "In a year or two," she says.

Sarah Moore is a writer, mother, and sailor. When she's not writing or working on repairs to her family's sailboat, she's exploring the coast with her husband and 4-year-old son. If things go as planned, Sarah and her family will be joining the ranks of liveaboard families next year.



Top, at anchor in Provincetown, heading south. Above, Calllum Ferrie, 8, on Great Bird Island, Antiqua. Photos by Stephanie Colotti Ferrie





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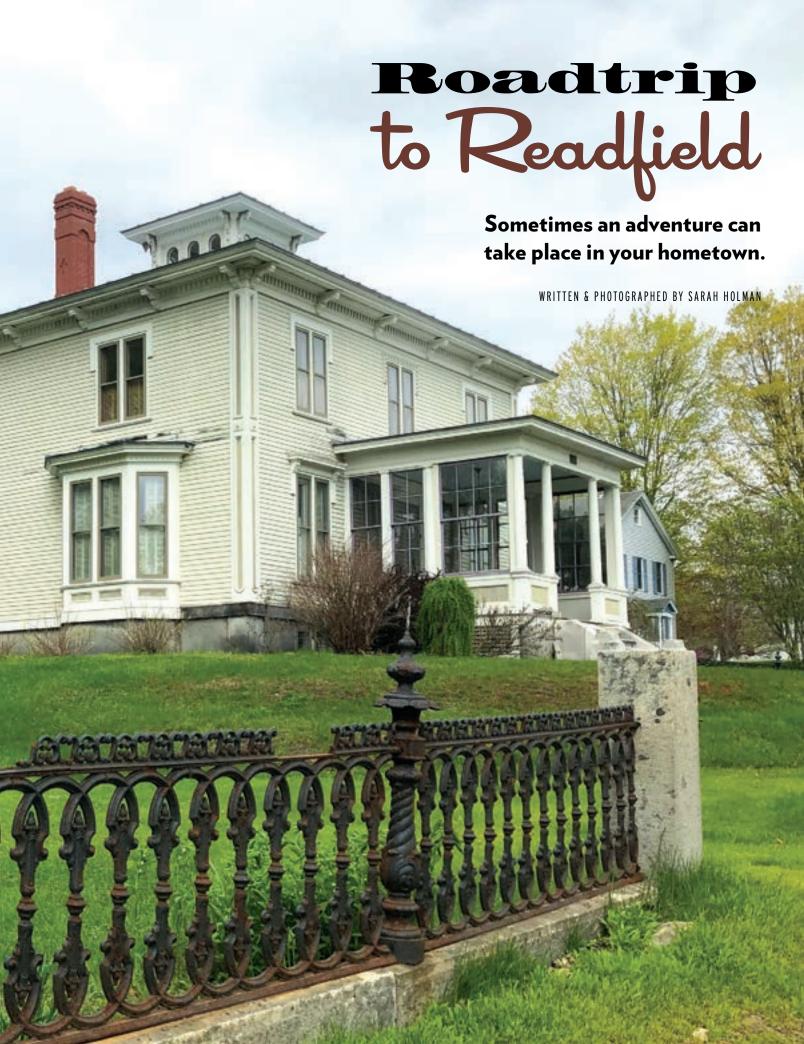
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When Carol and Doug Doorenbos saw this Brian Vanden Brink photograph of the dilapidated Gile Mansion in Down East magazine in 1993, it spurred them to pursue their dream of owning the property. Photo originally published in Down East in 1993, reproduced courtesy of Vanden Brink

I passed the house with the iron fence at least once a day, from early childhood until I left for college. It was on the main drag that led in and out of town. From the backseat of my parents' car and later driving myself, I'd set my sights on the crumbling Italianate mansion the moment it came into view, craning my neck to take in every detail until it passed. I daydreamed about what was inside, how it would have looked when it was built, and if it could be saved from decay.

Readfield, Maine—population 2,500—is 12 miles northwest of Augusta. It's hilly and wooded, set on a large lake. It's also community-focused and eclectic, home to both lifelong Mainers and transplants from away. Residents are hard-working and down-to-earth, and showy displays of wealth generally aren't well received.

Asa Gile must have missed the memo.

A successful lawyer and businessman, Gile built his mansion on Main Street in 1867 with every intention of being ostentatious. It was a classic case of keeping up with the Joneses. Gile was competitive with another wealthy local who was building a house at the same time, and the two men tried to outdo each other at every turn.

By the late 1800s, Readfield and its Lake Maranacook had

become a summer tourism destination via the Maine Central Railroad. Visitors from Boston, New York and Philadelphia pumped money into the local economy. The town rose to meet these new expectations, providing recreational activities and building fancier inns and public spaces, according to Dale Potter-Clark, a Readfield historian and co-author of *The Founders and Evolution of Summer Resorts and Kids' Camps on Four Lakes in Central Maine*.

The interior of Union Meeting House, for example, was renovated to meet the era's "modern" aesthetics. That included paintings by Portland artist Charles J. Schumacher, famous for his *trompe l'oeil* paintings throughout the state, which mislead the viewer into thinking the walls and ceiling are three-dimensional. The Union Meeting House holds his last known existing work and was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1982. "The architectural and artistic features of this building are largely unrivaled in any rural Maine building," says Union Meeting House treasurer John Perry.

I never set foot in the meetinghouse when I lived in Readfield, and my parents, who moved there in 1977, knew little about the town's history as a posh summering destination. Perhaps when the Great Depression ended the tourism boom, the locals sim-









Left and far right, a turned mahogany staircase leads up to the cupola. Center, a period detail on a ceiling.

ply got back to the business of being hearty Mainers. Most of the large lakefront properties changed hands, burned down or fell into disrepair, slowly removing themselves from the town's identity in the process.

Yet somehow the Asa Gile Mansion survived and remained a single-family home, always by the skin of its teeth. Gile died in 1888, deeply in debt, bankrupted by the house he was known for. The foreclosed property sold for \$1,550 at auction (adjusted for inflation, \$41,250 in 2015)—less than 8 percent of the original construction cost, according to Potter-Clark's research.

In my childhood, the owners were Kenneth and Eva Tibbetts. They bought the house in 1964 and raised five children there. They moved to North Carolina in the late 70s, right around the time I started eyeing it from the backseat of my parents' car, and left the house unoccupied. The rumor was that Kenneth Tibbetts told the town he'd let the place rot to the ground before selling. Another story had him asking such an outrageous sale price, no one could possibly afford it. Over the years, would-be buyers

made offers with the intention of turning the home into a business, specifically a nursing home. When I was in high school, there was talk that the town was going to condemn the building. The thought that the wrecking ball cometh was devastating to me. The house had stood for so long, waited so patiently for salvation. Where was the justice for this monument to our town's past?

Then, during my junior year in high school, the house changed hands. In the spring of 1996, the new owners, Carol and Doug Doorenbos, held an open house and clean-up day for community members. I was supposed to go to a party on the lake that day, but I skipped it to see the house. I'd waited 17 years to walk through those doors. The only thing that had kept me from sneaking in was my assumption I would fall through the floor.

I was astonished by the condition of the house. Not only was there a floor—in the front part of the house, at least—but so much character had survived. There were 10-foot ceilings, ornate crown moldings and ceiling medallions, five Italian marble fireplaces, a turned mahogany staircase that







led all the way up to a cupola, beautiful etched glass and fancy trimwork, huge rooms and, of course, that wrought iron fence. It exceeded my expectations. I didn't speak to the new owners, except to say, "Thank you for making my dreams come true."

The house not only stayed with me into adulthood, it continued to grow in my imagination. When I write fiction, the Gile Mansion is a house I often imagine my characters occupying. Maybe I dream of that myself; my criteria when I started looking for a home of my own included the pronouncement that I would look at no house unless it was at least a hundred years old. I no longer have family in Readfield, but over the years if chance took me through town, I'd detour to drive by the Gile House. My curiosity about the property never abated. This spring, I set out on a road trip to meet the Doorenbos and find out more about the house. Sometimes an adventure can take place in your hometown.

The first time Carol and Doug Doorenbos saw the Gile mansion was in the early 1990s, when it had been abandoned for almost 20 years. The couple had moved to Maine from lowa and were living in Auburn. Doug was working at Otis Specialty Papers in Livermore Falls and Carol had a job as a pharmacist. They had a thing for old houses, having restored a house in Cedar Rapids. Doug casually mentioned their love for old homes to a coworker, who replied, "You've gotta see this old place in Readfield."

The Doorenbos drove out to see the house and despite its decrepit ex-

terior, they were instantly enamored. Doug went to the town hall to inquire about contacting the owner. "The clerk basically said, 'good luck'," Carol recalls. "The owner wanted to be left alone."

They left, disappointed. Then, in 1993, they saw an image of the mansion in all its spooky glory in Down East magazine. The photographer was Brian Vanden Brink, an architectural photographer who moved to Maine from Nebraska in 1978. He and his wife Kathleen settled in Camden and Vanden Brink began driving the Maine countryside. While traveling west on Route 17 he saw the Gile Mansion and immediately pulled over. "It was lit quite nicely when I came upon it, and I loved the patina of neglect that it had at the time," Vanden Brink says. "It was a fine piece of historic architecture and a good example of Italianate style. I had to shoot it."

His photo renewed the Doorenbos' interest. They decided to take their pursuit to the next level. "We got personal," Carol says. They wrote a long letter detailing their intention to restore the home and raise a family there. Initially Kenneth Tibbetts didn't respond. When a big storm compromised part of the roof, the Doorenbos reached out again. "The roof was peeled back like a tuna can," Doug says. "It was a now-or-never situation." Finally, Tibbetts agreed to show them the interior. "We had no idea what we would see," Carol says.

The property was in bad shape. In addition to the leaking roof, floor joists were rotten, one of the chimneys had fallen and the foundation

had collapsed in the carriage house. Ceiling plaster had come down, light fixtures had been stolen, the wiring was ancient and half the house had never had heat. There was no running water. "A hose came in from a natural spring way at the back of the property," Carol remembers, "and it no longer worked." Somehow the Doorenbos saw past all that. "We saw the potential," Carol says. "We thought, 'someone has to do something before it's too late."

They asked Tibbetts how much he wanted and if they could do an inspection. "He said, 'I'm selling it as is'," Carol says. He was asking just \$60,000. The Doorenbos had a lawyer write up a long contract, which Tibbetts rejected. He wanted a bare bones purchase and sale agreement. The final document was a single page. A few months after selling, Tibbetts passed away. "We think he may have been clearing up his affairs," Carol speculates. "He and his wife were very sad and nostalgic when they showed us the house. They had a lot of special memories here." Hearing this, I finally understood why Tibbetts wanted to be left alone. He didn't want to sell the house, not because he wanted it to rot, but because he wasn't ready to let it go.

When I pulled up the dirt driveway in early spring, it was like passing an invisible boundary that has existed my entire life. I could stare at the house from the street for as long as I liked, but stepping onto the property, stepping through the door, required permission.

The back porch light was on, inviting me in.

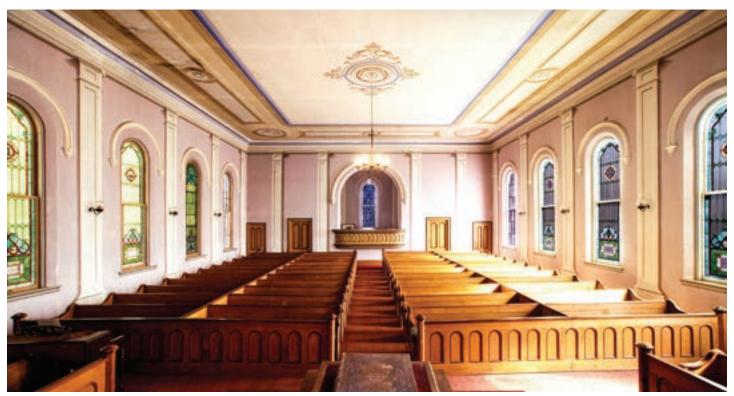
The Doorenbos, both 34 when they bought the mansion, threw themselves aggressively into renovations, hiring professionals to tackle the most pressing structural issues that first year. The second summer, Carol and Doug occupied one small room in the back, borrowing a neighbor's bathroom and cooking in a tiny oven. It was over a year before they had working toilets. "I remember the day Doug called me at work and said, 'I just flushed a toilet!" she laughs. When Doug was downsized from his job, he decided to stay home and operate as head contractor. He built a workshop in the basement and took on much of the renovation work himself, meticulously fixing or recreating every detail. "We would truly stink at turning houses for profit," Carol says. "We tend to over-improve."

This statement is proven again and again. Everything that could be saved has been saved, regardless of the room's relative importance to the house. Off the back hall there is a laundry room where Doug salvaged and patchworked the original beadboard walls. He shows me that behind the door, the wall is flat sheetrock. "No one looks back there," he says sheepishly, as though someone might call the room incomplete.

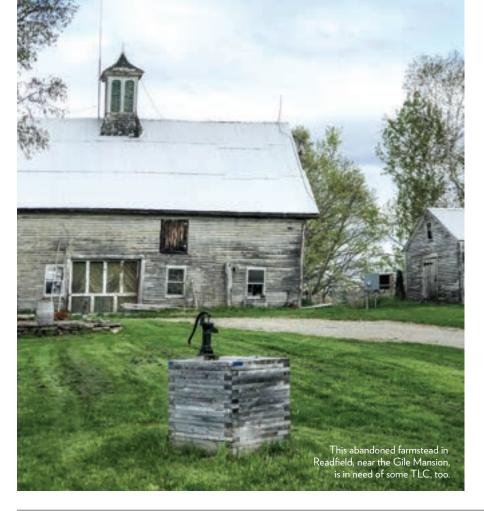
The Doorenbos had considered turning the house into a bed and breakfast. But in 2004, they adopted two 2-year-old girls from Russia. "Life got busy... and noisy," Carol says. Since then, Carol has survived cancer twice, and four years ago, an ill parent prompted an extended move back to her hometown in Indiana. During their time away, some of finished work suffered, like the exterior paint job. A tree came down on a section of the ornate fence and another piece of it—each section costs between \$5,000 and \$10,000 to fix and there are 29 sections—was hit by a car. Their total investment in the Gile Mansion, Carol says, "will never be tallied, because we really don't want to know."

Vanden Brink's photo, the one that motivated the Doorenbos to pursue the house, was included in his 2009 book Ruin: Photographs of a Vanishing America, a collection of the abandoned buildings he found while on assignment. "I see these houses as a metaphor for our own mortality," he says. "A statement to our inability to stop time. The common denominator is, everything comes to the end." Does he find that depressing? Not at all. "It seems foolish to live a life that's not reflective of the end," he says. "What matters is the effort we make while we're here."

The Doorenbos have definitely made an effort. Standing inside the Gile Mansion for the second time in my life, I realize how this project has truly been a labor of love for them. At the kitchen island, Carol and Doug bring out a stuffed file folder, overflowing with photographs, research and articles about the house, even a history paper written by one of their daughters. They've gone to trade shows and conventions all over the country



The interior of the Union Meeting House, with its Charles J. Schumacher paintings. Photo by Ron Simon



to hone their renovation skills, and the craftspeople they've sought out to assist them are the very best at what they do, equally committed to accurate restoration. The second floor of the barn is packed with old doors and frames and bits of trim and woodwork, because, Doug says, "I try to reuse everything original before creating something new."

Asked if they are still as passionate about saving the Gile Mansion as they were 20 years, Carol considers. "He still has the passion," she says of Doug. "I prefer to enjoy my weekends a bit more or putter on the landscaping. In a couple of years, my girls will be heading off to college, so I want to cherish this time while it lasts."

I leave the house with the iron fence with every intention of driving straight back to Portland, but instead of turning left on Main Street, I turn right and drive past my childhood home, which looks a little neglected. The perennial beds my mother planted are overgrown. Then I pass an abandoned farmstead I knew well in my youth and turn around to pull into the driveway. The wood on the barn is gray and weathered, and the once-trim fields wave their tall yellow grasses. There's an old wagon wheel, a worn ladder, a rusted wheelbarrow. Vestiges of passed time. I wonder, as I stare at the house, 'Will someone save you, too?'

Leaving town, I slow as I pass the mansion.

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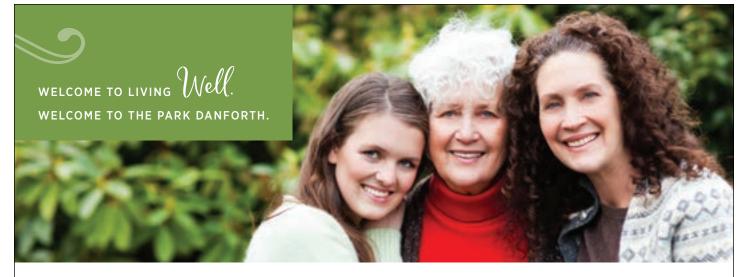
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Right, old pieces of the mansion's wrought iron fence await the Doorenbos' restoration. There are 29 sections of fence, and each costs between \$5,000 and \$10,000 to fix.

Below, an unrenovated parlor offers a glimpse of what Carol and Doug Doorenbos were dealing with when they bought the home.

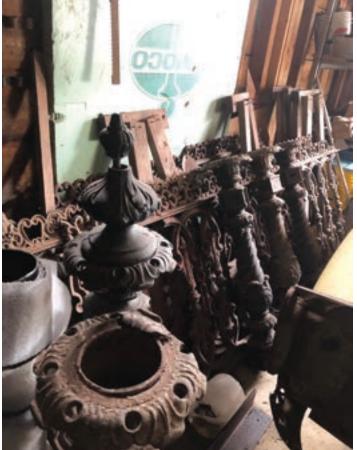


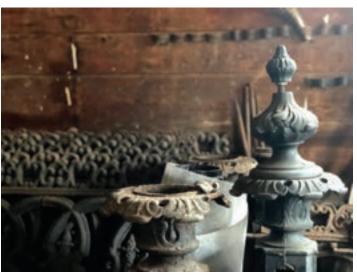
Somehow it is exactly as I remember it from my childhood, the way Vanden Brink captured it in his photograph. In reality, of course, it is closer to how it would have looked in 1867 when Asa Gile built it. I am very glad to see it this way, but I also don't want to let go of the ruin it was 30 years ago, when everything inside was built by my imagination.

The Doorenbos plan to finish the house, or at least the eight bedrooms and five baths, before their extended family visits for their daughters' graduation in two years. When Carol tells me this, it strikes me that this goal isn't about perfect plaster ceiling medallions or historically accurate door knobs. It is about family. The house that has held my imagination for decades is what it was always meant to be—a home. A place to gather, to share, to care for and love.

And for another generation to admire and wonder about from afar.

Sarah Holman is a writer living in Portland. She is enthusiastic about cheese plates, thrift shop treasures and old houses in need of saving. Find her online at storiesandsidebars.com.





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## ONE WOMAN AT TIME

iZosh ladies bring their hearts, minds and checkbooks to issues of female oppression around the world.

BY AMY PARADYS7







t all started with a book group and a feeling of hopelessness.

The book, Half the Sky: Turning Oppression Into Opportunity for Women Worldwide by Pulitzer Prize-winning journalists Nicholas Kristof and Sheryl WuDunn, reveals the trauma women, especially poor women, endure around the world.

Sally Dunning, a retired clinical social worker, had plenty of experience seeing people facing tremendous difficulties and had often been frustrated by how little she could do to help. But this time Dunning wasn't alone in her desire to do more; her book group wanted to go beyond discussion to practical response.

It took some time to figure out how, though. With global issues so vast women being treated as second-class citizens, being denied education and health care, being abused sexually, physically and emotionally—how could a half dozen women make any difference at all?

By focusing on a tangible request from one woman at a time.

"They wanted to do more than a book club," says Leslie Wilkins, an active volunteer with the resulting nonprofit, iZosh International. "The idea is you gather at these events, and some people can give \$20 and some can give \$200 and no one but the treasurer knows—or you can give anonymously and it's all pooled together. The money is spent that night on microloans for women in extreme poverty, living on the equivalent of \$2 a day or less."

The founders got the name "iZosh" from a word in the Amharic language, spoken in Ethiopia. It's a compassionate word of comfort, basically saying, "I hear you. I see you."

"So little, from our perspective, can do so much," says Dunning, who was one of the founders in 2012. "It's not the total answer, of course, but it certainly matters to one person."

When Dunning moved from Ann Arbor, Michigan, where iZosh was founded, to Falmouth last year, she knew she wanted to start a chapter here. "I brought it in my luggage," she laughs.

She planted the first iZosh daughter chapter in her new neighborhood, OceanView at Falmouth, which provides meeting space, and her new faith community, Tuttle Road United Methodist Church in Cumberland, which handles administrative costs. Nationwide these pockets of feminist philanthropy have funded more than 600 women around the world with more than \$220,000 in microloans. The money is then funneled to a microfinance institution, usually a bank, and the recipient pays it back to that

"iZosh is an organization dedicated to giving women a hand up," says member Linda Brewster, pastor of Tuttle Road United Methodist Church. "It's compassionate support, women supporting women."

It gives women a chance to put their money where their faith is. "People who are outcasts living on the edge of society have a hard time and tend to have a much deeper faith than any of us have," Brewster says. "They rely on God for just about everything in life, while we rely on our money. When we give \$250, that goes a long way in a place like Ethiopia and we hardly miss it."

Giving is made personal because the iZosh members learn about the lifestyle, challenges and business goals of women from the other side of the globe and vote on whose micro loans to fund.

Each iZosh event has an educational aspect—a film, book or article giving context on a particular struggle somewhere in the world. The April event in Falmouth started with a showing of the documentary "A Walk to Beautiful" about the efforts to heal Ethiopian women who have endured injuries in childbirth called obstetric fistula, a traumatic injury during childbirth that leaves them incontinent.

"Fistula is a preventable childbirth injury eradicated in the United States in 1895," said filmmaker Allison Shigo, a New Hampshire native who was the guest speaker.

At least 35,000 women in Ethiopia live with obstetric fistula, unable to control their urine and sometimes their bowel movements. Poor nutrition. heavy work and a tradition of marrying young means that many expectant mothers, without access to a hospital or even a midwife, suffer through days of labor-long enough that often the infant dies and the mother tears between the birth canal and bladder and sometimes between the birth canal and rectum.

Makda Teklemichael, who grew up in Ethiopia and now lives in Boston, gave the iZosh ladies some context: "They are considered cursed by God, are outcasts and are treated like lepers."

If a woman with obstetric fistula hears that her condition can be treated surgically and she gets herself to Ethiopia's capital city of Addis Ababa, where there is a fistula hospital, her incontinence may be healed. But not all the damage is physical. The filmmakers encountered one young woman who had the surgery, but afterward, had nowhere to go. She was adrift emotionally. They helped find her a job at an orphanage, giving her not only employment but a home and community. "I saw that there was a critical gap that although there was treatment there was no support system afterward and no prevention efforts," said Shigo, who founded the nonprofit Healing Hands of Joy to fill that gap.

Women who have recovered from fistula surgery are invited to become Safe Motherhood Ambassadors. After two weeks of training and counseling in a residential program, ambassadors go door-to-door, sharing information and helping to identify women with fistulas who may be treated. Each ambassador gets a kit that includes a mobile phone to call for emergency assistance, shoes for walking long distances and a purple umbrella to shade them from the heat of the summer and identify them as an ambassador. Part of their educational outreach tools are a didactic book for sharing medical information with women who can't read and an audio New Testament.

Healing Hands of Joy has trained nearly 1,500 fistula survivors to be Safe Motherhood Ambassadors. But these women—many of them shunned by their husbands, families and communities while they were incontinent—need a small loan to buy sheep or goats, something to give them some economic security. Maine's iZosh ladies fully funded 16 of these micro loans.

When it comes time to make decisions about what to fund, it is a democratic process, but with a sweet visual ritual. Members of the group place stones in baskets designated for each loan applicant until one basket holds a majority. Visitors to the group (or members who came without their checkbooks) get to vote on additional loans. Loans of a few hundred dollars at a time help a woman start a business, get an education or build a house. Each time a loan is fully funded, the iZosh ladies ring cowbells to celebrate.

"We have a real good time giving those loans out," says Linda Jensenius of Cumberland, laughing.

iZosh members pledge how much they plan to donate during each semiannual event so that organizers have an idea of the total funding to come in. During the event itself, checks are collected—written out to the church—and the total amount is put on a church credit card that night to immediately fund those loans through micro loan institutions such as Kiva and Opportunity Alliance. No funds are held by iZosh.

"After the meeting the other night, I was able to announce in church that we raised \$4,090 and fully funded 16 women's business loans," says Cheryl Roberts of Yarmouth, one of the volunteer loan officers.

"These micro finance institutions have people on the ground in these countries working directly with these women, helping to be sure their business plans succeed, monitoring the process and receiving repayment of the loans," Dunning says, adding that the local iZosh chapter has already begun rolling over repaid loans into new loans. "There's a snowball effect."

Ninety-year-old new member Connie Dayton of Falmouth left her first event elated. "Look at what we did tonight," she says.

Amy Paradysz is a freelance writer who is profoundly grateful that she had access to a C-section when she needed one. She lives in Scarborough.











# Summer



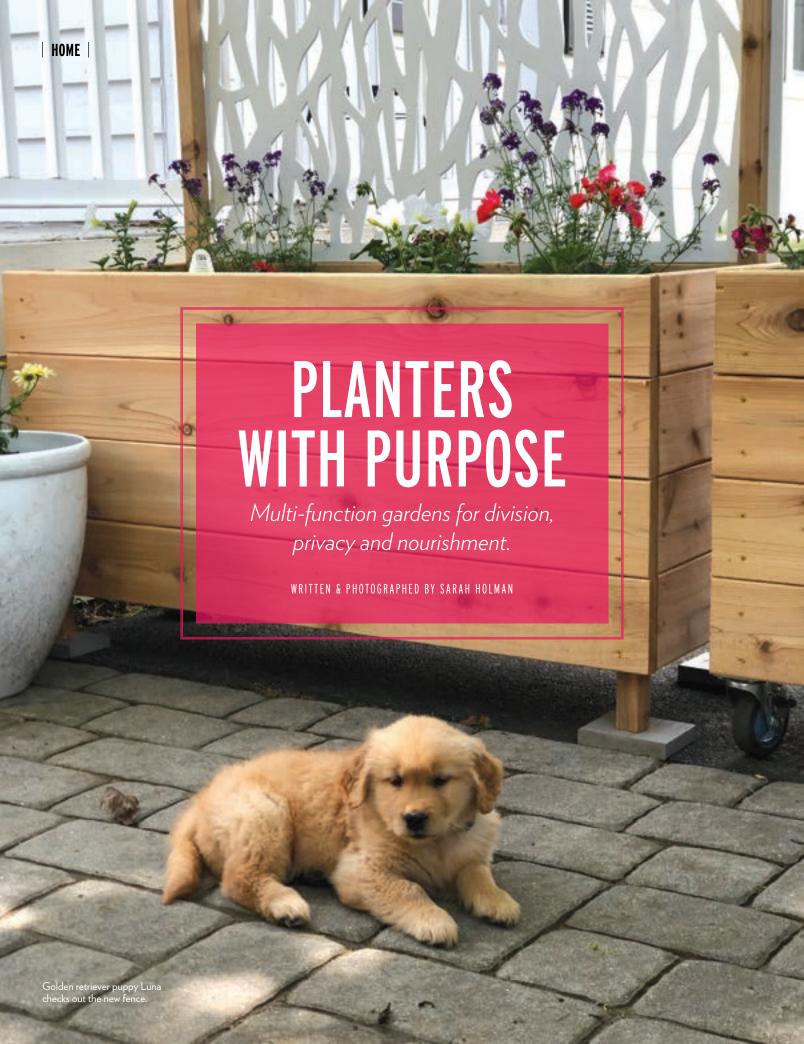
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ith the summer upon us, it's time to make the most of outdoor living spaces. Residing in the city, on a small lot, or sharing a yard with others can mean limited options for classic summer escapes like patios and decks. At my home in Portland, we designated the upper end of our driveway as fire pit central, eventually tearing up the pavement and replacing it with cobblestone. The remainder of our yard is fenced for security and privacy, which worked just fine until a puppy joined our family. Suddenly we needed a way to close off the end of the driveway to keep the dog contained, but we also needed to be able to open the barrier to access the backyard from the active driveway. When a fence-gate combo estimate came back in excess of \$5,000, we decided to get creative.

We knew whatever we built had to be tall enough to keep a grown Golden Retriever from leaping over it and heavy enough to keep her from pushing it aside, but also light enough for an adult to move. After several iterations of designs, we settled on building three cedar planters connected with long hook and eye latches, with the center planter on wheels. The addition of lattice for climbing plants would provide height and privacy from the street.

Cedar planks are sold in 8-foot lengths at Lowe's, and we wanted to waste as little as possible. Each box would be 48 inches tall by 24 inches wide, which made the math easy. For the legs, interior floor bracing and lattice stabilizers, we used 2-inch x 2-inch cedar balusters. Instead of installing the floor at the very bottom of the planter, we attached it in the middle to save on soil and weight. Decorative lattice or "screening" is available at Lowe's and online in 2-foot x 4-foot sections. It comes in several designs and colors. We chose an organic-style, white polymer option that can stand up to the Maine winter.

After filling the planters with soil and compost, we planted annuals that will grow full and fast. At O'Donal's Nursery in Gorham, I asked about the best climbing plants for containers, and they recommended two annuals, morning glories and black-eyed Susan vines, and two perennials, clematis and honeysuckle. "Hydrangea vines are also wonderful for an arbor," a sales associate told me. Her suggestion made me think about creating shade in yards that don't have big trees, and I learned that grape vines are particularly strong and can be trained to climb up and over a trellis, as can the honeysuckle vining shrub. A small bistro table under a shady cascade of honeysuckle seems like the perfect place to enjoy a morning cup of coffee or an evening glass of Rosé during the warm months.

If you prefer to forgo fencing and create a natural division with plants, you could try ram-









These simple, moveable cedar boxes, shown here from beginning to end product, provide visual interest and a place to grow flowers while creating a puppy barrier.

bling rose, although the O'Donal's associate told me the Maine winter is hard on them and recommended the quick-spreading beach rose instead. Another great pick for screening is the evergreen Arborvitae, which is fast-growing and easy to care for. Plant several in a line and, within a year or two, the dense greenery fills in to create a living fence.

Our driveway planters are shaded by a large deciduous tree, but it would be easy to use this design for a raised vegetable bed if more sun were available. Peas, beans and cucumbers could all be trained to grow up the panel, and the soil is deep enough to support most vegetables. Ali Mediate, founder and director of Maine Foodscapes, which designs and installs gardens for both paying clients and through grants for families who want to garden but don't have the means, says strawberries are

an excellent planter choice, as well as kale, tomatoes, peppers and herbs. She also loves to plant brightly colored nasturtium flowers in her beds. "You can eat them in a salad, garnish a plate or throw them in pesto," Mediate says. "And they have a pollinator benefit."

With so many ways to make the most of outdoor spaces of any size, there is every reason to get outside. Our planter project took a full day of construction, not including the planning phase, and cost under \$500. That's a heck of a lot less than a \$5,000 fence and so much more interesting to look at. The puppy, by the way, agrees.

Sarah Holman is a writer living in Portland. She is enthusiastic about cheese plates, thrift shop treasures and old houses in need of saving. Find her online at storiesandsidebars.com.

FAMILY TIES, **FAMILY TRUTHS** 

Interview: Sarah Blake, author of The Guest Book

BY AMY CANFIELD

The Guest Book, one of this summer's big novels, is winning well-deserved praise for author Sarah Blake. This engaging saga of three generations of an upper-crust New York City banking family that summers in Maine is ripe with drama as it spans the years from 1935

While overflowing with -isms—anti-Semitism, racism, elitism, classism—it also probes a theme familiar to many of us: a special Maine family place that nostalgia brings us back to again and again, be it a camp at the lake, a favorite mountainside campground, or, in this case,

Matriarch Kitty Milton and her clan roll WASPishly through their share of tragedy and change from the pre-World War II years into the new millennium, and their family summer home in Penobscot Bay is their touchstone.

"No matter how old she grew, up here the general order of things never shifted. On and on. Nothing ever changed. Sunlight. Twilight. Drinks on the dock. A cardigan sweater thrown over a chair. ...(S)he belonged to this spot," Kitty's daughter Joan thinks.

Joan's professorial daughter, Evie, shares her mother's nostalgic dedication. But when she and the cousins of her generation are at risk of losing the island, family truths surface that cast her beloved summer retreat and her history in a darker light.

If there's one takeaway she'd like readers to get from the novel, Blake says, it's to ponder this question: When you come to see your relation to the collective past, what do you do?

Blake, the author of *The Postmistress*, also set during the World War Il era, is working on a novel "that centers around a cell of menopausal women spies charged with protecting a piece of paper dating from Reconstruction that, if revealed, might blow the country open." She's 58, lives in Washington D.C. and has visited Maine every year since she was born. We spoke to her about The Guest Book and Maine.



The Guest Book by Sarah Blake (left) Flatiron Books

#### Q: The "promise of Maine" is strong in the story, but is it more a case of getting away from the city than of Maine itself?

A: I think one of the telling elisions that the Milton family makes is that when they say Maine, they really only mean "the Island," as if the whole state were theirs. The Island is both muse and character in this novel. It is the place that binds and defines the Miltons, the place that tugs on them, that makes them who they are, but also the place they cannot escape; and many of them get caught in that beautiful bind.

### Q: In contrast to her cousins. Evie is adamant in her desire to keep the island in the family, even obsessively so. Why is her pull stronger?

A: Evie's mother Joan has just died, and has asked that Evie bury her ashes on the island under a stone that is marked only, Here. Not her name or the dates of her life. The sorrow and the mystery of that request haunt Evie as she realizes how little she really knew or understood her mother or her grandmother. In the aftermath of her mother's death, the island becomes a place that Evie feels she must fully know the story of, and so hold on to, before she can bury her mother, letting her go.

### Q: Evie is an intelligent 21st century woman—and an expert in patriarchal history—yet she clings to her past, which has more than its fair share of sexism and elitism. How do you reconcile that?

A: Evie has established herself as a feminist historian, intellectually calling out the patriarchy, even though her family history, which is

steeped in patriarchal expectations for her behavior, grounds her emotionally. In this, I suppose I don't see Evie as unusual: The human capacity to compartmentalize is limitless—it allows us to think we see, while seeing only partially, or not at all. We cling to the histories we grew up in because they are familiar, they are the solid upon which we walk, and when we are shown the truth of the ground our family has taken for granted, it asks for a break that is often very difficult to make.

Q: Evie and her cousin can quote verbatim their grandmother's "oughts": "A woman ought to keep herself slim, upright, fit. Fat is a sign of ill breeding, of having let yourself go. Liking food too much bespeaks a weak mind, a flaccid spirit, a lack of ambition. One ought to never burden others with one's sorrows. One ought to keep them to oneself." Do you have a favorite "ought" from your mother or grandmothers?

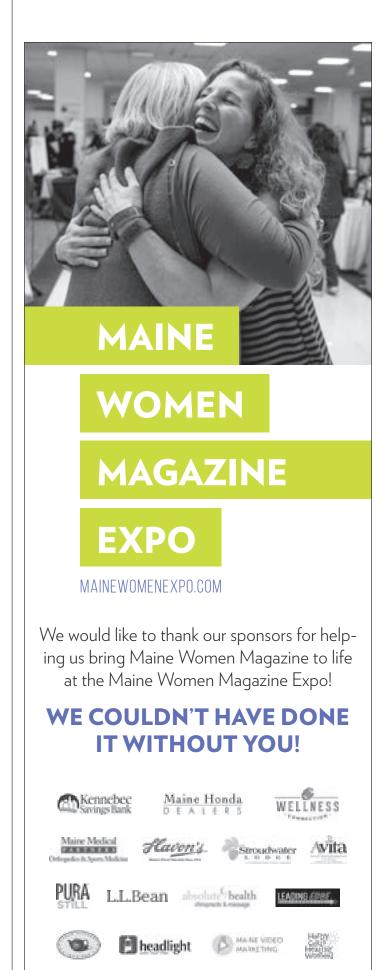
A: Can one have a favorite "ought?" Most often I found myself pushing against the oughts, as most of the ones I remember had to do with silence, with keeping quiet: One ought never speak until one is spoken to; One ought be seen and not heard; and then, OK-perhaps my favorite, the one that I questioned most overtly, and the one that the Milton family live by—"Some things are better off left unsaid." And though I certainly grew up chafing at these oughts, at the same time I learned how to speak up, and speak out in other ways. In some ways, I grew into a writer by watching, and listening to every word unspoken around my family's dinner tables through the years, my training ground the things left unsaid.

### Q: Is there anything else about The Guest Book you'd like readers to know?

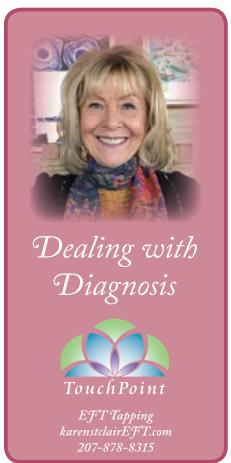
A: I was profoundly influenced by the year my family spent in Berlin, two years into the writing of the novel. The year clarified a way to think about America's relation to its past, but also a way to think of how to dramatize buried memory and its explosive effects on the present. All over the city, and set into the sidewalks as part of the project begun by the artist Gunter Demnig in 1992, brass paving stones are embedded outside the last place a Jewish person lived or worked before they were deported. The words on each stone are simple: Here lived, and then the name, the date of their birth, the date they were taken from that spot; and then the date and the place of their death...The stumble stones make the past physical, concrete, impossible to ignore, literally interrupting the surface of the present. All over the city, the stones attest: something happened, and it happened here, on this spot, calling me to think back through the present spot to the place in the past, asking: who would I have been in the moment the stone holds? Would I have looked? Or looked away?

Looking at the stones, it occurred to me that this might be the way to plot the novel. What if I could show how one moment, one single moment, a moment that was walked over and around—unknown to everyone but the person at the moment's center—lay buried like an unexploded bomb, silent across time and generations.

Amy Canfield is the deputy editor of Maine Women Magazine and the managing editor of the American Journal and Lakes Region Weekly.







# ADVICE FROM YOUR NOT-SO-ELDERS

BY MAGGIE KNOWLES

The angst in the room was palpable: Throats cleared. Heels tapped. Eyes darted. There was a sweaty silence when a woman raised her arm for all faces to focus on her. "I am the principal," she said in a confident tone. "Welcome to middle school."

The parents squared their shoulders and put down their phones. She meant business. Step Up Day at middle school. That's the day when it really hits home that our not-so-little-kids-anymore are prepped to be tossed from their elementary school thrones back to the bottom of the heap. Most of us shudder recalling the purgatory of junior high, the awkward encounters, smells, spots, blurts and bodily misfunctions. And yet, here we are. Gathered, trying to imagine that maybe it will be different for our own kids.

"This is an exciting time for your child's development," Madame Principal boomed, clicking to a slide of a cartoon brain holding dumbbells. "Mentally annnnnd physically!" A new picture of a tween wearing too small clothes popped up. "Get ready to buy lots of new sneakers. Hahaha."

"Of course," she continued as she stalked the room for inattentive faces, "These years are a time for discovery, curiosity and change."

Change. Just the day before I had been helping my sick 11-year-old in the bathroom when I noticed pubes. Unable to look away quickly enough before my son noticed that I had noticed, he said proudly, "Look! I have pubicals! Just like they promised in that health video!" This was only two weeks after I realized the horrid BO in the car was in fact coming from him and he conned me into spending \$28 on "hair mud" when I took him to pick out deodorant.

The room seemed to freeze in that moment, as each parent came to terms with their own awkward brush with this impending adolescence. Yes, Madame Principal. Change, in-

deed. Oh, to have a few more months of just hoping he would brush his teeth.

Q&A time was a bunch of nonsense about lockers and lunch. What we all really wanted to know: Have we done enough as parents to get our babies ready for all of this...change? They will be on the bus with seventh- and eighth-graders, who have beards and bones to pick with the world. What can we tell them during the panicked sunset of their literal childhood that will stick?

As if on cue, a new slide appeared: "What Our School Community Means to Us." Here, the current middle schoolers submitted bits of wisdom to pass to the class of 2027. "The best part is the cafeteria. You get to eat whatever you want from lots of foods!" They went on about the number of clubs to join (chess, jazz band, nature writing). There were peppy suggestions: "Make sure you try something you don't think you would like. It may be your favorite." There were even some deep insights:

"I was so scared of the 8th graders in the fall. Now I realize they are just like us."

"You will really start to grow up here. You are responsible for your locker and schedule and you don't have to walk in duck lines anymore!"

"Make new friends. Meeting new people is a great part of life. People are nice and funny and you can learn new things from each other."

Try new things. Take care of your own stuff. Meet new people. Ask for help. It seemed like the basics of being a good person are pretty well summed up by these tweens and teens who are all navigating their own phases of changes and transitions.

All of us reading the sweet quotes let out a collective sigh of relief in the room. Our kiddos will be OK when they climb on to the early (so darn early) bus come fall. They will sit next to someone new, steady their character-free backpack on the lap, and look down at their first of many new pairs of sneakers. Then, they will sneak a sideways glance out of the window to make sure we are standing there watching. Because even though they are now a whole year older—with BO, pubicals and hair mud—they still need to know that we are there and that we will always see them, even as we disappear in the rearview mirror.

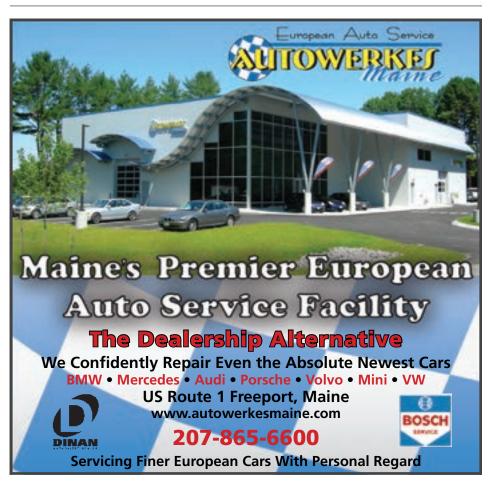
Maggie Knowles writes about all things kid. She and her family live in Yarmouth, where she gardens, keeps bees and refuses to get rid of her stilettos.

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Photo by Kelsey Kobik, Portland

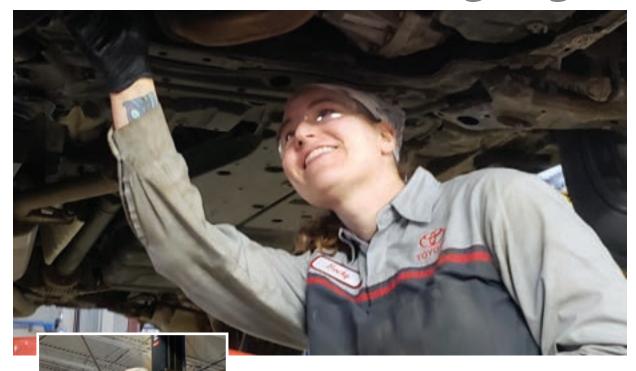
#### Grandeur

I won't say a thing.

By Charlotte Agell, Brunswick

I want to take you camping I want the wind to blow your hair around until you do not care that you are not coiffed. I want the bugs to bite you, just a little. (Or possibly a lot.) I want the real sun to hit your face. It will not turn you orange, I don't think. I want you to stand on your own bare feet on the sweet earthy wormy dirt of our one precious planet. Earth. I want you to look into the distance at the far mountains, and feel grandeur, I want you to let your eyes rest on the horizon and imagine peace. The waves will slap the shore, all night long. We might have a campfire. There will be no secret service, Only a wandering deer, maybe even a bear. We'll have separate tents. You can have the biggest. In the morning you'll get up and yawn broadly and say to the birds, "What have I been thinking all my life?"

### No, I wasn't raised in a garage...



No, I wasn't alone in a house full of brothers. I wasn't a tomboy. But when I finished college, I realized a job behind a desk wasn't for me. So the question isn't "Why am I a mechanic?" It's "Why not?"

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