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As we move forward into another month, I want you all to know how grateful we at *Maine Women Magazine* are for all the beautiful letters and comments you send us about this fabulous publication. Please keep your ideas and comments coming.

We have amazing stories this month as we continue to celebrate women — and to celebrate you, our reader, as a person. Take a look at upcoming events in March to mark Maine's 200th birthday, and learn about Abbie Burgess and Fly Rod Crosby, two wonderful, strong women of the past. Support Maulian Dana, a Native American leader fighting for causes dear to her heart a century and a half later. Or, walk with Martha McSweeney Brower as she travels down a path to healing.

I want every woman to know that when you wake up in the morning and go to your mirror to brush your teeth or comb your hair, YOU are lovable. Look in that mirror and embrace the glory of who you are. You are NOT defined by others. Tell that mirror that you've got this, that you're good. Please, then smile at yourself, and smile at everyone you see. Embrace the world. It needs you.

Cover photo by Tom Bloom

MAINE WOMEN MAGAZINE

EDITOR/PUBLISHER

Mary Frances Barstow
mary@mainewomenmagazine.com

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Jacqueline Harjula
jharjula@mainewomenmagazine.com

Will Stinson

wstinson@mainewomenmagazine.com

Martha Bustin

mbustin@mainewomenmagazine.com

ART DIRECTOR

Christine Dunkle
cdunkle@mainewomenmagazine.com

CLIENT SERVICES EXECUTIVE

Amy Foss
afoss@mainewomenmagazine.com

MARKETING/ADVERTISING

Bob Bird
bbird@mainewomenmagazine.com

Bill Burrows
bburrows@mainewomenmagazine.com

Robert Cook
rcook@mainewomenmagazine.com

Ann Duddy
aduddy@mainewomenmagazine.com

Adam McCready
amccready@mainewomenmagazine.com

Jody McKee
jmckee@mainewomenmagazine.com

Elizabeth Murphy
emurphy@mainewomenmagazine.com

Randy Nichols
rnichols@mainewomenmagazine.com

ADMINISTRATIVE

LeeAnn Gauthier, Tricia Johnson,
Marion Burns, Linda Hall-Stone

DIRECTOR OF DIGITAL MARKETING

Jacob S. Smith
jsmith@mainewomenmagazine.com

SOCIAL MEDIA

Tyler Southard
tsouthard@mainewomenmagazine.com

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Amanda Whitegiver, Kendra Caruso,
Sheila D. Grant, Martha McSweeney Brower,
Abigail Stinson, Deirdre Fleming, Shelagh Talbot,
Amy Paradysz, Dean Lunt, Candace Karu, L.C.
Van Savage, Sarah Holman, Christine Simmonds

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Amanda Whitegiver, Lausanne Miller,
Jason Paige Smith, Bonnie Durham, Jeff Kirlin

BUSINESS OFFICE

P.O. Box 1076, Camden, ME 04843
(207) 706-7000
mainewomenmagazine.com
facebook.com/mainewomen
twitter.com/mainewomenmag
instagram.com/mainewomenmagazine

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Speaking up

*Tribal Ambassador
Maulian Dana
advocates for
her people*

BY AMY PARADYSZ

*“Social justice
is a marathon,
not a sprint.”*

Maulian Dana smiles under pressure as she prepares to speak on behalf of the Penobscot at the inauguration of Gov. Janet Mills in January 2019.
Photo courtesy Jeff Kirlin



Former Penobscot Chief Barry Dana shares a look with his daughter, the first Penobscot Tribal Ambassador Maulian Dana, at a school board meeting in Skowhegan in 2019 when the mascot battle was heating up. Photo courtesy Jeff Kirlin

When Maulian Dana spoke at the inauguration of Governor Janet Mills on behalf of the Penobscot Nation, she tried not to let it get to her that back home in Indian Island, some in her community were on social media calling her a “token” and a “lapdog.”

The criticism stung, but it didn’t stop Maulian, who has been advocating for a ban on Native American sports mascots since she was a student at John Bapst Memorial High School in Bangor two decades ago. And, just five months into Mills’ administration, Maine became the first state in the nation to ban Native American mascots in public schools and universities.

“Social justice is a marathon, not a sprint,” says Maulian, who is now 35. “I got started in this mascot work when I was a teenager, and I got booed out of rooms and laughed at. I remember seeing Skowhegan and Nokomis [high schools] acting out stereotypes, and I got upset. My father and some other mentors were able to mold that into educating my peers.”

As Maine commemorates 200 years of statehood, Maulian is going into her third year as the first Penobscot Nation Tribal Ambassador, representing her tribe in the Maine State House.

“We have a lot of complicated feelings about the statehood of Maine and the anniversaries that are coming up,” she says, noting a preference for the word “commemorate” over “celebrate.”

European settlement brought the Wabanaki people disease, famine, and, beginning in 1688, six wars over a century. The native population was nearly wiped out.

“It’s kind of a miracle that we’re here today, if you think about it,” Maulian says. “I can only be heard now because all those people, especially women, were silenced and were just trying to survive. When people say that Indian mascots have been around for so long and they didn’t bother us before, I say, ‘How do you know whether we’ve been bothered when you’ve never heard us speak?’”

Other than her years in Orono, where she earned a degree in political science from the University of Maine, Maulian is a lifelong resident of Penobscot Indian Island Reservation. Upwards of 600 people live on the reservation on the Penobscot River near Old Town, and at least eight out of ten are Native.

In this community that values the wisdom of elders, Maulian ran for Tribal Council three times. When she was finally elected at age 32, she was the youngest

representative by more than a decade. A year later, Chief Kirk Francis selected her as the first Penobscot Nation Tribal Ambassador.

“I run into people who have read books about tribal people or heard quotes from great chiefs or seen us on the news, but when we meet face to face, I’m just a mom in my thirties,” Maulian says.

She posts about “girl time” with her daughters—Carmela, 13, and Layla, 10—and about walks with her dog Olive and swoon-worthy dates with boyfriend Lloyd Bryant, who is also Penobscot. Maulian is also disarmingly forthcoming about struggling with anxiety, surviving an abusive relationship with her daughters’ father, and giving up alcohol nearly two years ago, shortly after being named Tribal Ambassador.

“I had this career taking shape, and it seemed like it would be life changing, really, if I did it right,” Maulian says. “I felt like drinking didn’t fit into that. My anxiety has gotten better because I’m never having those cloudy days or feeling bad about poisoning myself.”

Maulian is part community activist (inspired by Penobscot poet ssipsis, Bryant’s grandmother), part cultural defender (like her father, Barry Dana, a former chief), and part diplomat (like her great-aunt, Donna Loring, a former state legislator now serving as tribal liaison to Governor Mills).

That tribal-state relationship has been strained over the years, markedly so in 2012 when the Attorney General put out a memorandum stating that the Penobscot territory didn’t include any of the Penobscot River, where the Penobscot have sustenance fishing rights. The case, *Penobscot Nation v. Mills*, pitted the Attorney General of the State of Maine—who is now our governor—against a sovereign nation with land in the middle of a river in the middle of the state. The Penobscot lost the case in the first circuit court in a 3–2 decision and are appealing.

When Maulian first met Mills during the gubernatorial primary, both women knew there were troubled waters between them—and they chose to look for common ground.

“That day we established a mutual honesty and a channel of communication,” Maulian says. “When it came time for the inauguration, the Governor’s office asked me if a tribal elder would want to come and give a blessing. I was reluctant to put a tribal elder into that position, because I knew it would be controversial. But the more I thought about it, the more I thought, why not have a Penobscot voice on that big stage in front of that big crowd, acknowledging and respecting the Governor’s office and her position but also saying there are tribes in Maine that pre-date the state and aren’t going anywhere.”

Politics is about weighing pros and cons, and, despite taking some heat for participating in the inauguration, Maulian says that doing so was a good move.

“My message was pure, and my heart was in the right place,” she says. “And every time I go to the State House, I run into someone else who heard my speech, and it made them think, and they want to talk more. It has a rippling effect.”



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Maulian Dana with her daughters Carmela, 13, and Layla, 10, in January 2020. Photo by Amy Paradysz

Representing the Penobscot, Maulian has formed relationships with lawmakers and voters, while advocating for the ban on native mascots and the replacement of Columbus Day with Indigenous People's Day—both bills signed into law by Governor Mills.

"I think those bills go a long way towards seeing us as equals," Maulian says.

The stage has been set for more complicated work. Leading into the next legislative session, a task force has produced 200 pages of recommended changes to the Maine Indian Claims Settlement Act, which was signed by President Jimmy Carter in 1980.

"The Land Claims Settlement Act was supposed to be a document to settle land disputes," Maulian says. "But they took it a step further and outlined different areas of control—criminal and civil jurisdiction, fish and gaming, and environmental things—and made it into a whole base of state-tribe relations."

During the past legislative session, lawmakers were tinkering with pieces of the Settlement Act and decided that a task force was needed to recommend changes in a more organized fashion. "When we sat down with the lawmakers on the task force, nobody had any concept of federal Indian law because they had been using the

Settlement Act as the gold standard for dealing with tribes, when it's really just a legal document to settle a court case," Maulian says.

Chiefs from each of the tribes in the Wabanaki nation—Penobscot, Mi'kmaq, Passamaquoddy and Maliseet—attended monthly task force meetings for half a year, establishing regular dialogue with Maine state lawmakers.

"The chiefs were able to articulate that we're not trying to take anything from the people of Maine. We're trying to establish our inherent sovereignty," Maulian says. "Hopefully, this interaction helps us all understand each other better."

Maulian's diplomacy—even when she was criticized for being a "token"—has opened doors.

"How would you have any idea what we're going through if you have no access to us?" Maulian says. "And there's a certain spirit in our communities where we value what women say. Everybody knows that women are holding things together."

Amy Paradysz lives in Scarborough and writes about women, organizations, and community happenings that empower.

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MAINE'S BICENTENNIAL KITCHEN CHRONICLES

Classic recipes that keep it simple

WRITTEN & PHOTOGRAPHED BY CANDACE KARU

In honor of Maine's 200th, let's toast this occasion the Maine way, with a couple of simple, traditional recipes, beloved by Mainers from Kittery to Caribou.

ICONIC MAINE BAKED BEANS

Few events are as common in Maine as the Bean Supper. (We're all pronouncing that "suppah" in our heads, right?) The beauty of baked beans is that with a handful of simple ingredients, magic is made in a humble pot over the course of many hours.

Histories in towns throughout Massachusetts and Maine tell of families preparing beans early Saturday morning and taking their bean pots to the local bakery for baking. The pots would be tagged and placed in the bread ovens, which cooled throughout the afternoon hours, simmering the beans low and slow. The pots were collected late in the day, in time for dinner on Saturday. It was a given that there would be plenty of beans left over for the Sabbath, when kitchen work was prohibited.

This recipe yields creamy beans that probably aren't as sweet as you're used to, but they are rich and velvety and easy to prepare.



INGREDIENTS

- 1 lbs. dry beans (I use Jacob's Cattle, Soldier Beans, or Yellow Eye, sold by the Kennebec Bean Company under the name "State of Maine.")
- A chunk of salt pork (1 lb. to 1 lb.) diced into 1-inch pieces
- 1 medium onion, cut into quarters
- 2/3 cup of molasses
- 1/4 cup of Maine maple syrup
- 2 heaping tablespoons of dry mustard
- Salt and pepper to taste

INSTRUCTIONS

- Preheat oven to 275 degrees.
- Wash and pick through the beans, checking for and removing any accidental stray pebbles that may occur. Place the beans in a large pot, and cover with cold water. Soak overnight. The next morning parboil the beans until softened or until, when you blow on the skins, they crack open (about an hour).
- Drain, saving the liquid, and set aside.
- Set the onion quarters and a handful of salt pork cubes on the bottom of a traditional bean pot or a sturdy Dutch oven. Then fill, alternating layers of salt pork and beans.
- Mix molasses, syrup, mustard, salt, and pepper into a cup of boiling water and pour over the beans. Add more boiling water so that beans are almost, but not quite, covered.
- Cover beans and cook for 5 to 6 hours. Check beans every hour or so. Add reserved bean liquid if necessary.

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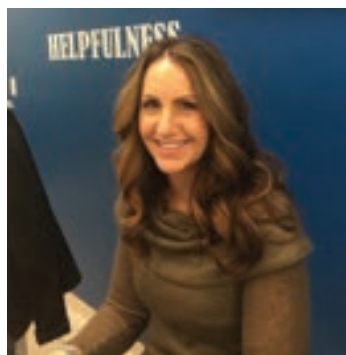
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A PIE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Like beans, blueberries have been a staple in Maine households since well before the bicentennial. Both types of produce sustained our ancestors and continue to feed our stomachs as well as our hearts. With these delicious foods, we celebrate Maine's people, then and now. May our beloved state have 200 more years of Maine magic at the table.

RUSTIC WILD MAINE BLUEBERRY PIE >>>>

INGREDIENTS

- 1 lb. fresh Maine blueberries (preferable) or frozen, thawed and drained on a towel
- 1 pie crust
- A tablespoon of flour and a teaspoon of tapioca pearls (for frozen berries). The tapioca pearls are optional. Without them, you will have a juicier pie.
- 1 tablespoon of Turbinado sugar, jam, jelly, or marmalade (optional)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Preheat the oven to 425 degrees.
- In a large bowl, dust the dry berries in the flour (and tapioca pearls if your berries were frozen).
- For this pie (which can be made as a tart or galette) simply place the uncooked piecrust in a well-seasoned, 8–9-inch cast iron skillet. Place the berries in the middle of the crust. If you're so inclined, sprinkle them with a tablespoon of Turbinado sugar or add and mix in jam (optional).
- Fold the edges of the crust around the berries, leaving the center open.
- Another optional touch: I brush the edges of my crust with a bit of jelly, jam, or marmalade. Use sparingly, as you'll want just a light glaze. It makes the crust golden brown without drying it out and adds a slightly sweet crispness.
- Cook for 20–25 minutes or until the berries are bubbling and the crust is golden.





Governor Mills, center, poses in her cabinet room with the Bicentennial logo. Also present at the January 4, 2019 unveiling are Peter Merrill, Sec. of State Matthew Dunlap, Steve Bromage, Julie Richard, Sen. James Hamper, Rep. Jim Handy, Kristen Schulze Muszynski, Jamie Ritter, Sen. Bill Diamond, Hayden Anderson, Heather Perry, Hon. Meredith Strang Burgess, Jason C. Libby, David Cheever, Sen. Roger Katz, Dana Connors and Jim Mitchell.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MAINE!

Celebrate Maine's 200th

BY SHEILA D. GRANT

Our state is throwing a months-long party this year to celebrate Maine's bicentennial. Signature events and programs are being supplemented with others organized by communities and nonprofit organizations—and the state is offering grant funding to encourage participation. There are also free trees, free flags, and other perks worth exploring as the Pine Tree State enters its 200th year.

The celebration kicked off in January with a variety of outdoor recreation and historical education events. February saw more of the same, plus winter festivals, dog-centric celebrations, the town of Etna celebrating its own 200th, and the opening of the exhibit "Bangor 1820: Maine's Bicentennial—Past, Present, Future."

The calendar is loaded with bicentennial-themed

events around the state every month from now through late fall. Musical performances, art exhibits, craft and artisan shows, events for anglers and fly-fishing enthusiasts, garden tours, schooner races, Revolutionary War reenactments, and more are scheduled throughout the state.

"Maine has a proud and storied history, and our bicentennial offers us the opportunity to honor that history and to reflect upon the spirit of Maine people," said Governor Mills. "While our state has grown and changed in countless ways since 1820, what remains unchanged is the values and the character of our people. The widespread participation of Maine people in bicentennial celebrations statewide is a testament to the fact that we cherish each other and this wonderful land we

"While our state has grown and changed in countless ways since 1820, what remains unchanged is the values and the character of our people."



Maulian Dana of the Penobscot Nation, former city council chair Sarah Nichols, Governor Janet Mills, and Maine Bicentennial Commission Vice Chair David Cheever pose with a newly unveiled commemorative bench at a kickoff event in Bangor last July.



Governor Janet Mills helps plant white pines during a Bicentennial kickoff event last summer. Free trees are available for public spaces as part of the celebration.

are fortunate to call home.”

March, which sees the first of the state’s signature events, is no exception. Statehood Day, on March 15, will be celebrated at the Augusta Armory.

“Originally, we were going to have this event at a different location, but it grew to the point that we needed to find a bigger location to accommodate the quality of ceremony that we want to hold,” said Lorna Hatch, a member of the Maine Bicentennial Program and Events Committee.

The official ceremony begins at 1 p.m. on March 15. Before and after it, bicentennial merchandise will be on sale, other vendors will have booths, and the United States Postal Service will be on hand to release the Maine Commemorative Bicentennial Stamp. There will also be a “life-size” Maine state seal on site, with which people can pose for selfies or get their photo taken by a nearby celebration volunteer.

Music for the ceremony will be performed by the Bangor Symphony Orchestra and a special Bicentennial chorus comprised of choir members from around the state. Pieces will include the “State of Maine” and “So Also We Sing: A Maine Trilogy,” which was commissioned by the Maine Arts Commission and composed by Colin Britt. There are also tentative plans to have fiddlers playing Acadian music in the lobby to greet attendees.

There will be a number of honored guest speakers, including Governor Janet Mills, Senator William Diamond (who chaired the Maine Bicentennial Commission), Secretary of State Matt Dunlap, Senators Susan Collins and Angus King, Congressional representatives Jared Golden and Chellie Pingree, and State Historian Earle Shettleworth, Jr. (who will speak to the how and why of Maine becoming a state).

Maulian Dana, Tribal Ambassador of the Penobscot Nation, will present a Land Acknowledgment statement, a formal announcement recognizing and respecting Indigenous Peoples. “We wanted to make sure they were included and were a part of this ceremony,” said Hatch.

Former Maine Poet Laureate Wesley McNair will share some of his poems, and the current Maine Poet Laureate, Stuart Kestenbaum, will read a new poem written especially for the occasion.

“This ceremony is open to the public, and we would love to have people come,” Hatch said. “We will be having a bicentennial cake-cutting ceremony at the end, and the governor will be cutting the cake with a Civil War sword, I believe.”

The other signature events include a Bicentennial Parade on May 16 in Lewiston/Auburn, a sailing ships festival up and down Maine’s coast from June 21 through July 20, and the sealing of a time capsule in Augusta in September. Signature



Governor Mills joined children celebrating Maine’s 200th birthday at one of several kickoff events last summer.



Senator William Diamond, chair of the Maine Bicentennial Commission, presents Governor Janet Mills with the Bicentennial Coin in the Hall of Flags in November, 2019.

programs include a series of four free concerts around the state; Tricentennial Pine Groves, which provides juvenile white pine trees to participating communities for planting, along with a commemorative marker; and Flying the Flag, which seeks to raise awareness of the bicentennial statewide by providing official bicentennial flags (3 feet by 5 feet) for display at all public buildings.

The life-size state seal was rolled out during Auburn’s sesquicentennial parade last year, said Kristen Muszynski, director of communications for the Secretary of State and “de facto chair” of the Bicentennial Parade. “It’s a fun element for selfies,” she said.

Organizations, businesses, groups, schools, and bands were invited to apply, with the Bicentennial Parade Committee considering applications and selecting “entries that best meet the parade application criteria.” The deadline to join the intergenerational marching band for the parade is February 28, and for floats is March 2.

“As we celebrate this important milestone with events across Maine this year, it is my hope that we will continue to protect our great state, build for a stronger future, and make Maine the best place to live, work, and raise a family, so that future generations can know and love our state as we do today,” said Governor Mills.



A bicentennial flag was designed for the celebration, available free for display at public buildings.

BICENTENNIAL EVENTS THIS MONTH

- *Bangor 1820: Maine's Bicentennial—Past, Present, Future*, art exhibits, from February 2020 to January 2021, Bangor Public Library
- *Hawthorne's Eliot Inspiration: The Life of Mary Bachiler*, 7 p.m. on March 2, John F. Hill Grange Hall in Eliot
- *Maine Preservation's 9th Annual Gala*, 5 p.m. on March 5, The Portland Club
- *Historic Maine in 3-D*, 6:30 p.m. on March 5, Gardiner Public Library
- *The Effect of Climate Change on Maine's Infamous Winters*, 6 p.m. on March 5, Maine Maritime Museum
- *Maine's 200th: Music of Early Maine*, 2 p.m. on March 8, Unitarian Universalist Church, Brunswick
- *Maine's French & Indian Wars: A Mobile Museum*, 6:30 p.m. on March 9, Lithgow Public Library, Augusta
- *2020 Bicentennial Pictorial Postmark*, 8:30 a.m. on March 14, Presque Isle Post Office



Pose as a farmer or a sailor with this Maine State Seal replica during the Statehood Day celebration on March 15.

- *Maine Garden Day*, 8:15 a.m. to 4 p.m. on March 14, Lewiston High School
- *MaineMadeMusic Presents Dirigo Rocks!*, 7:30 p.m. on March 14, Camden Opera House
- *Hallowell State Bicentennial Preparty*, 2 p.m. on March 14, Old South Congregational Church, Hallowell
- *PSO: Maine's Bicentennial*, 2:30 p.m. on March 15, Merrill Auditorium, Portland
- *Traditional New England Boiled Dinner*, 5 p.m. on March 14, American Legion Williams-Brazier Post 037, Thomaston
- *Maine's 200th: Music of Early Maine*, 3 p.m. on March 15, St. Patrick's Church, Newcastle



Bicentennial Band Director John Neal, Auburn Mayor Jason Levesque, Auburn City Manager Peter Crichton, Maine200 Commission Chairman Sen. Bill Diamond, Lewiston Deputy City Administrator Denis D'Auteuil and Lewiston's Dottie Perham-Whittier at the parade launch event at Poland Spring in December 2019, when the company announced its presenting sponsorship.

- *Star Lighting on Statehood Day*, 9 p.m. on March 15, Historic Fire Station, Presque Isle
- *Homeschoolers of Maine Convention*, 8 a.m. on March 19 to March 21, Samoset Resort, Rockport
- *Maine's 200th: Music of Early Maine*, 7 p.m. on March 19, Maine Jewish Museum, Portland
- *Maine's 200th: Music of Early Maine*, 2 p.m. on March 21, Rockport Opera House, Rockport
- *2020 Maine Science Festival Headliner*, 3 p.m. on March 22, Collins Center for the Arts, Orono
- *20 X 20: Marking 200 Years of Maine History*, 10 a.m. on March 28 through Oct. 25, Portland Museum of Art
- *Maine Spring Ring 2020*, 4:30 p.m. on March 28, Auburn Middle School
- *Maine's 200th: Music of Early Maine*, 2 p.m. on March 29, Belfast Free Library.

The calendar of events continues to grow as communities avail themselves of the Maine Bicentennial Community Grant program. The Maine Bicentennial Commission offered a total of \$375,000 in three rounds of grants to “support the interests, needs, and creativity of citizens and communities throughout Maine as they plan local commemorations of the Bicentennial.” The deadline for the final round of applications is June 1.

For a complete calendar of bicentennial events, information about signature programs, and the grant program, visit Maine200.org.

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CAUSING A STIR

BY CHRISTINE SIMMONDS

*The Girls Rock!
Award winners*

Hardy Girls Healthy Women is a research-driven nonprofit that focuses on fostering brilliance and driving social change for girls in a world where they can feel ignored. They want girls to cause a “ruckus” in the world around them and push back against problematic social norms. As they say, “We’re about changing the culture, not fixing the girl.”

As part of this mission, Hardy Girls Healthy Women puts on the Girls Rock! Awards for girls 9 to 19 years old. These incredible girls are busy making an impact on the world around them, most before they are even able to vote.

The award event this year will occur on March 27 at Waynflete School in Portland, from 6–8pm.

CLIMATE ACTIVIST:

ANNA SIEGEL, 13, YARMOUTH

Introduced to climate activism by a 7th grade teacher, Anna had always loved animals and wildlife, and she was scared to learn about loss of diversity and deforestation. She wanted to know: Why are more people not helping?

“This climate change isn’t just impacting polar bears,” Anna said. “It’s impacting people.”

Then the international student climate strikes began, inspired by 15-year-old Swedish activist Greta Thunberg. Anna and her teacher noticed that Maine was not on the climate strike website’s map. With her teacher’s encouragement, Anna set out to “put Maine on the map—literally.”

Anna made phone calls, gathered information, and

before she knew it, she was the Maine State Lead for the climate strikes—a group now known as Maine Youth for Climate Justice.

Anna has worked with other groups to organize the global climate strikes since then. The first strike on March 15, 2019, had 800 protesters in Portland, mostly youth. By the strike on September 20, 2019, over 2,000 people participated. This strike was inter-generational, and the group called for Maine cities and towns to declare a state of climate emergency.

So far, South Portland, Portland, and Brunswick have all declared a state of climate emergency, a non-binding resolution where the city agrees to eliminate fossil fuels by 2030. Other cities, including Saco, Newcastle, York, and Freeport, are currently working with the groups.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZER:

LUTIE BROWN, 19, WATERVILLE

Lutie Brown is described as a trailblazer. She was sued by the town of Waterville over her right to vote as a college student. Instead of backing down, Lutie testified before the Waterville Voter Registration Appeals board.

Three months later she ran for the Charter Commission—though the mayor was a vocal opponent of her doing so. Lutie won that election and is also currently the Chief of Staff of the Maine College Democrats and Local Engagement Chair of the Colby College Democrats. She is a History and Classical Civilization and English double major at Colby College.



Anna Siegel



Gracia Bareti

**RACIAL EQUITY ADVOCATE:
GRACIA BARETI, 18, WESTBROOK**

Gracia Bareti is a first-generation American and a published author with high aspirations. Those around her say she is mature, outspoken, driven, and dynamic.

Growing up in Maine as a woman of color, Gracia wanted to help other girls feel less alone. Her personal narrative, “Four Ways of Viewing a Black Girl,” tells stories of her experiences. The story was published in *Atomic Tangerine: A Telling Room Anthology*, which was awarded the 2019 Maine Literary Award for Best Anthology.

Gracia also participated in Dirigo Girls State, a state government simulation experience for young women. In this setting, she was selected as Governor and had to create a cabinet and learn how to work together with the other participants. Gracia said it was a unique opportunity to socialize with girls from all over the state of Maine.

From there she went on to American League Auxiliary Girls Nation. Gracia drafted and brought forth a bill to the simulated Congress with another girl from Westbrook High School. The bill was to increase cultural awareness and understanding in the classroom.

Gracia gave a Ted Talk through TedX in her junior year of high school. She spoke about implementing cultural awareness classes in schools. She thinks that a lack of representation is a common theme for people of color, and she wants to help everyone feel they have a voice and support in the classroom.

Gracia is currently waiting to hear back from colleges, where she plans to major in Political Science or International Relations.

She is hoping to work for the United Nations or the government, and then work her way up to creating a nonprofit to help underdeveloped leaders support people. Gracia also hopes to get a law degree and open her own middle school—Bareti Academy. At her school, Gracia said, she would carefully select the teachers to make sure she has “the best of the best,” and she would create a curriculum with an emphasis on dialogue.

**STEM-GINEER:
MORGAN LAROCHELLE, 14, HERMON**

When Morgan LaRochele was diagnosed with type 1 diabetes, everything changed. She was afraid to fall asleep. “It shattered my whole world,” she said. “I felt like I lost part of myself.” She describes herself as a loud and outgoing person, but after that news, she says, “I sat in my room for weeks.”

Little did she know that diagnosis would lead to an award-winning invention that would change her

whole life. Morgan invented the Blood Glucose Test Strip Dispenser as part of an assignment to create an invention to solve a real-world problem. The prototype is designed to dispense test strips directly into the blood glucose monitor, without the possibility of contamination. She used a 3D printer provided by her science teacher to create the prototype.

The BGTSD, as Morgan calls it, was entered into the Maine Invention Convention. She won the state competition and then went on to win a Young Visioneer award and place second at the National event. From there, Morgan and her mom went to work with Koch Industries. She is currently working on patenting the invention, though Koch got her a provisional patent.

Morgan has given two speeches at the American Diabetes Association, and she is willing to talk to anyone about diabetes. She wants others who share her diagnosis to know, “It’s not the end of the world.”

Some days, Morgan says, she is still scared. But now she can move past them. “I robbed myself of experiences when I was first diagnosed,” she said. Now she recognizes that every day is a new challenge.

Morgan said she always knew she wanted to make a difference in the world but never imagined this. “I didn’t set out to become famous. I’m 14. I consider myself a 14-year-old girl who is trying to live.” She wants to go into the medical field or be a lawyer when she grows up.



Morgan LaRochele



Anna Setgel

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An Unlikely Young Heroine

BY AMANDA
WHITEGIVER



Abbie Burgess, the oldest daughter among nine siblings, was born August 1, 1839, in Rockland, Maine. With her father out working and a mother who was described as “frail,” she was responsible for many of the household tasks even before her family moved from Rockland to Matinicus Rock upon her father’s appointment as lighthouse keeper.

When Abbie arrived at Matinicus Rock Lighthouse with her parents and younger siblings in 1853, she was only 14 years old. She quickly learned to run the light, allowing her father to fish for lobsters and sell them in Rockland, 25 miles away. In December 1855, the supply boat missed its monthly visit due to difficult winter seas. A few weeks later, her father risked the trip to the mainland to obtain supplies for the family, and was stranded there. A wild January Nor’easter swept in, and Abbie kept her family safe in the lighthouse and the lights burning on Matinicus Rock for 21 days.

This experience can best be imagined from Abbie’s own words, when she later described the storm in a let-

ter to her friend Dorothy. “As the tide came, the sea rose higher and higher, till the only endurable places were the light towers. If they stood, we were saved, otherwise our fate was only too certain.”

But Abbie continued to work, maintaining the lighthouse. “Though at times greatly exhausted with my labors, not once did the lights fail. Under God I was able to perform all my accustomed duties as well as my father’s.” She even darted out into the storm the rescue her family’s hens, moments before a wave wiped the old hen house off the face of the rock.

Abbie tended the lighthouse at Matinicus Rock Light as assistant keeper, until a change of political parties at the White House ended her father’s appointment. She met her husband Isaac Grant, the youngest son of the new keeper, while staying on to teach the family how to tend the lights. She and her husband stayed there as keepers until 1875, when they were transferred to the Whitehead Island lighthouse, off the coast of St. George, Maine. While historical records show

there were other female assistant keepers, Abbie’s courageous actions assured her a place not only in Maine history, but one with lighthouse historians and enthusiasts to this day.

Several authors have been inspired to share her story. A quick search online will yield four children’s books about Abbie and the storm, a live retelling to musical accompaniment on YouTube, and a biography titled “Abbie Burgess, Lighthouse Heroine” by Ruth Sexton Sargent and Dorothy Holder Jones (my personal favorite). Carrying her name, the Coast Guard Cutter Abbie Burgess is a 175-foot buoy tender with primary missions of maintaining aids-to-navigation and light ice breaking.

I was always fascinated by Abbie’s strength, her deep love of the ocean, and the idea of the solitary life she led with her family, so far out at sea with only themselves for company.



Matinicus Rock Lighthouse by Bob Trapani Jr. | Portrait Courtesy of the American Lighthouse Foundation



As an adult and mother, I can compare her decisions to those of any young woman in a hard place, putting her siblings and responsibilities above her own exhaustion. We CAN do the hard things. Abbie was fortunate to love the sea, and to have found a socially acceptable way to devote herself to her passion, rather than exclusively to her family.

Years later, she described tending the old lard lamps on Matinicus Rock in a way that seems a fond reminiscence. “Some nights, I could not sleep a wink all night though I knew the keeper himself was watching. And many nights I have watched the light my part of the night, thinking nervously, what might happen should the light fail. In all these years I always put the lamps in order, and I lit them at sunset.”

Courtesy of the American Lighthouse Foundation

KITTERY: FIRST PLACE

The Oldest Incorporated Town in Maine

BY SHELAGH TALBOT



Situated in York County, Kittery is the oldest town in Maine, having been settled right around the time the Pilgrims arrived on the Mayflower in 1620. It began as a land grant, bequeathed by King James I in that same year to about 40 noblemen and knights, one of whom was Alexander Shapleigh from Devon, England. He was given the honor of naming the settlement and called it Kittery after his home in England—the Manor at Kittery Court.

The town of Kittery was incorporated in 1647 and sat on a beautiful spot along the Piscataqua River, which empties into a bay with numerous islands, all part of Kittery proper in those days. The forests were filled with deer, rabbit, grouse, and bear, and the waters teemed with fish. It was an idyllic place to settle, and it didn't take long for inhabitants to arrive and set up homesteads and places of business.

The Shapleigh family were merchants and major importers of salt from France. It was a natural step, therefore, for them to become involved in the fishing industry in the New World, and the family became active in importing salted fish to England.

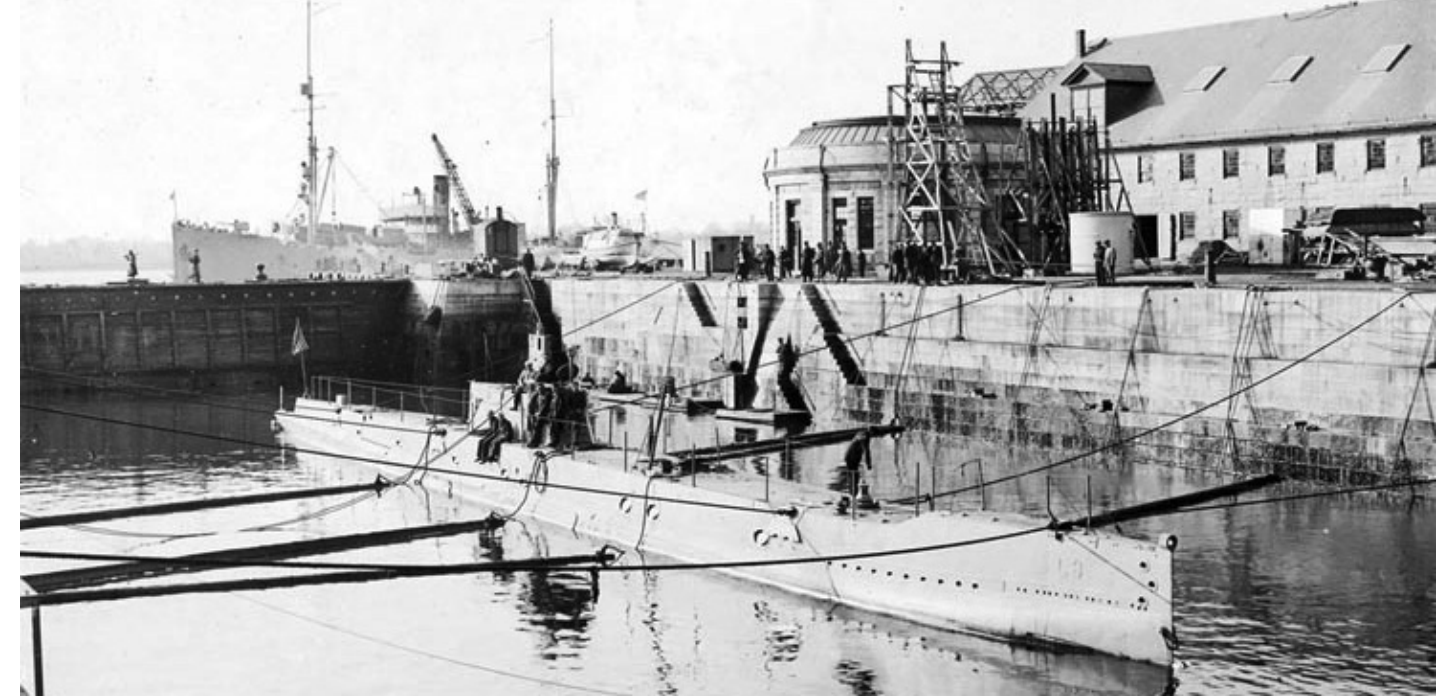
Shapleigh co-owned a boat, the *Benediction*, with another early settler—Captain Francis Champernowne—and the two were instrumental in making the town a maritime one. For a time, part of Kittery was named Champernowne. The good captain, along with the Pepperrell family, established addi-

tional fisheries offshore on the Isles of Shoals where again, fish were caught, salted, and exported back to Europe. One of the family homes, the William Pepperrell House, was constructed in 1682 and still stands to this day.

After William died, his wife, Lady Mary Pepperrell, built another home in 1760 with the help of English craftsmen. The manse, with its corniced columns, also still stands. Not far from there is the Bray House, originally built in 1662 and then rebuilt in the mid-1700s. The home was purchased at auction in 2008 by Darryl Hall (of Hall and Oates fame). He had hoped to bring the building back to its former grandeur, but after only a partial restoration he sold it again. The new owners demolished all but the original structure, which is purported to be the oldest house in Maine.

There was even a busy trading post in Kittery, built in 1632 by an enterprising settler named Edward Godfrey. He had a brisk business because he built his store on major Indian trails. He made his fortune trading with the settlers and local tribes who frequented the coast. Three hundred or so years later, another trading post was built. Then, in 1938, Philip (Bing) Adams acquired the place and named it Kittery Trading Post. It has been going strong ever since.

Even though the store was a modest one-room trading post with a gas station, it was perfect for tourists on their first stop



in Maine. Bing, just like Godfrey, had the reputation of being an “honest horse trader,” and he brought people from far and wide into his store.

Like Godfrey, Bing swapped fur pelts for goods and traded other items, as well as beef, for ammunition. He would also swap these items for gasoline, which, of course hadn't existed in Godfrey's time. The Kittery Trading Post, which still belongs to members of the Adams family, remains one of the most popular stops for tourists entering the Pine Tree State.

Kittery's physical location made it a natural for ship building. During the Revolutionary War, the first vessels of the U.S. Navy were constructed on Badger Island, and Captain John Paul Jones' warship, the *USS Ranger*, was built there in 1777. A little more than 20 years later, in 1800, the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, under decree of President John Adams, was established on Seavey Island (formerly Fernald's Island). It was the first federal navy yard in the United States and continues to this day to be a renowned and highly respected shipyard.

Kittery now has a variety of hotels and inns to welcome

guests, and it is known up and down the East Coast to have a fine selection of outlet stores. The Kittery Outlets are home to over 80 famous name outlets, with stores stretching out for over a mile. Easily accessible to Route 95, there is ample parking. Beside visiting the Kittery Trading Post, don't miss Yummies Candy and Nuts—literally a floor-to-ceiling experience with every candy you could imagine. Also drop in at When Pigs Fly Company Store—an all-natural bakery with 25 varieties of fresh bread and all sorts of other tempting goodies.

There are great places to dine as well. If you've been hankering for a lobster roll, consider Warren's Lobster House, a restaurant that has been serving up all manner of fresh seafood since 1940. Or stop in at the Weathervane, a tradition born in 1969, when Ray and Bea Gagner opened a simple seafood take-out stand. According to the website, “Their vision was for a rustic summer place where folks would travel for fresh lobster, tasty chowders, and other yummy treats from their old family recipes.”

Lil's Café is another landmark, which was, according to their website, “envisioned to be a neighborhood meeting place, a hub for locals and travelers alike to gather, eat amazing food, make lifelong friends, and return to again and again.” The café was named after Lilian Mangos, a much-beloved cashier who worked for many years at the window of Bob's Clam Hut just down the street.

In addition to great shopping and dining experiences, Kittery is known for its many historic sites to visit, along with the many old homes on the historic register. There's the Whaleback Lighthouse, built in 1830, and Fort McClary, built originally in 1689, as well as the Historical and Naval Museum. And if you'd like to get outside, there's a nice beach for strolling. Seapoint Beach is known for its rich dark sand, and a jetty with a walking path. Off-season, it is known as dog beach—the perfect place for dogs to romp and play. For more information visit www.visitmaine.com and type in Kittery. Or, visit the York County Chamber of Commerce at www.gatewaytomaine.org/kittery.





A WOMAN AHEAD OF HER TIME

Cornelia "Fly Rod" Crosby, the first Registered Maine Guide

BY DEIRDRE FLEMING

It could be argued that Cornelia Thurza Crosby was ahead of her time as an outdoor writer, tourism promoter, and a conservationist. But without a doubt, "Fly Rod" Crosby was one of the most ardent voices of Maine's wilderness in the first 200 years of statehood.

Born in 1854 in Phillips, Maine, a small western town, Crosby became a nationally known fly fisherman, hunter, and outdoor writer. She eventually became a key spokesperson marketing Maine's lakes region, just as the "outdoor sporting lifestyle" was coming into vogue in America at the turn of the last century.

Crosby started writing about her fishing outings in the Rangeley Lakes region for her hometown paper. Her column was authentic and passionate, as she described her experiences landing large and plentiful trout in Maine's pristine, cold-water lakes. Before long, she was nationally syndicated.

Beyond her written work, Crosby brought the look and feel of the northern Maine woods before the wealthy in New York City in the 1890s, right into Madison Square Garden where the nation's first sporting expositions were held, according to her biographers Julia Hunter and Earle Shettleworth Jr., the former Maine state historian.

Crosby worked for the Maine Central Railroad at sporting shows in New York and Boston, transporting life-sized log-cabins and animal mounts – and one time a box car full of stocked trout to show off in a fish tank. Her realistic exhibits and first-hand accounts of the native trout in the Maine's North Woods drew wealthy sportsmen to the Rangeley region, which Crosby knew intimately and loved. As she famously wrote, "I scribble a bit for various sporting journals, and I would rather fish any day than go to heaven."

"So often success in life is based on being in the right place at the right time. I think 'Fly Rod' is a good example of that," Shettleworth said. "There were two areas in the United States developing after the Civil War – the Adirondacks and the Rangeley Region. She was a perceptive marketer. She also was deeply concerned about the preservation of the natural resources."

Crosby served on the first state committee that established fish-

ing and game laws. She also was awarded the first license for a Registered Maine Guide. Her guide pin is displayed in the Maine State Museum, Shettleworth said.

While there are no mountain peaks or lakes named for her, Crosby lives on in western Maine as a true advocate for this wild, majestic mountain region. The non-profit High Peaks Alliance created a 45-mile off-road trail that runs from Crosby's hometown, Phillips, to Strong, where she is buried, to Rangeley, the fishing region she helped make world-famous.

To be sure, some of Maine's mountains are named after notable outdoor conservationists – like Myron Avery, who helped establish the Appalachian Trail; Percival Baxter, who purchased and protected the 200,000 acres around Mt. Katahdin; and George Dorr, one of the founding fathers of Acadia National Park. But Crosby alone has a long-distance trail named for her.

"It is a fitting balance," Shettleworth said. "Those men did great things. But she should be recognized as well."



For more on Fly Rod Crosby, check out *Cornelia "Fly Rod" Crosby: Champion of Maine* by Pam Matthews. Illustrated by Heidi Kendrick.



A Sweet Hobby

*Maine's clean farming practices
and favorable environment keep
bee populations healthy*

BY KENDRA CARUSO

F

erin MacGregor-Forbes is an Eastern Apicultural Society-certified Master Beekeeper who daylights as an accountant at the Coastal Maine Botanical Gardens in Boothbay. She is heading up the Gardens' bee exhibit, which opens this spring.

When she ordered her first colony 15 years ago, she said it was like getting a puppy, but far less interactive. She said it takes 17 bees to equal the same mass as a single M&M candy. "When you move beyond the fear of the stinger and you actually look a little bit closer at bees, they are tiny little puffs of air," she said.

She was always interested in bees and their role in the environment. After she got her first colony, she would watch them like the hive was an aquarium. Their self-reliance enchanted her, she said. She did not have a bee-keeping mentor, so she had to rely on research and her own learning to take care of them.

Her bee hobby turned into a heavy side gig, and now she takes care of about 150 colonies. Taking care of bees in three different locations gives her a unique opportunity to interact with nature and the environment. Erin said most people think beekeepers are brave for working with bees without a suit, but she said the activity is very peaceful one.

"Once you've gotten past the fact that they are stinging insects and you're thinking of them as these golden, magical, flying, fuzzy, cute things that can do a lot of good for the environment, the area of the hives can be a really welcoming and relaxing kind of environment," she said.

She graduated from the University of Southern Maine with a degree in accounting, an area which is primarily about organization, she said. Bee colonies also involve a lot of organization.

"A hive smells sweet and humid. Honey takes on the scent of the flowers used to create it," Erin said. "Beeswax is made from a gland secretion, and honey is plant nectar with its water evaporated."

The idea that bees are simple insects could not be further from reality. There is a complex hierarchy in a beehive that is driven by intentional reason, governing decisions from feeding to laying eggs.

Though their brains are tiny, they can communicate complex thoughts like weather patterns and precise directions to the areas that have the most pollinating plants. Erin thinks this ability to communicate is the most interesting thing about bees. They are one of the most-studied organisms, and humans have learned a lot about how they exchange information.

"It opens a window to the natural world that says everything is much more complicated than we think it is," Erin said.

The average worker bee lives for only 45 days, but has a profound impact on its environment. Bees can bring about the recovery of natural-disaster areas (like those burned in



forest fires) or man-made environmental degradation (like places damaged by strip mining) faster than indigenous pollinators. They bring back native plant species faster, leading in turn to effective rebounds in the local animal and insect populations.

"Having beekeepers and having the skills to know and move and get bees into environmentally degraded places can have a really restorative impact," she said. "Not to mention the fact that they make honey and beeswax, which is a cool and amazing byproduct of pollination."

Erin has never had a colony collapse because of pesticide poisoning. She said many people in Maine opt not to use pesticides because organic farming practices are becoming increasingly popular. Organizations like the Maine Organic Farmers and Gardeners Association provide public education about healthy farming operations, which benefits bees.

Maine winters are harsh enough to reduce the types and numbers of pests that farmers must protect crops against. Erin said this aspect of Maine's climate decreases the likelihood of farmers using pesticides that kill bees. In states that do not have cold, lengthy winters, commercial farms use pesticides that can kill bees and put a strain on crop and plant pollination in the area.

Maine also has no dry season in the summer. Places with dry summers tend to see honey production decreased. In addition to these climate factors, "Bees need clean water and good healthy plants," she said. "And so, we're lucky here in northern New England that we still have a clean environment that's supportive of bees and other insects."

Bees do not hibernate in the winter, which is why they make so much honey. Maine beekeepers like Erin harvest their honey between July and September, leaving time for the bees to produce enough honey to eat for the winter.

People plant flowers for bees in the summer, thinking it will help the insects survive winter longer. But Erin said it is best to plant early spring-blooming flowers, ones that appear from early April to May. Early spring is the most vulnerable time for bees because they are running low on their winter honey supply and need to find flowers to create more.

She said a bee is most likely to starve to death in early spring because there are few flowering plants to replenish the dwindling winter pollen stock. Scilla and pussywillows are early spring flowers that provide bees with lots of pollen.

Erin said the best flowers for bees, to most lawn owners' chagrin, are dandelions. To people who want to help bees, she recommends reducing the frequency of lawn mowing and letting the dandelions grow. "Culturally, these weeds are not really super popular, but if you really want to help the bees, let dandelions grow in your lawn."

“When you move beyond the fear of the stinger and you actually look a little bit closer at bees, they are tiny little puffs of air.”



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Walk On

The Healing Power of El Camino

BY MARTHA MCSWEENEY BROWER

In the summer of 2010, my younger brother Joey died. With the weight of grief heavy on my back, there had to be a way forward without Joey in the world. For three years I had bargained with God for his return to health, but time after time the cancer came back. My younger brother was on my mind constantly as he hung on by the thinnest of threads, leaving me as fragile as a thin piece of glass. He died during a thunder and lightning storm on Cape Cod. His death was expected, but the hope that it wouldn't happen was always there. I would never get over his death, but I had to find a place for it, or it would flatten me. When we returned from his funeral, I pulled out a backpack.

"I need to walk this off," I said to my husband.

"How about next summer after softball season? Why don't we plan something then?" he said.

"No," I said. "This is an emergency, and I can go alone."

He blinked, stared, and in less than a minute he was looking for flights for two.

I had heard about El Camino de Santiago, an 1100-year-old trail across Spain that led to the tomb of St. James, one of the twelve apostles of Jesus. St. Francis of Assisi walked it.

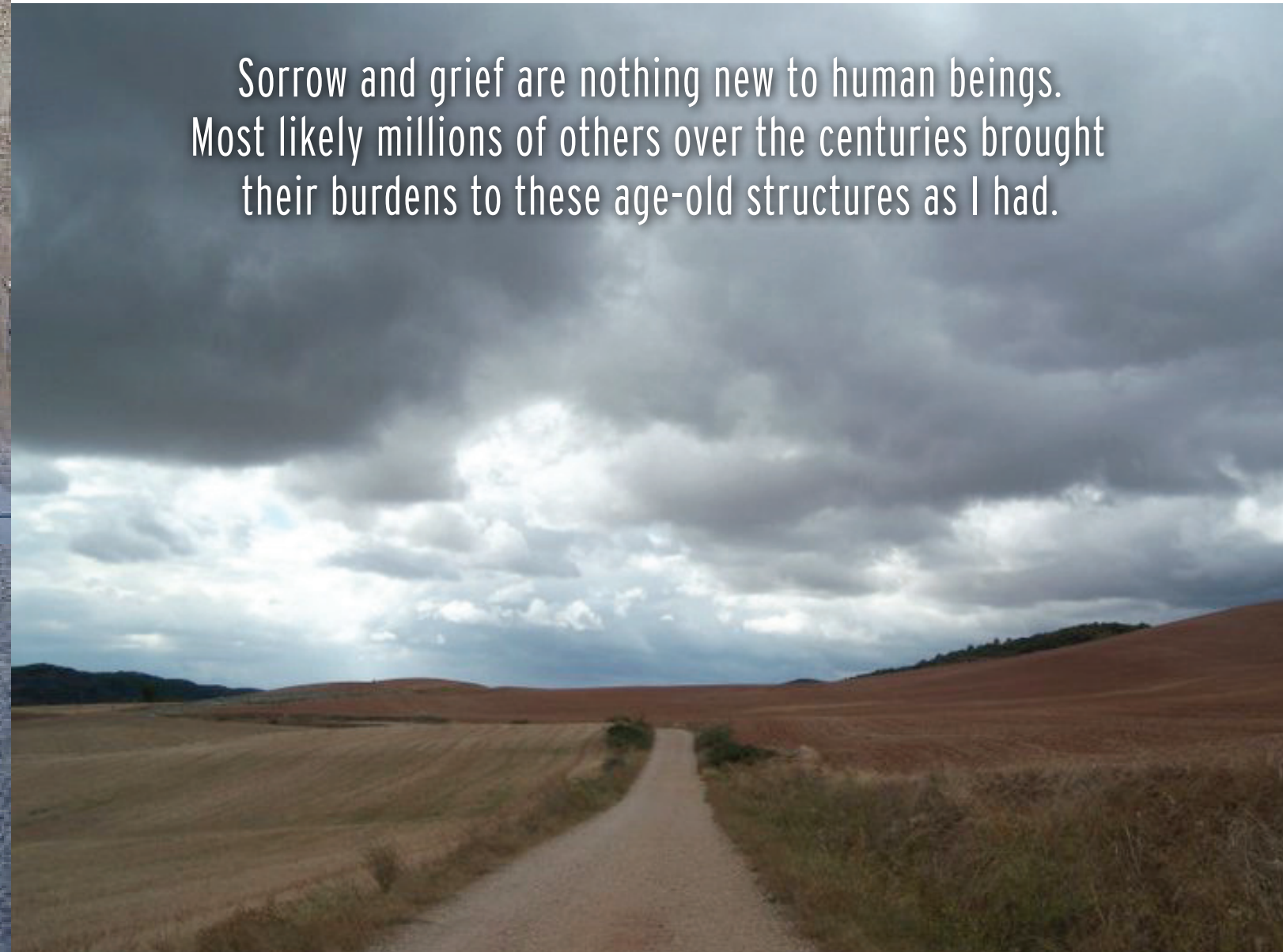
So did Dante and El Cid. Shirley MacLaine, Martin Sheen, Angela Merkel, Paulo Coelho, and even Stephen Hawking. Millions of people had walked this ancient trail when not knowing what else to do. There are many trails of El Camino across Spain, but most travel the Frances route that begins in southern France into Spain and meanders 500 miles across to the western coast. That was the trail Reade and I would follow.

Nine weeks after Joey's funeral, we were sitting on a stone wall in southern France to begin El Camino. We took nervous deep breaths as two of the smallest hummingbirds fluttered near. They were tinier than the first joint of my thumb, not much bigger than a queen bee. As they hovered over the flowers of a bush, I knew we would be all right.

We did walk across Spain. We joined emperors, kings, beggars, knights, and saints who walked to Santiago to stand at the tomb of Saint James.

We walked over the Pyrenees, along dirt trails in forests of eucalyptus, on trails paved with beach rocks, bricks, through a desert, across bridges, and in and out of small villages. We walked alone, together, and with people we each met along the way. Folks had a multitude of reasons to walk

Sorrow and grief are nothing new to human beings. Most likely millions of others over the centuries brought their burdens to these age-old structures as I had.



El Camino. Overwhelming grief had cracked many of them open. But there were other reasons, too—the longing for a child, struggles with sexuality, and thanksgiving. One man had gone bankrupt and needed to think about what to do next. El Camino gives a person the time to think.

We planned on a month of walking with not much more than a change of clothes, extra socks, and water. We started each day together, but as the hours wore on, our paces changed, and we drifted apart. Separately we could collect our own thoughts and when we were together again, we'd have lots to share.

Every day there was a new surface to walk on—sometimes smooth and dry. Sometimes rough and rocky. We walked between 15 and 20 miles each day. We were often alone. Mostly we walked through country, occasionally a lonely town. Almost every day Reade would set off to run a 5k with his backpack and all.

Our goal every day was to walk to a hostel. There was almost always a church, chapel, or cathedral to visit nearby. All had been there for centuries. In one, we lit candles for our children, family, and friends, that they would find love.

Ancient signs of yellow arrows, painted on stone walls, were our only directions other than our little guidebook. Simple days. Which shirt? Should we have a Coke or wine? How far today? We agreed to wait up for each other and never pass a hostel. I had no need to walk fast on El Camino.

Sorrow and grief are nothing new to human beings. Most likely millions of others over the centuries brought their burdens to these age-old structures as I had. In all the churches, there was an all-encompassing peace. The cadence of the walking was helping me to process the death of my younger brother on a physical level.

El Camino is a microcosm of life. We were a married cou-



ple walking together for a month. Together we were exhausted, frightened, in pain, ecstatic, angry, and lost... but we walked through it. We became mindful of each other, carrying everything equally and splitting the food carefully so that each would have enough.

My blisters were of atomic proportions for the first 200 miles. After the descent in the Pyrenees on the first day, the little toes on each foot resembled cocktail franks inside translucent balloons of skin. Unable to get boots on or even sandals, I needed make-shift shoes in order to walk around for a few days. A Spanish pharmacy supplied insoles that I attached to my socks with duct tape.

One day in the middle of nowhere, I found some relief at a free "pilgrim hospital" set among some ruins named after Saint Anthony. A volunteer doctor injected a syringe-full of something dark and purple directly into the cookie-sized skin bubbles on the bottoms of my feet.

The dryness of the hot meseta, or desert, had its own beauty. Some days we had to carry all our water for the entire day. On these days there was little or no shade for miles. Plenty of time for contemplation.

One day we came across a high stone wall with a spigot offering free wine and water. Thankfully it was the middle of the day. We had bread and cheese with us, and most importantly—cups. As we sat in the sun on the ground with our bread, cheese, and wine, an elderly woman commented, "Que rico!" How rich!

On two of the days we walked through torrential rains in raincoats that were no better than dry cleaner bags. No matter—we were wet anyway. To entertain ourselves, we sang "Blue Suede Shoes" loudly and with gusto, over and over in the pouring rain and mud.

Every evening there was a calm solemnity in the hostels full of tired pilgrims. Barriers between people were stripped away. Mostly we stayed in hostels, but every third or fourth day, we found a hotel so we could soak our tired bodies in a tub. We felt like Ma and Pa Kettle. We'd throw our clothes into the tub to swish them around and hang them all over the room to dry.

So many wonderful people were walking for all kinds of reasons. Many just needed the time that El Camino gives. Whether a pilgrim chooses to be very prepared, kind of prepared, or not at all prepared, doesn't really matter. It's in the attitude. One optimistic 70-year old woman was alone, dragging a Walmart suitcase, wearing regular shoes, and she didn't speak a word of Spanish. She was cheerful with no complaints.

There were others who had weighed every item in their packs down to the last gram, spoke fluent Spanish, but were miserable. One of the lessons of El Camino is that we are free to choose how we handle our situations. Other lessons were these:

- I can live with very little stuff. Should I wear the red shirt or the gray shirt? Fewer options un-complicate life.
- Hard times come in life but keep walking through them. Twice we had huge blowout fights, but we walked through them and walked on. One fight was about a favorite bandanna I thought Reade had left behind but didn't. The other fight happened because we were over-tired and hungry. Neither of us can remember what the fight was about.
- I can bear much more than I ever thought I could. The weight of grief was so heavy I thought I could never move forward. But I did. I could walk through more pain than I ever imagined.
- The sunsets and sunrises continue to unveil beauty every day. Being human hurts, but if we live deliberately and look for beauty in nature and in other people, life is exhilarating and an adventure. Watching clouds is tremendously healing and calming.

Just as we were heading down the last few kilometers towards the cathedral in Santiago, I had mixed feelings about our Camino journey coming to an end. Joey was dead and that wouldn't change, but I had changed. The walk had been rich with people, landscape, and emotion. We stood at the tomb of St. James after walking together for 32 days. Walking across Spain was hard, like life is hard, but there are new landscapes if we walk on.



WHATEVER IT TAKES

May Davidson



BY DEAN LUNT

May Davidson, now 90 years old, just might be the hardest working woman to ever live in Maine. And her life story in many ways reflects the story of Maine itself, especially the mid-coast, as her jobs and businesses mirror changes that swept over the state during the second half of the 19th century. But her story is not just one of hard work. It is also a love story for the ages.

For nearly 70 years, she and her husband, Jim, worked side-by-side, sharing a relentless drive to do “whatever it takes” to achieve success and happiness and, most importantly, to remain in their beloved Maine. They fell in love as teenagers at her parent’s seasonal inn in Bremen, built their first house by hand using 20 dollars’ worth of lumber, and set about creating the life of their dreams. They quickly learned that optimism alone wouldn’t sustain them. To make ends meet, they lobstered, fished, raised purebred sheep, started a lobster trap sawmill, and crisscrossed the country as long-haul truckers. Looming over everything they did was debt they incurred while trying to raise thousands of chickens in the ’60s. In that era, Maine went hard at building a chicken broiler industry, only to watch it evaporate like a mirage under competition from southern states.

In the late ’60s, May and Jim ignored advice to simply hand over the keys to their dream farm and walk away. Quitting was not in their DNA, and they were determined to pay their debts. So, they regrouped again and again, until finally finding their way to prosperity using the sea as their inspiration. They invented the now-iconic Maine Buoy Bell that capitalized on Maine’s growing mystique and the rapidly growing tourist trade.

May’s story, told wonderfully in her memoir *Whatever it Takes*, is a decades-long tapestry of adventure, brutally hard work, lightheartedness, and risk-taking. It serves to inspire any reader determined to live a rich life despite obstacles.



Published by Maine’s Islandport Press.

Available at booksellers across the state as well as online at islandportpress.com.

\$16.95, 448 pages

About May Davidson: May Davidson was born in 1929 in the charming village of Damariscotta. In 1947, she graduated from Lincoln Academy, a private high school in the nearby town of Newcastle. She married her teenage sweetheart, James, a year later. Determined to stay in Maine, Davidson and her husband experimented with several entrepreneurial endeavors—from creating a lobster-trap-building facility to raising purebred sheep—before finding worldwide success with the design of the iconic Maine Buoy Bell. Today, she lives in Round Pond and is also known for her column in the Lincoln County News.



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FINDING MY CALLING

Why I Became a Doula

BY ABIGAIL MEHRMANN // PHOTO BY LAUSANNE MILLER

I'm not quite sure how the idea came into my head. If you had told me five years ago that I would be spending my days at home with my baby and gearing up to work with pregnant women as an independent birth doula, I might not have believed it. But life has a way of taking you places you wouldn't expect.

In the late summer of 2018, I was newly married and on the cusp of starting a competitive graduate program in Boston. My husband and I had just moved from Maine down to Massachusetts so that I could get my master's in divinity with an eye to becoming a board-certified hospital chaplain. We were slated to stay there for three years.

And then I had a miscarriage, and it all fell to pieces. At least, that's how it felt to me at the time.


While graduate school had seemed like the right next step for me in my career goals, it felt like an oppressive burden in the wake of our family's private grief. I felt trapped in a snare of my own making—I was the one who had made us cross state lines so that I could go through this program!—and I was desperate to find some

sense of purpose that would make it all mean something. My thoughts kept gravitating toward my poor lost baby. Why would God give me a child, only to take her away?

The day I had my miscarriage confirmed via ultrasound was also the day I called up a doula acquaintance of mine back in Maine to pick her brain about her job. I wanted to know how she had chosen or fallen into that career and what she liked about it. I came away from that conversation with more questions than answers, but it was clear that her work made a meaningful difference in people's lives. That was something I wanted to tap into.

In an ironic twist of fate, one of my required courses for my degree was called "meaning-making." As the name implies, the focus was on teaching us to help people find meaning in suffering. Still reeling from the shock and pain of my own pregnancy loss, I made it through half of the first lecture before leaving the room in tears. I scheduled an appointment with one of the program supervisors to discuss my future in the program.





I want the women I serve to come away from their labors feeling like someone there was listening to them, bearing witness to their immense sacrifices, and encouraging them to unleash their creative power.

In her office, I poured out my story. She was gentle with me. “It sounds like you’ve already made your decision,” she said, and I realized that I had. I couldn’t stay there. “This isn’t the only path to chaplaincy,” she continued, seeing the stricken look on my face. “There are so many ways for you to help people in need.” And in that moment, I was filled with what I can only describe as a sense of divine peace. Even the weather reflected my change of heart. When I left her office to go back to my apartment, the torrential downpour that had flooded the subway station and made puddles so deep that I was soaked up to my thighs had completely cleared away. The few people on the streets were wandering around, bemused, blinking at the sudden sunshine. That was how I felt.

After speaking with another friend who had nearly completed her doula training, I decided, on a whim, to enroll in the local introductory workshop given by DONA International (formerly Doulas of North America), the largest doula certification body in the world. Our instructor was a seasoned doula from New Jersey who taught doula certification courses on the side. We spent our time learning about childbirth as a holistic experience, not just as a physical process. We learned about different choices that an expectant mother might face, from choosing a care provider to deciding how to feed her baby after birth. Critically, we learned about what a doula does and doesn’t do, something that’s known in the field as “scope of practice.”

As non-medical perinatal professionals, doulas do not deliver babies or offer medical advice—a common misconception that I’ve run into more than once. Instead, they work with the birthing mother to determine what she wants her birth experience to look like, helping her to navigate the perilous waters of self-advocacy in a complicated system that too often places policies above people. (I could talk about how the US is the only developed country in the world whose maternal mortality rate is on the rise, a fact that is often attributed to our comparatively high rate of unnecessary C-sections, but that would be an article of its own.) According to the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, “published data indicate that one of the most effective tools to improve labor and delivery outcomes is the continuous presence of support personnel, such as a doula.” Women who use a birth doula are statistically more likely to experience positive labor outcomes and rate their birth experience positively.


After that weekend, I was hooked. I read every text on labor support and birth that I could get my hands on. I joined online communities of doulas in my area and lurked in the comments sections of their posts. I met up with some of them for coffee. And I got pregnant again—a bittersweet but entirely welcome surprise after our prior loss. We decided to move back up to Maine when our Boston lease was up, and our son Henry was born at my parents’ house in Union this past June, attended by two midwives and a doula.

While I decided not to take on any birth clients during my pregnancy, I used my own experiences to inform how I wanted my practice to look in the future. Now that my baby is six months old, I'm aiming to start some prenatal check-ins with new clients now so that I can attend my first few births starting this coming summer.


My philosophy as an aspiring doula is for my clients to be able to experience the transformative and life-giving power of birth on their own terms. The name of my business, Sacred Circles Doula, came to me when I was imagining the smallest unit of life: the humble cell. Animal cells are surrounded by a semi-permeable membrane. This membrane allows certain elements in while excluding others. Similarly, a birthing woman is surrounded by many different circles of enclosure: her womb, her body, the room where she chooses to give birth, and any other emotional or spiritual boundaries that she chooses to draw around herself.

The word "sacred" was something I mulled over a lot in my head. I didn't want to turn off potential clients who were perhaps less religiously inclined than I was, but then I realized that there's a doula for everyone, and it's okay if that person isn't me. During my own labor, I prayed silently during contractions and stared down an icon of the Virgin Mary that I had placed in my birthing space. Birth was for me an intensely spiritual experience. I hope to help future clients who also want to use this transformative time to connect to their faith background, whatever that may be, in a new and meaningful way.

Above all, I'm very wary of limiting childbirth to a set of choices about medical interventions or imposing any agenda of my own on my clients. My own experience of childbirth was positive not because I had an unmedicated home birth or because I chose to breast-feed, but because those choices were respected by all my care providers. Bringing my baby into the world was hard work, and I knew that everyone in that room with me was there to support me from beginning to end. In their eyes, I was more than just a vessel; I was a whole person with agency and a story of my own. When all is said and done, no matter what the outcome, I want the women I serve to come away from their labors feeling like someone there was listening to them, bearing witness to their immense sacrifices, and encouraging them to unleash their creative power.



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GOM

BY LC VAN SAVAGE



I, too, called her “Gom.” Everybody did. She was at least 15 years older than dirt and was someone’s great-grandmother. That person obviously couldn’t pronounce “grandmother” as a toddler, and settled for “Gom.”

Gom was weird. She was the color of dinosaur bones in museums. She looked rather like them, too, being as old as she was. She thought and talked and shared those strong opinions. She was someone (now that I am at the age she once was) I’d be like, if I could.

Gom was a class act, one-of-a-kind, and I wish she were here. I’d love to see her again. I’d love to laugh with her and hear her outrageous remarks, spoken in her piquant voice – low, growly, and juicy from sucking down three packs of Camels per day (or four, if she was busy). She refused to spend her life worrying one bit what people thought of her, nor would she dwell on the negatives of life. Gom was the original Auntie Mame, decades before any Auntie Mames were even born, and yet she made the real Auntie Mame look like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

Gom would never embarrass anyone by, say, noticing they’d gained some weight. She would chat and laugh, but when it was time to part she’d whisper, “Let’s have a little chat quite soon, sweetie.” Then you’d know she’d noticed the weight, and that “quite soon” meant she was going to put you on a strict diet. You’d damn well better lose the weight, or you’d receive Gom’s Death Ray. Whether or not people minded these small issues, Gom would address them, because she did mind them. She was like that for the people about whom she cared.

“LC, my darling,” she’d say to me, placing her huge wineglass on the table gently. This was one of her desperate attempts to make me into a lady. “Did I ever tell you about bathing in the Ganges River with the Indians?” She had. “Oh my, what wonderful, warm people they are.” And off she’d go, splashing and thumping down Memory Lane, dinner long forgotten. We’d all laugh so at her colorful, descriptive stories. We could smell the smells she’d smelled, taste the tastes she’d tasted, and hear the sounds she’d heard. We could see every detail of everything, from the landscape to the two hairs grow-

ing from the black, scabby mole on an old Hungarian woman’s face.

When I was 13, Gom gave me my first taste of alcohol. We were at her huge dining room table on a cold winter night. She pushed the cut-glass goblet over to me.

“Sparkling Burgundy, my darling,” she said. “Now, sip it in tiny sips. Roll it around on your tongue, and don’t gulp it down like some animal that’s dying of thirst. Be a lady. Sip gently, and then put the glass back down. Stop! You are drinking this lovely wine as if you’re in the Sahara! Oh LC, you can be such a trial!” And she laughed.

Gom was at her best when swimming. Tall, bony, and perpetually tanned, she’d visit friends who owned pools, uninvited, and strip off her clothes. She always wore a wildly-colored, two-piece affair beneath her clothing. She was adorned with four or five strings of colorful beads, a lot of makeup, a huge Marie Antoinette wig, big cat-eye glasses, and a high-crowned straw hat decorated with fake cherries and flowers. Wearing this flashy get-up, she’d do the side-stroke back and forth the length of the pool all afternoon, talking and laughing, holding court with the people sitting poolside. She’d often reach up and take a swig from someone’s wine glass – without asking, of course.

Gom constantly talked about her travels around the world, and of her dreams to “get onto that moon one day.” She’d chat about the people and animals she’d met, the scenery she’d seen, and the adventures she’d had. I never knew if any of it was true, but I was enchanted anyway, so it didn’t really matter. Gom loved to spin her tales, and I loved to listen. I would fly across the world with her, all the while seated at her big, shiny, dining room table. Gom took me everywhere on her magic carpet of words, and I was a willing passenger.

Gom always did have a prob-

She was adorned with four or five strings of colorful beads, a lot of makeup, a huge Marie Antoinette wig, big cat-eye glasses, and a high-crowned straw hat decorated with fake cherries and flowers.

lem with the truth, so I’m not sure how old she was when she died. She passed on quietly, in her huge bed, wearing her silks, with beads and fake flowers woven into her wig. Her absence left a ragged hole in my life that has nev-

er been filled. I’ve got no hope it ever could be.

Keep roaring about with the angels, old Gom. Teach them how to be weird and kaleidoscopic. I’ll stay plain, and boring, and overflowing with memories.



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Patricia Rosi in a Wellness Connection dispensary.

SIMPLICITY, ELEGANCE, AND PERSONALITY

WRITTEN & PHOTOGRAPHED
BY AMANDA WHITEGIVER

Long before Patricia Rosi was a nationally-honored top female executive in the cannabis industry, she was saving up for wardrobe essentials that not only looked good, but made her feel great, too. Sometimes described by her two daughters as a little eccentric, Patricia follows her own style, not just “fashion.”

After nearly three decades spent dressing for success while working in both global and national advertising, you might expect Rosi’s work wardrobe to consist of the standard (boring) black power suits. Refreshingly, she’s maintained a style that not only flatters her petite figure, but still reflects authority and a sense of humor: the white tee under her blazer reads “Patti” which, Rosi told me with a chuckle, is a nickname she’s never answered to.

These days, when she’s not in one of the thoughtfully designed, bright, and airy Wellness Connection dispensaries, you might find her advising new entrepreneurs in the cannabis industry, or collaborating with Maine state officials to create a sustainable policy framework. Rosi has been in the cannabis industry since 2011, which she joked “should have a multiplier, like dog years,” due to the major changes that have occurred in the industry in the last decade.

Her goal at Maine Wellness Connection? Wipe away the stigma surrounding cannabis, and help people live their best lives. A lot of people who are trying medical cannabis for the first time are full of trepidation, but just as with any other medicine, finding the right kind to treat your symptoms is key.

DESCRIBE YOUR STYLE, IN A NUTSHELL.

I like simplicity, elegance, and personality. I pair timeless classics with one-of-a-kind, original, and bold pieces to create my own style. I do not blend with fashion, but only select from fashion which enhances my look and reveals my personality.

IS IT “MAINE” STYLE? IF SO, HOW? IF NOT, HOW DOES IT DEVIATE?

Originally from Paris, France, my style is definitely not Maine, but I have learned to adapt for weather conditions. I refuse to compromise style for comfort. For instance, you will never see me wearing sweatpants or leggings.

FIRST OUTFIT YOU REMEMBER PICKING OUT AND LOVING, FEELING GREAT IN?

In high school, I saved the money I earned throughout the summer to buy a white shirt from one of my favorite French designers, Jean-Paul Gaultier. Yes, a white shirt may sound boring, but Madonna was wearing his outfits while voguing, and in clubs it made me feel like a rock star!

HOW OLD WERE YOU WHEN YOU FELT LIKE YOU DEVELOPED A STYLE OF YOUR OWN?

Definitely early high-school, a mix of punk and new wave, rock attitude.

WHAT WAS YOUR LAST MEMORABLE OUTFIT?

For my birthday celebration in France last summer, I wore a bold green dress and gold platform sandals, complemented with large hoops and cuff bracelets.

FAVORITE BRICK-AND-MORTAR PLACE TO BUY CLOTHING IN MAINE?

I like to de-stress by hunting for unique pieces and the best bargain. As a result, you will find me in the clearance section of stores such as Anthropologie or scouting the racks at Marden’s.

BEST CLOTHING SHOES OR ACCESSORY BARGAIN OF ALL TIME?

A Proenza Schouler boiled wool coat that I found at \$150 instead of \$3,500 as featured on the original tag—the bargain hunter’s grail!

MOST YOU EVER SPENT ON SOMETHING TO WEAR?

A couple hundred dollars.

WHO IS YOUR STYLE ICON OF ALL TIME?

Impossible to pick only one. Tilda Swinton, Coco Chanel, women who define their own style and are not afraid to debunk stereotypes.

MOUNTAINS OR COAST?

Mountains. Sugarloafer since 2007!

WHAT WOULD YOU REFUSE TO WEAR?

Sweatpants in public.

DO YOU OWN BEAN BOOTS? IF YES, HOW MANY PAIRS? IF NOT, WHAT DO YOU WEAR IN THE SNOW?

No Bean boots. I recently adopted Blundstones, or my all-time-favorite, Limmer hiking boots.

WHERE YOU DO GET YOUR STYLE INSPIRATION? MAGAZINES, MOVIES, SOCIAL MEDIA?

Arts, concerts, magazines, movies, award shows, and (last but not least) watching passersby in the street while having tea. It’s one of my favorite hobbies.

WHAT IS YOUR CURRENT “GO TO” OUTFIT OR ITEM OF CLOTHING?

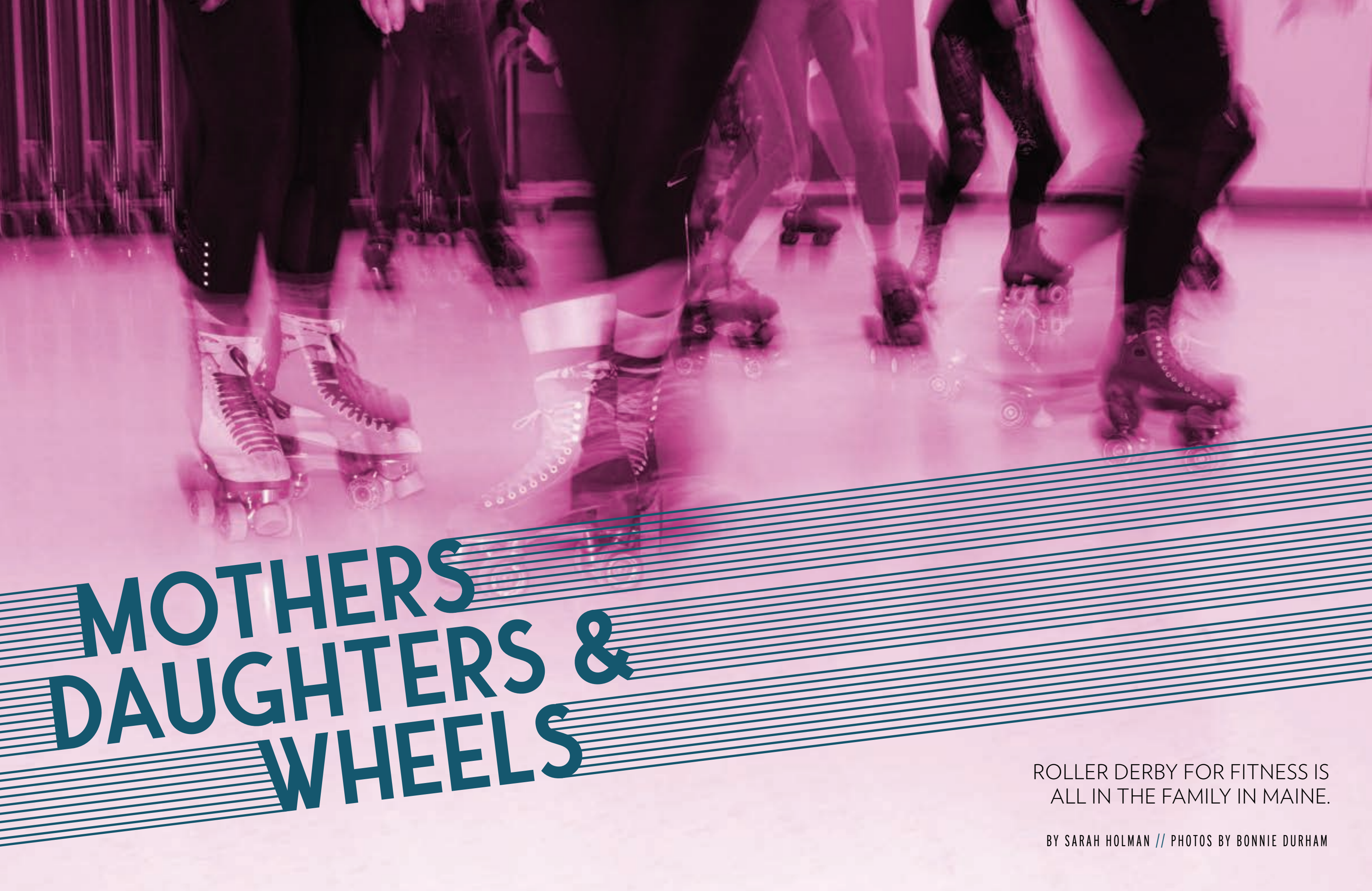
Black skinny high-rise pants, which can be dressed down and dressed up depending on the occasion.



I refuse to compromise style for comfort. For instance, you will never see me wearing sweatpants or leggings.

WHAT DO YOU CHANGE INTO AFTER A LONG DAY?

My father in law and I have a 20-year-long tradition. He hands me down his gently-used gentleman-looking pajama sets. This is what I wear after a long day. Nothing is more comfortable.



MOTHERS DAUGHTERS & WHEELS

ROLLER DERBY FOR FITNESS IS
ALL IN THE FAMILY IN MAINE.

BY SARAH HOLMAN // PHOTOS BY BONNIE DURHAM



They lost their regular skating space when Happy Wheels closed, but these mother-daughter teams roll on. Above left, Karen and Laura Connolly, above right, Lisa Bassett and her mother Linda Clark. Far left, the action at Riverton Elementary school in Portland.

LISA

Bassett competed in the Maine Roller Derby (MRD) league for a decade, going by the skate name “Olive,” before retiring from competition in 2010. She’d been part of the modern roller derby revival that started in the early 2000s as an all-female, woman-organized, amateur contact sport. It is now played by an estimated 1,250 leagues worldwide, most of them in the United States.

When the 44-year-old from Durham stopped competing, she missed skating (which she’d been doing since first grade), as well as the exercise she got from the drills. Looking for a less competitive alternative, she discovered a new fitness modality called Derby Lite. Developed in Chicago by Barbara Dolan—a former competitive Windy City Roller—it used the skills and drills of roller derby in a safe, fun, no-contact roller

skating workout. Bassett and a former MRD teammate flew out to Chicago to become certified instructors. “Since then we’ve led over 400 classes,” Bassett says.

She had enticed her mother, Linda Clark, 70, into the first beginner Derby Lite class in 2012. Clark, who goes by the derby name “Poke A. Dot,” continues to support Bassett and participates in all her classes, now rebranded as the Derby Skate Club. “She ended up loving it,” Bassett says of Clark. “And she’s a great skater.”

Bassett and Clark are not the only mother-daughter duo participating in this fitness trend. Laura “Freckles” Connolly, 33, took her first derby fitness class with Bassett in 2012. She was interested in the sport and had attended local roller derby bouts, where she’d heard about Bassett’s classes. She had been wanting to become more active

but hadn’t had much success with traditional fitness classes. “I’m bad at motivating myself to workout solo,” Connolly says. “I hate gyms, and I hate feeling judged and uncomfortable.”

Connolly began following the Derby Skate Club Facebook page and watching the videos they posted “to figure out if it was really something I could do.” She attended an info night and a friends-and-family night before eventually committing to an off-skates training class with Bassett. She dragged her mother, Karen Connolly, along with her.

“She knows how to work me when she wants something,” Karen, 57, admits. “I wasn’t excited about it. I’m clumsy and uncoordinated.” Karen picked the skater name Panda Monium, in part because she loves pandas, but also because she wasn’t a gifted skater when she started the class. “It took

me six weeks just to accomplish a stop,” she says. “It was pandemonium in the beginning.”

Neither mother nor daughter have missed a Derby Skate Club session since. Even when she’s been sidelined with pregnancy or due to an injury, Laura Connolly pops into classes to watch because, “I miss everyone!”

For her mother, the fun and camaraderie of derby-inspired fitness has kept her coming back. “You feel like a kid again,” she says. “Even when you’re out of breath and your feet hurt, you just keep on going because it’s so fun, and everyone is so supportive and motivating.”

The Connollys participate in the intermediate class, called Athletics. It has light physical contact, including leaning, bumping, and close proximity or pack skating. In the Basics



“YOU FEEL LIKE A KID AGAIN. EVEN WHEN YOU’RE OUT OF BREATH AND YOUR FEET HURT, YOU JUST KEEP ON GOING BECAUSE IT’S SO FUN AND EVERYONE IS SO SUPPORTIVE AND MOTIVATING.”

beginner-level class, there is no contact, but—as with all the routines—it incorporates derby skills with traditional exercises. Bassett coaches club members through pushups, crunches, squats, planks, lunges, and burpees—all done while on skates. “It’s great for middle age,” Karen Connolly says. “It’s weight-bearing, and it’s low impact because you’re on wheels.”

Jill “Goldie Whirl” Jacobs, 55, started skating with Bassett and the Derby Skate Club in 2013, when Roller World was still open in Topsham. Jacobs enjoys trying different kinds of exercise. She had skated before, though she didn’t call herself a skater when she joined. “It was precarious for quite some time,” she says. When Roller World closed, she followed Bassett and the club to Portland’s Happy Wheels.

Jacobs skated for about a year before allowing her daughter Sophie, 27, to join. “I needed to get my feet under me, literally, so I could help her,” Jacobs explains. Sophie is on the spectrum, and Jacobs knew she’d need both physical assistance and emotional support in the beginning. “There was frustra-

tion for sure. And cussing,” Jacobs says of her daughter’s early days at the rink. But eventually, as the other women in the club got to know Sophie, they were able to support her and skate with her, allowing Jacobs to move away. “That was helpful, for Sophie and for me,” Jacobs says.

Now Sophie (aka “Purple Pain”) never misses a class. Jacobs says her daughter’s confidence has grown markedly, both in the club and away from it. “Derby Skate Club is fitness for your mind and body,” Jacobs says. “It’s a chance to push beyond your comfort zone.” In 2016, Jacobs challenged herself by trying out for the competitive Maine Roller Derby league and made the team. “For someone who could barely stand up [on skates] when I started, I was pretty excited.”

Jacobs ultimately declined to join because of the necessary time commitment and because she wanted to continue skate club with Sophie. The mother-daughter duo has always been close, but their Tuesday night skate sessions and the women they’ve met through the club have become anchors in their lives.

Last year Jacobs wasn’t able to skate due to an illness, yet she continued to drive Sophie to sessions. And like Laura Connolly, Jacobs stayed to watch because she wanted to be with the crew, even though she wasn’t skating.

All these mother-daughter duos say being part of the skate club has helped them maintain close relationships. “Once your kids are living their own life, as a parent it’s harder to stay involved,” Karen Connolly says. Having a common activity helps a lot, especially since the club often goes out for food and drinks after class. Now the Connollys have friends in common and talk about skating frequently. “It’s definitely one of our top topics of conversation,” Laura says. “And I certainly see my mom more than I would if we didn’t skate together.”

The biggest challenge Lisa Bassett and the club she started are facing now is where to skate. The late 2019 closure of Happy Wheels—the only remaining roller rink in Southern Maine—has rocked the skating community. Anticipating the difficulty of finding something suitable for derby-style classes, Bassett immediately started thinking outside the box. What would be a large space with a skateable floor? She secured space at Riverton Elementary School in Portland where she

will offer roller dance classes while seeking a permanent home for the other classes Derby Skate Club offers. She also found a temporary space at the Westbrook Community Center, but availability is limited.

The good news is that Bassett is not alone in her quest. “When Happy Wheels announced the impending closure, the response from the community was remarkable,” she says. “Roller skating for fun, for fitness, and for sport is cherished by hundreds of people in Southern Maine.” Ideally, Bassett hopes to find a community space that Derby Skate Club, Maine Roller Derby, and Casco Bay Roller Derby could share, along with other “action sports” groups and community members. It’s a big dream, she admits, but she has the faith and support of her club behind her.

“Olive is an amazing person,” Jill Jacobs says, referring to Bassett by her skating name. “She touches so many women’s lives in such a positive, healthy way.”

All the women at Derby Skate Club remain hopeful that a permanent solution will present itself. The community they’ve formed is too important to give up, and it’s clear the relationships will persist regardless of physical location. These mothers and daughters are tighter than ever. As Olive says, “Not skating isn’t an option for us!”



Skaters get into the groove at Riverton Elementary School, one of the temporary locations the Bassetts are using for fitness classes.

QUESTIONABLE ADVICE

BY L.C. VAN SAVAGE

Do you think that close, committed couples should have separate or joint checking accounts, or some combination of the two?

Consider consulting with financial advisors... if you can understand what they're actually saying. My advice is to stick with joint checking accounts. This way if one of you suddenly croaks, the other is not left holding the (empty) bag and hearing bankers sorrowfully saying "gee, sorry, your money is frozen until you go on welfare," while handing you six stapled pages of applications for food stamps.

My husband keeps comparing me to his stepsister and stepmother. I'm not saying I'm perfect, but I want my flaws to be my own flaws, not his relatives' flaws! To short-circuit these unfair (and, to me, inaccurate) comparisons, what are ways to be assertive but not sound shrill and defensive?

Remind him that comparisons are odious, and in your softest, sweetest, sexiest, and gentlest voice, assertively advise him to knock it the hell off.

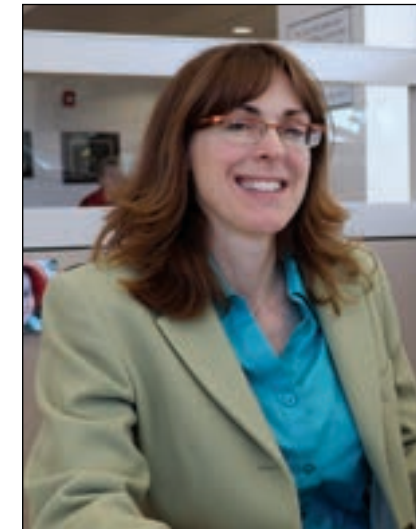
After work, I like to talk about my day, just to unwind and process whatever has occurred—good, bad, or in between. My roommate has indicated that she finds this kind of talk annoying and boring, an occasion for tuning out. What are some workarounds to this problem?

Go to Amazon and order two (used) books called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, by Dale Carnegie. Read every word with your partner, highlighting and underlining it. Make promises you know neither of you will keep. Throw the books into the hall. Make whoopee.

I love to read, but my reading time is limited. In choosing books to read, do you think it is better to go more towards the classics or to read from among the many new "bestseller" books?

There are book snobs breeding out there who think all best sellers are poorly written and stupid, and belong only in recycle bins. There are those out there who think ditto about the Greek and any kind of classics, and who can't even define "classic" anyway. So . . . what's your fave genre? Books on building locomotives? History? Biography? How-to books? If there's a curtain pulled across certain sections, be proud and walk through it, if that's what floats your boat. Who cares if you only choose one genre to stay with forever? Do it!

Trisha is the Prius Queen!



Trisha Hunter

Sales & Leasing Consultant
Lee Toyota of Topsham



Trisha Hunter of Lee Toyota sells more hybrid vehicles than any

other salesperson in the Lee Auto Mall group, earning her the title "Prius Queen." She says, "Coming out of 14 years in the IT industry, the idea of a car with lots of computers didn't seem strange or scary to me. It just seemed natural." Trisha feels that the best part of her job is being able to help people and she gets to do it every day with the best hybrids on the market!

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