

The Brooksville Breeze



The Newsletter of Brooksville Friends & Neighbors

Summer 2013

Coast to Canyon Trip—A Life-Changing Experience

EMMA WEED

I never imagined learning and experiencing so much at the Grand Canyon, but I did and I am grateful for the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

The ride there seemed to last forever. Four hours had turned into what felt like days, and we were all getting antsy. The smallest thing grated our nerves, and what we had fundraised for so long was just out of our reach. The climate had gone from a hundred degrees in Phoenix to snowing in Flagstaff. I almost cried when we finally entered the Grand Canyon National Park. We dragged ourselves out of the van, said goodbye to Harry, our driver, and prepared for the night. We were so excited to see the Grand Canyon, but by the time we had eaten, gotten ready for the night and unpacked, it was dark and we were sent to bed without a glimpse of the huge hole in the ground we had heard about, but not yet seen.

We went to bed disgruntled and awaiting the day ahead. Our dreams of finally seeing had not yet been fulfilled and we were ready. I think I can speak for everyone when I say that we barely slept a wink that night. Contrary to our beliefs, it was 15 degrees at the rim at night and we were freezing. I had never expected it to be *that* cold. Getting woken up at 5:00 in the morning felt like a slap in the face. We had barely slept a wink and were going to see the sunrise.

The one-mile hike there turned into two when we got lost on our way to the viewpoint. Big, beautiful, and

“I’m really going to hike this?” were some of the things that ran through my mind when my eyes first feasted on this natural landmark. Nothing could prepare me for actually being there and seeing it. A picture does it injustice, and trying to describe it to you would tarnish its beauty. Everything we had learned about the Grand Canyon was wrong—it wasn’t big, it was huge; it wasn’t beautiful, it was gorgeous. We slowly watched the sun slink up over the rocks, lighting up all the different colors. There was green, pink, red,

orange, brown, black, blue, and purple! The peaks slowly lit up, and they seemed to glow as everything else was still in shadow. Slowly the sun started to move through the Canyon, awaking the colors. It’s bigger than when you’re on a boat and you can’t see any land in all directions.

When they finally dragged us away from the sun, we went to the mess hall for a much needed hot chocolate. Those few days at the rim we spent playing team-building games with the rangers

(Continued on page 2)



Emma Weed, in foreground, pauses on the trail with other students, a park ranger, and Laura Johns, BES teacher.

Grand Canyon

during the day and freezing our butts off at night in our tents. Slowly we adjusted to the time change and the varied range of temperatures.

The night before we headed down into the Canyon, we feasted at the cafeteria, knowing it would be our last fresh meal for three days. We packed and repacked our bags, making sure we had everything we needed and no extra weight. I slept little to none that night, staring up at the moon and asking myself if I could actually do this. The stars seemed to go on forever, and I drove myself crazy with anticipation.

When we got up at 5:00 am, I was fearing the unknown. Mitch and Jessica, two of the education rangers, were there to take the shuttle bus to the trailhead with us. At the top we filled our water bottles and started the steep trek down the narrow trail. Two of our team members are terrified of heights, but eventually they overcame it and started down the trail as well. Every step we took down we were going to have to walk back up. One of Mitch's mottos was "Down is optional. Up is mandatory."

We traveled the 7.8 miles down to the bottom, and every corner seemed like we were going to be there, only to reveal another section of twists and turns. When we finally saw the bridge across the river, everyone was blessed with a "second wind." The longest part of the hike that day was from the bridge over the Colorado River to the campsite. Our feet hurt and we were ravenous.

Our tents were slowly set up, and we ate undercooked macaroni and cheese and spaghetti. We slopped down our meals and crawled into our sleeping bags for the night. Our legs, ankles, hips, and skin hurt from the rugged terrain we had faced that day. The weather

that night was 95 degrees versus the 15 degrees on the rim. We were so tired. As soon as our heads hit the ground we were out.

Waking up early again the next morning, we were growling like bears, and starting off was slow and tiresome. The aches in our muscles were still there and more prominent than ever. During the second day of hiking the Grand Canyon, we discovered a new saying: "Mitch Miles." Mitch was one of our education rangers, and his idea of half of a mile was literally three-and-a-half miles. We became very familiar with "Mitch Miles" that day. We conquered the "corkscrew," a series of switchbacks, with condors circling overhead. That day we hiked half way up to Indian Gardens.

We saw a Grand Canyon Pink Rattlesnake, and it was one of the coolest things I had ever seen. It is pink

because it slides around in the red dirt all day and dyes itself pink and is therefore called the Grand Canyon Pink. We ate dinner and then went out on a walk to Plateau Point to see the sunset.

I'm not sure which was more beautiful, the sunset or the sunrise. The sunset was the exact opposite of the sunrise. Instead of slowly lighting up the different colors, the colors in the Grand Canyon were slowly sucked away. The peaks and ridges fell into darkness, and the sun slowly slipped below the horizon—the horizon that seemed to go on forever in both directions.

We hiked back to the campsite and fell into our tents in a mass of groans and snores.

On the last day there was a rest area every one-and-a-half miles. It was brutal. Every one-and-a-half miles we would get our hopes up only to be dashed to the ground again when we



"Oh, my gosh. We did it!!"

continued from page 1

realized how far we still had to walk. The last leg of the Canyon was probably the hardest. We were all sweaty, tired, hungry, hot and grouchy. At that point I thought I would never want to see another piece of rock again. My mom kept saying, "You'll get your second wind soon!" The whole time I was waiting for it to hit me like a ton of bricks, but it never did until the last 20 feet or so. Then I felt like I could do it all over again.

Reaching the top of the Grand Canyon was one of the proudest moments of my life, and it really made me realize how big our world is. Going out of Brooksville, Maine, takes a lot of courage. Here we are surrounded by our own little bubble. Nothing in Brooksville can compare to the rest of the world. There're so many different

places to see! I am so lucky and grateful to have gone on this trip. Sure, there were some rocky points but what team doesn't have to work through a little struggle? Everyone should go see the Southwest if they haven't been before, and I will definitely be taking my future children there. I know I will not be a park ranger, but this experience really opened my eyes to all the different careers there are out there. Although some things that happened on the trail will stay on the trail, I am excited to share Team Canyon's story and hopefully other people will be inspired to go there!

This June Emma Weed graduated from BES Eighth Grade and recently was awarded the Star Cub Reporter for The Brooksville Breeze.



Calling all Brooksville Women and Girls

POSIE COWAN

Come march in the Harborside Fourth of July Parade to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first national women's suffrage parade in Washington, D.C. July Fourth celebrates our country's democracy, everyone's right to vote and the right to assemble. A century ago, women marched to gain the public and press support of their right to vote. It was an important moment in women's history, as the event reinvigorated the suffrage movement, which was languishing. Two of the great leaders, Susan B Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, had died. Alice Paul, the leader of the newly created suffrage organization, the National Women's Party, led a brilliant campaign for a federal suffrage amendment. She

used the democratic process—non-violent civil disobedience, picketing, and lobbying—that ended in 1920 when women won the vote. The suffragists were the first social activist group to picket the White House and stood silently in 1917 in front of the gate every day Congress was in session, regardless of the weather. Some were jailed, and the few that went on a hunger strike were force-fed milk and eggs through tubes down their noses.

The leaders and events of this time, including the arrests of over 100 women, are not well known, but a terrific movie, *Iron Jawed Angels*, starring Hillary Swank, tells the story of this period 1913–1920. It is on Netflix, available for \$6 from Amazon and in

Summer Fun at the Library

Kids' Summer Reading Program

Wednesdays from June 26 through Aug. 7 at 10 am. This year's theme is "Dig into Reading."

Movie Night

for parents and kids. Fri., July 19, and Fri., Aug. 16 at 7 pm. Bring a blanket and pillow and enjoy some snacks.

Special Programs

Tues, July 9, 4 pm—Book talk with Joan MacCracken, author of a new book *The Winter House*.

Thurs., July 11, 7 pm—"Maine at Gettysburg" with *Bangor Daily News* writer Brian Schwartz.

Tues., July 30, 7 pm—"Following in the Footsteps of the Buddha," a slide talk program by Don Thurston and Robert Englebach.

Tues., Aug 20, 6 pm—Book talk and discussion by Maine author (*The Kitchen Boy*) and humorist, Sanford Phippen.

the Blue Hill Library. This movie is highly recommended.

Anyone interested in marching can email posiecowan@gmail.com for further information. Many women will be wearing all white or all black, and some will be in period dress. Many will have purple, white and gold sashes, the colors of the National Women's Party. To honor the suffragists who dedicated their lives for winning the vote for women and making the U.S. a truly democratic country, we will march in silence as they did when outside the White House.

Everyone is welcome. We will assemble at 9 am at Audrey Le's house, which is right where the floats gather.



Creativity Flourishes in Brooksville with the Moores

JOAN MACCRACKEN

Together, Leslie and Tom Moore have created on the land of Tom's grandfather a homestead, built by the couple, which exudes a gentle and artistic aura, providing a natural peek into their coastal forest, drawing a visitor in. Beyond is the "best view in Maine," or so Tom says, the dramatic coastline of Smith Cove found only by walking through their tree-covered path. They prefer it that way.

Raised in the California suburbs, Leslie first met Tom—who hailed from the small town of Princeton, Massachusetts—in the summer of 1982 while both were attending a nine-week summer writing course for teachers. It was almost love at first sight, and by the end of the summer they were engaged and then married right after Christmas. Initially, Tom returned to teaching at Wachusett Regional High School while Leslie tried her hand at writing for the five-town local paper in Princeton. But in 1985 memories of their past separate Peace Corps experiences (Leslie in South Korea and Tom in Iran) beckoned them to join the Peace Corp again and teach English in a teacher-training college in Bamako, Mali. After this international job, they again returned to Massachusetts, where Leslie took her turn at high school teaching and Tom worked as a builder while obtaining his PhD at the University of Connecticut. Then he taught English four years at Boston University. However, Tom's strong draw to live in Maine, his ability to build their own home, and a job opening at Maine Maritime Academy allowed the couple to make their move to Cape Rosier seventeen years ago.

In Brooksville they started another phase of their lives. Leslie found a job with KidsPeace while her husband taught English and Humanities at MMA. Once again they got itchy feet

and left for two years to teach at an International Baccalaureate School in Turkey. Tom says they don't really like "traveling" but prefer to live in foreign countries for a time. They returned to Brooksville and both taught at MMA for three more years. Then in 2006 Tom and Leslie "retired" from teaching to nurture their creative passions.

Leslie has loved and drawn animals ever since she "could hold a crayon." She honed her skill over twenty years, capturing the heart and soul of the special subjects in her commissioned pet portraits. Her popular PenPet calendars can be seen hanging in many homes. She's had more than a dozen solo shows, and just last month two shows were featured in Blue Hill, one of her pet posters at the Blue Hill Coop and the other at the Blue Hill Library, presenting her playful "Brooksville Bestiary" collection, delightful pen and ink drawings and unique wood-block



prints of a menagerie of animals. In the local *Brooksville Breeze*, residents have seen her outstanding drawings of a Cape Racer, David's Folly, the Bagaduce Lunch, a decorative antique toilet, a pair of Nubian goats, and, most popular, the Brooksville signpost. Leslie added her elegant touch to illustrate *All My Dogs: A Life* by Bill Henderson (2011). Her self-published photograph



"Dogs are not our whole life, but they make our lives whole."

Roger Caras

book, *How to Catch a Lobster*, sold out quickly but may be reprinted in the future. For ten years her muse was her little dog, Kinsey, who died in 2012. It took several months to mourn his loss, but this spring she found Alexander, a one-year-old rescue dog, and they are bonding daily. This summer Leslie is excited to learn some new skills at a two-week workshop at Haystack in printmaking and etching techniques.

Though Tom has always written, it wasn't until he stopped teaching and focused on his writing that his professional poetry career took off. And it wasn't until then that he had the time and ability to deal with his significant life tragedy, the death of his two children, who were afflicted at the early age of two with a rare genetic neurological, degenerative disease. His children lived until eight and twelve years of age but never spoke or walked. Only through his writing and his working his land, his woods, has he been able to heal. In 2010 Tom published *The Bolt-Cutters* which was well-received, with Garrison Keillor reading two of Tom's

poems from that collection on NPR's *The Writers' Almanac*. Just this spring our Brooksville poet published his second collection of poems, *Chet Sawing*, recently reviewed in the *Ellsworth American*. Both of these thin books hold poems telling of teenaged angst, parental roughness, first loves, nature's wonders and more—much more.

Brooksville is home for this couple. Both feel rooted here and hope to continue to follow their passions in their unique modes of expression. And Alexander, well, he knows he has a lot to live up to but each day he is learning a little more.



Illustration by [unreadable]

MUSSELS

Locals don't eat mussels.
Scarcer soft-shell clams

are sweeter, have no hidden
pearls to snap a tooth. Cruising

sailors like them steamed
in wine and garlic in the ketch's

cabin with gin and stormy tales.
Maybe it's the simplicity

of gathering that makes mussels
valueless to some, like easy love.

Tom Moore
from *Chet Sawing*(2013)

**Annual
Memorial Walk
July 21**

We will be honoring those Brooksville residents who died in 2012 on July 21 at 8:30 am, walking the Varnumville Road, stopping by the curve and the stream, and then gathering at Tinder Hearth Bakery for tea and goodies. Everyone is invited. Come join your neighbors to remember:

- Roscoe Rankin, Jr.
- Philip Billings
- Ruby Howard,
- Frank Bell, Jr
- Grace Dillon
- Wayne Grindle
- Granville Henthorne
- Jeanne Twitchell.

Methodist Church Welcomes New Pastor

The Brooksville United Methodist Church is sad to bid farewell to Pastor David Vandiver who has gifted the Brooksville congregation with his preaching, teaching, and melodious voice for the past 6 years. In July, Pastor Ralph Greene will bring his integrated Quaker/Methodist wisdom, his love of Scripture, his commitment to young adults through the Fiddles and Vittles project, his ecumenical Franciscan spirituality, and his simple lifestyle to lead our community church at this moment of time. Summer worship time: Sunday, 9am.

Activities

Brooksville Elementary School

See the school website for schedules and information • Info: 326-8500 or www.brooksvilleschool.org.

Brooksville Free Public Library

Hours: see box to right • Book Club: 2nd Monday, 10 am • Readers' Cafe: 3rd Sat., 10–11 am, to discuss a wide variety of books • Summer Reading Program: Wednesdays at 10 am, June 26–Aug. 7 • Annual Book Sale: Sat., July 13, 9 am–noon • “Blueberries for All,” annual summer fundraiser: Sun., Aug 4 • Check for additions to summer programming listed on page 3 • Info: 326-4560 or www.brooksvillelibrary.org.

Brooksville Friends and Neighbors

Meets 1st Wed. of every month, 6:30–8 pm, Town House • Info: Lola Bogyo, 326-4530.

BKS Iyengar Yoga Center

Iyengar Yoga for precise alignment, skillful action, harmony • Spacious, well-equipped studio • Day, evening, weekend classes • Open House: Sun., Aug. 4, 2–5 pm. Free beginners class, refreshments, films, demo • 1499 Coastal Rd. • Info: 326-2037 or www.iyengaryogamaine.com.

Brooksville United Methodist Church

Buck's Harbor Sanctuary, 713 Coastal Rd. (next to the market) • Worship: Sundays, 9 am • Info: 469-7850 or garyvencill@gmail.com • Priceless Yard Sale (you decide the price): Tuesdays, 9 am–noon. Donations can be left at church. Also featuring Baga-duce Breads. Info: Judy, 326-8249.

Open Mic at Tinderhearth

Sundays, July 14, Aug. 11, Sept. 15 • 5–9 pm • Everyone welcome • Tinderhearth Bakery, 1452 Coastal Rd.

Brooksville Community Center

Call for information about events or rentals • Betsy Jones, 326-8296.

Straw Bale Theater

at David's Folly • Summer Film Farm Festival focusing on food: Six Tues. nights at 7 pm • Big screen in the renovated barn • Info: John Altman, 266-6512

Genealogy Research Assistance

Thursday evenings, 6–8 pm, Brooksville Library. Ask for BFPL volunteer Liz Hotchkiss. Can't make Thursday evening? Call for appointment: 326-8570.

Brooksville Historical Society

Meets every second Wed. of the month at 7 pm at the Town House. All are welcome.

Holbrook Island Sanctuary

Bats: July 5, meet just before sunset • Winter Moths & Other Destructive Insects: July 12, 1 pm • Tree Identification & Forest Ecology: July 17, meet at Back Shore Trail at 1 pm • Owl Program: July 20, 1 pm • Butterflies: July 26, 1 pm • Bag Pipes: Aug. 2, 1 pm • Unless noted, meet at Park Headquarters. Bring chair & bug spray • Info: 326-4012.

Farmers' Market

Tuesdays, 9:30 am–noon, May 28 through Sept. 24 • Info: Carroll Yorgey, 484-619-1265 or carroll_yorgey@yahoo.com.

Labyrinth Walks

Lunch on the Labyrinth: Sat., June 29, 12–2 pm. Bring sandwich, beverages provided • Summer walks: Sat., July 27, 3–5 pm & Sat., Aug. 10, 3–5 pm. Check newspapers & bulletin boards to confirm dates • 15 Drury Lane, North Brooksville • Info: Chris, 326-8930.

Neighborcare

Neighbors helping neighbors. Volunteers provide free health-related services, respite, transportation, errands, etc. Call for assistance or to volunteer at 326-4735.

West Brooksville

Congregational Church, UCC

1597 Coastal Rd. • Sunday Worship Service: 10 am. All welcome • Rev. Barbara Brakey • 326-8283 or wbcc@myfairpoint.net.

Daughters of the American Revolution

Majabigwaduce Chapter welcomes any female 18 years and older to join our chapter. We meet the second Monday, March through Dec., usually at the Brooksville Town House at 6:30 pm. Call for specifics and membership requirements: Liz Hotchkiss, 326-8570 or dochotchkiss@gmail.com.

Town Office	326-4518
Monday	9 am–2 pm
Wednesday	9 am–2 pm
Thursday	6 pm–8 pm
Selectman	John Gray Richard Bakeman Darrell Fowler
Town Clerk	Amber Bakeman
Treasurer	Freida Peasley
Tax Collector	Yvonne Redman
Burn Permits at Fire Station Thursdays from 7–8 pm	
Harbormasterr	Sarah Cox 326-9622

Library	326-4560
Monday	9 am–5 pm
Wednesday	9 am–5 pm
Thursday	2 pm–8 pm (July & August)
Saturday	9 am–12 noon

Post Office Window

Mon.–Fri.	9 am–12 noon 1 pm–4 pm
Saturday	8:30–10:30 am

Post Office Lobby

Mon.–Fri.	7:30 am–4 pm
Saturday	8:30–10:30 am

Buck's Harbor Market 326-8683

Mon.–Fri.	7 am–7 pm
Sat. & Sun.	8 am–7 pm

CLASS OF
2013

Congratulations!

To Our Graduating Seniors and Their Families

Completing only her senior year at GSA, **Lilly Altman** loved her English class with Ms. Lehto and enjoyed her marine science class. She played soccer last fall. Lilly will attend Hobart and Williams Smith College in Geneva, New York, where she might pursue psychology, but she "wants to test the waters." Perhaps she is the only student who is going to a colder winter, but she adds, "I can handle it!"

Sara Clifford has lived in Brooksville all her life. Her academic enjoyments included psychology, biology, Spanish, art, and dance. Because she loves kids and always wants to help others, she has decided to become an elementary guidance counselor. She plans to attend Eastern Maine Community College to get an 2-year associate degree and then transfer to University of Maine at Orono for 3 years to receive a degree in Guidance.

Tessa Clifford, twin sister of Sara, enjoyed all her math classes at GSA along with earthworks and engine tech. Cheerleading was her major school activity. Next year she will attend U Maine at Augusta in Bangor and do liberal studies the first year. Then she plans to take the dental hygiene program. This summer Tessa will work at Buck's Harbor Market stocking the shelves and at the cash register to earn money for college.

At Deer Isle-Stonington High School **Shiann Closson** enjoyed many classes, including psychology, anatomy, creative writing, and chemistry. She learned that to play sports and do well in classes you must hone your skills of organization. Shiann has completed her CNA course and wants to attend Empire Beauty School in Bangor. Her advice to freshman, "Take every opportunity in high school and embrace it."

Ashley Coulter has attended schools in Bucksport for her education. In high school she enjoyed her half-days at

Hancock County Technical Center in Ellsworth, polishing her culinary skills and dreaming of being a chef. For the past two years, she has worked after school and weekends as a cook at the Penobscot Nursing Home and plans to continue there for the time being.

Lillian Cousins has attended GSA for four years. Her many activities include track and field for three years and swimming for one. She enjoys biology. When not in school, she hostesses at the Boatyard Grill and volunteers at the Island Nursing Home.

William Ludlow enjoyed math and science at GSA. In his spare time he took Mandarin lessons. All four years he played on the soccer team. This fall he will enter the Engineering School at Northeastern University in Boston. Recent international travel took him with other GSA students to Italy. Will thinks he might retire to Brooksville, but otherwise he feels there are no engineering jobs here. He encourages freshman to "take classes seriously, work hard, and have fun."

Born in California, **Ashley Miles** moved here 18 months ago. She has completed her junior and senior year at GSA. Her two favorite classes were history and math. On the softball team she played second base. Initially she wanted to join the Armed Services but now her plans for next fall are to attend the University of Maine at Orono, studying criminal justice. Her goal is to work with juveniles in a detention center.

At GSA **Aaron Osborn** particularly liked a history class on the Holocaust and then any class taught by Mr. Colby. He loves basic hands-on learning courses and plans to learn a trade, but he is not sure what area yet. This summer he will work for Robert Gray Plumbing and then take a year to make money and decide what further education he needs. Born in Blue Hill, he has no plans of leaving Brooksville.

Sam Stahnke has lived in Maine since he was four. He has attended GSA since his sophomore year. Writing and history are his favorite topics, especially his poetry class. For Independent Studies he has written screenplays. Running is another interest, participating in cross-country and track. Sam has also volunteered at the Brooksville Library. Next fall he will attend Ithaca College in New York, planning to major in film.

The Brooksville Breeze

The Newsletter of Brooksville Friends & Neighbors
Published quarterly — Spring, Summer, Fall & Winter

Brooksville Friends & Neighbors (BFN)
P.O. Box 101
Brooksville, ME 04617-0101
Phone: 326-0916



Newsletter By:
Joan MacCracken,
Sheila Moir, Jean Webster,
Katherine Clifford,
Gail Page, Leslie Moore,
Emma Weed

PRSR T SRT
U.S. Postage
PAID
Brooksville, ME
Permit #6

ECR WSS

POSTAL CUSTOMER

Check it out!
www.brooksvillemaine.org

The Brooksville Breeze originated as a newsletter to increase community communication, thus supporting the mission of Brooksville Friends & Neighbors (BFN) to strengthen and encourage local activities that promote health, both physical and emotional. *The Breeze* welcomes your comments, suggestions and donations to offset costs of printing and mailing. It is published four times a year.

Tell us who you are:

Brooksville Friends & Neighbors, P.O. Box 101, Brooksville, ME 04617

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

E-mail _____

We hope you enjoy this free quarterly newsletter. Since our printing costs have increased, we would appreciate any donation—\$5, \$10, \$20 or more—toward these expenses. **Summer resident?** You can receive *The Breeze* by e-mail for your off-season enjoyment.

We continue to welcome your comments and suggestions for articles:

See you at the
Harborside
Fourth of July
Parade

Thursday, July 4
10 am

