The Bay View Literary Magazine

Voices

Summer 2015

Volume 10
EDITORS’ NOTE

Bay View friends and neighbors have once again shared their thoughts and experiences. Their voices present a harmonious expression covering a wide range of emotions. We express a sincere gratitude to those who contributed to the 2015 edition of The Bay View Literary Magazine.

This year marks the 100th anniversary of the dedication of John M. Hall Auditorium. In honor of this milestone, the cover and back photographs feature scenes of the building and stage. Special thanks to John Agria for permission to use his photographs.

To submit your writing for the 2016 edition, please see The Back Page.

Scott Drinkall
Marjorie Andress Bayes
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I am 93 years old. In my youth I never dreamed of reaching this age. Adolescents don’t think about such matters for they have too much in the present that intrigues them and challenges them. But when we reach mid-years, we begin to think about the closing decades of life. I have titled the nineties as the decade of relinquishment, for many of the things that we have spent our mid-years accumulating, we now begin to lose in the decade of the nineties. Of course there are those who find humor in these later years. When I was serving as Bishop in Minnesota, one of our conference members was a retired pastor who was 109 yrs. old. One day he told me that he had gone to his 80th class reunion, and then with a smile he added, “The advantage of going to your 80th reunion is that you don’t have to remember any names.”

There are many columns, articles and books written about aging that talk about how we can do this in a way that is positive, fulfilling and gratifying. Many of these resources suggest that it is entirely up to the individual as to how these later years can be experienced. I am frequently asked: “How do you age gracefully?” I always answer that question by suggesting they not overlook one crucial factor. It all depends upon retaining a measure of health. It’s hard to be graceful if the body is being ravished by cancer. But apart from that, while the nineties represent a decade of relinquishment, they can also be a time of reward.

But first, an acknowledgment of what is lost in the decade of relinquishment. If a couple enters the decade married, it’s almost a given that they will be separated by death. My wife died after we had entered the nineties. One psychologist has suggested that the loss of a spouse is life’s most traumatic experience. I find myself breaking into tears at unexpected moments, even though it has been more than two years since her passing. And the experiences that can catch me in an emotional moment can vary greatly — the sight of a woman my wife’s age and I think about what might have been; hearing a familiar hymn for one of the things we did was sing when driving on trips.

This next loss I speak of facetiously even though it profoundly alters our lives. It is that tense, embarrassing, uncomfortable session when the adult children gather with the parent and as delicately as possible suggest the time has come to “turn in the car keys.” My adult children did this to me more than a year ago. My generation grew up with the automobile. Starting at the age of 14 I drove a car to high school. It was our entry into a larger, more exciting world. To be told that you no longer have access to the larger world of freedom, growth, adventure and exploration is a devastating development. I was not totally convinced that this drastic measure was necessary in my case but now, a year later, I have experienced a sufficient
number of physical losses to convince me that the step of relinquishing the keys was necessary and wise.

There is another loss that is quite threatening. It is the loss of identity which goes with what you do. Who are you? I am a pastor; I am a teacher; I am an officer with such and such a company. We are what we are by what we do. For years I thought of myself by what I did—I was a preacher. I was often invited to other parts of the nation to "preach." When I entered my nineties, this stopped. I have not received an invitation to preach since I became ninety! I'm not complaining; this is simply the way it is.

The thoughtful ninety-year-old will try to make the transition into the decade of the nineties an experience of growth and fulfillment. I cluster my suggestions around three words. The first is transition. Some years ago there was a book published with the title of Passages. The author, rather young, outlined the passages that we experience before the age of fifty: adolescence, empty nest, midlife and so forth. But everything after fifty was lumped together as "senior years." Those of us who have made it to the nineties know that that there can be as many "passages" after fifty as before. So if you have been successful in making all these transitions, why can't we view this new transition as another in a long line of successes! Remind yourself that you have been blessed with a unique privilege. Relatively few have the privilege of exploring a decade characterized by such longevity. Accept this new challenge with excitement.

A second word is "personhood." While working on this paper I had lunch with a friend, a renowned psychologist. I told him the theme I was developing and his immediate response was: "Just because it is the decade of relinquishment doesn’t mean you have to relinquish your personhood." In other words, this new decade must not rob you of your unique, divine image. The real "you" must not be shrouded in bitterness, whining, nor a spirit of non-forgiveness. When I want to say "I miss my beloved spouse, I miss my independence, I miss my car, I miss active work such as preaching," when I want to say these things that I feel, I should acknowledge them but not dwell there. I must "transition" to the next passage, even as I realize the correctness of the events that cause me to feel some of the things I have expressed. It is appropriate and necessary to express feelings even as we are sensitive to the feelings and needs of others, particularly those of our family some of whom may in time be our caregivers. As we think of our identity and how this must be preserved, we remember that "being" is as significant "doing." Take time to keep the mind stimulated, read, visit an art museum, don’t lose sight of the real "you."

Third, celebrate the gift of relationship. You can now watch your grandchildren play ball, help them with home work or a Sunday School lesson. Here is where your faith enters. We must cultivate a relationship with the Creator. There is a saying that you are not asked to meet more challenge than you and God can meet together.
Recently someone gave a book to me which is titled: *Prayers for the no longer young*. I wish to share a few of the petitions: "Lord, thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will soon be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject. Release me from craving to straighten out everyone’s affairs. Help me to be helpful but not bossy." Here is a petition from another source: "Lord, in our youth we were taught to have high aspirations and to work hard to achieve them. Help us in our old age to realize that we can no longer carry the responsibilities we once did. Help us to be content with small achievements." Here is another: "Lord, I want to have a few friends in the end. Keep my mind from the endless recital of all aches and pains. The rehearsing of them is growing sweeter as the years go by." Here is one I like: "Give me the ability to see good in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. Give me the grace to tell them so." It may be that living in the age of relinquishment will bring you good in an unexpected place.

I close with these lines from John Greenleaf Whittier: "Not mindless of the growing years / Of care and loss and pain, / My eyes are wet with thankful tears / For blessings which remain."

*Emerson Colaw has been a college professor, a seminary president, a bishop, and for nine years was Director of Religious Life in Bay View. His primary focus, however, has been serving as a pastor, first for fourteen years in Chicago and then nineteen years in Cincinnati.*

**SELECTED WRITING**

*By Gerald Faulkner*

**THE BIG UMBRELLA**

There is a place on the Jersey shore, a very special place, that I was not familiar with in 1979. My wife, however, was familiar with it and had enjoyed going there on family day trips as a child. She had not mentioned it to me before. That was the year I noticed an ad in my local northern New Jersey newspaper for a summer rental at Ocean Grove. Up to that time going to the beach was a no-no for me because I had gotten a very bad sunburn on another Jersey shore beach more than 20 years earlier. After that painful experience, I avoided all those beach blanket movie scenes in my life. I wanted no part of another sunburn incident.

Nonetheless, just hearing me talk of a vacation at the Jersey shore brought a flood of good memories back for my wife and she was sold on the idea of the rental. But what about my history of sunburn and my aversion to beaches? Well after much thought, my wife came up with a solution. "Don’t you remember, dear, the big beach umbrella my mom left with us when she moved out of New Jersey?" I cautiously said, "vaguely." "Well," she said, "it will mean you can sit on the open beach while still being in the shade." What could I say? She was right once again.
So, thanks to the big umbrella, we made the decision to go on vacation to Ocean Grove that year. While I still had some trepidation, I soon fell in love with Ocean Grove’s elegant, Victorian homes, its old walkways, narrow streets and huge auditorium, which holds over 7,000. I marveled at the lovely lamp-posts, parks and, of course, the wide sandy beach and Ocean Grove’s laws: no driving or swimming on Sunday. Heavy chains were put in place at sundown each Saturday at entry points to the community and removed Monday. All cars had to be off the streets and placed in a designated parking area. Bells would ring for Sunday services and people gladly walked to the auditorium. I was transported to an earlier era before the automobile. The quiet ambience was unlike anything I had experienced.

As you can see, it was a special place and a very special vacation. We did spend several additional summer vacations in Ocean Grove. But, in 1981 things changed. Due to a lawsuit, the chains never went up again on Saturday nights. My family and I really missed how things were back then, but we share our memories of Ocean Grove.

Who would have guessed that those chains that allowed us to experience a pre-twentieth century American would become part of the chains that bind our family together?

**ABOVE THE FORTY-FIFTH**

What does it mean? Is it a street or an avenue? Could it be a floor in a building? Perhaps a birthday or an anniversary. Well, the possibilities are endless. Let me explain.

For the past ten years or so, our good neighbors have been going to a place I had never heard of due to the fact that my wife and I have been travelling all over Canada during our vacations. However, this year we would find out for ourselves what made their place so special. We packed our bags and headed out of Chicago. We were on our way north.

It is a good distance to get there, but they promised us it would be worth it. The traffic around Chicago was the same as usual, heavy. Indiana traffic proved not to be much better. Things improved considerably once we rounded the Lake and headed north into Michigan. At first, I thought nothing unusual here. However, soon the topography began to change. Small trees became much larger. Little did I know that they would soon grow to giant pine trees and beautiful evergreens. Slowly suburbia was replaced by farms and small towns. As you might have expected there were many signs along the roadside. With time they would all become a blur and I noticed nothing in particular.

Shortly thereafter we stopped for gas. The clerk was very polite. Very different from what I was used to in the Chicagoland area. We continued on until it was time to stop for lunch. The food was fine. We took note of how attentive and friendly the waitress was. Without realizing it we were becoming more relaxed. Is this what our neighbor meant? Nevertheless, there was still two hundred miles to go to our destination. Getting back into the car, I noticed
how fresh the air smelled and the sky was clear and blue. We continued on. Rural America lay right before us.

Finally we arrived at our destination. We came over the rise in the road. What a beautiful sight. Lake Michigan was a gorgeous blue with green forest off in the horizon. Bay View on Lake Michigan was never more blue and serene. Our journey’s end had finally come. And what an end of the rainbow it was. We had rolled not into the 20th century but the 19th century. It seemed the town had just been waiting for us but we had not known about it. We immediately felt connected. We felt right at home. We were in touch with the past and now understood what our friends were talking about. From its quaint little streets, its one-hundred year old trees, and gingerbread cottages, it was a sight to behold. Not just my body, not just my mind, but my soul was at rest. I felt completely changed. “So, that’s what our friends meant but what had this to do with above the forty-fifth?” I asked my wife. As always she had the answer. “Don’t you remember the road sign, my dear?” “Which one?” I asked. “The one that said we were crossing the 45th parallel,” she replied.

**MOON OVER THE LUZON CLUB**

My early years did not include television. However, we did have spontaneous singing, long before “Sing Along With Mitch.” while listening to music on the radio. Some radio shows were broadcast from ballrooms all around America. Late September was a special time when they would air a perennial favorite called the "Harvest Moon Ball." It always coincided with a full moon. This particular Saturday night in September 1949 stays with me to this very day.

You see, my mother was a big fan of the radio. In those days, the programming ran from soap operas and music during the day to afternoon adventure shows for kids, to mysteries and comedies at night. Her favorite afternoon show was called “The Make Believe Ballroom.” Big bands, solos and singing groups were very popular at the time. She would even buy a magazine which contained the lyrics of the hits of the day, though she never completed grammar school. She loved to sing and hum along. It was her special pleasure. So, it was not surprising for her to sit alone by our kitchen window on a warm early autumn night, while Dad was working his second job, and listen to the melodic and sometimes jazzy music coming from a place down the street called the "Luzon Club."

I knew of this place but I never asked how it got its name. I remember being in it once. I can still see the place where the band played. People danced and laughed while the bartender served drinks and they would talk about the concerns of the day. It always remained a mystery to me in my youth; although, maybe it’s better I didn’t know. It could easily have been a speakeasy a few decades earlier.

I’ve recently been asking myself what could my mother have been thinking about (more likely dreaming about) while sitting at that window and looking at that big harvest moon. Could
it have been the couples dancing the night away or perhaps memories of a time when she and Dad were dancing? Was it the names of the bands or the music? Perhaps she thought about the jokes people were telling or the conversations they were sharing. I'll never know since I never thought to ask and I probably started to fall asleep following my Saturday night sabbatical bath in preparation for church the next day. However, in my childish mind, I actually thought she could somehow communicate with that old man in the moon, the one over the Luzon Club.

**LATER**

When you were first born you were so small,
I was afraid, so I would hold you...later.
When you were a little bigger, there was a house to buy,
A move to make, but I would hold you...later.
When school first started I was completing grad school,
But I would hold you...later.
When scouting started and you looked so great, I started
A new job, but I would hold you...later.
When we left Middletown for our new homes, the separation started,
But I would hold you...later.
When we lived apart, I always felt sad,
But I would hold you...later.
When you went off to college, I was relocating,
But I would hold you...later.
When you got married and moved to New York, I lost my job,
But I would hold you...later.
When you became a Dad and Katie was baptized, we were thrilled.
And so hoped you would hold her now...not later.
So as I enter the twilight years of my life, I wonder if you want us to
Hold one another or will we do it...later.

**OUR DANCING QUEEN**

She was the dancing queen
The best of all the other teens
Gliding across the floor with ease
Caused all others to look, then freeze.

Her feet never seemed to touch the floor
While everyone else shook their heads in awe
Whether it was Rock and Roll or Latin
There was always a touch of Manhattan.
She would always make her partners look good
Even though most would dance like wood.
Her energy, where did it all come from
Today we all could certainly use some.

Whether it was a house party or a wedding
To the dance floor she would always be heading.
That’s where she was always quick with a smile
And had all of us beat by many a mile.

My sister, our dancing queen, Henrietta!

Gerald Faulkner graduated college 50 years ago. His professional life was spent in Human Resources and his second career was spent in the local school system. Early retirement came ten years ago followed by three years of part-time work as a tutor in math. His hobbies are history, politics and, of course, writing. He has been vacationing in the Bay View community for the last 15 years and has been an Associate Member for the past nine years. Over the years, his love of the Bay View community has grown and he looks forward to being there each year.

MUSIC AND ART - GETTING LOST IN TIME

By Bill Ostler

I love becoming inspired to create a painting. I get an idea and begin sketching it on a piece of watercolor paper, or canvas. My ideas are always full of color. My portraits of clowns are colorful and funny. My sketches start with applying light colors if I am using watercolor paints or applying dark colors and shadows if I am using oil paints. Seeing a painting come alive inspires me to continue. I lose track of time.

Turning notes on a page into pleasing colorful music is another love of mine. Producing music on my French horn, on a recorder, or my voice requires practice. I lose track of time while practicing and only stop when I become tired. Working to perfect my part of a collaborative music selection is important to me. I am, then, able to join with others to create colorful harmonies, and once again get lost in time.
William (Bill) Ostler, a retired public school teacher, and family have had a cottage in Bay View since 1968. He follows in the footsteps of his father, who was an artist and a teacher. Bill began watercolor painting and oil painting by taking art classes in Saginaw and Bay View. He also plays recorders and French horn in community orchestras and the Saginaw Brass Quintet and sings in a church choir and the Bay View Festival Choir.

**SUMMER SONG**

By Laurie Kavanagh

Come May, the melody of Michigan lures.  
Its notes of sweet grass, cedar and fresh lake water  
are an insistent tune that beckons me North.

I know this song so well,  
a part of my every breath.  
Its rhythm in syncopation with wave  
laps on the bay’s shore.

Some days it moves like a slow samba.  
Morning coffee and walking dogs glide  
into swim, nap, read, then shuffle  
back to the porch for drinks and sunsets.
Other days are all percussion and staccato. Winds pound a storm ashore, thunder drums, screen doors smack as company arrives, crashing the quiet.

And then comes an evening of soft harmony as old friends convene on porches. Muted conversations, bright notes of laughter and shared memories of sneaking out, while the stars soft-shoe across the northern skies.

*Laurie Kavanagh is a retired English teacher, and a full-time lover of traveling, making art, playing golf, and enjoying what the wonderful world offers to her. She is a life-time Bay Viewer, a cottage-owner since 2003. She lives in Powder Springs, Georgia. This poem came from feelings she has each year on the return to northern Michigan, Bay View, and Sunset Cottage.*

**FACING MORTALITY**

By Karen Weaver

The poem by Eavan Boland, "Ceres Looks at the Morning" has this line: "Already/my body is a twilight: Solid. Gold/At the edge of a larger darkness." They position the writer and reader in recognition of their own mortality and being on the threshold of a crossing.

Like Prospero in The Tempest, making a rite of passage into his older years, I think that the conscious and meditative attention to death can become a spiritual task during the last part of life to create release and meaning.

Many people want to reflect away from death, to shield themselves. What are they afraid of? Oblivion? Of losing self and identity? Of the grief it would cause those who love them? Of their own despair at leaving them? Of physical suffering? Of regrets?

It is easier if we think about death as letting go of some part of life: leaving behind a job, a relationship, a self, a pattern, a way of being, a hundred different things. All of these are a form of practice—each a rehearsal for death, challenging clinging and resistance, developing the soul’s facility to turn loose and open to what is new and unknown.

One day we will all have to forgive life for ending. We will have to learn how to let life be life with its unbearable finality. Just be what it is.
Another line in the poem asserts that death will flow into life. "But outside/my window/a summer day is beginning. Apple trees/appear, one by one. Light is pouring/into the promise of fruit."

If we are not deeply attached to our external self, to our beloved and tenacious "I," we can shift from the external self to the True Self, loosen the hold of ego and coming to identify with the billion lights within and all around--with what is larger than "I."

We can re-affirm our faith in the part of us that goes on, and maybe even more in the part that is right here now, that exultant wildness and tenderness in the heart that comes with the dilation of life.

*Karen Weaver is a retired social worker and middle-school counselor who has owned a cottage with her husband, Charlie, in Bay View for 24 years. She has served on the Education and Memorial Garden committees, as well as the Worship and Religious Life Committee, where she chaired Project Outreach for seven years. Four years ago, Karen co-taught a class with Mary Agria entitled: Life Before Death.*

**SELECTED WRITINGS**

By Beverly Brandt

**THE MOUSE THAT ROARED**

I’m lying on something soft, moss green, and fuzzy. As usual, I’m curled up in a ball. But, I’m alert. I poke my head up above the edge of the sink so I can see everything. Lifting my head up helps me to breathe better. I have the sniffles. Some other cat gave them to me at the Arizona Humane Society. I’m only 14 weeks old and I’ve never had them before. When I sneeze I stop whatever I’m doing because I can’t concentrate on anything else. Not even on Mr. Bug, my favorite toy.

But, now, I’m warm and cozy. Somewhere in the distance, my human is in a box with glass doors, with hot water running on her. The water is loud and scary! I meow intently, trying to tell her that she’s in danger. She keeps saying: "It’s okay. Everything’s all right, Willow. I’m okay." But, I don’t believe her.

This is the second day that I’ve been here, while she goes into the box with glass doors. I guess that Dr. Brown said this would be good for me, and might help me breathe better. Something about hot steam.

The box with glass doors reminds me of the Arizona Humane Society, where my human found
me. I lived in a glass box with my sister, who was my twin, for a week. We both had sore tummies, and she was sneezing first. Plus, she was constantly beating up on me. I don’t like glass boxes. I can’t imagine why my human goes into one every morning.

Finally, the water stops, and my human emerges from behind the glass door. But she looks different. I scream, my loudest “Meow!” I put all of my energy into it! My human normally has hair on her head, kind of the same color as me. (I like to rub up against, when she’s sitting on the sofa. I can jump up behind her and sniff her hair. I like it so much that I purr, to tell her how happy I am that she gave me a “forever home.”)

But this human has something else on her head. And, something that matches wrapped around her middle. She’s dripping water onto the rug. I meow again, and do my best to tell her that I don’t like this, I don’t recognize her, and water is a bad thing.

Soon, I can see her hair again, and that calms me down. My human puts on something warm and fuzzy. (I don’t understand how she can change her fur so easily.) She picks me up, and cuddles with me. She calls me her “little muffin.” I like this a whole lot better. Soon, she puts me back into the sink, on my soft, moss green, fuzzy. She calls it a “fleece.” I think she was wearing it the afternoon she brought me to my forever home. I like it because it smells like her.

I like to watch everything she does. She calls me her “railroad kitty,” whatever that is, and says I look just like “Chessy.” She’s standing in front of another sink, looking at a wall that you can see through. She’s doing stuff to her face. She puts lines around her lips and then smooshes them. I already have lots of lines on my face, mostly black. I have an “M” on my forehead, but she says it’s really an upside-down “W” for “Willow.” “My little ‘Willow-the-Wisp’” she calls me.

Soon she opens up a big board with legs on it. She’s putting things on the board. I like to walk on any surface that she’s using, so I stand up in the sink, and reach out my paw to try to walk onto this new board with legs. “NO!” my human says. “This is not for little kitties. NO, Willow!” I reach out my paw. (I look like I’m wearing little black slippers, she keeps telling me, whatever they are.) Again, she says “NO!”

I’m a good girl and I like to please, so I do as she says. A long time ago, some other human taught me this word. Humans seem to use it a lot. I back off and curl up in the sink again. But I’m still watching her intently. I’m interested in everything she does. I think I can learn a lot from her.

Now, she’s put a big mouse on the board. It’s the biggest mouse I’ve ever seen. It’s white and shiny. It has the longest tail I’ve ever seen—much longer than mine. Its tail is white and smooth and attaches to the wall. Mine is black and fuzzy. It has a pointy nose, and funny ears
that she grabs onto. She stands the mouse on its bottom and feeds it water. Its mouth is in a funny place. Pretty soon, it roars and hisses when she pushes a button. She starts moving it over something soft and white, and something else soft and blue. The mouse keeps roaring and hissing as it goes back and forth. Sometimes it stands up. Other times it moves on its tummy. It doesn't seem to have any legs. My human was right: this board with legs and a big white shiny mouse is no place for little kitties.

I want to keep watching, but I’m getting kind of sleepy, and my sniffles are better. I like this hot steamy room, but I don’t like the big white mouse. I much prefer Mr. Bug. He’s just my size (tiny), and I can bat at him and pounce on him and put him in my mouth and carry him around.

Maybe when I’m feeling better, and I’m bigger and stronger, I’ll play with the big white mouse. But, I don’t know. There are so many other things around here that interest me. Like that thing on the other side of a door. My human calls it "outside." Every once in a while, in the morning, I look through a window in the door, and see something that spouts water. I think my human called it a sprinkler. Dripping water fascinates me. I don’t like to drink it, and I don’t like to step in it, but I could watch it for a long time. I’m glad it’s on the other side of a glass door, though. In this case, a glass door is a good thing. I feel a purr coming on.

STORIES INSPIRED BY PAINTINGS

Beverly participated in an event at the Phoenix Art Museum in which she was to select an art piece and write a creative piece based upon it. Here are her sketches of two of the paintings and her stories inspired by them.

THE CASE OF THE DESERTED BALLROOM

A mystery inspired by Philip C. Curtis, "The Ball Room," 1975
Holmes entered the deserted ballroom, removed his top hat, silk scarf, and gloves, and handed them to me. His hooded eyes took in the room’s expanse, and his sensitive nostrils flared slightly. He was like a hawk, sampling the odor of the thermals before plunging off an alpine cliff.

A call had come to the club around 6:00 am. We had been to the opera the evening before, and proceeded thence to the Diogenes Club for cards, cigars, and brandy. “You’re needed at the Merry Widow Casino & Dancehall,” Inspector Lestrade commanded. “Something is amiss. I’ll meet you there in ten minutes.”

We arrived just as dawn was beginning to lighten the sky beyond the French doors. They led to a terrace and garden. At first, everything appeared exactly as it should on the morning following an evening of wine, women, and song. The room was a typical Beaux-Arts affair, with a triumphal arch that we entered from the vestibule. An identical triple arch, swathed in red velvet drapery, mirrored the entry on the opposite wall. A huge chandelier hung overhead, but its bluish gas jets no longer burned. Only the dawn light illuminated the huge space with a peachy glow.

Holmes glided through the room his head moving every which way, his lungs inhaling deeply like a bloodhound on the scent. As I focused on him, I glimpsed a dark figure from the corner of my eye, advancing toward us from across the room.

“HOLMES!” I blurted out, every hair on the back of my neck standing upright.

As he and the dark figure spun around in concert, I felt embarrassed by my sudden outburst. What I’d viewed, I quickly realized, was merely Holmes’ own figure, reflected in one of the huge pier mirrors that encircled the room. I hoped that I had not ruined his concentration.

At that moment, Lestrade entered the room, joining me as Holmes continued to circumnambulate. “What does he think?” Lestrade questioned. “The place is utterly abandoned. What happened to the people? On a typical morning-after, there would still be a few night owls taking in a final drink and a last dance or two. But, there isn’t a body to be seen. It’s as if everyone vanished in the blink of an eye!”

Just then, Holmes lifted one of the chairs by its crest rail, flipping it over to examine the underside of the seat. Inspecting it closely, he sighed, nodded slightly, and allowed the corners of his thin lips to curl upwards in a faint smile.

“Gebrüder Thonet,” he said, returning the chair to its normal position. “Just as I thought. Viennese. Style #18. The perfect café chair for seating in a ballroom. And, the top choice of every discriminating lion tamer.”
"Lion tamer?" Lestrade and I cried simultaneously. "Whatever do you mean, Holmes?"

"Watson, do you know nothing?" Holmes asked exasperatedly. "The Gerbrüder Thonet café chair, #18 was first produced in 1859. Both functional and beautiful, it is a study in gracefulness and strength. The bent beech wood makes it light enough to hold in one’s fist. What is more, it’s perfectly balanced: excellent for keeping the king of beasts at bay with one hand, while wielding a whip with the other. I have reason to believe that this chair has been used for just such a purpose in the last half-hour. The wood of the crest rail is still warm. And, there’s a splotch of fresh blood on the right front leg."

"Blood!" Lestrade and I cried out, in the same breath. "You don’t mean to suggest that a lion has been on the premises?"

"Have you not read the early edition of this morning’s London Times?" Holmes said with growing exasperation. "If you had, then you would know that a lion escaped yesterday afternoon from the London Zoological Park. Herr Schwartz, his trainer, has been searching for him through the night. I have reason to believe that the lion caused the Merry Widow to empty out in an instant. I think—if you’ll examine the left hand drapery in the central archway on the East wall—that you’ll find a swath of fresh blood along the edge, at height of approximately 32 inches from the floorboard—the exact height of the mouth of an eight-year-old male lion. From the pattern of footsteps left by the trainer in the sawdust and wax of the dance floor, I’d say he’s still alive, but barely. Happily, the lion is limping as well as his paw prints reveals. Gentlemen, I suggest that we proceed to the garden. I think we’ll find both our culprit and our hero there. With any luck, there will be a startled witness or two.

Lestrade bustled across the ballroom, and exited swiftly through the open French doors. Holmes rejoined me, gestured for his hat, scarf, and gloves, and bade me follow him outside. "Case solved." I thought with a smile as I draped the scarf around his neck. I could hardly wait to return to No. 221B Baker Street to share the story with Mrs. Hudson and draft another episode for my expanding series of case files.

WAITING

_A conversation inspired by Philip C. Curtis, "Whistler," 1963_
"It's a lovely evening for a dance."

"If you like that sort of thing."

"I'm sure he'll be here soon," Agnes says, taking a sip of sherry.

"He's a half-hour late. If there's anything I can't stand, it's a man who isn't punctual."

"I do hope he likes my new dress. (It cost nearly a month's wages.)"

"Well, I hope you didn't pay much for it. After all, half of it is missing! A strapless dress. What were you thinking? You're going out with bare shoulders—in this weather? You're going to catch your death . . .!"

"Oh, Mother. Don't be such a spoilsport! Spring is nearly here, and I wanted to show off Aunt Minnie's necklace to its best advantage. Everyone says I have a lovely neck and shoulders. And, I am taking full-length gloves."

"You'd better take a wrap—and a muffler, too. I swear, young lady, you don't have the good sense that God gave geese. And, you'd better not slouch. Not in that dress! If you bend down to shake hands with someone short . . . Well, I don't even want to envision what they might see. What were you thinking?"

"I always sit up straight, Mother. If there's anything you taught me, it was good posture. As you've always said: the acorn never falls far from the tree."

"Harrumph. All I can say is that this young man of yours had better be worth it. You've spent half the day getting ready. I'll be up all night trying to finish your chores." Momma frowns and pats the armrest of the Rococo Revival, medallion back settee for emphasis, hoping to scare up a poof of dust.

"Oh, Momma . . ." Agnes glances wistfully at her nearly empty sherry glass. "I wonder if there's still time . . ." In the distance, a doorbell rings.

"There he is at last!" says Momma, rising from her seat. The tiny dog stands and begins to bark. "Come on, Whistler, old boy, we'd better not keep Agnes's young man waiting. We're the official greeters after all." She bustles from the room.

Patting her French twist one last time and pulling on her kidskin gloves, Agnes rises slowly from the rose-colored, button-tufted settee. "Whatever will Momma think when she answers the door," she questions, with a mischievous smile.
For those interested in seeing Philip Curtis’s paintings in color, please go to the Phoenix Art Museum website, and follow these links: http://www.phxart.org; Collection; American; view on-line gallery; Philip C. Curtis. The Ball Room” is on page 4. "Whistler“ is on page 5.

Beverly Brandt is a professor emerita in The Design School at Arizona State University. The author of numerous books and articles, she writes regularly on American design history, theory, and criticism.

SELECTED WRITINGS

By Jean Liberty Pickett

Jean gave a talk about her new edition, Mostly Poems by Jean Liberty Pickett & Kin. to a high school English class in Hot Springs, South Dakota in March. This new edition, which includes photos, is now sold there. Jean’s poems have been published in The Bay View Literary Magazine many years and also in the Petoskey News Review 2013-2014.

COME TO THE GARDEN

Come to the garden
and rest with me.
Come to the garden
with style.
You’ll need a sunhat
Don’t you see
To just be there a while.
Come to the garden
and rest with me.
Put on your sunglasses
For all you see
From birds to bees
And the apple tree
And the vast blue sky
Your own canopy.

GROWING OLDER

Just a little thing
to do
for you,
Zipping up your raincoat,
Stripped black and yellow.
   As my old fellow,
You could not miss
   To peck a kiss.

ELIZABETH

Farewell to my friend
Who showed her love
   To the very end.
Her door was always open
   Whenever I stopped by.
We were glad to see each other
For we were kindred spirits,
   Brought together by God,
To walk this part of the
   Journey together.
I am forever grateful for this time
And the written message,
She left behind—“carry on.”

NOT TIME JUST YET

Don’t tear down the bamboo shoots—
    Not just yet.
The autumn has come
   With its crisp air,
Inching towards freezing,
But yet towering bamboo stalks
   Still stay sturdy
Where they’ve spring forth
   From winter’s cold earth.
And grew and grew and grew,
Garnished with a canopy of green
Hiding barren spaces and boundary stones.

In autumn lace-like blooms
Adorn those slender stalks
And canopy of emerald green.
Now they shrink and shrivel
Into dot-like pearls,
Handing on just like me.
Cedars' delicate boughs display
  Tarnished patches;
Great ole trees show
Colors of autumn's blaze,
But the green of bamboo remains
Until frosty temps overtake them
  Just like us all.

Jean Liberty Pickett and some of her family reside here in Petoskey, Michigan. The Pickett Family owned a cottage in Bay View for 25 years. Jean and son Timothy are still associate members of the Bay View Association. She spent the winter celebrating her ninetieth birthday visiting three of her six children residing in South Dakota, Colorado and South Lake Tahoe, California. Traveling by car and train, she also visited seven of her twelve grandchildren.

SLEEPING IN BAY VIEW

By Debbie Hindle

Several years ago, I found a handwritten poem in a drawer in my old room in our Bay View cottage. I don’t know how old I was when I wrote it, but my room was at the back of the house on the top floor. The ceiling had never been “finished” so it soared to an apex which coincided with the roof of the house. With no insulation, all sounds were amplified and as a child it seemed the nearest thing to sleeping outside without being in a tent. I thought the "poem" captured something of what it felt like to be transported into a magical world—which was always Bay View... Even now when I cannot get to sleep, I conjure up a picture of my old room and the sounds of wind and rain on the roof.

When it is windy
I am a feather floating on the breeze
I am a ship tossed on the open sea
I am a baby rocked in the trees...

When it is raining
I am sheltered in a forest
I am deafened by the sound
I am hiding under an umbrella roof
When it is cold
I am cocooned under piles of quilts
I am on an arctic expedition
I am in my deepest sleep

When it is calm
I hear the birds at dawn
I hear the bells at eight
I dream of wind, rain, cold and... sleep...

Debbie Hindle is a semi-retired child and adolescent psychotherapist, living and working in Glasgow, Scotland for half the year and in Cross Village and Bay View, Michigan the other half of the year.

SELECTED WRITINGS
By Susan Noble

BEING THANKFUL

Summertime makes me realize how great just plain water is!

Oh, how eagerly we gulp a cool glass of water after a vigorous game of tennis, for only water truly quenches such a thirst. And, oh, the soothing feel of the lake as we submerge on a hot, hot day...

The joy fairly leaps from the eyes of our grandson as he jumps into the pool, over and over and over and over...his whole body wriggling with glee, as only tykes and dogs can do.

Oh, how a lawn sprinkler can become the hit of an August day when “there's nothing to do, Mom.”

And how refreshing can be a poignant cup of coffee when it's teamed with fresh cherry pie on a cool summer evening, as we relax on the front porch.

And I do feel like a genuine queen after a good soapy shower, when the work is over for the day, and it’s time to just relax and re-create.

Simple things? You bet. It doesn’t cost much to enjoy the things with which we have been so bountifully endowed. Thank God, every day.

Psalm 92:1—How good it is to give thanks to you, O Lord, to sing in your honor, O Most High God.
LOOKING UP
“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

The other morning I was too early for Harding’s grocery store to be open. So I parked my bike to wait, noticing a young man sweeping and cleaning up the paper and dirt and cigarette butts left by non-thinking people. I was beginning to get riled over the litter, when I looked up—way up. The sky was gorgeous—an early morning glorious sky. I gazed and gazed, becoming completely involved in the wonder and subtleties of colors above me. Instead of feeling riled, I soon realized I’d found a calmness and serenity from the experiencing of true beauty—God’s creation. Perhaps we mortals spend too much time looking down—in­stead of looking up. And perhaps we don’t realize how much good beauty does for our inner selves. A blooming flower garden; a freshly painted house and clean yard; the green trees giving cool shade; leaves changing colors; sailboats with their spinnakers full—beauty that has no price tag, freely given for us to enjoy and soak into ourselves. God is so good to us. Aren’t we lucky?

(Looking up is also good for our double chins, if we do it often enough.)

Susan Noble was a physical education teacher until she decided there were too many other things she wanted to do, like music, art, and Bay View. She came upon Bay View by accident, and ended up owning a bed-and-breakfast called The Florence.

SELECTED WRITINGS

By Hannah Rees

“1 in 4 Homeless Are a Veterans”
“Defense Contractors Stocks Soar to an All a Time High”
Blue Nation Review

This poem was written in response to these headlines.

RETURNING VETS

Without a place to lay his head,
no soft pillow or comfy bed,
the warrior camps on sidewalks grim,
wanting what has become of him -

the vibrant man
going off to war
with a smile and a wave -
who could ask for more?

And now he's home
with benefits bare
and no home to go to
or household to share.

Why is a man
who has risked his life,
put out on the streets
to continue his strife?

Where are the funds
for his upkeep,
when profiteers
have pockets deep?

**QUICKENING**

I pat my taut tummy and smile.  
Deep within there’s a flicker,  
a whisper of butterfly wings -  
a tiny, twinkling flutter -  
my baby is making herself known!

**THE HAPPY TOAD**

Thunder rumbles,  
puddles on the road  
lightning shows  
one very happy toad!

He hops along  
splishedy-splash,  
when all of a sudden  
he’s about to crash

with a little man  
in a pea pod boat -  
a tiny leprechaun -  
afloat!
"What’s your desire?”
the leprechaun cries.
The startled toad
is filled with surprise.

He thinks and he thinks
What should he wish -
can this guy deliver
or is he slick as a fish?

At last the toad confides.
"I’d like a gal by my side
to leap and play with me all day
and sing in the night, come what may."

Lightning flashed,
the leprechaun disappeared.
The rain came down
It was just as he feared -

nothing had happened.
He’d been taken in -
until he heard a distant croak -
his heart was so happy, it almost broke!

A beautiful lady toad
hopped into view
and together they dance
the whole night through.

They and their little ones
still dance, you know,
whenever it rains
and leprechauns show!

Hannah M. Rees visited her great-aunt, Alma Reynolds, in Bay View in the 1940s, and has enjoyed many summers here ever since. She married Gerald Rees 58 years ago. Since her retirement from 31 years of teaching grade school and his from the ministry and counseling, they have been having fun traveling and doing various volunteer projects. They have two daughters and five grandsons.
APOLGY

By Nancy-Laurel Pettersen

Two summers ago, my sisters and I took the BV Education class with Marla Kay Houghteling. At each class she gave us a model poem on which to base our own. The basis for this one was William Carlos Williams' "Just to Say," a questionably sincere apology for having gobbled someone else's plums, "So sweet/and so cold."

I am so sorry
I just took the last dryer in the laundromat

Your baskets are loaded with sopping clothes and your four kids are squalling to go home.

But honey, I have a hot date tonight, and that's my red dress twisting and tumbling with the heat set on high.

_Nancy-Laurel Pettersen is reveling in her second year of retirement from college teaching. She now lives in Jacksonville, FL, where she teaches classes in the Feldenkrais Method. One of Howard and Virginia Pettersen's three daughters, she is thrilled to be able to spend BV summers with her sisters Dina and Robin._

THE VIEW

By Jennifer Drinkall

This is a poem I wrote to commemorate the day my mother (Ruth Crist Dyer) and I flew home from Ka'anapali Beach, Maui. It began for me with a 7 a.m. breakfast date.

P.S. We saw a turkey vulture on the side of the road on the way back to Petoskey!
The longest and most wonderful day—April 30, 2015.
A snail, a whale (or whales) and a turkey vulture!
A turtle eating a pancake?
Orchids or did you say orcas?

The view—breathtaking.
The kiss—life-giving.

Three times up in the sky. Mom and I.
Take-off – touch down
Take-off – touch down
Take-off – touch down

Blue moon ice cream in Traverse City.
Almost dark now. I can see my house.
Do I live here? I ask.
My son says Yes.

But I remember the view,
I’ll always remember the view
And—most of all—you.

Jennifer (Dyer) Drinkall began spending summers with her family in Bay View from one year of age. Growing up, she and her brother enjoyed attending the Boys’ and Girls’ Club, swimming lessons at the beach, babysitting and working summer jobs. Her five children and two grand-daughters have continued these time-honored traditions. Jennifer runs a rental business in Petoskey and takes an occasional trip to Hawaii with her mother Ruth Dyer.
NEWS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY’S DEATH

By Ruth Crist Dyer

When Hazel Raycraft married Luke Hoffman of 3 Beach Drive, Harbor Springs, Michigan, she became the instant friend of my mother Ruth Crist at 1 and 2 Beach Drive. Their mutual passion was gardening.

July 2, 1961, mother and I were guests for lunch at Hazel’s cottage. Hazel had prepared the delicious food herself and arranged the artistic table centerpiece with wildflowers from her garden.

The phone rang; it was Hazel’s life-time friend Sunny Hemingway Miller saying "My brother shot himself. I wanted you to know before I notified the police and news media."

Here were Hazel, Mother, and I privy to information of gigantic international interest. We were the first to know. It was a fleeting historical moment of time.

When the Raycraft Room at Stafford’s Perry Hotel was dedicated, Sunny Miller was seated at a special table. I had the honor of introducing the attending celebrities to her. There were so many. There were two Raycraft brothers. One was an MD who made house calls by horse and buggy. His buggy and medical bag are preserved in the Historical Museum in Petoskey, Michigan. The other brother was a dentist whose office was on the ground floor of what is now the Perry Hotel.

My grandson Scott Drinkall, Editor-in-Chief for The Bay View Literary Magazine, has asked me to write about me as I am today, because everything in the magazine from me or about me goes far back in time. Well so do I. Here I am today, 9 a.m. June 13, 2015, 98 years old (life beginning at conception). I am happy, full of energy, and can’t wait for the next day to come and get started on what I planned to do. It’s really the way I’ve always been. If I can make people happier because I have greeted them with a smile or kind word or make a place look cleaner, neater, or more beautiful, because I’ve been there, I am happy. I had wonderful Christian parents, Robert and Ruth Crist, and a steady boyfriend, John Willett Dyer who later became my husband of almost 70 years. I am blessed with loving family members, son John Christopher Dyer, daughter Jennifer Dyer Drinkall, and all of Jennifer’s five children and their families. It is so high I scarce can take it in.
MANDY IN MEMORIAL

By Mary Jane Doerr

My favorite Mandy memory is when I would get home from work, park my car in the carport, and get out to hear a “meow” from the second story window of my townhouse. “You’re home.” She would always wait for me knowing when I would arrive.

Mandy was intuitive in ways I never fully understood. I had a dog Ditto who was Mandy’s friend. When Mandy was two, Ditto was diagnosed with cancer. Devastated, I brought Ditto home on a Thursday evening knowing she had three days to live.

For the next two days, Mandy sat beside her friend in a quiet vigil. From time to time she would give Ditto a gentle nudge but Ditto couldn’t get up. For the long weekend I took care of Ditto under the careful watch of her guardian. Mandy never left her side, somehow understanding the death that was imminent. Ditto died Sunday evening in my arms before the Monday morning appointment and Mandy hid. I lost my best friend. She lost her only friend.

That summer in Bay View, Mandy found another in need of her companionship. A neighbor had just lost his wife to cancer and Mandy went to visit him every day, every summer for the next six years. Until the day he died he always asked about Mandy.

In all her shenanigans that drove me nuts, staying out all night, getting locked in basements, taunting dogs—the larger the better—to the point of distraction, bringing guests distasteful presents, there were many times I had to laugh at her perceptiveness. I have one very close friend who hates cats. Usually when guests arrived, Mandy would make polite greetings and then depart for quieter environs but never with this particular friend. She would do anything it took to annoy him—flip his hair, scratch the fabric on the furniture, or rub his legs. From her eyes and facial expression, I knew she loved every minute of it. He didn’t.

She was always brave and endured hardships quietly. When I was away for my brother’s funeral, she was attacked by an animal. The bite went through her nose to the top of her mouth, obviously an excruciatingly painful injury. She never showed any discomfort, just curled up in a ball on the porch. When I got home, I immediately took her in for surgery. Another time she was dive-bombed by a bird and had two wounds on her side. Again she never showed any distress. When she sustained a foot injury that became infected, she needed an IV of antibiotics. After a few hours, the doctor called. Mandy would not lie down or rest. I knew what she was telling him. “This is not my home and I am not sleeping here.” The doctor suggested I come and get her.

Some people think that animals have poor memories. That’s wrong! They remember everything. Ditto had had glaucoma and with all the successful treatments, she developed an
aversion to that doctor. Mandy didn’t like it when her friend was being hurt and she let the
doctor know it. Ten years later, Mandy had an emergency, and this doctor was the only one
available. She took after him with a vengeance the minute he walked in the room. Conse-
quently she had a note on her record – WARNING - DANGEROUS CAT – all five pounds of her.
None of the other medical people had any problem.

By the time Mandy was 16, I had heard she was dying for seven years. The vets persistently
warned me of her medical condition in their yearly "gloom and doom" reports. So when
Mandy stopped eating, I adopted a little sister for her, thinking she might enjoy some
company. Mandy was furious at me for getting that "garbage pail" that ate her food and stole
all the guests’ attention. "How could you!” She lived another three and half years to make
sure I got the message.

Last summer I was told that she would do nothing but sleep on the porch. OH NO. Mandy was
NOT spending HER summer on the porch. She visited the neighbors every day, in particular
one who was having a challenging time. Later I was told she was an "angel" cat. I am sure that
some people, including the "dangerous" doctor, would have used another term.

This last December I lost Mandy before Christmas. Heartbroken, the many, many cards and
expressions of sympathy were deeply comforting and appreciated. "She made Bay View her
kingdom." "What a character!" "She was one entertaining little gal." I will always miss her,
especially the way she would ring the bell on her collar when she wanted me to do
something—just like in Downton Abbey.

One evening, my seven-year old niece called to tell me not to worry about Mandy. "She is in
heaven playing with my dog Corbin. They are having fun.” I know that someday I will see
Mandy again, and she will meow, "You're home."

Mary Jane Doerr has been a freelance writer for the Petoskey
News-Review since 1979 covering various topics of history,
culture, and theater events. Her book Bay View, An American
Idea won the 2010 State History Award. She is a frequent
contributor to The Bay View Literary Magazine.

Drawing of Mandy by Elizabeth Doerr
RETURN TO SELMA

By Donald E. Messer

Used with permission of the author, Rev. Donald E. Messer. Original essay was first published on the website of the United Methodist Office of Christian Unity and Interreligious Relationships, under the title of "Ecumenical Pilgrimage Focuses On Celebration of the Past And Commitment To The Future."

An Ecumenical Civil Rights Pilgrimage of forty-six laity and clergy, that started at the birthplace of Baptist preacher Martin Luther King, Jr., in Atlanta, and ended at the motel where he was martyred in Memphis, traced not only the struggles of the past but focused on contemporary issues of justice and equality.

Led from March 5 to 9, 2015, by retired St. Luke's United Methodist pastor, Rev. M. Kent Millard, and Bob Zehr, both of Indianapolis, the interracial ecumenical group of Presbyterians, Catholics, Quakers, and United Methodist clergy and laity, also included students and faculty of Christian Theological Seminary (a Disciples of Christ seminary), and a seminary student from Garrett-Evangelical Theological Seminary.

The civil rights pilgrims worshipped at Sixteenth Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, where on September 14, 1963, four young girls were murdered when the church was bombed by segregationists. The face of Jesus was destroyed in a stained glass window. At the time, Birmingham was one of the most segregated cities in America—even the professional washing of clothes was segregated along with playing dominos! The bombing outraged the world and efforts intensified to overcome white racism.

50th Anniversary of the Selma March

A special highlight of the 2015 journey was participating in the 50th Anniversary of the 1965 March from Selma to Montgomery that secured the historic Voting Rights Legislation. This year, an estimated crowd of 40,000, overwhelmingly African-American, gathered in Selma. Rep. John Lewis of Georgia, who led the initial march on Bloody Sunday, March 8, 1965, introduced President Barack Obama and former President George W. Bush. President Obama challenged the crowd of 40,000, to restore the gutted voting rights legislation, increase voting rates, and reform the criminal justice system, calling for "the young and fearless at heart" to cross new bridges of freedom, justice and equality.

Accompanying the ecumenical pilgrimage were three veterans of marching in Selma–Rev. Kent Millard of Indianapolis, Indiana, Rev. Kenneth Steigler of Wake Forest, North Carolina, and
Rev. Donald E. Messer of Centennial, Colorado. All three were seminarians in 1965 at Boston University School of Theology, when 83 students left their studies and classrooms to board two buses and cars to respond to Martin Luther King’s call for voluntary non-violent reinforcements to join protest demonstrations. Each recounted their own stories of fear and trepidation, as they faced the unknown possibility of being clubbed, beaten, jailed or even killed as they headed South, labeled at the time as “communist clergy agitators” by segregation church leaders who reviled the National Council of Churches for its advocacy of the Selma demonstrations.

**Past Struggles Relate To Contemporary Challenges**

On the first day of the trip, at the new Civil and Human Rights Museum in Atlanta, persons were challenged to view the interrelationship of past struggles for civil rights with the global challenge of securing freedom and justice around the globe. Genocides ranging from the Holocaust to Rwanda and Cambodia are illustrated along with current movements to secure human rights globally for lesbian, gay, bi-sexual and transgender persons. Videos displaying human rights violations related to human trafficking, HIV and AIDS stigmatization, immigration protection, violence against women, and other issues were prominently featured.

After linking arms and singing “We Shall Overcome” in the sanctuary of Montgomery’s Dexter Street Baptist Church, where Martin Luther King pastored, Garrett-Evangelical seminarian Sam Mutschelknaus led in prayer, asking God’s energizing grace for the “vision and courage to promote human rights globally.”

Relating faith to justice and love to equality repeatedly emerged during the trip. Linda Bales Todd of Dayton, Ohio, remarked that “Dr. King and the other Baptist preachers articulated a social gospel that dynamically changed both hearts and the culture.” Rev. Youngsook Kang of Denver, Colorado, noted “that though I was born in South Korea, the African-American legacy of loving justice has transformed the expectations of the whole world.”

Rev. Ingrid McIntyre of Nashville, Tennessee, pointed out that poverty still persists in Selma and throughout the region. Over 10% of Selma’s population is unemployed and many downtown businesses are deserted and boarded up. She noted signs that read “Selma needs quality housing.” More than 40% of the families and 67% of the children in the country live below the poverty line. Economic opportunity is essential lest other freedom is eroded.

**Renewed Commitment**

The ecumenical pilgrims concluded the trip with new appreciation for the Baptist preachers and laity, who along with Dr. King, envisioned and strategized successfully to change America forever. Sensitive to the human rights interrelationship of past civil struggles with contemporary global challenges, individuals in a closing session at Christ United Methodist
Church in Memphis, Tennessee, linked arms, sang, and pledged to work to overcome injustice and inequality in their homes, churches, and communities. In the words of one African-American woman, “the movement continues.”

* The Rev. Donald E. Messer is an American United Methodist theologian and author, and former college and seminary president. He is known for his work to combat world hunger and HIV/AIDS. Reverend Messer has twice been a visiting preacher in Bay View.

**BOOKS BY BAY VIEW AUTHORS**

Bay View has a rich literary tradition which we would like to recognize. This list is not comprehensive, either in terms of authors or their published works, but provides a space for acknowledgment and appreciation.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Publisher</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Agria, Mary</td>
<td>Fron the Tender Stem</td>
<td>2015</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mary has written another novel in her Life in the Garden Series. From the Tender Stem continues the story of a lovable gang of senior citizens attempting to revitalize their tiny rural community in Northern Michigan. The heroine, Eve, has learned that senior citizens are not “over the hill” but on a hill discovering and experiencing all that life has to offer. The novel is available at McLean and Eakin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bayes, Marjorie</td>
<td>The Princess and the Dragon: A Fractured Fairy Tale.</td>
<td>2015</td>
<td>Amazon.com</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Meet the incompetent dragon and the authoritative princess of color who doesn’t marry the prince. Illustrations by Agnes Villeda.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Doerr, Mary Jane</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mary Jane is working on another book about J. Will Callahan, the lyricist that wrote the words to nearly 300 songs. She has collected over 200 over the last 20 years</td>
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<td>Drinkall, Tanya</td>
<td>The Littlest Bee Keeper: A True Story</td>
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<td>Tate Publishing, Mustang, OK</td>
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<td>Available at the Bay View Gathering Post and soon to be available in Petoskey bookstores.</td>
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<td>Hickman, Laurie</td>
<td>Mary and the Royal Bear, A Furry Tail</td>
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<td>Xulon Press, Online</td>
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Pickett, Jean  
*Mostly Poems by Jean Liberty*  
Pickett & Kin 2014

*This edition includes poems by Jean’s sister, Marion Ellen (Liberty) Krausse.*

Scarrow, Susan E.  
*Beyond Party Members* 2014 Oxford University Press

*A broad overview of an important and ongoing transformation in relations between European political parties and their closest supporters. Susan is Professor of Political Science and Chair of the Political Science Department at the University of Houston.*
Please submit your poems, essays, memoirs, and short fiction to be considered for the 2016 edition. We are always happy to discuss your ideas. Along with your submission, please include a few lines of biographical information. Additional copies of the magazine are available throughout the year at the Bay View Association office and on the Bay View Association website. Submissions for 2016 should be received by May 1, 2016 by mail or e-mail (preferred).

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