

# *The Bay View Literary Magazine*



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*Your financial donation supports the Bay View Association*

Photograph by Erin Stelling

## EDITORS' NOTE

This year's selections feature mountaintop moments and anguish, tributes to faithful disciples, artists, and composers, poems both earnest and whimsical, and paintings of musical jubilee. In a variety of techniques and styles, our contributors share natural scenes of hollyhocks and gladioli, owls in the pines, plants sprouting from rock crevasses, and double rainbows—as well as colorful characters like Aunt Winnie.

We are grateful to our contributors, many of whom have been a part of the magazine for years, and to everyone who supports our writers and artists by reading, viewing—and appreciating their creativity and dedication.

We are especially grateful to our co-editor Marge Bayes, who co-founded the magazine and has been its guiding light for many years. Marge is stepping back from her current role and will continue to serve as an editor emeritus. We appreciate your vision and all you have done for the magazine, and even more so your friendship.

To submit your writing, photographs, and artwork for the 2024 edition, please see The Back Page.

*Scott Drinkall*

*Sue Collins*

*Evelyn Schloff*

*Marjorie Andress Bayes (emeritus)*

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## PORCH AT ROBERSON COTTAGE

Photograph by Sally Stinson



The Roberson Cottage is the red cottage on the corner of Moors and Preston. The porch has been the scene of many family parties, late night philosophical discussions, an occasional beer and often the sound of singing or oldies from the Edison through the screen door.

*Sally Stinson is a retired psychologist who worked for years for Wayne County Community Mental Health agency. She has visited friends at this cottage almost yearly since mid 60's and has written about the value of this porch as a mechanism for the transmission of inter-generational values. Sally believes the porch is also a place of peace, tranquility and renewal.*



## **HAPPINESS**

By Bill Ostler

I have two voices in my head.  
I ask: What is happiness?  
My ego voice is not sure!  
I win, you lose;  
You win, I lose;  
For your team to win,  
My team must lose!  
Ego says it's one or the other.  
Eating a dessert - happy!  
Too many calories - unhappy!  
Leaves me feeling crappy!  
The voice for the Holy Spirit  
Try to hear it;  
Says we are all connected,  
So, when we forgive it's projected!  
If I forgive you,  
I am forgiven!  
What a good decision  
To both be forgiven!  
Could this be happiness?

*William (Bill) Ostler and his wife, Marsha, are Bay View cottage owners. Their nine grandchildren are the fourth generation to be spending time in Bay View. Many people may remember Bill's mother, Betty, and his father, Jerry. Bill is a retired elementary public school teacher who plays French horn in his brass quintet, Midland Community Orchestra, and Harbor Springs Community Band. He also enjoys singing with the BV choir.*



## INDEPENDENCE DAYBREAK

Photograph by Jeremy Sheaffer



*Jeremy Sheaffer lives in Hallowell, Maine with his wife, Rani and two boys, Sam and Ben. Jeremy has been a fixture on Bay View's campus for most of his half-century-plus years, though these days he can typically be found on the bluff.*



## COME, CITY WIND

By Peter Sparling

Come, city wind,  
Burnish the concrete and leave your breath  
On the glass, slip through the screen and lift me from my bed.  
Lift me high over the dark highways unspooling north  
In the headlights of a solitary trucker,  
Over the outlet malls and gas stations glowing below like stops on Mars,  
Over the unmasked militia, the governor and her sleeping children,  
Across the 45th Parallel to the birches, lakes and bays and set me in the cradle of  
My mother's lap, my father's worn hand on my brow.

Cup the blanching moon in your cool palm  
Then recline along the flank of the dunes,  
Nestle like breath or a blessing into old Indian ground, carry the smoke  
Of their fires into a disappearing sky. But do not forget me.  
I wait here for you to enter my open throat and scour the crater of my belly and bowels.  
Weigh me down like my love who reminds me why I stay alive.  
Wet my eyes and wash them with tears of lost hopes and the long departed.  
Hear the owl high in the pine utter your name,  
Welcoming you back to your ancient home.

*Born and raised in Detroit, Peter Sparling spent his childhood summers in Bay View and pursued a career in the arts as a professional dancer, educator, video artist and painter. A retired U-M professor and alumnus of Interlochen and Juilliard, Sparling was recognized with the 1998 Governor's Michigan Artist Award.*



**SUMMER FINDS**  
Photographs by Erin Stelling







*Erin Ryan Stelling came to know Bay View through her husband Mike who grew up going through the Boys and Girls Club, then working at the tennis courts and boathouse. Erin and Mike married in 2015 and she has been happily spending her summers up here ever since. Erin and Mike purchased a cottage in 2020 and love watching their two boys Auggie and Griffen enjoy all that Bay View has to offer. In addition to her art practice, Erin is a photography instructor and gallery coordinator at Ravenscroft School in Raleigh, North Carolina.*

## **ONLY ONE THING**

By Beverly K. Brandt

The moment I stumbled upon it, there was only one thing to do with that information. I had to tell someone. But who? That single fact could change everything, and no one knew about this except me. Little old me. The more I thought about it, though, the more confused I became.

I mean, if I went to the police, what would they do? Would they even believe me? They'd want to know where I got it, how I found out—and from whom. And, then what would happen? Would it make things better? Or would it ruin everything? It was so hard to know. And it wasn't like I felt confident about waltzing into the police station, all "la dee da," and "wouldn't YOU like to know what I know. . ."

That settled it. It was better to do nothing. Just sit on it. And wait. Wait to see what happened. Maybe someone else would figure it out. And that would take the burden off me. Wouldn't that be a relief?

Yea, doing nothing was probably the right thing to do.

The more I thought about it though, the more it seemed like maybe I should tell my boss. But could I really trust him?

I'd worked for him for years. But we had a pretty formal relationship. I couldn't just burst into his office and drop this bombshell. And, for that matter, could I really bust in on him? I'd always made appointments in the past, anytime I wanted to speak to him about something important. It wasn't like we were on a first name basis. And this new piece of information—it was certainly important. But how would it affect him? Did HE have anything to do with this? It's always hard to know in a small town. Telling him might change our relationship. Who knows? Maybe I'd lose my job.

That was the sticking point. Maybe it was better to do nothing.

But, if I DID do nothing, could I live with myself? I mean, it seemed like this could be absolutely crucial. There was no telling what could happen if this got out.

And why me? I kept asking myself, why did I have to be the one to stumble across this? On this day and at this particular time? I mean, I was supposed to be at work. How would I explain to my boss, of all people, why I was gone, where I was, and what I was doing when I found out? That could be awkward, all right.

The more I thought about it, the more I concluded that doing nothing was the safest bet. "Better safe than sorry," I always say.

So, I tried to shove it out of my mind. To forget about ever finding out what was really going on. Why me—that question kept circling around in my head. It just didn't make sense. I've lived a quiet life. I've always gone about my business and tried to keep a low profile. Why me, why me, why me? It was driving me crazy.

But, here it was—the key piece of information—dropped right into my lap, "big as life and twice as natural," as my mom used to say.

And what would SHE think, looking down upon me from heaven. Would she be horrified? Or mystified? Or amused? What would Mom think I should do under these circumstances? She always had a firm take on things, that was, when she wasn't drinking.

She'd never approved of my line of work, and she hated my boss. She couldn't get out of this two-bit town fast enough after Dad left. But here I was—stuck. And now sitting on a piece of information that could change things around here faster than greased lightning.

Knowing Mom, she's probably up there laughing her head off, saying it serves me right. After all, hadn't I taken a few hours off without telling anyone? Wasn't I AWOL from work, for cryin' out loud? I shouldn't have been in that location, at that time, in the first place. I can just picture her, wagging that bent pointer finger at me, while drying her hands on her apron.

Yep! Mom would be having a good ole belly laugh: "What goes around, comes around," she'd holler at me, chuckling so hard she could barely get the words out.

Yea. Doing nothing was the best option. Somehow, I'd just have to learn to live with the consequences.

*Beverly K. Brandt spent more than 50 summers in Petoskey and owned a Bay View cottage for nearly 25 years. She is the owner of the Blue Magpie, an antiques booth in Arizona at Scottsdale's Antique Trove. She is an entrepreneur, writer, artist, designer, and mom to Willow, her mackerel-tabby tiger cat and to Pippin, a creamsicle tabby kitten, Willow's "baby brother" who is now bigger than she is.*



**THE REVEREND DR. ROBERT O. BROWN, 1941-2022**  
**Radical and Faithful Disciple of Jesus in Bay View**

By Doug Bowden

“Radical” is the right word of grateful remembrance for Bob Brown, Presbyterian in ordination and faithful pastor, especially with youth, in Presbyterian congregations, beginning in 1971. In Pittsburgh, PA, and then in West Virginia, Ohio, and Michigan, all these years with Norma, his wife and partner in ministry. Thankfully, for us in Bay View, Bob and Norma, discovered Harbor Springs in 2002.

Bob and Norma then found us in Bay View and in these last 20 years have blessed us in our worship services; in our Services of Communion in Crouse Chapel, where Bob was pastor and celebrant each year; in our Monday to Thursday morning lectures in Voorhies Hall; and in vesper services and concerts and musical recitals in Hall Auditorium.

Bob’s mountaintop moment in Bay View was when Worship Director, Daniel Moser, invited him to preach the final sermon of the Bay View Assembly Worship season in 2017. This Sunday of Bob’s preaching was September 3, 2017. Indeed, all through that summer, I encouraged and thanked Bob, on behalf of all of us in Bay View, for the sermon he was preparing and, I sensed, was so important to him.

As encouragement and gratitude, I would remind Bob that Presbyterian preachers, like George Arthur Buttrick, preaching in Bay View, 1935-1977, are great preachers. Bob would laugh and we would praise preachers, United Methodist and Presbyterian, our two denominational traditions and church homes, grateful to be two brothers in Christ.

“On The Radical Road of Faith” was the sermon title Bob chose, for that Sunday morning in Bay View Assembly Worship, September 3. Note, please, the word “Radical” in Bob’s sermon title. This single word expressed Bob’s heart and soul and his discipleship in Jesus Christ. Radical, the word for Bob, as a disciple of Jesus.

Merriam-Webster’s Dictionary defines “radical,” as going to the root and source. Bob, from his childhood and youth and practice of ministry, indeed, all of his 80 and almost 81 years, was a “radical disciple of Jesus Christ.” This was Bob, Amen.

Daniel Moser praised Bob’s sermon, when we talked in September 2017 after he and Peg had returned home to Quakertown, Pennsylvania. He told me that Bob, with great care and thought, had summarized some of the basic essential passionate themes of the Bay View preachers of that summer, especially Philip Yancy on July 7, Anna Carter Florence on July 15 and Father Michael Renninger on August 6, each and all within what he called “The Radical Road of Faith.” Bob, pouring his heart into that Bay View sermon.

Bob, I believe, was also referring to himself. His Christian Faith, his life as a disciple of

Jesus, was radical in ways, which made a saving and transforming difference to many in every place Bob lived and faithfully served; all before he joined us in Bay View.

Norma and daughters, Alison and Susan, wrote the most inspiring and elevating obituary for Bob that was shared by email from the Bay View Association on December 12, 2022. This sentence especially jumped out for me. "One of Bob's greatest strengths was the development of youth and compassion for the sick and poor." In this, Bob was faithful, always doing.

So, Bob, as a young pastor taking young people from the inner-city of Pittsburgh to a two-week summer camp in West Virginia. This he did not just once but many summers in similar youth group mission trips. When he came to Harbor Springs and Emmet County in his 70's, he continued his radical discipleship in Christ. He would rise early in the morning to support food rescue for the Manna Food Project and food pantry and was a dedicated bell ringer during the Advent and Christmas seasons for the Salvation Army Red Kettle Campaign. Bob was a spirited bell ringer.

In Bay View, this radical passionate integrity of his inspired me during many Voorhies Hall lectures. Laughing together, we would see who could take the most complete lecture notes and who would ask the best, most thoughtful question of the lecturer. Bob was better than me, almost every week, the notes he took and the questions he asked.

Here is a good example of this. Presbyterian Danielle Shroyer, in her 2018 lectures, gave us a whole new understanding of what she calls, "Original Blessing," rather than the classical Christian Doctrine of "Original Sin." Bob had what we Methodists call an Aldersgate (John Wesley, 1738) moment, with this new biblical and theological understanding of Pastor Danielle. He became alive in the Spirit, I remember, listening, fully concentrating and talking notes intently. Indeed, from that week through this last 2022 Bay View season, Bob, included in his Communion Homilies in Crouse Chapel, and everywhere, "Original Blessing." It was a new truth for him!

Bob's health was of increasing concern, as we worshipped, listened to lecturers, and prayed for each other. Bob's wave across Hall Auditorium before Vespers on Sunday evening or all around our Bay View campus, in the 2022 summer, is a happy memory.

Norma and Bob's great friend, Dan CasaSanta in Bay View and Harbor Springs has helped me to know and love Bob more deeply in Christ, as Bob died and rose in Christ, in the Apostle Paul's words, Romans 6, on November 29, 2022. We lifted Bob's life up, his radical and faithful discipleship in Jesus Christ, in our Communion Service in Crouse Chapel, on Sunday morning, June 18, 2023, with Norma, Dan, and Bay View family.

Matthew 10 was the Gospel in the Ecumenical Lectionary for Sundays, June 18 and June 25. Jesus, as we read the Gospel, sending out his disciples, two by two, into mission, which will be sometimes hard, leading to suffering and even possible death. "Take

up the cross and follow me,” in Jesus’ words, Matthew 10:38. Then, Jesus giving full support and presence, calling us all for the radical gift of water to all who are thirsty, in Matthew 10:42. Bob Brown, listening to Jesus, did this, all his Christ-centered life.

Lindsey Krinks writes of Matthew 10, in Upper Room Disciplines, 2023.

“Jesus isn’t interested in a fan club. He’s interested in disciples who take his teachings to heart and walk the walk.” Bob Brown did exactly this, all his life, in his “Radical Road of Faith.” Bob calling us now to be “Christ for Others” (Bonhoeffer) in Bay View.

Norma, we will be with you in all new days before us.

*Doug and Mary Bowden are thankful for their friendship with Bob and Norma Brown in the years, 2013-2023. “Easter People” we are giving thanks for Bob’s serving life with us in Bay View and for “All The Saints,” whom we have known and loved in Christ. We are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses” (Hebrews 12:1) in Bay View. So it is very important for rejoicing and giving thanks to God for Bob’s Bay View life with us.*

*Mary and Doug are feeling encouraged and strengthened by their old and new experiences in Bay View. Mary, chairing the Library Board, and Doug, Worship Chair, with Hilary Barrett, our new Director of Worship and Religious Life. Thanks be to God.*

*Family of Bowden adult children and their spouses and five grandchildren are all coming to Bay View this summer of 2023. This gives Mary and Doug the greatest joy.*

*Doug looks forward to writing in Bay View Literary Magazines, studying Ernie Gray for 2024 and Dudley Vernor for the 2025 issue.*



## HAZY SUNSET

Photographs by Robin Pettersen

## FALL TREES AND DOUBLE RAINBOW



*Robin Pettersen has been coming to Bay View since she was two years old. She has worked or volunteered for all of the BV program areas. After retiring from a university career teaching dance and choreographing, Robin began spending more time on photography. She has had photos accepted into a PBS-sponsored competition and also sells photo greeting cards.*

## THE PURSE

By Barbara Mclean

The old, rickety Volkswagen Beetle sat in the driveway of Aunt Winnie's house most of the time, and many nights if you drove past the house, you could see the front hood up, with her rummaging around in the front trunk looking for a cold beer. She had hired a painter she was trying to rehabilitate, you see, whose fond and frequent acquaintance with any liquor bottle had been his waterloo, so she had moved her wine and beer stash to the trunk of her car to reduce temptation. But for her, this proved not to be terribly handy as the driveway was pitch black and the noise of the clinking bottles as she searched for the just right one spread news of her occupation to the neighbors. Her garage, just a few feet away, was full of stuff she was always going to throw away, but since she spent many hours on her sofa, napping, time seemed, she often said, to "just slip away." In fact, whenever there was any family ennui, she stuck to her sure fire solution to any problem- she took a nap.

Aunt Winnie was not a practical soul. Nearly 68 years old, divorced from her talented but no-account husband, she lived in a little house on a quiet street and was employed by the State of Ohio to do a menial, inconsequential job with little pay and long lunch hours. Temporary summer employees were told not to work so hard by the full-timers so as not to alert supervisors as to the ease of the job. But Auntie was a dear soul who had a sweet, gullible heart and accepting mind. She loved to sleep, go to the movies, could dance to any tune, sang "Red Hot Mama" in a low voice, and could be talked into almost anything. "Come on Auntie, let's go to the horror film – you'll love it – only a few people get murdered," cajoled her teen-aged, movie-loving nephew. "Well, I don't know," Winnie would reply, rubbing her forehead so she could think, as her nephew pleaded his case. "We can have an olive burger (her favorite) and a Coke before the movie and have a swell time!"

"Oh, all right," was her typical reply as they piled into the old car quite a bit early for the film's beginning because Auntie usually got lost driving almost anywhere.

Winnie's older sister Eleanor (pronounced El'ner by family members) lived several blocks away and was a total emotional opposite. Red hair, barely 5-foot tall, practical, opinionated and verbal, she ordered her little sister around with the admonition, "relax Winnie relax!" whenever she thought Winnie was about to be taken in by some idea or scheme. Auntie would then begin to shiver and shake, viscerally affected by her sister's wrath. This, of course, convinced Eleanor to repeat her "relax, Winnie relax" which in turn further trembled Auntie. Although best friends, they could never live together as

Winnie's perils always stirred the sisterly pot into sour admonitions and salty outbursts.

On the day in question, a Thursday and State payday, Auntie drove to the credit union after work to cash her check. Her car was none too reliable but she drove it nonetheless, never being quite sure how or where to get it fixed. She was, she said, a "nervous" driver. When she drove up north to the family cottage in the summer, she always stayed in the expressway's right lane "to keep out of people's way." However, the trip always became long as whenever the road veered to the right, as onto an exit ramp, Auntie veered too. Thus, she kept exiting. She would say, "darn" each time as she struggled to find the way back onto the expressway.

On this particular day, Auntie was humming a tune as she drove home, having put her purse with the cashed check on the passenger seat of the car. She was nearly home when she lost track of her progress, turned a corner a bit too fast whereupon the passenger door flew open and her purse fell out.

"Oh darn," she exclaimed as she looked in her rearview mirror to see the purse behind her in the street. For whatever reason, and however calculated, Auntie commenced to step on the gas to go around the block to return to pick up the purse. She said she wasn't very good at backing up. When she finally returned – it was a longer block than she remembered – the purse was gone.

Winnie did not know what to do at this point so she decided she would go over to see her sister to share her awful plight. After all, the check was two weeks' worth of pay she sorely needed.

"You did WHAT? Why didn't you just stop.....why did you drive around the block?" exploded El'ner. "That was your whole paycheck! Ha! Nobody is going to return that! What were you thinking? Ha! Why didn't you just get out and pick up your purse?" Winnie began to shake and tremble as El'ner further commanded, "Relax, Winnie, relax."

"I'm going home to take a nap and wait for the person to bring me my purse," Auntie whimpered as she slithered down her sister's porch steps. "I just know someone will come."

"Ha! You'll have a long wait," El'ner countered, secretly worried about how her impractical but always optimistic sister would manage without her paycheck.

As Auntie drove home she quieted her sagging spirits with sweet thoughts of better days. She did, however, have that one little "episode" to clear from her mind – it had

happened only a few days prior when her daughter, Gabby, came from New York to visit. "Let's have a wedding shower for Loris," suggested Gabby. "It will be great fun for us both and she doesn't have much in the way of gifts."

Winnie hesitated, "I have a lot of stuff sitting around this house and it would take a lot of work to tidy up. I just am not sure." But Gabby prevailed and, after making a dozen or so phone calls to round up attendees, the two sat down to have a beer. As the evening moved along and the beer cans multiplied, they looked around to assess the need for fixing up the house. They decided that the kitchen wallpaper, peeling and faded, ought to be replaced before company came so the following day they set out to find wallpaper that would do. They were delighted with their find, a cheerful paper. Heading home, one thing led to another, the afternoon wore on, the beer hour descended, time flew by, and the wallpaper had not been opened. Around midnight, they finally got at it, laughing, having another beer, pasting, measuring (which got a bit dicey), and finally finishing up at about dawn.

The next day party time arrived as did guests bearing gifts. A bit ragged, but functioning pretty well, Auntie and Gabby sat in the living room as the bride-to-be began to open gifts.

Gabby, sitting nearest the kitchen, began to hear strange ripping noises coming from the kitchen so she excused herself, went in the open kitchen door only to find the wallpaper peeling slowly from the wall in several places. Grabbing the broom, she hurriedly tried to brush the paper back up but when she got it up one place, it fell down in another. Wallpaper paste began oozing onto the floor in puddles and the punchbowl full of ginger ale and sherbet barely missed getting hit.

Gabby regained her seat in the living room gushing loudly, "Don't you just love showers?" trying to mask the noises coming from the kitchen as she signaled her mother to get into the kitchen to DO something.

"Is everything all right?" inquired a guest, noting the somewhat flustered expression on Gabby's face.

"Oh yes, we just have a few little problems in the kitchen that are nothing to worry about."

Soon however, the peeling paper overcame any attempt at brushing, as the guests, hearing Aunt Winnie's repeated "darn", went to the kitchen and soon everyone was laughing, brushing at the paper, and trying to rescue the punch and the cake along with



candies and party nuts. General hilarity ensued whereupon Gabby rummaged some liquor from the hood of the car and dumped it into the punchbowl. While the guests giggled and ate cake in the living room, paste fell in globs as all the wallpaper slowly slipped off the wall.

And so, as Winnie drove home, she loosened herself from her memory of the party and decided to nap and wait for her purse to arrive. She concluded that the party had turned out to be fun after all so no more self-accusation was required. She would clean up the last of the kitchen mess later. It was just wallpaper.

The nap was in progress several hours later when her door bell sounded and a young, bedraggled and bearded young man stood at her stoop with her purse in his hand.

"I found this address in your wallet," he said softly,"so I am bringing back your purse." Auntie's face beamed as she invited him in, offered him some stale party left-overs and listened to his story. "My wife fell and broke her arm, I have three wonderful children but no family in town. I had a line on a job at the Olds plant but have not heard from them yet. I was walking over to return my neighbor's toilet plunger when I saw your purse in the street. I was worried that someone would take it, so I picked it up." So overcome was Winnie with his plight and his honesty that she gave him half the money from her paycheck as they parted, vowing to keep in touch.

She was jubilant! She just knew her purse would be returned!! She could hardly wait to get in her car to go tell her sister although.....wait, she could guess what El'nor's reaction to her generous gift would be. But then, she hadn't yet finished her nap, so... "I guess I will go over there later, maybe," she thought to herself as she snuggled down. And besides she remembered as she dozed off, there was one more beer left in her car.

*Barbara Mclean feels like a Michigander as she and her husband Neil lived in Lansing for 50 years where they raised their two sons, but she is really a Hoosier! Barbara is now a retired social worker and delights in using words to describe the people and places she has loved throughout a life filled with rich experiences and wonderful people.*





## **BODIES**

By Bill Ostler

Death?  
Is it real?  
It would be if God created bodies!  
But then, God would not be loving!

If time and space are illusions,  
Then possibly bodies are illusions,  
Projected from our mind?  
Projections are not alive - are they?

If projections are not alive,  
They, therefore, cannot die!  
A projected body would just be set aside,  
When our spirit has no more use for it!

I feel there is too much emphasis on bodies!  
Think about it- it gets all things  
And wants all things - all about the body!  
Without the body we would have no "wants."

If we forgive ourselves and others,  
For making the body so important,  
We could relax, let go,  
And let God direct our lives!

Amen



## HOLLYHOCKS BY THE BAY

By Marilyn Perrin



*Marilyn Perrin has been enjoying the Hollyhocks on the Bay ever since she and her husband, Phil Moots, bought their cottage at Bay View six years ago. This painting hangs in their Columbus, Ohio home so the summer Bay View memories can be enjoyed all year.*

**HAROLD KOHN**  
**Ordained Minister, Published Author, Accomplished Artist**

By Jack Eugene Giguere

Harold Kohn was born in 1910 in Mayville, Mich, the same hometown as my mother, Leigh Norene Erb Giguere, who was also born in 1910. The Kohn and Erb families lived several houses apart on the same street. Harold and mother were playmates. The Kohn and Erb families both moved to Flint, Michigan at about the same time. The two families kept in touch, living just seven blocks apart. Harold Kohn received his high school education in Flint, as did my mother. The Kohn family were members of an Evangelical United Brethren Church. The Erb family were members of a Methodist Church.

Harold continued his education at North Central College in Naperville, Illinois, a school related to the Evangelical United Brethren Church. He graduated from the Evangelical Seminary, also a school related to the Evangelical United Brethren Church. (The EUB Church united with the Methodist Church in 1974 to become The United Methodist Church. When the union took place, Evangelical Seminary united with Garrett Theological Seminary, a Methodist school, to become Garrett-Evangelical Seminary in Evanston, Illinois).

Following ordination, Harold Kohn served EUB churches in Michigan and Illinois. For two years, he served as Art Director of the EUB publishing house.

In 1955 a brain tumor was discovered over his right eye. He was 45 years old. He had surgery to remove it which was not completely successful. Following his surgery, the Kohn family moved to northern Michigan for a period of recovery. At the close of that period, he learned that the Congregational Church in Charlevoix was in need of a pastor. He filled the pulpit and did such a good job that the church invited him to become their pastor, which he did.

During the next 20 years he had six more surgeries, experienced almost constant pain and eventually total blindness. During this time he wrote a weekly newspaper column which would be syndicated nationwide in 200 papers and published 15 books. (Eight were published by Eerdmans Publishing and seven were published by Tidings, a division of The Upper Room). After his death, an anthology would be published in 1986 by Eerdmans. All of the art in his books was his own.

His health forced his retirement in 1964 at the age of 54. Charlevoix church members and other friends would not, however, permit the family to leave the community. Seventeen families pledged to underwrite the salary of a secretary to assist him in his writing ministry.

It was near the end of his life in May, 1975, as his sight was failing, that he painted "The Vastness." The painting speaks volumes about what he was facing in his personal life. In

the painting, he is on the beach, hand in hand with his wife, Marian. She is pictured in vivid colors.

He has painted himself, however, in the deepest color of dark gray, an indication of the darkness closing in on him. What lies ahead, as pictured in the cloud formation, is the foreboding of “the vastness”. What does it hold for home? Read “The Friendly Dark” in A Kohn Treasury and you will hear the wisdom of one who knew that even in the dark, facing “the vastness.” he was not alone. He writes:

“We often speak of our troubled days as ‘dark days.’ But look back over the years. With your imagination pry up, lift out of your life and discard all the dark times you have known, all of your troubles. Throw away, too, the good your troubles have germinated and grown in you—patience, courage, persistence, faith in God. What would you have left? The darkness as well as the light has nourished you. Some virtues have thrived in the long shadows of your night that would never have survived the constant glare of perpetual sunshine.”

My mother made me aware of Harold Kohn. And like him, I too entered ministry. Harold Kohn preached in Bay View, Mich. I have a cottage in Bay View and have preached from the same pulpit. It was during one of our first years in Bay View that I was given a set of old Bay View Sunday bulletins. On the front of each is a piece of art by Harold Kohn. In the Bay View woods there is a memorial to Harold Kohn. It was at Bay View that I met Harold Kohn’s widow. She served along with Alice Tallman as hostess for a reception for the music faculty when, as a Trustee of the Bay View Association, I chaired the Music and Theater Arts Committee and was invited each year to this event. At one of those receptions I told her of my mother growing up with her husband. She was a gracious woman and seemed pleased to talk about her husband.

Harold Kohn was an accomplished artist. I, too, have an interest in art and thus find myself feeling at one with him in this shared interest. It was only natural then for me to want to own an original Kohn painting. When I attended a lecture on September 9, 2003 in Charlevoix, Michigan by Harold Kohn’s daughter, I asked if there were any original Harold Kohn paintings for sale. Unfortunately, she knew of none.

*Jack Giguere’s work was on the cover of the Bay View program book in 2002 and 2003. It can also be seen in five of Bay View’s public buildings. In the library reading room a large oil painting of the Bay View woods hangs over the fireplace. In the Green Room of Hall Auditorium you can see his pencil drawing in honor of Chris Ludwa. In the Woman’s Council Building you will find a watercolor rendering of Hall Auditorium as seen through the porch of Harrison Hall. And in the chapel you will find his watercolor painting of the memorial garden. Jack’s work can be seen and purchased at the NorthGoods store in downtown Petoskey.*



**SONGS OF SILENCE, V2, 2022**  
**Commission for Truro Center for the Arts at Castle Hill, Truro, Mass.**  
By Susan Lyman



The first version of this sculpture, shown at my solo show “Harbinger” in 2021 at Boston Sculptors Gallery, was a fence-like installation of sinuous branches that I salvaged from a veteran corkscrew tree severely (and sadly) split and damaged by a microburst in a city park in Boston. I stripped the bark, dyed, sanded, and painted the wood, and then affixed to the six vertical forms, at once tree-like and human-like, wooden birds painted a somber asphalt black. Giving the sculpture a second life six months later in Truro, Mass., I compressed and enclosed the work into a symmetrical 5’ x 6’ former sauna,

giving the work intimacy, and perhaps a place of refuge for humans, birds, and animals, especially the sole resident red squirrel living in the eaves, who didn’t seem to mind my moving in.

*Susan Lyman has been a full-time painter and wood sculptor for over 45 years. She is also a studio art teacher with extensive experience at the middle school and college level, including Rhode Island School of Design and Massachusetts College of Art. Her work is inspired by the landscape and climate crises of the three distinct habitats where she spends her time: Michigan’s northern woods, Cape Cod’s coastal environment, and Arizona’s Sonoran Desert. In 2025, she will present a solo exhibition of paintings and wood sculpture, “The Cadence of Uncertainty”, at Provincetown Art Association and Museum in Provincetown MA. She and her husband Ken Stebbins are spending their 5th summer in their Bay View cottage, where Susan has converted the garage into a studio. Locally, her paintings can be seen in the Sales Gallery at Crooked Tree Arts Center.*

**HERE AND THERE**  
Photography by Adrian Boyer







*After coming to Bay View as a music student years ago it didn't take long for Adrian to fall in love with the area. With the music and the breathtaking vistas the area has to offer, it was love at first sight. He especially loves the sunsets, water and wildlife. For him it is a personal and photographer's paradise.*



## **LACAMAS CREEK TRAIL RUN**

By Julie Sparling

Walk first, on shaded friendly pebbles,  
Quicken to a steady snare drum pace chiff... chiff ...  
Chiff chiff chiff chiff.

Light elbows in low locomotor sideways eights,  
Loose wrists flick pringles up to your mouth,  
One invisible chip after another.

Ping pong balls bounce off the back of your heels,  
Spine lengthens upward, and shoulders pour  
Waterfalls down your back.

Your shadow is two street sweeper's brush wheels  
Spinning white light below you,  
Cleaning as you go.  
Work upward with the gravel hill,  
Widen your stance,  
Like a knobby tire 4-wheeler low and sturdy.

Let the back of your neck stretch up to match the incline,  
Inhale deeper-- expand everything,  
Smell cedar and soft ferns.

This is where you notice mental movie scripts,  
The comeback lines, the worrisome what ifs:  
What would he say? How would I react?  
Working through the wrongs,  
The whirrrr of wondering when otherwise,  
All the other whys of what went wrong.

Sure, stuff happens, shame is real, but  
The rocks that could sprain an ankle don't care about your story.  
The tree root that could catch a toe and hurl you wrists-first into the hard packed dirt  
doesn't move aside for anyone.



When the trail widens just look up,  
Pull off the headphones  
Watch the movie of this moment's movement.

Accept this fervent invitation of verdent vitality,  
An erogenous convergence of oxygen, Ahh.  
Long silver silk gloves of fairy air slip in,  
Sliding tiny lady disco fingers to  
Tickle the lungs' bronchial tree twigs.  
They say, "Hey, Gimme some sugar."

Centuries-old six-story cedar ingenues  
Swirl mossy green chiffon dresses  
Don't you like it? I do, I do.  
Tall mommas sway figure eights, shushing the baby  
Shh shh shh shh.  
Soft brown grandmother arms gently herding kids along  
You go on now, It'll be just fine.  
Brown top coats show the way:  
Right this way mum.  
Thousands of sparkling spectator arms reaching up in forest unison  
Singing like stadium soccer fans  
Oh we oh, we oh we oh we oh!

Leafy ticker tape flickers in the light.  
Windy Fffffff, birds, and bark creaking,  
Back to the steady snare drum pace  
chiff chiff chiff chiff chiff chiff.

*Julie Sparling grew up hearing her family fondly reminisce about summers in the Terrace Ave cottage, Fortissimo. Unfortunately, they sold it the year Julie was born, so it wasn't until she was an adult that she returned, bringing her daughters to Bay View. She teaches elementary P.E. and Dance in Vancouver, Washington.*



## **OFFICIAL WILLOW: THE TALE OF A TINY TIGER WITH MANY TASKS**

By Beverly K. Brandt

Once upon a time, there was a little tiger cat named Willow. Though small in stature, she had a strong heart and great curiosity. Within her household, she had many tasks and responsibilities, suited to these strengths. Every day, she attended to her “to do” list. She bustled around from morning till night—except of course when she ate, slept, played, or groomed herself.

“You may be small,” her cat momma would say, “but you’re very important. You help out in so many ways.”

Willow was the Official Waker-Upper. She had only one human to wake, but she used her creativity to employ a different technique every morning. Jumping up on her cat momma’s high, Edwardian bed was the first step. It took strategic planning and dexterity to execute that move just right. Then once safely upon the high mattress, she’d begin to purr loudly, letting her cat momma know that it was time to wake up, because it was the breakfast hour! She would pace back and forth on her mom’s bed, purring loudly and nudging her hands with a cold, wet nose. Sometimes, she’d climb under the covers to brush against her mom’s toes. On other days, she’d jump over her mom’s recumbent form, or climb onto her pillows, sniffing her hair.

Her mom called her the Official Snuffler in Chief. Willow had a powerful sense of smell, and she used it all the time to seek out intruders and to check every item that came into her house. Cardboard boxes and brown paper bags received special snuffling attention. When her mom came home from a monthly visit to the hair salon, Willow would jump up on the sofa behind the place where her mother sat, to snuffle in her hair and inhale unusual scents from the outside world.

In addition to being the Official Waker-Upper and Snuffler in Chief, Willow was also the Official Warmer of Laps. Several times per day, she would leap onto her cat momma’s lap, purr loudly, knead her mom’s clothing, and then circle around three times daintily, before settling in for a long, snuggly nap. Generally, a cat bath preceded the nap. This could be short or very long, depending upon Willow’s mood. The cat always began by licking her left foot and nibbling on her middle toenails before drifting off to sleep.

“You’re the cleanest little cat in Scottsdale,” her mom would tell her, petting her a few times, and scratching her in all of her favorite places. But when Willow’s tail began to twitch, her mom would stop. Once asleep, the Official Warmer of Laps did not wish to be disturbed.

Waker-Upper, Snuffler in Chief, and Warmer of Laps were only three of Willow’s official

responsibilities. She was also the Official Inspector of Closets, Official Dispatcher of House Flies, and Official Greeter of All Guests. She was excellent at all three tasks.

Howling in front of mirrors was also on Willow's daily "to do" list. Whether jumping up onto the tiled counter in the dining room, or the vanity in the powder room, Willow found it necessary to protect her house against the other cat in the mirror.

Though intelligent in many ways, Willow did not understand these strange, glass walls. She paced back and forth in front of the mirror, usually around mid-day, howling at the cat that appeared all of a sudden. Sometimes her howls morphed into questioning meows, as Willow carried on a conversation with the "other cat in the mirror." Often, her cat momma came over to console her, lift her, give her a quick cuddle, and place her back on the floor. But, this didn't help. Who was that other cat, and where did it live? And, why did it appear only in rooms with strange, glass walls? Being the Official Howler at Mirrors added to Willow's list of mystifying, but necessary tasks.

Related to this was watching water flushing down a toilet bowl. From her earliest days of kitten hood, Willow was fascinated with this phenomenon. She didn't truly understand where the toilet water went. So, being the Official Inspector of Flushing Toilets added to her daily, and sometimes confounding, responsibilities.

One of Willow's favorite roles was Official Taster of Tuna. Regardless of what she was doing at the moment, or where she was in the two-story house, Willow could hear the distinctive click as the pop-top on the can of low-sodium, water-packed tuna snapped open. Within seconds, she'd appear in the kitchen, to become her cat momma's very best friend in all the world, rubbing up against her legs, pacing impatiently, and meowing insistently. "The Official Taster of Tuna has arrived! You must present me with my required tuna token!"

As anyone can see, Willow was a very busy cat with much to do. She bustled around from morning till night, checking off tasks on her list of chores. Those chores made her very sleepy and ready for a long night's rest. Willow would curl up in a ball, nose nestled in her long, striped tail, and smile to herself, in the inscrutable of cats.

Every night, as she drifted off to sleep, she remembered her mother's words: "You many be small in stature, little Willow, but you have big responsibilities. You contribute to this household in so many ways. I couldn't manage without you."

Knowing that, come daylight, the Official Waker-Upper was up and at 'em, bright eyed with tail erect, ready for another day of all-consuming, official responsibilities.

## PAINTINGS

By Bill Ostler





**LIMERICK**  
By Bill Ostler

There was a young boy named Eddie  
Who was cooking a pot of spaghetti  
He threw in a potato  
While playing his cello  
He calls that new dish celloletti!





**GLADIOLI**  
By Peter Sparling





**AN ABCDERIAN MYSTERY**  
**(INSPIRED BY BLUE SHOES, A LIBRARY CARD, AND A FLASHLIGHT)**

By Beverly K. Brandt

A is for Annie who vanished one night.

**B is for her blue shoes. That choice was not right.**

C is for cops who knocked at my door.

D is for "Did you know this dame?"—I looked at the photo with horror.

E is for evidence that Annie was once my best friend.

F is for flashlight that illuminated her sad end.

G is for "Gee, whiz! Why did Annie have to die?"

H is for "How was she killed? By whom, when, and why?"

I is for investigation of Annie's sad demise.

J is for justice—that perp spun a web of lies.

K is for knowledge that the detective did her best.

L is for expired library card, tucked inside Annie's fleece vest.

M is for mystery: "Where was Annie headed on that dark, cold night?"

N is for no moon to provide a guiding light.

O is for ominous—a sense filling her with dread.

P is for perplexed: would she get home safely? Or lie dead?

Q is for Annie's query: "What do you want with me, young man?"

R is for resourceful—she kicked off her blue shoes and ran.

S is for slippery—she couldn't outpace her attacker.

T is for tire iron, with which the perp tried to whack her.

U is for unbelieving—that my friend's life was cut too short.

V is for victory—the perp was sentenced for life by the court.

W is for our wish that Annie's life had turned out better.

X is for "x-ceptional," which describes Annie to the letter.

Y is for yearning for our long-lost, cherished friend.

Z is for zeta, with which this abcdarian poem comes to its end



## **A RENDEZVOUS WITH TIME**

By Mary Jane Doerr

At last year's final Vesper Concert in 2022, Dr. Everett McCorvey sang a song composed to words by the great African American poet Countee Cullen. It brought back memories of having coffee with 91-year-old Homer Larsen at his log home near Bay View. Homer introduced me to the writings of Cullen that morning, reading to me his favorite poem, *Crossing the Bar*. (1) I liked it.

In 1931, the New York City School District French teacher, a graduate of the Sorbonne in Paris, was boldly touring the northern states presenting his new book *Caroling Dusk*. (2) Cullen was Homer's guest at the family cottage when he was appearing at John M. Hall Auditorium.

Homer's relationship with African Americans went back to the 1910s when his father Ludwig Larsen was principal at LeMoyne Normal Institute in Memphis, Tennessee. The school was run by the American Missionary Association of the Congregation Church. One night when Homer was about ten, an angry mob threw him over a wall to demonstrate their prejudice. His leg was broken and his arm in two places. From then on, he and his sister were home schooled.

Larsen was also the registrar for the Bay View Summer University at Bay View so Homer returned each summer to manage the pool at the Recreation Building with Hall's grandnephew Sterling Sanford. He met his future wife on the steps of Terrace Inn and began a courtship.

When Homer's father accepted a position in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, his sister was sent to a private school while Homer attended the local Black high school. He needed chemistry, physics, and math to get into college. His teachers there were from Ohio State University and University of Michigan, but it was against Alabama law at that time for a white person to attend a black school. So, Homer never received a diploma.

In 1918, Homer joined the US Army and went to France where he was gassed by the Germans. Returning from the war, he faced further challenges. He was born in rural Michigan but did not have a birth certificate as his birth was never recorded. He had no high school diploma so he took the entrance exams at Oberlin College passing with no trouble. Then he earned a master's degree at University of Michigan, and then began work on his doctorate at the University of Chicago.

When he married his sweetheart whom he met in Bay View, the couple moved to Mississippi when he accepted a teaching position at Tougaloo College. Like his sister, his daughter had to be sent to private school for her safety. Homer had superb athletes in his classes but it was before Jackie Robinson, so they played in the Negro League.

When Booker T. Washington came to Bay View in 1913, he was John M. Hall's guest. So, when Countee Cullen came to speak, Homer hosted the poet at his home. He considered it an honor to entertain the great poet. When it was time for Cullen to leave for his next engagement, Homer



drove the brave man to Mt. Pleasant, to avoid any incidents.

Homer Larsen returned to Bay View each summer and when he retired, he and his daughter Lois Miller and her husband, joined Theatre Ars Director Willard Pierce, building sets for the yearly musical presentations. In his late 80s, traveling made it impossible for him to return and the family sold their two cottages.

After the Vesper Concert was over, I told Dr. McCorvey how much I appreciated his number. "Countee Cullen was here," he exclaimed in shock. Cullen must have liked it; he came back the next year, I told him. (2)

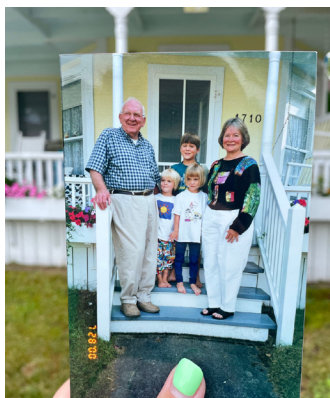
I have a Rendezvous with Life  
I have a rendezvous with Life,  
In days I hope will come,  
Ere youth has sped, and strength of mind,  
Ere voices sweet grow dumb.  
I have a rendezvous with Life,  
When Spring's first heralds hum.  
Sure some would cry it's better far  
To crown their days with sleep  
Than face the road, the wind and rain,  
To heed the calling deep.  
Though wet nor blow nor space I fear,  
Yet fear I deeply, too,  
Lest Death should meet and claim me ere  
I keep Life's rendezvous.

(1) "Active Nonagenarian", The News Review, July 8, 1987, Page 8.

(2) "My Soul's High Song: The Collected Writings of Countee Cullen" ed. By Gerald Early, Doubleday Publishers. 1990.

Note: This rare book is in the Bay View Museum among the collection given by Mary Jane Doerr.

*Mary Jane Doerr is a lifelong resident of the Bay View Association. From 1979 until 2016 she was a freelancer for the Petoskey News Review. Her first book Bay View, An American Idea received the 2010 Michigan State History Award. It is now sold out. Her second book The Songs of J. Will Callahan won the 2022 Michigan State History Award and recently was given Honorable Mention at the New York Book Festival.*



## PHOTO ON PHOTO: A TRIBUTE TO A FAMILY COTTAGE

Photography by Amy Smith

Block 22 Lot 1A

Through the years, the cottage porch becomes a joyful backdrop for precious family photos. Amy Smith discovered these photographs and held them up in position to remind her that some things never change, while others are inevitable and will always be cherished.

Pictured are many Smiths: Amy, Bonnie, Stephen J, Joyce, Ben, Debra and David from 1996 - 2002.

*Amy Smith was born and raised in the San Francisco Bay Area, now 27 living in San Rafael, CA. Amy is a senior behavior technician, working with children with autism. She is the daughter of David W. Smith, eldest of Stephen J. Smith and Joyce Smith, with the little yellow cottage on the corner, across from John M. Hall Auditorium. Her grandmother inherited the cottage from her great-aunt. My family has looked forward to Bay View summers for generations, and hope for generations to come.*



## **THE BACK PAGE**

Please submit your poems, essays, memoirs, short stories, or artwork to be considered for the 2024 edition. We are always happy to discuss your ideas. Along with your submission, please include a few lines of biographical information. Copies of the magazine are available throughout the year at the Bay View Association office.

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