

The Bay View Literary Magazine

Mindfulness



Summer 2016

Volume 11



EDITORS' NOTE

Once again we are grateful to Bay View friends and neighbors who have sent us their writings. They have written essays, stories, and poetry about laughter and sadness, pleasures and difficulties, old experiences and new ideas. In addition, this year we suggested that some people might like to contribute a Brief Memoir—a short description of a person, a time, an event that was particularly memorable, that they will remember for a lifetime. We are pleased to include those as well.

We again offer special thanks to John Agria (Bay View Photographer 2000 to 2014) for our cover photograph.

To submit your writing for the 2017 edition, please see The Back Page.

Scott Drinkall
Marjorie Andress Bayes

TABLE OF CONTENTS

John Agria	Cover Photograph	
Beverly K. Brandt	Selected Writings.....	4
Carol Perkins	Write Your Own Story.....	9
Jean Liberty Pickett	Selected Writings.....	10
William Ostler	Expressing One’s Self in Poetry.....	12
Debby Stephens Cella	Memoirs of Escapades in Bay View Woods.....	15
Gerald Faulkner	Selected Writings.....	16
Hannah Rees	Selected Writings.....	18
George Dauler	The Way the Ball Bounces.....	20
Ruth Crist Dyer	My Story of the Life of Walter Payton.....	22
Al Reynolds	The Maypole and Shannon’s Last Visit to Fairyland.....	24
Mary Jane Doerr	Hugo Gottesmann: Bay View’s Beloved Violinist.....	27
Shirley Snyder	On Reflection.....	30
Tom Renkes	Special Announcement: Little Traverse Literary Guild.....	31
	The Back Page	



SELECTED WRITINGS

By Beverly K. Brandt

THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT APPLE PIE

(with apologies to Wallace Stevens)

1.

Flaky crust like tissue paper,
Moist apples,
Tasting of cinnamon and allspice.

2.

Golden crust on a
blue-and-white
plate.
Fork poised nearby,
ready and waiting.

3.

Apple pie—sign of mother’s love,
Tossed together effortlessly.
Impossible for me to replicate.

4.

A celebration?
Why, apple pie, of course!
A homecoming?
Why, apple pie, for sure!

5.

Vanilla ice cream?
Or, fresh whipped cream with a touch of vanilla?
Maybe, finely granulated sugar piled on the crust, half-an-inch thick?
“Certainly,” the Scots would say. “Then, pour on the clotted cream!”

6.

Warm—in the pie tin,
Cooling on a wire rack on the counter.
How many hours till dinner?

7.

Cold—fresh out of the fridge,
with a mug of hot coffee.
Best way to start a new day!

8.

Homemade apple pie?
Yes, of course.
I went to the gym this morning.
The diet can wait!

9.

Crust—too thin,
Crust—too dark,
Apples—too crunchy,
Spices—not quite right,
Juice—too watery.
Where's Mom when I need her most?

10.

“Honeycrisp is best!”
“Sweet Tango can't be beat.”
“I swear by Granny Smiths”.
“It's a family secret,” another says with a Mona Lisa smile.

11.

What problem exists
that cannot be resolved
by a piece of Mom's apple pie?

12.

Cheddar cheese on apple pie?

An acquired taste.

Some say the two go hand-in-hand,

Sharp, creamy tang complementing delicate sweetness.

To some, the cheese is the making of the pie;

To others the pie's raison d'être is upholding the cheese.

13.

An oil painting hangs on the

Breakfast room wall:

One slice of apple pie,

On a white china plate,

Sitting on a blue-and-white tablecloth.

My sister and I spied Margie's picture simultaneously at the gallery.

A joint, mouthwatering purchase for the cottage.

Mom would be pleased.

MEMORY OF CAMP, AGE 8

Bear River Writers Conference 2016

The Bear River Writers Conference takes place annually at Camp Michigania on Walloon Lake. Sponsored by the University of Michigan, it brings together writers in myriad genre for four intense days of workshops in late May – early June.

Scratchy. Scratchy, warm, damp. Smell of oilcloth tarp. Pungent smell of smoke, fog, gasoline. Breeze through screen. Balsam mixed with smoky, buggy fog. Crickets cricketing outside. Scratchy wool blanket. Itchy mosquito bite. Heavy sleeping bag. Heavy head.

Damp. Damp north woods. Waves lap. Breeze blows through screen. Owl hoots. Loon calls across water. Waves lap. Damp, musty summer smells. Sweet summer sounds.

Chris Jensen, the camp bugler stands in the twilight at the end of the dock, and brings her bugle to her lips. She shapes her embouchure over her shiny new braces. Sweet strains of "Taps" begin. Sounds of brass horn, echoing across waves lapping and loons calling. "Day is done _ _ _ _ _."

I crawl down into my heavy sleeping bag. Pull the plaid wool blanket up over my head. Block out the twilight. “Gone the sun _____.” Counselor rolls over in her cot. Creaking noises, crickety noises. Loon calls mysteriously. Bittersweet.

The acrid smoke of the mosquito fogger fades away. Breathe in the welcome summer scents of balsam, mown grass, damp beach towels, Coppertone, fishy lake water. Bullfrogs croak. “From the lakes, from the hills, from the sky _____.”

I shift in the top bunk. My flannel PJs are soft and warm. My stuffed kitten hides with me—beneath the scratchy blanket, deep inside the cocoon of the heavy green sleeping bag.

Coppertone. The scent of summer rises from my sand-covered legs. I smell Off on my wrist as I pull my kitty closer. Today it was hot. We had popsicles after swimming. A sweet, cool treat on a hot, humid afternoon. But only after swimming.

Now, it’s almost dark. Bedtime. Tired. I feel the sand way down at my sleeping bag’s bottom where I wiggle my toes. I scratch the bites on my knees. Coppertone and Off. I breathe deeply.

Counselor snores. Bunkmate mutters. Cricket chirps. “All is well, safely rest _____.” A loon calls as Chris inhales. “God is nigh _____” her bugle promises.

Sleep is nigh. Sleep, lapping at my heavy head. Sleep, softening the scratchy blanket. “Taps”. My summer lullabye. Song of safety, warmth, comfort, dreams. Damp. Everything is damp. I am fast asleep before the last note fades over the water.

RO-MEOW AND JULIE-CAT

A brief Bay View Memoir written by Willow
with some help from her human, Beverly

Willow is a two-year-old “Mackerel Tabby,” who chose her human at the Arizona Humane Society. She is an early riser, fastidious groomer, and conscientious watch-cat, who enjoys NPR, PBS, being brushed, learning tricks, and organic catnip.

I first came to Bay View when I was not yet one year old. It was a long trip, and I spent most of it in a soft-sided black box, looking at people’s feet. I heard lots of unfamiliar

sounds that were loud and scary. I let everyone around me know that I was not happy. A lady in a uniform came to ask my human what was going on. “I didn’t know that a cat could make that kind of a noise,” she said.

When I arrived in Bay View, my human lifted me out of the box, and put me on something soft, fragrant, and green. I’d never seen anything like it before. I rolled around on it and stretched in every direction. Then, I ate some of it. My human called it “grass.” We don’t have that in the desert. It tasted really good.

In Bay View, I can roam along the grass visiting other creatures just like me: Hugo, Darcy, and Holly. We play every day: follow the leader, hide and go seek, chase the squirrel, climb the tree, pounce and ambush. Sometimes we hiss or swipe at each other with our paws. But, most of the time, we get along.

My favorite playmate is Hugo. Last year, he was a tiny little orange-colored kitten. This year, he’s so big that I didn’t recognize him. When I first saw him, I hissed. But then he came up and licked my nose. He’s half my age, but I have a crush on him.

When I’m not climbing, or rolling in the grass or on the sidewalk (I like that scratchy feeling on my back!), I spend a lot of my time sniffing: the air, ground, the doorjamb, an edge of the porch, my kitty cat friends. Everything in Bay View has a distinctive odor. Every odor is a message, telling me something important. I’m learning a lot.

Last year, I learned what my claws are for: to climb! I really surprised my human. She’d been washing herself—in that strange way that humans do—and was standing in her bedroom wrapped in a towel. I meowed at her through a second-story window to get her attention. The next thing I knew, she was climbing up a ladder trying to reach me. But, I had moved to the very tip-top of the roof. I looked down on her and meowed, “Hi, Mom! Look where I am.” Unlike me, she doesn’t climb very well and doesn’t like heights. That day, I didn’t get any kitty treats.

This is my second summer at Bay View. I remembered it the minute my human let me out of that awful black box and I got to roll in the grass again and smell those familiar Bay View odors. Everything in the cottage was just where I’d left it: my toys, food dish, litter box. I felt right at home.

I haven’t climbed as many trees this summer, and I haven’t been on the cottage roof even

once. In cat years, I'm now a teenager, and frankly, I'm mostly interested in that cute orange-colored guy next door. Sometimes, if he's outside and I'm inside, we stare at each other through the window until our noses are almost touching. My human says we're just like Romeo and Juliet. Is this just a "summer fling"? Or, is it something that will last? I guess I'll just have to wait till next year to see if this turns into a legendary "Bay View romance."

Beverly Brandt is a professor emerita at Arizona State University. In retirement, she teaches for ASU's Osher Lifelong Learning Institute, and regularly shows artwork at galleries in Michigan and Arizona. She has embarked on a series of murder mysteries, starring design historian, Professor Ferradeen Warde, and hopes that the first novel, Crime & Ornament, will be published soon.



WRITE YOUR OWN STORY

By Carol Perkins

When I moved to a retirement community in Jacksonville, FL, in 2012, I started to look for things to do. I found that we were connected to Florida State University through a Seniors program. As I looked through the classes, one jumped out at me—"Write Your Own Story."

My husband Bill Perkins and I loved traveling, which began as soon as we were married. As a Methodist minister, Bill had wanted to have the experience of preaching in another country. We found an opportunity in Ireland. This began a life of traveling here and abroad.

I went to the Seniors class of 8 people, 4 sessions with a biographer which captured my mind. I tried to figure out how I could tell my story and write it down. Unfortunately, I never really fell into the computer mode. I finally called the teacher. She said she could help. She had published books for several people. I met with Susan Brandenburg and decided I wanted to do this for a family record of my history. This exercise has been the most fun—reliving my life story. My mother is really responsible for the beginnings because she started me making scrapbooks, my first ones children's greeting cards and then our family's Christmas letters, photographs, memorabilia, etc.

This is not commercial. It is for my family. There will be a copy in the Bay View Library next year.

Carol Perkins' family has had a Bay View cottage since the 1960s.



SELECTED WRITINGS

By Jean Liberty Pickett

SPECIAL MEMORIES OF JOHN M. HALL AUDITORIUM

Many memories flashed through my mind as I viewed the historical 2015 extravaganza at Bay View's John M. Hall Auditorium, celebrating its 100th birthday. Some of the historical scenes depicted I had witnessed myself since my first introduction to Bay View at the age of 16. Taking vocal lessons, I joined the B.V. choir under the direction of Fred Patton (1934-1944) from Michigan State College. This large red-faced director with a booming voice (not even outmatched by Bishop Wade) called each of our names on roll call at the Methodist Episcopal Church rehearsing in Petoskey. The notes of some selections, especially the oratorios, danced before my eyes under his dynamic direction. We ladies in our lengthy fancy formals presented a colorful sight alongside of the black suited men at John M. Hall Auditorium.

I've participated in many choirs with different directors since. One particular memory as a choir member was stirred by a re-enactment of a scene in the one-hundredth celebration, depicting a famous vocalist screaming and running from a bat on the stage. Once when William Fairlamb, a long-time B.V. pianist, was playing a selection at Vespers, a bat circled and then landed on his piano. He never blanched.

Under my vocal teacher, Janice Epke, B.V. faculty soprano (1953-1977), I sang in many student recitals. One selection was the German art song "Heiden-Röslein" by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. For my impeccable German pronunciation I give credit to Bay View's beloved violinist Hugo Gottesmann, my tutor. He later played in 1955 at my wedding.

At another memorable recital, I sang Mozart's "Alleluia," every note, even the high C – except not holding it. When the concert finished in John M. Hall Auditorium, a listener

approached me, praising my performance and my beautiful coloratura voice, saying “You must go on with your music.” All I could think of was just touching the high “C”.

Right on with my musical endeavors were my children’s participation in Bay View musicals. My oldest children, Amy and Jeffrey, participated in the chorus of “Hansel and Gretel” under Milton Trussler (1963-1972), B.V director. Five of my six children were members of the eight-children family in “Carousel,” 1968. Dressing my three boys (Jeffrey, David and Tim) in sailor suits and two girls, Amy and Laurie, in period dresses was quite a feat for their late evening appearance at almost the end of the show.

Fast forward John M. Hall Auditorium to 1981 and view Lauri Pickett as a solo dancer at the opening of a musical. Her spectacular dance teacher Ann Sullivan (daughter of Ernest Sullivan, director of B.V. conservatory 1973–1983) attended the intergenerational picnic on the lawn of the auditorium and celebration in 2015.

The thrilling moments continued at the auditorium in 1996 with the concert by our daughter-in-law Esther Budiardjo, a world-wide concert pianist. Now as a 91-year-old spectator at John M. Hall Auditorium I could say, “We’ve grown old together, but you have recently been refurbished.”

TINY 4TH OF JULY CELEBRATION

How does a crippled
 ninety year-old widow
 celebrate the Fourth of July?
With the dark red cherries
 held in a misshapen hand,
 painfully pitted and eaten,
With a glance at a red, white, and blue postcard
 to celebrate her wedding anniversary
 at a local restaurant.
With a glimpse of a mother
 pushing a decorated baby carriage
 towards the parade line-up.
With sounds of a marching band
 blaring through an open window.
With piles of picnic food

on a paper plate,
brought inside by her son
and slowly savored.

A wedding anniversary
no longer celebrated;
the 4th of July parade
unable to view;
a picnic invitation not kept;
passing laments,
yet tiny celebrations
enough for her,
she is content.

Jean Liberty Pickett has written poems since childhood. More recent ones have been published in The Bay View Literary Magazine and the Petoskey News-Review, and in her book Mostly Poems. A former cottage owner for 25 years, she lives in Petoskey now and is an active Bay View Associate Member.



EXPRESSING ONE'S SELF IN POETRY

By William (Bill) Ostler

HUMOR

limerick (one from my high school days - author, anonymous)

There once was a fellow from Hull (England)
Who fell into a spring in the fall.
T'would have been a sad thing
If he died in the spring,
But he didn't. He died in the fall!

FALL

haiku (I wrote when I was 12)

All the frost of fall
And then one evening, softly
Through the trees, the leaves!

NOW

cinquain

Einstein
He concluded
Time is an illusion
No past, no future, only Now
Present

LIFE

Italian sonnet

Death, appearing to be life's opposite
Comes to our minds during sorrow, and loss
Oh, why does the thought of death make us toss?
Is death only a thought in our mind's posit?

We're hoodwinked by that loud voice in our heads,
Thinking it's just God's small voice that we hear,
Or is it really that loud voice we fear,
Always speaking loudest, and wishing us dread?

Death cannot be true, for God promised life
Forgetting we are not just our body that's precious.
We have forgotten God's promise to man.
Life's opposite? - another form of life!
Living forever so joyful and happy,
As a spirit in heaven – it's God's plan!

FREDERICK JEROME OSTLER

diamanté poem

Jerry

Artist, florist

Creating, teaching, planting

Rearranging his flowers, setting positive examples

Loving, playing, advising

Gentle, patient

Dad

(I have painted a watercolor picture of him rearranging his plants!)



A SUMMER IN BAY VIEW

Horatian ode

Traveling to Bay View on a cool, cloudy, morning,
It's only May, plenty of time for the weather to warm,
Hoping the skies will not be raining,
Hoping we will not unpack in a storm!
Opening the cottage, unpacking the car.
Greeting our neighbors which is long overdue

Happy to be here
We have traveled so far.
Ready to take part in the charms of Bay View
Ready to enjoy our community dear!

William (Bill) Ostler, a retired public school teacher. His family has 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 plays recorders in a chamber consort and French horn in a community orchestra. He formed and performs with the Saginaw Brass Quintet; performs with the Harbor Springs Community Band, and sings with the Bay View Festival Choir.



MEMOIRS OF ESCAPADES IN BAY VIEW WOODS

By Debby Stephens Cella

The following are emails between my husband Paul and our adult son Nolan a couple of summers ago. As children our boys loved fantasy, science fiction and role-playing games, which, as you will see, came to life in the Bay View woods. (Our son and his brothers are the grandsons of the late Robert H. Stephens, long time Bay View member and former Vice President of the Assembly in the mid to late 80's.)

Paul: I walked the BV woods yesterday, which are still pretty wet because of the long cold winter. I wondered what memories you guys have of these woods?

Nolan: Memories galore in those woods!

Many an orc slayed, thief captured and brought to justice, and undead cast back to the underworld.

Those woods are place of historical significance where long pursued vengeance was delivered to an old enemy. Important alliances were established between elf and man in that sacred and ancient forest. Even the most magical and powerful talisman was discovered. It is a place that stands in glory of the many heroic deeds performed by the greatest knights.

On an extraterrestrial level, the earth was saved from the invasions of both Invid and Zendradi thanks to the prowess of top gun mech-warriors.

You were walking on hallowed ground.

Nolan Cella grew up in Denver, Colorado, graduated from the Loyola University in New Orleans with a BA in History, is employed by ADP in Manhattan where he lives with his wife, Lindsay.



SELECTED WRITINGS

By Gerald Faulkner

THE CONCERT

Our mid-western town holds weekly concerts in one of its many parks on Friday nights during the summer. It is pure Americana with people sitting on the grass with their baskets full of treats. The band members are neatly dressed in their uniform and a singer or two come dressed in dazzling gowns. The programs ran the full gamut from classical, pop, jazz, swing and, of course, the music of John Phillips Sousa.

We used to go every Friday, but lately we had not. Therefore, I was especially looking forward to this concert. As it turned out, it began like all the others, except it appeared that the crowd was larger. There were kids running around, dogs on leashes and parents enjoying themselves with conversation and perhaps a few adult beverages, cheeses, crackers, and other enticing goodies. We did not get our usual spot on the lawn but found a spot further back and had to sit on one of the park benches.

As I said, the evening did not seem unusual until I looked up to the sky. From that perspective on the bench, I glanced above a large evergreen tree and saw a bright crescent moon. At that time it was to the left of the community church steeple. As the concert continued, I looked up and saw that the moon gradually moved to the right. A few classical pieces later, the moon was eclipsed by the steeple, but not the cross. Could this be a sign for our times, I wondered.

GOING LIKE 60

From 16 to 60 where does the time go,
The years between seems so long ago.
From cherry Cokes to Starbuck Joes.
From Beatles' songs to Broadway shows.
From bobby socks to panty hose.
From pom-pom fun to many beaus.
From poodle skirts to a wedding pose.
From earnings too low to making real dough.
From places to go to houses to show.
From learning to sew to baby's first glow.
From dancing too slow to running to and fro.
Ah, but do not be sad and filled with woe
For this is the year you'll get back you mojo.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A LIST

It begins with two people having similar ideas. They put their heads together and go from there. Promises are made not to overdo it, but they know they will not be able to restrain themselves. What do you know, a brand spanking new food shopping list is born. The list will carefully be placed in a very safe place. Its parents will check on the list several times before they all arrive at the store, just to be sure it is tucked into that soft, roomy place: a purse. After arriving at the store, the parents watch with great amazement how their little list seems to grow right before their eyes. There's a lot of milk needed and it cries out for protein and carbohydrates. It even reminds you of air fresheners and, of course, various oils. Don't forget the veggies!

Time passes and eventually the list is fully grown. Almost regrettably, it's time for the checkout. (But not that checkout. That comes later.) The list items are placed on a magical rubber carpet which endlessly moved forward. Sort of like life. Eventually, the list and its items are escorted out. They're put in a dark place in the back of a car. Ultimately, it reaches its home. It's a little bit worse for wear, but it has performed its duty and is then put in its final resting place. If you listen carefully, you could almost swear there is the sound of taps being played in the background.

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 twelve years ago followed by three years of part-time work as a tutor in math. His hobbies are history, politics and, of course, writing. For the past two years, he has been teaching at Senior University at a local college. He has been vacationing in the Bay View community for the last 16 years and has been an Associate Member for ten years. Over the years, his love of the Bay View community has grown and he looks forward to being there each year.



SELECTED WRITINGS

By Hannah Rees

BILLY IS TWO

Billy is two!
What shall we do?
Let's go tell the animals.
Let's go to the zoo!

We'll say to the giraffe,
"Billy's tall, come and see."
And she will just laugh.
"He's only up to my knee."

We'll say to the hippo,
"Billy's 32 pounds. Isn't that great?"
He'll smile and reply,
"Don't talk to me about weight!"

We'll say to the monkey,
"See how Billy can climb!"
"He does quite well,
but not like one of mine!"

We'll say to the bear,
"See how Billy can hug!"

And he'll simply reply,
"That's because he's well loved."

Together they'll join us
In a great birthday wish.
We'll sing "Happy Birthday"
– even the fish!

"Happy Birthday to you
from your friends at the zoo
and your family and playmates –
it's great being two!"

BAY VIEW MEMORY

Some of our happiest Bay View memories are the summers 3 of our 5 grandsons were able to visit us at our cottage without their parents. It began when Richie was 4, Bill, 6 and their cousin, Ben, 7.

Every boy was responsible for one meal while he was here. We made a lot of jello, chicken nuggets, mac and cheese - whatever they decided, I would supervise, but they would participate in its preparation and serving. Their efforts were rewarded with much praise as we gathered around the table on our front porch. "Great carrots, Richie!" "Love your corn on the cob, Ben!"

"Is Bill's spaghetti all gone?" Conversations were lively and after singing grace, the boys dove in, cleaning out the dishes with gusto. Sometimes we'd play "Who Stole the Cookie's From the Cookie Jar." Even our neighbors joined in for a chorus or two.

When it came time to go to the beach a dear neighbor, Don McClead, would join us so each boy had an adult to help him jump the waves and build sand castles. Grandpa would challenge them to a race up the dune - this challenge only lasted a few years as the boys' legs grew longer and stronger and faster than Grandpa's!

All the troubles of the world seemed to stop. The most important question was "Was it Col. Mustard in the Library with a candlestick" as we played hours of Clue, Sequence, Dominoes and Rummy Cube at the card table on the porch. Sometimes we got out paint boxes and tried our hand at watercolors. Before the 4th of July, our neighbor,

Don McClead, helped the boys paint paper Japanese lanterns that we electrified for “Illumination Week.” They decorated our porch for many years.

Going to the library was a treat! Loaded down with new books to read, we’d stop at the big green swings. They became our space ship and we’d pump them high and pretend we were going to outer space - making up destinations as we soared. Sometimes we just swung slowly and read the books. They would all be read again and again at bedtime, following a dish of ice cream and cookies.

It was often still light at bedtime. One night we let them stay up until dark. Bill had brought a telescope and we took it and the boys down to the dock to see the stars! It was such a thrill - Ben shouted, “I see the Big Dipper! Wait ’til I tell my mom, I’ve seen the Big Dipper!” The magnificent sky was ablaze with stars. We were surrounded by beauty! The happiness of being together on the Bay View Dock under the dazzling night sky burns brightly in my memory.

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 59 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.



THE WAY THE BALL BOUNCES

By George Dauler

Last Christmas our son Sam wrote out a “promise” as his gift to each person in our family. Each promise was tailored to a special interest of the recipient, placed in an envelope and read aloud on Christmas Day. My envelope contained a pledge to take me to my “field of dreams,” the Bright House Stadium in Clearwater, Florida, the spring training home of the Phillies. He knew how much I love baseball at all levels, from the backyard to the majors.

As the weeks flew by, it was difficult to find a time for us to go to that promised game. Then a week before we were to head north for our Bay View summer, my son called with a date to make it happen. The Phillies had already gone north and the Stadium was now

being used by a minor league team. “That’s fine with me,” I said. “I just like to watch any beautiful and intricate game attributed to Abner Doubleday.”

So we went. We had great seats right between home and first base, five rows back from the field. It was a balmy night. Seagulls were perched on the centerfield scoreboard. Seated next to us was a young Hispanic family—a dad, mom and two young children, the boy about second grade and the girl a preschooler. My attention was half on the ball game and half observing this very enthusiastic young family. I was amazed at how intent on the game these two children were. They clapped, shouted, cheered and watched each pitch with great interest. As the innings passed and the sky darkened, lights were turned on, but the children’s attention did not flag. They were still intent on the game.

Suddenly, I heard the crack of the bat and people around us started to duck. Before I realized what was happening, my son jumped up and went after a foul ball. He returned to his seat holding his trophy high. He looked at the two children. “Would you like the ball?” he asked. They eagerly held their hands out and Sam tossed them the ball. The parents thanked him and we all turned our attention back to the game.

The final out was recorded and the crowd began to file out of the stadium. The parents said thanks again and we left. I told my son how much fun this game had been with our seats so close to the field, the competitive score, and most of all, how proud I was of him for giving the ball to two very delightful children.

The next day Sam called me and said, “Dad, you won’t believe what happened today!” Sam is an operations manager at ADT, the security company. He is responsible for many things, but especially for public relations and presenting a good face to the community. He knew that there was a need for blood donations at the local blood bank, so he had called to have the “Big Red Bus” park in their driveway for an afternoon and he encouraged all his employees to donate. Sam was the last donor.

As he lay on the bed in the Bus, he noticed a pony-tail on the technician who was preparing to take his blood. It looked familiar. “I think I know you from somewhere,” Sam said. The man turned around and said, “I know you. You are the man who gave the baseball to my children last night.” They both were amazed at this chance meeting. “Would you like to know what happened after the game?” he asked. Of course Sam said “Yes.”

“My children were so excited they could hardly sleep even though it was very late. They wanted to sleep with the ball. We said we would put the ball on the breakfast table and they could play with it in the morning.” As he snuggled under the covers, the boy said, “Dad, this isn’t a ball you can buy at the store. It is a REAL ball. Now I need a REAL bat!”

Sam was delighted to share this time with a father he never expected to see again. The father works for the blood bank, but he was not scheduled to go to ADT that day. They asked him to substitute for the person who was scheduled. Sam said, “Dad, that was a ‘God Thing’ that I could share a foul ball in such a meaningful way.”

Sam’s promise to me of a ball game turned out to be so much more. In God’s plan, that’s the way the ball bounces!

George Dauler is a retired Presbyterian Pastor and Family Counselor. He and his wife Susanne have been coming to Bay View each year since they honeymooned at the family cottage 54 years ago. Their son Samuel who is the focus of this article spent several summers at the Bay View waterfront as a “goon,” learning and teaching sailing. George and Susanne “Winter” in Clearwater, Florida. Samuel Dauler lives in St. Petersburg, Florida.



MY STORY OF THE LIFE OF WALTER PAYTON

By Ruth Crist Dyer

As a young girl I was privileged to experience a memory I will treasure all my life.

It is the day Walter Payton announced he had a rare blood disease that would take his life quickly, and there was no cure. He cried as he spoke those words. I cried too.

Walter was such a generous, caring, loving person to people of all ages and nationalities, just being in his presence, this love radiated to you, and it stayed with you until the next day when you went back for more. I went every day and became a volunteer.

Walter’s property extended from north Evanston south to 57th St. and the midway in Chicago. It was vast. The three-mile walk was no problem to me. I was seven years old

and a 7th grade student at the U of Chicago Laboratory School who just happened to reach the podium as Walter made his heartbreaking announcement. Both of us from then on referred to that as the hand of God bringing us together eternally.

As a volunteer I would go every weekday to help serve a lunch of sandwiches, orange juice and/or milk to all who came, i.e. moms and dads, grandparents, caregivers, friends—never any pop. There was a large open-ended tile-floored area with big picnic tables or a grassy area which people could sit on a large blanket at the edge of the field. All the kids preferred that one.

I helped clear away empty dishes as new ones were brought in. When Walter's disease had progressed so far he could no longer sit up in his hospital bed I reported to him how many people came, how grateful and happy they were, and how much they loved and prayed for him.

In the meantime Walter's doctors were searching the world for someone who had his rare blood type and found an Asian man who qualified perfectly—what Walter didn't know was that the transfer of blood from the donor to the recipient caused the death of the donor—that Walter would not allow. When he found out the donor and his family were so disappointed he had me pick out pictures I thought they might like, a duplicate lead trophy not enclosed in the hermetically sealed case or a duplicate free-standing one. Walter had his own post office on his grounds and could ship anything anywhere. He was amazed and overjoyed at how many people worldwide knew who he was and revered him.

What propelled me into writing this paper was hearing the new director of athletics for Northwestern University make his memorable, humble, appreciative acceptance. He said it was like coming home as he had gotten his degree in athletics from Northwestern. It was his resolve to do his very best, learn from his mistakes and always be aware of the great athletic leaders who preceded him. Of course he is too young to know Walter Payton who was the epitome of greatness.

It just occurred to me another reason for writing this tribute is that there must be thousands of descendants of the 6-13 year old boys Walter trained—always wearing a helmet—how to carry a football concealed in the arm, how to fall and not get hurt, how to win a game or lose a game graciously.

As I write it just occurred to me there must be thousands of descendants of these

descendants worldwide who recall their grandparents telling of the days of Walter Payton. I am 98 years old today and am the 7-year-old girl who looked up at the podium when Walter made his heartbreaking announcement.

When Walter needed a docent to show people through his beautiful home designed and built by him I was honored he chose me. Hundreds of people came and we had a guest book for them to sign. Walter treasured every word they wrote, and all expressed their love, best wishes, and most of all their prayers:

Walter Payton's precious Lord
touch his hand
at the Pearly Gates
open the gates
of heaven
to lead him
into his eternal home.
(I was ten years old when I wrote this)

Addendum

Walter never saw this obituary, but I'm sure looking down from heaven he was well pleased. Walter's beautiful home was infested with black mold and was burned to the ground as soon as valuables were removed. The obituary I wrote for him has never been seen by anybody until now.

Ruth Crist Dyer, born November 28, 1917. Happily married to John (WW II vet) almost 70 years.



THE MAYPOLE AND SHANNON'S LAST VISIT TO FAIRYLAND

By Al Reynolds

This is my last of many stories in the Literary Magazine about Shining Star and Shannon. You need to recall that Shining Star is a magical horse who will live with a girl named Shannon during the year Shannon is five years old. After that, Shannon must return the horse to Mr. Merryweather, who will find another five-year-old for Shining Star to live with. Shannon and Shining Star can talk to each other. When the horse eats a pear from a special pear tree, the white star on her forehead changes into a brilliant aqua color,

golden wings appear on her sides, and she can fly. One day each month Shining Star flies Shannon to Fairyland.

It was the month of May now, and Shannon was almost six years old, and she knew that this was the last month she would be able to have Shining Star live with her. Just before she turned six, Shining Star told her that it was time for her last trip to Fairyland. So she got permission from her mommy and daddy to go ride Shining Star as long as she would be home for supper, and she and Shining Star rode to the top of the hill where the special pear tree was. Shining Star ate a pear for the last time that she would be with Shannon, and they flew away to Fairyland.

When Shannon got to Fairyland, she was greeted by the Fairy Queen and the other fairies. The fairies knew that this was the last time that Shannon would be able to visit Fairyland, and they were sad that they would not be able to see her again. So they had decided before she came that they would have a celebration for her last visit.

Each year, in early May, the fairies would dance around a Maypole. Since this was May, it was time for the Maypole so they decided to have the celebration for Shannon around the Maypole.

For a Maypole, a lot of streamers are tied to the top of a tall pole. Streamers are just long ribbons that people or fairies can hold on to while they dance around the Maypole. For the Fairyland Maypole, the streamers were all different colors—red, pink, purple, green, blue, orange, yellow, white, and unusual colors like crimson, aqua, indigo, violet, lavender, maroon, magenta, and even chartreuse and chestnut brown. Each fairy would take hold of one streamer to begin the dance around the Maypole. Most places people make the Maypole out of the trunk of a tall skinny tree, but the fairies had a better way. They used Yury Unicorn’s horn for their pole. Yury sat down right in the middle of the fairies and held his horn straight up in the air and let the fairies tie their streamers to the top of his horn.

The fairies wanted Shannon to dance around the Maypole with them. So the Fairy Queen put the magic aqua hat on Shannon and she became the same size as the fairies. Now I will describe the dance around a Maypole. The fairies and Shannon each took hold of the end of one of the streamers, the end that wasn’t tied to the top of Yury’s horn, and made a big circle around Yury and their Maypole. Shannon chose an aqua streamer to match her aqua hat. During the dance, every other fairy would go around the pole in

one direction, and the other fairies would go around the pole in the other direction. Each time they would pass each other, one fairy would go on the inside and the other fairy would go on the outside. Then the next time, the fairy that went on the inside would go on the outside. In and out. In and out. Over and over again. Until finally they wound themselves up completely around the Maypole, and around Yury who was sitting down in the middle of all this, and they couldn't go any farther. But they were not through yet. When they couldn't wind themselves up any more, they began to unwind themselves. This meant that each fairy turned around and went in the other direction, and went in and out again, in and out, over and over, until the streamers were completely unwound again.

After they had finished the Maypole dance, the fairies brought out a big birthday cake because they knew that Shannon was going to be six soon. So they all had a piece of cake. They drank a delicious drink that was flavored by the nectar from the honeysuckle blossoms.

After the fairies and Shannon had eaten their cake and had something to drink, it was time for Shannon to go home again. So the Fairy Queen took the aqua hat off Shannon so she could return to the size of a little girl. Now, the fairies had never seen where Shannon lived. Since this was Shannon's last visit, they asked her if they could go home with her just long enough to see where she lived. She told them that would be just fine, which made them very happy and excited. Shannon thought they might fly alongside Shining Star, but they couldn't fly as fast as Shining Star could. But this was no problem because at one end of the meadow there was a whole swarm of dragonflies, and dragonflies can fly very fast. Shining Star went to the end of the meadow and asked the dragonflies to fly the fairies to where Shannon lived. The dragonflies were happy to do this, so they came over to where the fairies were. Each fairy got on the back of a dragonfly and they flew back to the pear orchard with Shining Star and Shannon.

Now remember that fairies are invisible when they come to visit us, so Shannon couldn't see the fairies any more after they landed in the pear orchard. But she could still see the dragonflies so she knew where the fairies were. The fairies saw fireflies in the orchard and they had never seen fireflies before. Fireflies are the closest things to fairies that we have in our world, or at least the closest thing that are not invisible. Then Shining Star walked down to Shannon's house and the fairies saw where Shannon lived.

Even though Shannon couldn't see the fairies, she could hear them. After they saw where Shannon lived, they told Shannon goodbye for the last time. They didn't say a final

goodbye to Shining Star since they knew she would return soon with a new five-year old girl or boy.

When Shannon sat down to eat supper with her mommy and daddy, she looked out the window, and there were the dragonflies that the fairies were riding on. Shannon knew the fairies were there, even though they were invisible. So Shannon waved goodbye to the fairies, and off they flew back to Fairyland. Shannon's mommy and daddy wondered what Shannon was waving at since all they could see were a bunch of dragonflies at the window, but Shannon just smiled. Only she and Shining Star knew that the fairies had been there.

Al Reynolds is a Professor Emeritus of Nuclear Engineering at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, Virginia. He grew up in Sewanee, Tennessee, and was educated at MIT. He is married to Helen Buck Reynolds, who spent the first twenty summers of her life in Bay View. They still live in Charlottesville and they still own a cottage at Bay View though, unhappily, they've aged out of spending their summers there where they used to entertain their grandchildren, Shannon and Robby Merrell and Katie Dunleavy. Al began making up Shining Star stories for Shannon when she was five.



HUGO GOTTESMANN: BAY VIEW'S BELOVED VIOLINIST

By Mary Jane Doerr

At an evening reception at the Eldorado Hotel in downtown Santa Fe, New Mexico, I sat down at a table with some new friends from El Paso, Texas. It was 1988 and I was attending the National Music Critics' Association Convention. I picked out this table to avoid any of the high-profile critics from mainline newspapers asking me where I was from. Immediately, the man next to me turned and asked me where I was from.

"Petoskey, I am from Petoskey," I told him.

"Are you the one from Bay View?" he asked with obvious interest.

"Yes, have you heard of it," I answered somewhat stunned.

"Yes, I met my wife there and we were friends of Hugo and Lia," he explained.

Herbert Nuechterlein was a music professor at Concordia College in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and wrote for the Fort Wayne News-Sentinel. His wife was Jeanne Smallwood of Grosse Pointe. Nuechterlein was anxious to know about Bay View and if the music programs were still thriving.

I had grown up listening to violinist Hugo Gottsmann perform twice a week every summer in Bay View. He was a superstar and everyone revered him. However, he died in 1970 some 18 years earlier.

“When he died, the city of Vienna put out an international news-release. You know, the city of Vienna DOES NOT put out news-releases on musicians,” said Nuechterlein.

Nuechterlein proceeded to tell me about Hugo’s career in Vienna prior to World War II and his arrival in Bay View. He was the concertmaster of Vienna’s concert orchestra Wiener Symphoniker under some of the world’s greatest conductors and the permanent conductor of the Sunday afternoon series. He excelled in the Chamber music repertoire and his Gottsmann Quartet was internationally known and a regular feature on Radio Wien.

“You know I have always found string quartets boring, and I don’t know why,” I confessed.

“That is because you grew up listening to Hugo. His string quartet had the reputation of having the finest interpretation classic literature throughout Europe,” explained Nuechterlein.

I had never heard of the Gottsmann Quartet nor had I any knowledge of Hugo’s prominence in Vienna prior to World War II.

“I have the news-release and I will be glad to send it to you. It is in German so you will have to translate it. The principal second violinist at the philharmonic is from Hungary and he got it from friends in Europe,” said Nuechterlein.

The Nuechterleins renewed their friendship with Hugo and Lia in 1953 when Hugo accepted the concertmaster position at the Fort Wayne Philharmonic.

Nuechterlein went on, “Hugo was good with the younger members of the orchestra. He

had an exceptional knowledge of the repertoire and the style of the classical works. So he trained the other musicians. Today we have a very fine orchestra. Hugo sowed the seeds back in those early days.”

The friendship with Lia continued for 28 years after Hugo’s death. Lia came back to Bay View for over 13 years until she was unable to make the trip. Eventually she moved into the Townhouse Nursing Home in Fort Wayne.

“My wife and I visit her every week in the nursing home. Of course we can’t when we are out of town but we get there most of the time,” said Nuechterlein. “We just loved them both.”

Lia lived to be 98 and died in 1998. Herbert Nuechterlein sent me the news-release and I proceeded to translate it. I lost contact with Nuechterlein and just recently learned of his death. I tried researching Hugo but wasn’t able to find any information.

In 2010 there was an explosion of entries about Hugo Gottesmann on the Internet. Instead of two entries there are now 20 and 30 pages. I found that English author Tully Potter included information about Hugo in his 1000 page biography of Adolf Busch, *Adolf Busch, The Life of an Honest Musician*. Numerous recordings that Hugo made with the Busch Quartet were being re-released and winning awards, recognition and outstanding reviews. This spring Potter’s book was re-issued and two of Hugo’s recordings with it.

With so much going on, I decided to research Hugo myself. In doing so, I have come to realize the extraordinary and fortuitous nature of that meeting with Herbert Nuechterlein in Santa Fe. There are 2000 references to Hugo Gottesmann in just the Viennese newspapers from 1915 until 1935. Yet, none of the Austrian libraries, archives, museums, or the Holocaust center had any documents on Hugo - not even a copy of the news-release put out by Austrian government. Tully Potter spent years researching the members of the Busch Quartet and had never seen it.

Realizing that I was the only person with any knowledge of Hugo’s career and accomplishments, I have sent copies of that document to many Austrian institutions - not always receiving a warm reception. Hugo spent 28 years on the music staff of Bay View Music Festival and influenced a generation of young people with the quality of his music. Re-establishing a record of his monumental accomplishments is something I can do to

make known his great legacy.

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.



ON REFLECTION

By Shirley Snyder

Our cottages sit side-by-side facing the Fawns' cottage and playground, mine just a bit lower down the hill from hers. We each have porches enclosed by railings.

She spends her mornings doing chores around her home, while I attend daily lectures. Some afternoons find us on our respective porch at the same time. And, so, we stand behind our railings and chat across my driveway and the low hedge of evergreens on her side.

She's such a lovely lady, with snow white hair framing her face, caught up at the back of her head in a French twist.

Our conversations are not profound (those we save for times together on one porch or another), just bits of everyday life and pleasantries.

But, on reflection, I realize those brief visits were the stones that built the foundation of a friendship that lasted for her lifetime.

My neighbor is gone now, the hedge has grown and obstructs the view between our porches. It is a different time - . I miss those moments of sharing.

Shirley Snyder and her family have been coming to Bay View since 1971. She and her husband built their present cottage in 1980. She sees Bay View as a very special place.



SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Little Traverse Literary Guild: “A Home for Writers”

The following message from Tom Renkes is on behalf of the Little Traverse Literary Guild. The mission of the Guild, established in 2015, is to support and develop a community of writers by providing for creative interests and a professional forum for publications.

Two years ago Glen Young and I began a journey to bring together the forces of writing around Little Traverse Bay. We enjoyed the discussions over coffee, then proceeded to have an actual meeting at Crooked Tree Arts Center where we formed the vestiges of a guild. Not yet a guild in the formal sense of the word, but a collection of people interested in writing with a loosely defined goal: Recognition of the literary world in our region of the North.

Since then, with the help of Crooked Tree and now the Petoskey District Library, we formally established a vision, “A home for writers,” and have incorporated members from Bay View, Petoskey, Harbor Springs, Little Traverse Historical Museum, North Central Michigan Community College, the Odawa tribal community, surrounding townships, and just about anyone else who’s interested.

There is now a writer’s group that meets every Wednesday at 5:00 p.m. at the Petoskey library, and we’re attempting to add another writer’s group at Beard’s Brewery, and hopefully, a poetry writing group. Members have been active in the annual Crooked Tree Writing Awards judging, book signings for those of us who are published, and encouraging others of interest to join and expand their horizons. Currently we meet once a month as a guild – generally the third Thursday of the month from 5 to 6 p.m. at the Petoskey library – and we are awaiting approval from the Library Board for formal recognition. It’s then we may begin the formal branding and advertising of what we do and what we’re about. Feel free to contact me at 231-881-3380 for further information.

Tom Renkes (Stewart James)

THE BACK PAGE

Please submit your poems, essays, memoirs, and short fiction to be considered for the 2017 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 2017 should be received by June 1, 2017 by mail or email (preferred).

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