

The Edge of Hawley

*The Journal of
The Sons and Daughters of Hawley*



Volume XLII, Number 3

Summer 2022

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Each board member's term ends in the year shown.

On the cover: "Lupine Field in June." A digital painting by Williams Cosby. Used with the gracious permission of the artist.

Table of Contents

Officers and Board of Trustees 2022-2024	2
Table of Contents	3
Notes from the Editor	4
Calendar of Events in 2022	5
Events of the Previous Season	6
Events of the Coming Season	9
Community and Town	12
Hawley Creative Arts Spotlight	17
Bygone Years in Hawley	21
Obituaries	29
Land Transfers	31
Support Hawley Businesses	32
Links to Related Websites	41
Membership Form	42
Shippable Sale Items	43

The Edge of Hawley is the quarterly journal of The Sons and Daughters of Hawley, the historical society of Hawley, Massachusetts. It is edited by Suzy Q Groden. Contact her at info@sonsanddaughtersofhawley.org or *The Edge of Hawley*, P.O. Box 206, Hawley, MA 01339.

Editorial Advisory Board: Elizabeth Sears, John Sears, Pamela Shrimpton.

Notes from the Editor

Appearance. Readers responded enthusiastically to Trina Sternstein's beautiful painting, "Early Spring Dances," on the Spring, 2022 cover, and so we are delighted to continue this new approach with a painting by Williams Cosby that captures the lyric splendor of the lupine field at Singing Brook Farm in West Hawley.

Hawley Creative Arts Spotlight. The inaugural article in this new section is a discussion, by Georgette DeFriesse, of *Mississippi Barking*, a book by Chris McLaughlin about her work rescuing dogs rendered homeless by Hurricane Katrina. We hope it will be the first of many articles about the work of Hawleyites or members of SDH who paint, draw, sculpt, take photographs, write, make music, prints, or pottery, weave, quilt, embroider, do woodworking, work with stained glass, dance, act, or practice some other form of creative art.

Beyond the pandemic. We continue to monitor the number of new COVID cases reported daily in Franklin County. After a surge in early spring, the number declined and, at this writing (early July), is fluctuating between 10 and 15. We therefore feel fairly confident that we will be able to hold a Harvest Supper and an Apple Fest dinner this fall, and an Illumination Party in December. If there is another surge, we may have to cancel some or all of these events for the sake of our members' safety; we will notify members of any cancellations by e-mail.

Suzy Q Groden, Editor, *The Edge of Hawley*

2022 Calendar of Events

Event	Date	Location	Time
Hawley Day	August 14 th	Meetinghouse	10:00AM-3:00PM
No-Bake Bake Sale	September	Online & mail donating	
Harvest Supper	September 11 th	Stump Sprouts	4:30-7:00PM
Board Mtg	September 15 th	Grove	5:00PM
Board Mtg	October 20 th	Grove	5:00PM
Apple Fest	November 6 th	Poudriers' Pond Road	4:00-7:00PM
Illumination Party	December 11 th	Meetinghouse	4:00–5:00PM

The Board of The Sons & Daughters of Hawley does not meet from November through February.

EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS SEASON

The FINALLY! Party. This year, our traditional March Mud Party was replaced by a gathering, on May 7th, at the Poudriers' home in East Hawley. Because it was the first SDH party since the start of the pandemic, we called it the *FINALLY!* Party.



About 2 dozen people enjoyed the delicious food and drink. Appetizers included a chili cream cheese dip, lamb patties with tzatziki sauce, and cold cut and cheese rolls. The hosts provided a ham that was supplemented by several different kinds of salads, a vegetarian lasagna, a gluten-free vegetable and sausage lasagna, and “millionaire’s chicken.” And there was a tempting array of cakes and other baked goods for dessert. The best part, of course, was the pleasure of being together again with friends and neighbors, after such a long time.

The Giant Tag Sale. The eagerly awaited return of this usually biennial event took place over Father's Day weekend. We estimate that somewhere between 350 and 400 people visited the Grove to browse, buy, chat with friends and neighbors, snack on the baked goods sold by the Hawley Volunteer Fire Department, and lunch on hot dogs, grilled by Ray Poudrier.

The tables in the Grove's "big room" were covered with objects of every conceivable category: glassware; flatware; kitchen, office, picnic, art, and pet supplies; linens; vases; books and DVDs; Christmas decorations; furniture (some of considerable worth); tools; bicycles and other sports gear; small appliances; electronic and sound equipment; original art work, pottery, carved wooden objects, and frames; woven baskets; "collectibles," and much, much more.



Photo by Marion Ives

Purchasers, in general, displayed delight with their finds as they paid for them, many adding donations to the SDH instead of taking change. Several made return trips to see if they could snag an item they had passed up at first, then thought about and decided they really wanted.

It will be a while before we know precisely how much was raised by this year's Giant Tag Sale, but the most recent count brings the total close to \$3,000. Thank you, Beth Thwing, for your extraordinary work in making this event a reality, and to the many volunteers who helped throughout the weekend and during the set-up.



EVENTS OF THE COMING SEASON

Hawley Day (August 14, 2022). The annual meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Hawley brings members together to socialize and conduct the official business of the society. It is always a happy occasion, when friends, neighbors, and family from near and far get together.

The event starts at 10:00 AM with a *koffee klatch* outside the Meetinghouse. At 11:00, the Celebration of Passage and formal membership meeting of the society will be held inside the Meetinghouse, followed by lunch on the lawn in front of the Hawley Grove, weather permitting (inside the Grove, if it does not). The Board of SDH provides the coffee and pastries for the morning *koffee klatch*, as well as salads, side dishes, drinks, and desserts for the lunch; and attenders bring anything else they want to eat or drink. We are hoping this year to return to the long-standing practice of having entertainment during lunch. Extra

attractions this year include an exhibit in the Meetinghouse of the paintings of Jeanette Rich, and the Fire Department's open house.



Small Change playing on Hawley Day, 2017

No-Bake Bake Sale. September is a month in which members of the Sons and Daughters of Hawley make donations online or by mail to support the society's activities and projects (e.g., *the Edge of Hawley*, the painting of the Grove, putting a new roof on the Meetinghouse). There is a long-standing tradition for members to accompany their donations with old family recipes or poems (and sometimes with both).

Harvest Supper (September 11, 2022). We are delighted to plan the return of this well-loved celebration of Hawley's autumn bounty. Members of The Sons and Daughters of Hawley will gather on the patio at Stump Sprouts on West Hill Road, starting at 4:30 PM, to enjoy pre-supper drinks, appetizers, and the breath-taking view. The meal, as always, will be composed entirely of local foods and prepared expertly by Suzanne and Lloyd Crawford. This year, it will be followed by a presentation on native and invasive plants in our region, and actions that can be taken to protect the natives from the invasives, given by Joan Deely, Project Manager of Land Stewardship, Inc. of Turner's Falls.



Apple Fest (November 6, 2022). This pot luck dinner coincides with the conclusion of Cider Days, our region's celebration of the apple harvest and cider pressings. It takes place at the Poudriers' home on Pond Road in East Hawley, starting at 4:00 PM. They provide the main dish and everyone brings an apple-themed appetizer, side dish, salad, or dessert.



Illumination Party (December 11, 2022). The last SDH event of the year is the ceremonial lighting of the central candelabra in the Meetinghouse. We will gather at 4:00 PM, drink hot cider and cocoa, snack on baked goods, and watch as the glass globes are carefully removed, filled with gas, replaced, and lit. Then we will sing some seasonal songs, warmed (a bit) by their golden light.



COMMUNITY AND TOWN

News of the Volunteer Fire Department. On Father's Day Weekend, the Hawley Volunteer Fire Department set up a tent outside the Grove, where the SDH's Giant Tag Sale was going on, and sold home-baked cookies, brownies, muffins, Juanita Clark's famous doughnuts, coffee, and lemonade. They made \$450 for the Hawley Firefighters Association.

Hawley is one of 16 municipalities in Franklin County to receive state and federal grants to equip emergency response vehicles with automated external defibrillators. Chief Greg Cox says that our \$2,000 award will enable the Department to add 1 new defibrillator to its current supply, purchased through a state grant some 14 years ago.

The Volunteer Fire Department will hold an open house on Hawley Day (Sunday, August 14th). Everyone is invited to stroll down to see their facility and learn what they do.



Town Election, May 2, 2022. 132 citizens of Hawley cast ballots for town officers. The following individuals were elected:

Selectboard: Hussain Hamdan and Williams Cosby
Town Clerk: Liz Billings
Assessor: Ed Brady
School Committee: Kenneth Bertsch, Peggy Travers,
and Liz Billings
Town Moderator: Kirby Thwing
Auditor: Carla Clark
Non-Parent Hawlemont Local Education Council
Member: Suzanne Crawford

Annual Town Meeting, Monday, May 9, 2022.

Hawley voters approved a 21-article warrant that included \$549,260 for municipal expenditures and \$622,434 in combined education contributions to Hawlemont Regional School, Mohawk Trail Regional School District, and Franklin County Technical School. Additional appropriations or transfers of funds were approved to pay for repaving the Fire Station driveway, ambulance services, the work of the Highway and Fire Departments, and the Vocational-Technical Preparation School.

Special Town Meeting, Monday, June 20, 2022. This meeting resulted in the approval of 5 articles. Article 1 was a *pro forma* approval by Hawley, as a member of the Mohawk Trail Regional School District, of a loan by the MTRSD for work to be done at the Colrain Central School. Article 2 approved the borrowing of money to pay for the purchase of 1 new oil-fired boiler for Hawlemont, and the repair of a 2nd boiler. The remaining 3 articles called for changes in the

language of the Mohawk Trail Regional School District-Hawlemont Regional District Agreement, reflecting the departure of Heath children from the Hawlemont Regional School.

Avery's General Store. On Monday, April 4, 2022, the lead story in the *Greenfield Recorder* was that Avery's General Store was closing. It's not an exaggeration to say that this news was received with grief and astonishment. The store, operated from 1861 to 2016 by members of the Avery family, seemed as reliably a part of life in Charlemont, Hawley, and the surrounding towns as the Deerfield River or the seasons of the year. People spoke about the closing in hushed tones, as if referring to the death of a revered elder relative.



Only 2 years before, the success of the GoFundMe campaign that allowed Avery's to become an employee-owned business was greeted with relief and gratitude to the many donors. When the pandemic arrived, locals continued to shop at Avery's: we e-mailed or phoned in orders and, in a couple of hours, they were ready to be picked up at the top of the steps, beside the front door. In this way, the store provided a vital service to the community throughout this difficult time.

From conversations with employees in the spring of 2021, we learned that, over the course of the year, although many businesses had faltered, Avery's survived – even flourished.

But, toward the end of the year, Route 2 was dug up, and long delays, blocked access, heavy equipment, noise, and dust made it increasingly difficult for customers to get to the store. Unfortunately, once the new shopping patterns were established, they persisted, and the business couldn't survive this loss of customers. The 161-year-old business was going to have to close.

Two months later, the news has changed again, and it now appears that Avery's will continue to exist, though in a somewhat different form. David Kong, the Boston real estate dealer who has owned the buildings since the employees took over the business in 2020, has bought them out and is now the sole owner. He plans to change the storefront, install a restaurant, enlarge the grocery, meat, and deli departments, and eliminate the mix of merchandise that made Avery's a true "general store." The hardware section that took up the rear of the old store is now across the street in the barn. It is not yet clear if it will continue to be a part of Avery's, or become a totally separate business.

For a sense of what Avery's has been and meant to the community, see the beautifully written remembrance by Alice Parker Pyle on page 21.

The Hawlemont Regional School. After a troubled half year, during which the future of the school was in doubt, there is a new School Committee, the 2-district agreement with the Mohawk Trail School Committee has been renewed, and funding for the 2022-2023 school year is approved by Hawley and Charlemont (supplemented with state aid, thanks to the support of Representative Paul Mark). The new School Committee has identified finding a way to ensure the long-term sustainability of the school as its priority. Its members are committed to working cooperatively and respectfully with other agencies and boards, school administrators, and teachers.

The Hawlemont Regional School was established in 1954, when the last 2 primary schools in Hawley -- the East Hawley School and the Pudding Hollow School -- were closed. In 2014, the school introduced the HAY (Hawlemont Agriculture and You) Program, a curriculum that integrates the teaching of language arts, science, math, social studies, and the creative arts with agriculturally-focused experiences: caring for animals, growing vegetables, weaving, cheese- and jam-making, basket-weaving, woodworking. Integration of this sort is the gold standard of elementary and secondary curriculum theory, and this program has been hailed as particularly effective in combining students' intellectual and critical development with experiences that foster confidence, purpose, responsibility, and engagement.

HAWLEY CREATIVE ARTS SPOTLIGHT

Mississippi Barking: Hurricane Katrina and a Life That Went to the Dogs. A review by Georgette deFriesse.

About the author of *Mississippi Barking*: Chris McLaughlin is the founder and executive director of the Animal Rescue Front. A graduate of the University of Massachusetts Boston with a BA in earth sciences, she owns a home in East Hawley, and is currently working and living (with 2 cats) on Cape Cod.



Mississippi Barking: Hurricane Katrina and a Life That Went to the Dogs is Chris McLaughlin's memoir of her two years helping to save animals left homeless after Hurricane Katrina devastated the south. Chris's sister "self-dispatched" to Louisiana to save abandoned and lost animals in the wake of Hurricane Katrina, and Chris quickly realized that she, too, needed to drive south to join

the effort. Nothing could have prepared her for the reality of the utter devastation she encountered: not a building, not a tree left standing; no landmarks, no street signs. Finding her way through that dystopian landscape turned out to be the easy part.

People from all over the U.S. and even Canada traveled to the Gulf to create an unprecedented grassroots effort to save the thousands and thousands of animals left homeless by Katrina. On the fly, they had to create protocols for finding stray and trapped

animals, keeping them fed until rescue could be attempted, catching them, identifying and tracking the rescued animals in case their owners tried to find them, giving them vet care, and arranging transports to the north.

Chris worked primarily in two locations: New Orleans, Louisiana, and Waveland, Mississippi. In New Orleans, she mostly was engaged in locating stray animals, helping to catch them, and arranging transports north. We learn about the difficult and dangerous work of rescuing traumatized pets hiding in the wreckage or trapped in flood-damaged homes. She describes the emotional toll of the work and how members of the group supported each other through grief and trauma from the daily work.

In Waveland, she was trying to save as many animals as possible from a pound with a terrible reputation. ("Girl, how in the *hell* did you find yourself in this place? You are in *the* worst shelter in the state, if not the country.") Not all dog officers and pound personnel welcome rescue groups. This was one of those that did not, and Chris's attempts to improve the care that the dogs and cats received were met with hostility and threats. Chris does an exceptional job describing the politics, the neglect, and the cruelty that sometimes make southern dog rescue extremely challenging.

Chris's writing is never saccharine and it never relies on shock value anecdotes. That said, what she describes is often heartbreaking, from lives that couldn't be saved to unsuccessful attempts to locate lost pets whose grieving owners were looking for them. I was amazed by the fearlessness and compassion of Chris and her fellow rescuers who

returned every day to the bowels of Hell, no matter how shattering the situation they were dealing with. And regarding the awful dog pound in Waveland, when you close the book after reading the last page, you will know that one person who refuses to give up can indeed do the impossible.

Mississippi Barking is published by the University Press of Mississippi and includes photos by Carol Guzy, a four-time Pulitzer Prize-winning photojournalist, who took a leave of absence from her job at the *Washington Post* to stay on photographing the grassroots Katrina rescue effort.

Editor's Note: I asked Chris McLaughlin to tell us how she came to discover Hawley and decide to buy land and a home here. This is her account ...

It wasn't hard to find for a town I'd never heard of. "Hawley 6," screamed the old-fashioned lettering on the sign out front of LaBelle's on route 112, so I turned. Hard to know how we even saw it; the rusted old sign blended into the landscape so well with its darkened and weathered brown, no doubt having been out there for decades.

Shelburne Falls had been our first stop that day. We saw the picture in the window of a real estate office - a little faded yellow Cape on 60+ acres, which looked lonely in a beautiful way. I had never heard of Hawley, and smartphones weren't a thing, so we started out for our next destination - Northampton for lunch.

Until that sign.

We drove what felt like 20 miles until the road dead-ended. There we saw a woman walking a young child and asked where East Hawley Road was. "You're on it," she said,

so we decided on taking it to the right and headed down the hill.

Turning the corner at 103 felt almost magical. The "for sale" sign out front beckoned as we pulled in. My friend let the dogs out and started walking the land while I peeked in every window on the first floor. And when I walked around back, the door was wide open as if to say, "come on in, welcome."

The house was built in 1790. It was love at first sight, and wide board floors and an antique wood stove were gemstones to my eyes. I was smitten with an abandoned property in a town I couldn't find on a map.

That was 2002; over the years, I've moved back and forth numerous times. For personal or professional reasons, I've had to. The house, the land, and the town are a part of me I'll never let go of—fireflies in spring and the wildlife that calls my place home. The owls "hoo hooing" at night, and the green, oh the greens! I never knew so many shades existed.

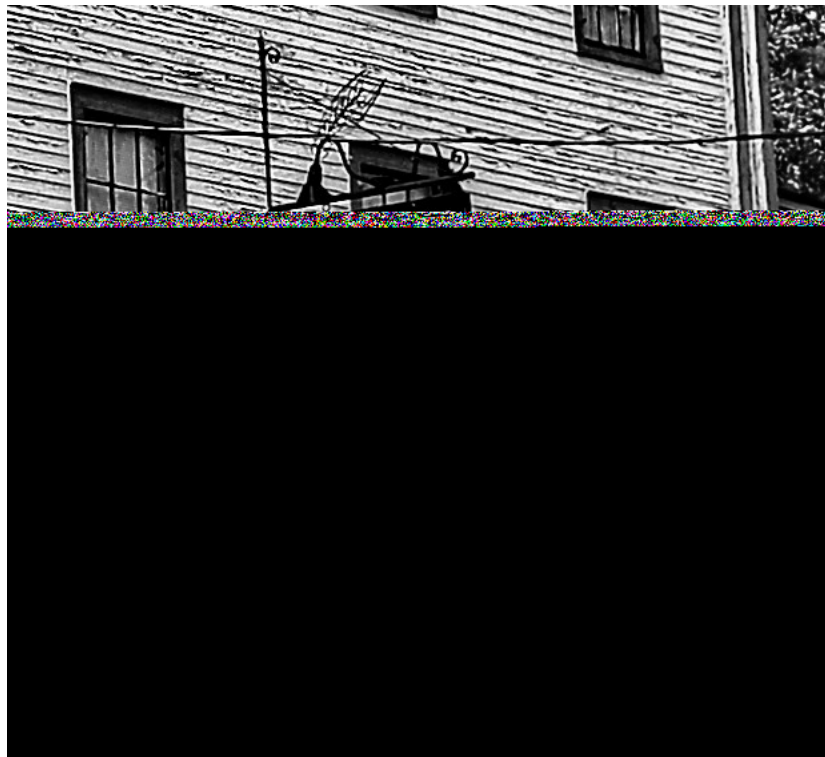
It's home now. A place that will never leave me. I take seriously the care of a house that has survived two centuries. An openness of land that nurtures birds, bees and bears. A place where it's easier to breathe and soundless. Hawley.

BYGONE YEARS IN HAWLEY

Remembering Avery's Store

By Alice Parker Pyle

My earliest memories would have been from the 1930s, when it seemed a palace of possibilities to a small child. I remember the cardboard display boxes of cookies stacked by the front door, at just the right height for young fingers. There were see-through covers, which one removed to reach in, then closed again. In not quite as easy reach were penny candies: they really cost just pennies in those days. Lollypops, Necco Wafers, peppermint drops, jelly beans, red-hots.



And there were the friendly shopkeepers. Grandpa Oscar was very tiny and old, but clearly the boss. He walked around with a shirt pocket stuffed with sheets of cardboard torn from cigarette boxes on which he jotted down the unending list of items to reorder. His son was Henry, Sr., whose sons, Henry, Jr. (Hank) and Bud, were the men-of-all-work, constantly restocking shelves, refilling orders, and hunting through the vast stock for requested items of hardware. I remember in the '40s, going to the basement with Henry, Jr. to cut a piece of glass to replace a broken window. He was married to lovely Frannie, who painted many local scenes, and decorated the large front windows according to the seasons. Dennis Avery has set me straight on the family tree: "Henry, Sr. is the 3rd generation, Hank the 4th, and I am the 5th."

The aisles were crowded with every kind of foodstuff, as well as other articles needed for daily living. I remember bolts of turkey-red cotton fabric, and all the sewing supplies. There were meats and canned goods, cereals and animal feed, with occasional fresh-baked goodies mixed in. In addition, there was the hardware department, offering everything needed for life on the farm: stove pipes and blacking, lumber, pipes, roofing materials, ropes, ladders, buckets, and every tool imaginable in what seemed like every size. Even in the 21st century, one could still buy a single screw or nail, and solemnly pay the tiny fee at the counter.

Three generations of Averys went to Amherst College and came back to run the store. That tradition was broken when Hank's son, Dennis, went to Oberlin, in Ohio, to major in comparative religion. But he came back, with his lovely and talented wife, Karen, "to be part of the village." They devoted their lives to the store and the community, which was at least as strenuous a life as running one of the local dairy farms. It demanded all of their time and strength and commitment to keep it going.

There were the many vendors who supplied the stock, which included (under Dennis and Karen) clothes, shoes, boots, and hats, as well as the ever-popular Avery's t-shirts.

My mother contributed her name to at least one item at the meat counter: a "Gam steak," or "Mary Parker steak," which is a 3-inch-thick slab of beef to be grilled as briefly as possible. People still ask for it. We also asked for sausage, chipped beef, store cheese (cut from a huge wheel of Vermont cheddar), and the seasonal favorites: fresh local berries, special cuts of meat (Avery's ham!), corn on the cob (picked that morning), and, rarely, wonderful French bread. We all regretted that didn't last longer.



In a conversation with Dennis, several years ago, I was remembering items they no longer had a call for: lamp oil, plow parts, horse shoes, and 4 buckle arctics -- the clumsy galoshes which I wore at college in the Northampton slush. He countered by listing things that "Grandpa wouldn't have believed we should ever be selling: dirt! water! manure! Everyone had plenty of each in those days."

Across the street from the store was a barn, filled with building materials and garden tools. It seemed to have everything. You could build a house from scratch with materials bought at Avery's, or repair whatever needed fixing. There were plumbing supplies, electrical wiring, saws and hammers, measuring tools, axes. Even windows: there was the finished, almost square cabin window, installed either to fasten up to a hook in the ceiling, or to slide along a wooden track. For digging: shovels, spades, and trowels. I recall that whoever was helping you would not hesitate to search for the smallest or largest thing on your list, and adapt it to your needs. Or, special order, if that were necessary. Exact lengths of chain, or the odd-sized light bulb, or numbers for your mailbox -- the box itself was also available.

Another memory from that early time: our summer counselor, a young Kirby Thwing, had all five of us on a rare trip to Avery's. He'd corralled us back into the car, after filling it with gas at the pump that stood out in front of the store in those days, and

took off down Main Street, followed by Bud, shouting, “The gas line is still connected!”



I also remember being on the front steps (at a much later time) with my own children, who were running around. All of a sudden, one of the big glass windows fell, splintering onto the steps. No one was hurt, but there was an appalled silence. Karen came out, seeming the soul of calm, saying it wasn't anyone's fault, and setting about cleaning up and supervising the placing of a plywood replacement.

A teen-age niece of mine, who helped at the store one summer, reported that “It's just as hard to be an Avery as it is to be a Parker!” And, indeed, the employees functioned together as a family, supporting the community as well as the store. At a fire alarm or any emergency, someone from the store would immediately respond to the call, often to be gone for several hours. And they supported all kinds of community outreach: food drives, the Federated

Church, the Mohawk Trail Concerts, Yankee Doodle Days (the local fair) -- not to mention bringing this riverside town into compliance with the state sewage requirements.

Back to long ago. In the 1930s, the mail was delivered once a day by the "stage," a small open truck. If you phoned Avery's right when they opened, at 8:30, they would assemble your order and place it on the stage, which would deliver it to your door along with the mail. We once had a summer visitor who assumed that they had a delivery service, and phoned to request five pounds of sugar, as soon as possible. An obliging Avery dropped it off at the end of the day. Mother was appalled that anyone would have such effrontery.

Dennis's real love was music. He and Karen had played in a folk group at college: guitar, mandolin, ukulele, pedal steel, and various small percussion instruments. Their band, Small Change, added a fine guitarist and a wash-tub bass. All of them joined in playing and singing a repertoire of traditional and new folk songs, occasionally wandering into country and blues. Dennis often said he never could have made it through those demanding years at the store without the music.

His mother, Frannie, was a remarkable woman. We rarely saw her at the store, but she worked behind the scenes, active in the community and church, raising four children and never ceasing to work at her own passion: oil painting. I own four of her local

scenes, which always capture the essence of the hills and river, old houses, barns and children. She also had a large collection of tiny bells, which would shiver on the shelf at the local small earthquakes. In late life, she built a scale model of the store, including the apartment above, where Bud lived with his family. She knitted the tiny doilies on common pins with thread. Every part of the store was meticulously recreated: bolts of cloth, the freight elevator to the basement, the jars and cans and sacks of feed. It was a true work of art ... and of love. Almost to the end of her long life she provided one service to the store: delivering the cash proceeds of the week to the bank in Shelburne Falls. Who would suspect a little, white-haired woman clutching a paper bag to be the local Brink's truck?



Frances Avery, Pudding Hollow Road, Hawley, Oil on Canvas

Dennis and Karen retired in 2016, having waited for years to find a suitable buyer. The couple who succeeded them didn't last; the store employees mounted a GoFundMe campaign that enabled them to assume management of the store, and they were quite successful at that for about a year. But, this spring (2022), we were saddened to see an announcement that the store would be closing.

Thankfully, that decision was reversed, with the strong action of the current employees. Changes are inevitable, but I can adapt, as long as the store remains firmly situated in the center of town. My motto will remain: "If Avery's doesn't have it, you don't need it." I can live with that!



OBITUARIES



Margaret Fitzpatrick (1957-2022). Our beloved sister Margaret died on April 28th, after a lengthy fight with pulmonary fibrosis. A servant to the public for most of her life, Margaret responded quickly, time and time again, to the needs of others, both family and friends.

She was a graduate of the Culinary Institute of America and people from Shelburne Falls and surrounding Hilltowns knew her as a restaurateur/ owner of Margo's Bistro, Tusk N' Rattle, Ollie's Down Under, and Under Dogs. Folks far and wide enjoyed her many years of catering parties and weddings with Party Girl's Catering. Still others relished her art work and musical talent with the band, "She Said."

We, her siblings, admired Margaret, the darling of our family, for her courage in facing the challenges that came with being born with congenital cataracts, which resulted in her having no peripheral vision and being legally blind. As a child, she watched TV, read, and drew from only inches away. We remember her young days of daredevil dives and her swiftly riding her tricycle up and down the sidewalk. All that contributed to the get-it-done-recreate-yourself-woman that she became. Her life changed at ages seventeen and eighteen, when she received cataract surgery and was able to wear the GP contact lenses that are used today.

Not only was Margaret generous and hospitable, she was so alive — vibrant, and downright funny. She now rests in the peace of the love-mystery that

continues after this life. We'll be meeting her in the snakes, flowers, dogs, and folk music she so loved. And we will forever honor her in her goodness, laughter, and creativity.



Thom Alan White (1990 – 2022)

[We are grateful to Chris Tirone for sharing this tribute, written on Thom White's Facebook page by Lynne White, his mother]

It is with broken hearts that Thom's family shares that he lost his life Wednesday, May 18th, on top of Mt. St. Helens in Washington state. He had made his trip from the east coast to the west coast via bicycle and had hiked several mountain peaks during his trip. His last stop was to hike Mt. St. Helens before flying home yesterday back to Massachusetts. He made the trek to the rim summit and then a freak weather system whiteout, that Thom was unable to escape from, struck and continued for 8 plus hours at the top of the mountain. His spirit left his body on the summit of Mt. St. Helens as he succumbed to hypothermia. He left - "on top of the world" and his message was always God's Love and to spread love with whomever he encountered. Thom will be remembered as the true adventurer he was with a message of loving one another and being true to oneself. Those in the community who loved Thom so much are planning celebrations of life for him, but no plans are finalized as yet. I know you loved Thom and he you, and you were all true friends to him. I am so sorry to be the one to share this news. By God's Grace we were gifted with Thom for such a short time on this earth, but he left a huge positive impact on all

our lives and will always be remembered and dearly missed. May God's Graces be with all of us as we navigate through this tremendous loss. Remember to love one another and share your love with others as love is the true meaning of life.



LAND TRANSFERS

Juanita Clark to Weston J. Swope. East Hawley Road.
\$3,000.

Adin Maynard and Llama Maynard to Lloyd W.
Crawford and Suzanne Crawford. West Hill Road.
\$16,800.

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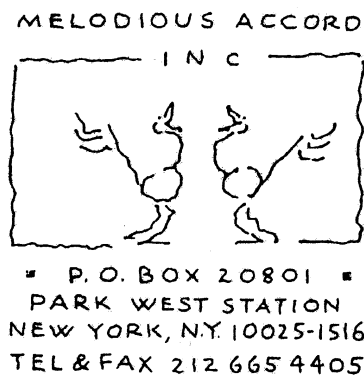
Tinky Weisblat

84 Middle Road
Hawley, MA 01339
413-339-4747
www.TinkyCooks.com



Hawley's own LaTinke is a food writer, historian,
and occasional television star. Her new cookbook,
Love, Laughter, and Rhubarb,
has just been published. Tinky is also the author of
The Pudding Hollow Cookbook and *Pulling Taffy*.

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The Hawley Grove is a low building with a new kitchen, handicapped accessible bathrooms and ramp, and a large 1,000 square foot hall adjacent to the kitchen. Doors lead out the back to a large field. The kitchen is predominantly for refrigerating, warming, and serving pre-prepared foods.

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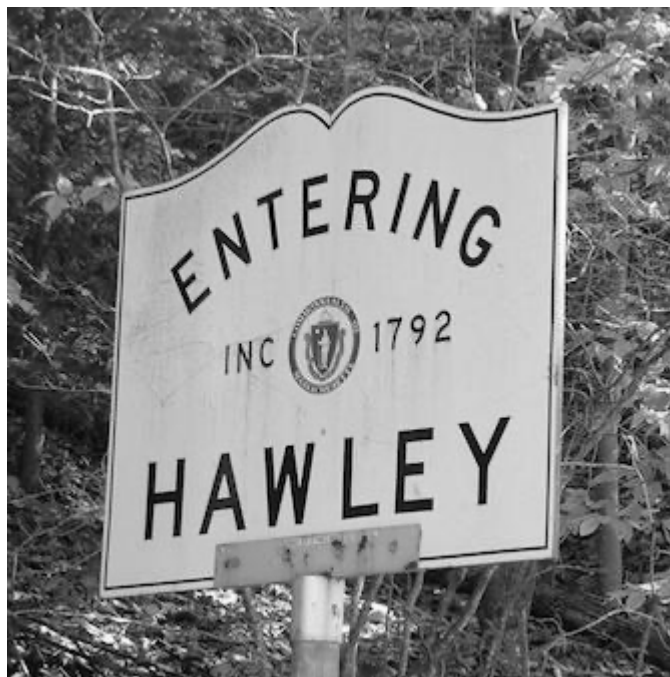
SONS AND DAUGHTERS' WEBSITE
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