

The Community
School

Passages Program



Passages Press

Notes to my Daughter...

by Lacey Beal

I love your big smile
And your little nose.
I love your beautiful eyes
And your teeny toes.

I love your little fingers.
And your chubby legs.
I love the way you calm down
When I tell you it's okay.

I love your bald head
And those little lips.
I love the way you laugh
When I give you a kiss.

I love the way you scream
When I tickle your belly.
I love the way your bum looks
It's kinda like jelly!

I love your long arms
And your big hands.
You could use those things
To play in a band!

You are capable of anything
Whatever you want to do.
To my baby girl, I love you.



As you lay upon my chest,
I love feeling your warm breath.
When you gurgle and you coo
I know that I love you.
Even when you scream with all your might,
I know everything's gonna be all right.
Your nose, ears, toes, and lips,
I love to give them a kiss.
The smile you give me warms my heart.
It's a good thing that we'll never be apart.
Wonderful facial expressions as you sleep,
They're almost enough to make me weep.
I love things you do,
But most of all baby girl, I love you!

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Bonding Letter by Whitney Mills



My Dearest Baby CJ,

After about a minute of finding out that I was going to have you, I began forming an amazingly close bond with you. You are the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me. Having you was the most life changing experience I've ever had, but without a doubt, it was the best thing that could have ever happened. I don't care if I win the lottery some day, it still wouldn't compare to the joy and fulfillment that your life has brought to me.

While I was pregnant, I played music and sang a lot so that you could get used to my voice by simply hearing music. And while it may seem silly to you, I even talked to you constantly. When I felt you move in my belly, I'd say things like, "What are you doing down there little guy? Trying to find a better position?" I know it must sound silly to you, but I loved you so much already, I wanted to connect with you in any way I could. Every night, while I lay in my bed and tried to get to sleep, despite the "rollercoaster ride," which seemed to be going on in my belly, I'd imagine what you'd be like. Whether you'd have my nose and ears, or your daddy's nose and ears. Whether you'd have hair when you were born or be as bald as a cucumber.

After you were born, I wouldn't even let the nurses take you into the nursery. For two days straight you were in my arms and my arms only. The nurses did take you once for about an hour so that I might get some rest, but I just cried the whole hour you were gone and so I finally got you back. You meant so much to me already, and the thought of letting you out of my sight was horrifying.

Now that you're about three months old, we're together just about every day and I get to spend all day with you, while Daddy's at work. I talk with you, and try to get you to smile. You're beginning to "coo" at me and when you do, I try to "make conversation" back with you. I've learned that even "baby talk" can help you

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develop your verbal skills. I'm enjoying watching you grow so much, and seeing the new things you do each day. I just can't wait until you start talking!

At least three days a week we go for a walk around the neighborhood. I want you to get some fresh air and look at the sights. It also helps me to get some exercise and relax. I really enjoy our walks because I get to show you off to the town.

As you continue to grow up, I will always stay deeply involved with your life and your growth. And whether you want me to or not, I will ALWAYS hug, cuddle, and kiss you as you grow up. I always want you to know how much you mean to me. It's very important to me that we always have a good bond with each other. I hope that when you're older, you don't end up being one of those teenagers who hates their mom and just wants to be away from your parents all the time. In hopes that that will never happen, forming a bond with you now, is so very important to me.

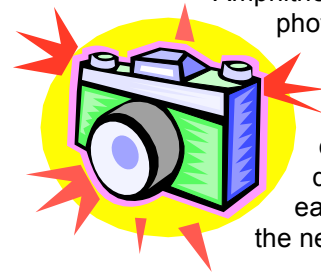
I'll love you forever and always my little CJ. Don't ever forget that. I'm always here for you, and NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, I'll always love you!

Love,
Mommy

Graduation Info

Graduation will be held at Ginley Hall in Northport on June 19, 2004. Anyone expecting to graduate has to have completed all their core skills and their Passage by May 21st.

Pat McLean is willing to photograph graduates on Tuesday, May 11th or 18th (raindate May 25) at 3:00 pm in groups of four, weather permitting at the park near the Camden library (Camden Amphitheatre), to take color



photos. Students can have one pose by themselves and one pose with their children. Pat will donate four 5X7's to each student, along with the negatives.

A Series of Short Sea Stories

by Kylea Odone

To Be Ten Years Old Again

The ocean has always been a part of my life. I am a captain's daughter. The salt of the sea is part of my DNA. It is natural to me. I learned to walk on a sailboat that we lived on. The ocean is and always will be a part of me.

At ten years old, I was a businesswoman. My friend Mark and I spent our summer days playing at the harbor. We combed the sand and rocks hunting for treasures, we trapped crabs, fished mackerel, and we caught eels by hand. It all started one day when Mark and I convinced some nice individual to allow us to use his dinghy for our enterprise. We wanted to start a trash removal business.

Every morning Mark and I would ride our bikes down to the Tenants Harbor Public Landing and start our workday. We came equipped with oars and candy bars. We started our day by bailing water out of the old wooden dinghy. Then we would climb in, set the oars and untie our dinghy. We took turns rowing. We would row out to each boat in the tiny harbor. We knocked on the hulls and announced, "Trash Removal." If someone came upon deck we would give him or her our business spiel. We would charge 25 cents a bag. By noon we would have enough money for more candy and gasoline for Mark's dirt bike. We were well satisfied with our business. We were able to have a summer that most children would enjoy.

Eventually fall came. First the recreation boats left the harbor, then our dinghy had left, and eventually the floats were pulled for the season. Now Mark and I had to go back to school. I returned to my school job, which was pencil renting. This job was not a moneymaker, nor was it a constructive use of my time and education.

As the winter progressed Mark and I were becoming antsy. We wanted to be back on the water. Around March, Mark and I had decided to expand our business. We were going to provide newspaper delivery and blueberry muffins.

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We realized that if we expanded our services, we would need to expand our equipment, including vessels. We needed a second boat and we knew of one right under our noses - well, actually right behind my parent's barn. It was named the *Tub*. It was an old plastic dinghy that we damaged the winter before by sledding in it.

We saw the *Tub*'s potential. Mark and I dragged the *Tub* into my parent's barn and placed it upside-down on sawhorses to assess the damage. To us the damage was minor. It was something that epoxy could handle. So Mark and I searched around my father's workbench and found a cocking gun and clear epoxy. Mark and I filled every little scratch, puncture, and hole. We were so proud of ourselves that we needed to launch and christen the *Tub* immediately. We carried it across the street, plopped it in the water, and tied it to the apple tree that was on the edge of the creek and returned to my house to gather our equipment. We christened her with a 20 oz bottle of Jolt and loaded our oars, and anchor (which was a piece of granite with rope, tied around it).

We rowed all the way out to the middle of the creek. Everything was going good until one of us knocked the anchor in the water. It sank right away, with no mercy. We were unable to remove it; the anchor was well submerged into the muddy bottom. Fortunately, we had attached fifty feet of my Dad's rope to it. We assumed we had enough line to reach the other side.

We continued to row to the other side. We were unaware that our wet epoxy was washing away. Slowly the leaks between the *Tub*'s plastic layers were filling with water. When we noticed what was occurring, we began to row faster. We made it to the other side, almost. Our anchor line was about one foot too short. We had no choice. We abandoned "the *Tub*," by jumping to shore.

By the time low tide had arrived we were in big trouble with our parents, because they had discovered our dangerous journey. They still allowed us to go to the creek and salvage "the *Tub*."

How did they discover it?

Here Comes Lou

During my first year working as a dock steward I learn quite a bit. There was one individual whom I met, who just iced his own cake. His name was Lou. His constant mishaps brought me to tears laughing. I will share the first experience I had tying Lou's lines.

Lou radioed the dock to let us know that he was coming in. My co-worker Niki and I went down to the dock to direct him and fetch his lines. We were under the assumption that this man knew how to dock his boat. We stood and watched, waiting for Lou to come near. His bow was facing our dock, head on. Niki and I were trying to guess when he was going to cut his wheel and if he was going to tie up starboard or portside. He had fenders out on both sides. Later on we learned that we were wasting our time guessing, because Lou didn't know either.

Lou continued to approach our dock head-on at five mph. Ten feet away, five feet, three feet; Lou wasn't turning his wheel, he was patting his dog. Niki and I had to react fast. We grabbed his bow and fended it off and gradually gave him a portside tie up. We were able to do this with minimal damage to Lou's boat and the docks.

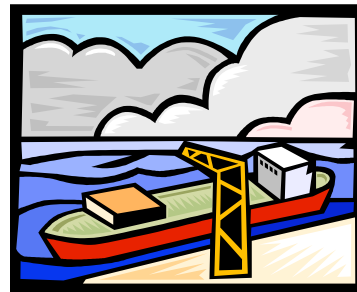
Lou and his two dogs hopped off the sailboat nonchalantly and handed us five dollars as a tip. Niki and I were in shock. Lou had walked off as if this were an everyday event. Later we learned that it had been. So each time we saw Lou coming in, we all ran down to assist him.

My God Damn Pride

I was so excited. I felt as if I were getting the recognition that I deserved. I was hired by the Town of Camden to be an Assistant Harbor Master. With that title I knew it gave me even more of a reputable name as a boat person. Prior to this job I was a Senior Dock Steward, who was certified by the Maine Harbor Master Association to become a harbormaster. Being Assistant Harbor Master to the town of Camden sounded prestigious. Camden Harbor is the Harvard of harbors. It is where anyone who is anyone brought their boats, owned summer

homes or vacationed. Malcolm Forbes Estate yacht came to Camden Harbor every year. It came equipped with bagpipes and a helicopter. Duff Macagen from Guns and Roses brought his yacht there. Work in Camden Harbor is resume material. I really had to make an impact at this job. It was my integrity at stake.

My first week was so crucial to me. I had to make it in with the right people. The problem was, I had no clue who the right people even were. So I just tried to make it with anyone. I wore myself ragged. I was still working in Rockland Harbor 8:00 am to 2:30 p.m. Then I would switch clothing, show up in Camden at 3:00, to work 3:30 to 9:00 p.m.



I really needed to succeed. I answered every radio call. I cleaned all the town boats. I went for a boat ride every 20 minutes to check the Harbor to ensure that everyone was keeping to the ordinances. I helped every boater. I gave tourists directions to the best stores, pubs and restaurants. I was running around like Superwoman.

One afternoon Big Ben from Wayfarer Marine called me via radio. He informed me that a dinghy was washing ashore in Sherman's Cove (the most eastern section of the harbor). In my mind I had to save that boat from any damage. I asked my co-worker Leo to keep shack and I jumped into the Boston Whaler (the smallest vessel of our fleet) and headed to Sherman's Cove.

When I arrived at Sherman's Cove, the gray inflatable dinghy had beached itself. I was still determined to rescue it. I drove my boat to about ten feet of the shore. I turned the engine off. I attached thirty feet of poly line/float rope to the boat and then attached it to myself. I jumped into the water, which was about five feet deep. I swam until there wasn't enough water to swim. Then I got up like a *Baywatch* babe and started running to the dinghy. The dinghy was really

mired into the mud. It was a bitch to drag, but I was determined. I had to rescue this dinghy, the owner might be someone special and there may be a large reward for my efforts. So I pulled and pulled on this dinghy. My bare feet were being torn apart by the mussels and razor shells that are so prominent in the mud flats. I finally got the dinghy to water! I was psyched. In my mind all I had to do was tow the dinghy to our docks.

Unfortunately, it was wishful thinking. During the whole ordeal I had forgotten what tide we were in. The tide had been going out. Now my Boston Whaler was beached and I had forgotten to lift the motor. So I untied the line attached to the whaler and reattached it to the gray dinghy. I started to dig out by hand my motor on the Boston Whaler out of the mud.

Meanwhile Leo was curious to see what was taking me so long. He tried radioing me, but he was unable to reach me, due to the fact that when I jumped into the water I had forgotten to take off my radio from my hip and the salt water had shorted the radio out. So Leo and Big Ben decide to get into Number 2 boat (the pump out) and the Barbie D to see what was up. They found me battling with the tide and with two boats attached to the hip swimming.

I honestly do not know what kind of impression I left upon them after that experience. I think that I surprised them and gave them a laugh.

The feminist in me hits again...

So it's Windjammer Weekend in Camden. It's the last shebang of the season. It's Labor Day weekend. I am still determined to be the best female Assistant Harbor Master that the town of Camden has ever seen. I go all out. I agree to some outrageous hours.

It's Friday. I am at work at 5:00 am to assist on a Prock Marine barge under tow from Rockland Harbor to Camden Harbor. We leave Camden at 5:00 am on the M/V (motor vessel) Maine, to Northend Rockland. We arrive at Rockland at approximately 5:45 a.m. Captain Sharp is operating the M/V Maine. Bob and I are deck hands. We come along side of the barge.

Bob and I attach the barge to a 1¼ wire hoser. Now we are under tow, back to Camden Harbor. Since we are under tow now our travel time will increase to approximately to two hours.

We arrive at Curtis Island¹, outside of Camden Harbor at about 8:00 am. Now we need to secure this barge to several moorings. Harbor Master Pixly arrives in the gunboat (actually named the "Welcome") to assist. I climb up the hoser to the barge. Pixley, Bob, Captain Sharp and I secure the barge. We complete this task at about 10:00 am. I climb down to the gunboat and ride back to base (our docks) with Pixley.

On arrival I have enough time to grab a bite to eat from French and Brawn, before the schooners/ windjammers arrive². The first to arrive is the Lewis R. French, returning to its original berth.

My job was to retrieve the schooners' launches, keep the channel clear and to guide the schooners through the channel. I was also on call to operate yawl boats³ if needed. I was doing great. Schooners were coming in one at a time. I was a goddess with dinghies under tow and schooners following me.

I was under tow with three dinghies ranging from ten to sixteen feet. The dinghies' lines got caught in my prop⁴ and my engine cut out. I was soon to become a schooner sandwich. I pulled my engine up. My arms were too short to reach

¹ Formerly named "Negro Island" in the 1800's by an African American cook on a schooner. When he first saw this Island he told the crew that it was his Island.

² American Eagle, Angelique, Appledore, Ellida, Grace Baily (green boat), Heritage, Heron (owned by artist Buckley Smith), Issaac Evans, J&E Riggan, Kathryn B, Lazy Jack (Day sailor), Lewis R. French, Olad (worked out of P-Town Mass. In mid 70's and Day sailor), Mary Day, Mercantile (green boat), Mistress (green boat), Nataniel Bodwitch, Stephen Taber Summertime (Built and owned by Captain Bill Brown, Brooklin Maine) Surprise (Day Sailor), Timberwing, Victory Chimes (295 feet, approximately 30 foot boom), Wendameen

³ A yawl boat are used on traditional schooners that do not have an internal engine. Generally a yawl boat is a boat with a large diesel engines that pushes the schooner into berth.

⁴ Spinning part of engine that pushes a motor boat

the prop. What was I going to do? I had to let my ego go and call for assistance. It was hard for me, but I knew I was doing my job well.

The last schooner to arrive was the Victory Chimes, the monster of them all. She is 295 feet in length and she had to make a 180-degree turn in the full, tight harbor. Every yawlboat, dinghy and small vessel was used to make this turn. Once again I was participating. 100 degrees into the turn, my engine cuts out. I had forgotten to swap fuel tanks. I had to switch tanks very quickly, before my absence went into effect. I switched tanks and everything went fine.

That day ended at 7:00 p.m. I was wasted from the salt, the excitement, the fresh air and the day.

Fact vs. Opinion by Jesse Smith

A fact has been proven to be true. A fact plays a part in learning about history. When President Bush spoke about the ban on gay marriage he spoke from opinion. Everyone has a right to their own opinion (a thought) but not all may agree, whereas a fact is true, even though all may not always agree with it. An example of Bush's opinion would be when he said, "The union of a man and a woman is the most fundamental institution of civilization." On the other hand, my opinion is that all strong unions support our civilization.

I also believe we have a right to be happy as U.S. citizens and if that is to be with the same sex, well let that be. It is a fact that Bush is willing to take rights and happiness away from U.S. citizens.

My cousin Dawn had been in four abusive relationships, one left her with a child. She was beaten so badly by the last man she ever dated that she was hospitalized. She felt that she never would date another man and never get the chance to love and be loved by anyone other than her son. That was until she met the woman who would become her girlfriend. She now gets treated like a queen. She has never been so happy. I am happy for her. She wants to marry, but can she? Why not? Bush says no. He thinks

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the society will weaken. Why? From people being happy? I disagree because my cousin deserves this. She desires this. She is in love and should be entitled to show publicly and legally that her relationship deserves her society's respect.

I Surrender

by Keshia Young

Raping the essence of the feminine soul
Exploited, degraded to sexy corruption
Everywhere bombarded by images of
perfection

My innocent eyes concluding
Failing to meet expectations
Comparing with utter disgust
Confidence shattered

Standing vulnerable,
staring at a nude reflection
Flaws exposed

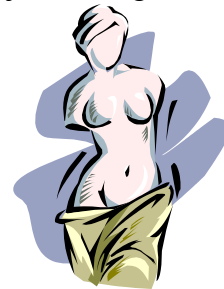
Feeling ugly and uncomfortable in my own
skin

Wanting change,
rearranging every inch of discouragement
Puzzled by sick superficial thoughts,
brainwashed

Yearning for acceptance,
while betraying inner beauty
Begging myself for freedom from this
humiliating struggle

Pain overcomes jealous rage

I surrender



Caring for Isaiah by Renee Krummes

March 22, 2004 – my son is five months today; time has passed so fast and he has grown so much.

One of my first decisions as a new mother was my choice to breastfeed. It's not only more convenient, but with all the healthy benefits I found it the only practical choice. It is also, in my opinion, one of the best ways to bond with your baby. Isaiah will "talk" to me while eating and I'll give him kisses, which make him laugh. Now my son is a healthy boy; I am grateful he has not been sick or had any diaper rashes and is well off the charts in his height and weight.

I love spending quality time and being silly with Isaiah. I know how important exercise is for an infant. I try to have Isaiah on his belly for at least a half hour a day so he can build up his arm and neck muscles.

I try to help him grow and learn the best I can. I try to help with his eye development by showing him colorful pictures and toys; he is very attentive. I also try to help his brain development by reading him stories, by playing him music, singing him lullabies, and talking to him. I talk to him all the time about how much I love him and tell him about what we're doing or looking at, and spending so much time doing things with him has brought us so close together, I can tell he loves me and knows I love him.

I've learned how to give him baby massages from watching videos supplied by my birthing class, which help keep him calm and relaxed.

I take him to playgroups; it's good for him to have interaction with other babies his age. They're very curious and I think it's sweet to watch their eyes light up when they see each other. Isaiah has a fondness for the baby girl next door.

I am involved with the Knox County Parent Education Program who do great activities for mothers and babies.

I also like to read baby magazines for helpful tricks, tips, and suggestions.

I want to be the best mother I can be. My partner and I care so much for our son and we feel it's very important to help him the best we can. We play with him all the time and we enjoy our time with him and it's very rewarding for all of us. For Isaiah is a very caring attentive, relaxed and happy baby. For us, we are happier people, content with being parents, and grateful for life's rewards; we feel he is our greatest accomplishment. He has helped us to climb up and out of the dreadful holes we were crashing down into; he makes us want to be better people. What more could you ask for?

Bulletin Board

Lesser Homes and Gardens Tour Sunday, June 13

The organizers of this Cschoo fundraiser are looking for volunteers to help out at each home garden site in Camden and Rockport.



You may be asked to take tickets, sell lemonade, smile pleasantly, etc. This is a wonderful opportunity to help out the school, get credit for community service, and see some beautiful gardens. For more information call Dora at 236-3000 or 866-517-6678.

Teen Mom Group

Two Passages students, Lacey Beal and Ashli Fowler, have decided to start their own group for teen moms as a way to have some fun with each other and to benefit from each other's experiences.

Lacey plans to start a newsletter for the group and to hold benefits to raise money so that the group will be able to provide baby equipment to those in need.

Anyone interested in joining them in their effort can reach Lacey by email at lacymae67@hotmail.com.

Saying Goodbye...

People ask me how it feels to leave my job as Director of the Passages Program. How *do* I feel? I feel very sad. I have really enjoyed getting to know most of you, and watching you as that bud opens, each lovely petal unfolds, and you blossom into magnificent flowers. It has been such a delight to spend time playing with your children, each with his or her own special gifts. I have also loved working with the Passages teachers, and many other CSchool employees. I will miss all of you a lot.

How do I feel? I feel angry. It was decided that I was not the right person for the job. I do not agree with that decision. Still, I have tremendous respect for the co-directors of the Community School and for what they have created and developed over these past 30 years.

How do I feel? I feel hurt and shame. I gave the job my very best, and worked very hard to learn and carry out the many facets of the director's position. I know that I have many skills, which were helpful in that job. Sometimes I say to myself, "I did my best, and my best wasn't good enough." I know most of us struggle with those shame demons sometimes, don't we?

How do I feel? I feel proud. I know that many ideas I had and many things I did will be a benefit to both students and staff, and I am glad that I could contribute to such a great program.

How do I feel? This is not an easy question with a simple answer. In the midst of all these feelings, I KNOW three things: 1) My inner strength, my friends, and The Divine have helped me finish my job with an open heart and with integrity; 2) Passages is a wonderful program that has enabled many young parents to achieve their full potential; and 3) Each of you, tapping into your inner strength, using the support of your teachers, and keeping your faith, WILL go on and get your diplomas, be great parents, and succeed at what you want to do!

I wish you all the very, very best.

Lovingly,

Nan Stone

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To Nan ...

Before she goes
I want her to remember
The story of the blind men and the elephant
I want her to remember
That it's just a matter of opinion
The opinion of clumsy homo sapiens
groping in the dark
Alone.

Before she goes
I want her to remember
The story of the woman
Whose resolve and reserves
Kept her life hanging by a thick cord
Of twisted blue steel
While ours seem to hang by
Thin cotton threads.

Before she goes
I want her to remember
The unflinching courage
She's shown in the face of death
Over and over
The loving heart she's offered so freely
Again and again.

Before she goes
I want her to remember
This is simply the perception of blind men
Feeling around for truth
The one who sees the big picture
Knows
She does her earthly job
Very very well.

- Andrea Itkin

