MAINE WOMEN
SPRING 2023

life
stages:
girlhood

STRONG, TOUGH,
AND VERSATILE
AT DIFFERENT
STAGES OF LIFE

THIS ISSUE
SPRING HAPPENINGS
GIRLS ON THE RUN
A FIVE YEAR OLD’S
FAVORITE THINGS
FARM RAISED
WORLD OF WORDS
AND MORE
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Millay was not included? I consider her poetry just as important to history as Harriet Beecher Stowe’s book.

On Page 23 of the Spring 2023 issue, Traiblazing Maine Women article. Could you tell me why Maine poet Edna St. Vincent Millay was not included?

I was disappointed that you didn’t include Sarah “Sally” Sayward Barrell Keating Wood in your timeline of trailblazing women from Maine. She was born in York in 1759, the daughter of British Army Officer Nathaniel Barrell and Sarah Sayward Barrell, whose father was a local judge. She wrote four novels in total, one collection of tales, and is considered not only Maine’s first female novelist but the first female author in America of gothic fiction. She passed away in 1855. Her childhood home still stands in York today, known as the Barrell Homestead. Just wanted to share this tidbit with you!

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Thank you for including the “Postcards from Holly” column in your winter magazine. I was pleased to note that she is in New Zealand. She always has interesting information about where she is staying or where she has visited. I hope she continues to keep us all up to date on her travels. Again, thank you.

Thank you for reminding us all to think of Sarah “Sally” Sayward Barrell Keating Wood in the timeline! We wish we could’ve included every magnificent Maine woman! Thank you for bringing light to her work!

We agree that the poetry of Maine-born writer Edna St. Vincent Millay is an important part of history. Unfortunately, we couldn’t include every pioneering woman from Maine in the timeline - thank you for reminding us all to think of her when recalling historic Maine women!

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IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS....

Isabel Richards is a junior at Bangor High School. She attends the nursing program at United Technical College, as well as holding down a part-time job. Despite her busy schedule, she finds time to help homeless animals. Isabel volunteers her time to the Give a Dog a Home Rescue in Sebec. Isabel has fostered dogs in her home with the help of her mother and sister, and worked tirelessly to raise money and awareness about helping shelter animals.

This is her big dream.

I wish that more people would consider rescue pets when looking to add a pet to the family. I wish they would realize that they can help in other ways if providing a permanent home to a rescue animal isn’t an option. Fostering is a great way to get involved, and see if a certain dog would fit long term in your home. If that isn’t an option, please consider donating your time or money to a local rescue. They usually need help with caring for the dogs, moving supplies, fundraising and awareness, and so much more. The rescue I volunteer at has recently saved a couple dogs named Moe and Patricia from the South Korean meat trade. How sad is that? They are smart and happy dogs that are innocent and definitely do not deserve to become someone’s next meal. My big dream is that more people would get involved with their local shelter or rescue, and that rescue dogs like Moe and Patricia get a chance at the best lives possible.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON AVAILABLE DOGS TO FOSTER OR ADOPT, OR TO DONATE TIME OR FUNDS, PLEASE VISIT GIVE A DOG A HOME RESCUE ON FACEBOOK, OR WWW.GIVEADOGAHOME-RESCUE.ORG
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STAND FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN.
MAINE WOMEN ARE MAKING A DIFFERENCE.
You say that she is social, TOO social. Yet he is social too. A natural leader.

Too blind to see that she is a leader. Clearly already hindered by the twisted view of femaleness. Its strength warped by centuries of debasement and walking two steps to the rear. The platitudes that descend already, on her young shoulders, placate with false direction.

It is not she that needs to work on curbing her social acumen, but us, that need to work on our implicit suppression. The biases of womanhood that will weigh her down, dragged unseen, are already latched. We talk of the strides we've made, all for her. And she, thinking herself free, does not understand the drag of the weight around her wrist when she tries to raise her hand. The choking when she tries to raise her voice.

With budding breasts and tossing blond hair, she has been dismissed. Oh wait. Except for the fact that she is a sexual being. We will not let her forget that fact. We brush aside the concept of her as a leader, which she so clearly is. To replace it with an image of a sensual temptress, molded in the memories of Eve and Lilith, Mary and Madonna.

We will remind her that she must cover her indecent body, curb her smart mouth, and not get ahead of herself. She will learn to anticipate the passive aggressive putdowns, the side glances, and the leers. She will learn to defend herself and her actions. All energy wasted, when she could be leading. Should be leading. Unhindered, excited and curious. Confident that when eyes are on her, they are trying to see into her mind, and not through her clothes.

So when her teachers tell me that she is too social, I try to tell them what that means. What that reveals about the society we live in. But when I talk, my words come out garbled. For I am still finding my own voice.

a social conflict
by Liz Eisele McLellan

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The following pieces of art were created by students at The Maine Arts Academy in Sidney, Maine’s only free public high school for the arts. The academy provides a rigorous career and college preparatory curriculum and well-rounded arts education to enrich the lives of their students.

Their mission is to nurture the next generation of leaders to become invaluable citizens at the heart of Maine’s cultural, economic, and social well-being.

Hi, I’m McKyah Pooler.

15, and these pieces are my absolute favorites. The names are “A Ghost of Memories Passed” (The sculpture) and “Eragon” (the dragon). I’m usually inspired by my emotions like with “A Ghost of Memories Passed,” I was inspired by my process of grieving. It symbolizes the way you let go of death. With “Eragon,” I had just finished reading the series and wanted to draw the way I saw myself as one of the dragons. I love creating because it gives me an outlet to express my emotions without having to explain how I feel. I’m not good with words so a visual representation is so much better for me.

Hello, I am Hailey Inman.

I am 16 years old and I recently did this acrylic painting titled “Dr. “It’s All in Your Head.”” I have struggled with multiple autoimmune disorders and chronic migraines since I was very young and I have always used art as an emotional outlet. This piece is the closest I can get to explaining the needed release of pressure and pain to my audience.
HOW DID YOU FIND THIS ACTIVITY?
Girls on the Run is a nationwide program that I had heard about when I lived in Charleston and it continued to pique my interest. When we moved to Camden, I started to think about it more to help our older daughter make some connections. There wasn’t a group in the area but I reached out to Girls on the Run Maine and they put me in touch with my now very good friend and fellow coach, Caroline Moore. We met and then immediately we were able to get something going through the PenBay YMCA.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN DOING THIS ACTIVITY?
We started the Camden Girls on the Run about 7 years ago.

WHAT DOES IT FULFILL FOR YOU?
The girls were just fantastic to work with and so incredibly positive. They are looking up to us as coaches but we learn so much from them. Watching a kid who is presented with a challenge, for example; seeing negative self-talk and facing it, makes you look at it in yourself. All the challenges we do with the girls allow me to slow down and look at myself and be the best I can because these kids are looking at me to be an example. Seeing how kids look at the world with fresh eyes with such a genuine perspective is so refreshing.

The program is truly transformative. Kids will process all of these big and hard things they are going through while they are running. It allows them to release so much and to work together to meet their goals.

At the end of the program, the girls all compete in a 5K with their families. Seeing them reach that milestone and the camaraderie that is achieved at that final 5K is so mind blowing. Everyone gets swept up in the energy.

HOW DOES THIS KEEP YOU SANE?
Running has always brought me so much joy but working with these kids reminds me that it doesn’t have to be a race. Just getting out there with friends and meeting yourself where you are and seeing new places is really the point. And then feeling how relaxed you are at the end. Working with these girls is the ultimate reminder for me to just get out there and go.

When I work with these girls, I always ask myself who is really inspiring whom. They are the ones that inspire me and I remember the lessons they show me everyday.

RITUAL SPRING

this keeps me sane
mary middleton

CAMDEN AREA CO-FOUNDER OF GIRLS ON THE RUN, INTERVIEW BY LIZA GARDNER WALSH

FMI ON GIRLS ON THE RUN:
CAROLINE MOORE, MIDCOAST AND DOWNEAST REGIONAL COORDINATOR, CAROLINE.MOORE@GIRLSONTHERUN.ORG
ANNE MERKEL, PROGRAM MANAGER, ANNE.MERKEL@GIRLSONTHERUN.ORG
Six years ago, two Maine women sat down at a kitchen table to talk about how to fight the Muslim Ban. Order 13769 was not only a curb on immigration but an order framed by months of racist and false statements about immigrants.

Kate Cutko, a children’s librarian, and Kirsten Cappy, a children’s book advocate, thought they could fight back—with picture books. With Kirsten’s husband Mark Mattos joining them at the table to sketch plans for a portable book display, Cappy and Cutko designed the Welcoming Library.

Designed to move between locations, the Welcoming Library arrives in two red crates. In one crate is 30 acclaimed picture books featuring Immigrant and New Generation families and in the other is a set of oversized tinker toys that assemble into a bookshelf topped with a banner invitation to “Read to Welcome” and “Read to Belong.”

Could meeting a Somali Muslim family on the page, dispel false statements about East African Muslims? Research done by Dr. Krista Aronson at Bates College showed that reading picture books featuring cross-cultural interactions could build cross-cultural relationships.

“Fiction holds its own truths,” Kirsten Cappy said, “When we read outside of our culture, we gain not only new knowledge about that community but new feelings of connection to that community.”

Other research shows immigrants and their new generations can develop a crucial sense of belonging when they see their cultural identity reflected and affirmed. The presence of diverse picture books, then, can also give crucial comfort to families upon arrival and in the generations to come.

Made in Maine, Welcoming Libraries now tour schools and libraries from 130+ regional hubs across the US. They have outlasted the Muslim Ban and are building the groundwork for immigration conversations built not on falsehoods, but on the stories of families.

The Welcoming Library is the core project of the Portland nonprofit I’m Your Neighbor Books. Find a list of picture books that affirm the strength of immigrant women and girls on their home page at ImYourNeighborBooks.org

Support I’M YOUR NEIGHBOR BOOKS’ WORK TO CREATE A MORE WELCOMING NATION: IMYOURNEIGHBORBOOKS.ORG/DONATE

WHEREVER I GO
ABIA HOLDS BACK FEELINGS OF DISEMPowerMENT IN AN ETHIOPIAN REFUGEE CAMP BY DECLARING HERSELF THE QUEEN OF EACH DAY AND TASK.

WATERCRESS
NEVER KNOWING WHAT HER PARENTS ENDURED DURING THE FAMINE IN CHINA, A FIRST GENERATION GIRL FINDS HER EMPATHY IN A FAMILY STORY.

THE LITTLE HOUSE OF HOPE
AFTER EMIGRATING FROM CUBA, ESPERANZA’S FAMILY RENTS A LITTLE HOUSE. LA CASITA HAS JUST ENOUGH ROOM TO CREATE A HOME AND A NEW START FOR OTHERS.

STORY BOAT
FORCED TO FLEE THEIR COUNTRY ON FOOT, THE BIG SISTER SURROUNDS HER BROTHER WITH IMAGINATIVE STORIES THAT GIVE COMFORT AT EVERY STEP.

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Pat, Ann, Bob, and Judy, residents of RiverWoods Manchester, NH
17-year old Abigail Adamo knew from a young age that she wanted to make music. She grew up listening to a diverse range of melodies - Taylor Swift, Metallica, Smashing Pumpkins, along with some folk, bluegrass, and classic country thrown in. During 8th grade, she really got into the band My Chemical Romance. “That was my first introduction into music that wasn’t just what was on the radio, or music that my parents were listening to, and I just kind of took it and ran with it.” Taking guitar inspiration from Elliot Smith, with her voice ranging from celestial, light, and airy on the solo tracks, to strong and deep when performing with her band, Moxxy, Abigail first became interested in becoming a musician at 7 years old. “I wanted to be a pop star, as a lot of young girls do. I idolized Taylor Swift, I wanted to be her. So, I started singing. And I was told that I was good at it. I guess I took that and ran with it, also, I started writing music and poetry in 5th grade. . . and I just never stopped,” Abigail states. At 8, she inherited a piano from her great aunt. “I took piano lessons for a year or two, but I mostly taught myself. I had fiddled around enough on the piano by the time I started the lessons, that I had a pretty decent foundation (of) knowing chords. Then I got my first guitar when I was 12. It was a little Yamaha one. I loved it. I would shut myself in my room for hours and hours, and figure things out, and I guess that’s how I learned guitar,” she laughs. Performing with the band is what Abigail prefers, as she has yet to showcase her solo work live. “There’s 6 of us in Moxxy. Kyle and Alex are guitarists and brothers. Cam, a guitarist. Isaac is our bassist - he’s insane. I don’t understand how he does what he does. Owen is our drummer, and he also blows my mind. They are all so talented. My favorite performance was at G-Force Entertainment on Halloween last year. It was so much fun. We were all in costume, and a lot of the audience came dressed up. I had these little fake blood tablets in my mouth while singing, and even got some on the microphone. It was pretty fun to pull off.” Abigail’s pre-show rituals are more about controlling her anxiety than superstition. “I’ll usually go into the bathroom and take deep breaths and remind myself that no one is paying attention to me as much as I’m paying attention to myself,” she said. When asked what she thinks the most difficult thing about being a female musician is, she replied, “A big challenge for me, about the possibility of more people discovering my music, is that I want the product to be my art and not me. I feel like a lot of times, with female musicians, a label will try and sell you, instead of what you create. And I want to make sure I don’t fall into something like that.” 5 years down the road, Abigail sees herself still making music. “Music has to be involved. I don’t think I could be here if music wasn’t involved. I would love to be making music with the same people. My hope is that we will already have a couple albums out. And that I would be able to sustain myself off of my music - in a dream world, of course!”
I moved back home to Maine nearly a decade ago in search of a simpler, more connected way of life. I wanted freedom from the financial pressures of Manhattan, the ability to make different choices about my work, more meaningful access to nature, and a social life that didn’t have alcohol placed firmly at the center of it. I was drawn to be closer to my family and was beyond burnt out on NYC dating. The feeling of anonymity that had once drawn me to the city was rapidly losing its charm. I wanted to feel like I was putting down roots and building community somewhere I could see myself living for years to come.

As I settled into a new life in a new city, exploring local beaches and trails but still tethered to my computer, social media, and my work, it didn’t take long to see the uncomfortable truth that so much of what I thought was environmental had come right along with me in my U-Haul. Busyness, distraction, and hustle culture had become deeply woven into my internal value system, and simply moving to a new place wasn’t going to change that.

It was in this period of realization and frustration that I met Nelson Hill Garman and started to learn about her work. It wasn’t long after our first meeting that I found myself riding the ferry to Peaks Island on a crisp winter day with 5 other women. Together we were heading out to a daylong workshop on Women and Power at Nelson’s home. She had a way of transforming the deep work of personal growth and evolution into something that didn’t feel like work at all. As we basked in her loving support and a sumptuous brunch spread, we were introduced to a new definition of women she cultivated so dearly, there to return to time and time again.

Together we worked on slowly stripping away the patterns and protection mechanisms that had become so comfortable but were keeping me stuck. When I would come back with a typical A person’s long list of all the things I was going to work on or change, she challenged me to whittle it down to just one action that would have the most impact. Just this shifted approach to setting goals was revolutionary. I landed on meditating 2 times a week as this core habit. It was a goal I could not only actually achieve but could sustain and wow, the way things started to unfold for me from there.

This winter Nelson passed away after a lengthy relationship with cancer. A relationship where she put all her tools into practice and was surrounded by community. Deep friendships were forged in the spaces she created. She helped us to notice, name, and cultivate our super-powers. The things we did without even realizing it. Things I hadn’t previously even noticed as special became the stakes I could put in the ground of the identity I wasn’t creating as much as letting it reveal itself to me. Presence, positivity, cultivating connections between people and building community, and a deep confidence in the problem-solving power of a group, even as small as two. The more I created space to show up as my full self, the more I was able to create that same space for the people I was working with.

As I was learning to lean into my power on one side, she helped me to also understand and look at the ways I was stripping myself of power - often subconsciously - falling into the patterns of learned behavior any woman socialized in the US knows all too well. Was I looking at a situation from an owner or a victim mindset? Understanding that they are not binary states, but we are constantly ebbing and flowing between the two and may be more prone to one of the other in different arenas in our lives. Was I cultivating understanding and agreement in my relationships, or was I operating based on unsaid expectations and assumptions which often yield resentment? And were there thoughts or limiting beliefs getting in the way of the vision I had for myself?

The tools and perspective her work shared helped me to slowly but surely live my way into a new reality. A reality where I can trust in myself and the validity of my needs, where I know that my work and relationships are better when I am nourished, and where I can remember that the evolution is never done. Ironically, deep into a new life stage as a partner and a step-parent, I find myself on the precipice of another stage of reinvention. As I was learning to lean into my power on one side, she helped me to also understand and look at the ways I was stripping myself of power - often subconsciously - falling into the patterns of learned behavior any woman socialized in the US knows all too well. Was I looking at a situation from an owner or a victim mindset? Understanding that they are not binary states, but we are constantly ebbing and flowing between the two and may be more prone to one of the other in different arenas in our lives. Was I cultivating understanding and agreement in my relationships, or was I operating based on unsaid expectations and assumptions which often yield resentment? And were there thoughts or limiting beliefs getting in the way of the vision I had for myself?

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The women of Maine are strong, tough, and versatile. The following articles offer a peek into the lives of some of these wonderful women at different stages of life.

LIFE STAGES:

GIRLHOOD
As a child I loved to write. Short stories, song lyrics, haikus. Writing brought me so much joy. It was a way to better understand myself, and the world around me, and to dream up a world of my own.

I never thought I would stop.

Five years ago, my family moved from London, UK, where I was born and raised, to reunite three generations of my family under one roof in Maine. When we flew across the ocean my notebooks were buried deep in boxes that would only arrive weeks later by ship.

A rush of new beginnings. New country. Schools. Friends. Life was exciting... but still unpenned.

Then March 2020, everything changed. The pandemic was here. A story we’d never experienced before.

My mother told us this historical moment would one day be a tale to tell. To pay attention.

I picked up my pen. Began journaling again. Grappling with the uncertainty of this unprecedented time.

Writing was a way to shape the page, in a world where so much was askew. And it also brought me comfort. A space to think about all the things in the world that were okay.

Even wonderful.

Remote schooling gifted me so many silver linings. All three generations sharing stories and laughing around the table daily at lunch, feasting off of my younger sister’s pandemic vegetable garden. Listening to my grandparents’ childhood stories of growing up in apartheid-era South Africa and Independence-era India. I learned so much more about my French/Belgian side of the family from my father, too.

Sorting through faded photographs with my Ma and Dada by the fire. Digitizing more than 2000 slides. Each picture a story. Their arrival in this country, starting a life, building a home here.

Each picture a journey.

And out of the house, much beauty to be found, too. Remote schooling allowed me to so often step into the magical Blueberries for Sal storybook setting of Maine. I explored and embraced the great outdoors. Snowshoeing through forest trails. October ocean dips. We replaced our calendar on the fridge with a tide chart. Spent hours outside with friends and family come rain, snow, shine, or mud.

Through all the changes in the weather.

All this time in nature—and journaling—deepened my love for the environment and interest in climate activism.

Fostered a desire to protect and nurture both our human stories and those of the natural world. But how?

Then, in September 2021, I heard about the Young Emerging Authors fellowship at Portland, Maine youth literary nonprofit The Telling Room. During this rigorous year-long program four teen authors are selected to write and revise their own books. This process culminates in a book launch and publication through The Telling Room press.

I decided to apply.

When I first sat down I knew I had to write about the climate crisis—an issue becoming increasingly present in my daily life. The more I formed a relationship with Maine’s landscapes, the more I felt the urgency.

The challenging part was finding the voice to tell this story.

Originally I considered writing short stories told through the perspectives of endangered animal species.

But as time unfolded I realized there was another very familiar species with a story that remains largely untold.

Humans. Climate refugees.

This was the tale I had to tell. And the time was now.

Every morning I’d wake up before the sun rose and come downstairs, drink my Dadaji’s lemongrass chai, open up my document and write. Page after page. Chapter after chapter.

One paragraph eventually blossomed into 65 pages.

I was excited. My love for writing was reignited. I clicked submit on my application, adrenaline rushing in, crossing fingers and toes.

And... I was over the moon to be accepted!

All year, I wrote daily. On my phone. Scrap paper.
Even receipts!

I began by developing four protagonists, each with their own dilemma. Characters with struggles, hopes, and dreams of their own. Humans not unlike you and me. And as Isla, Ava, Xenia, and Natasha—my four protagonists—learned their way around their worlds. I figured out my own way around the page.

We all learnt how we could use our love for art, family, and community as a form of activism.

I worked closely with my cohort of incredible authors (now friends), my amazing mentor, fabulous lead teachers and, of course, the creative, collaborative, and caring Telling Room community.

Through the process I learnt not only the skills and craft needed to write a book, but also how to tell a story.

And statistics go to the brain but stories go to the heart.

Throughout, I was bolstered by endless support and love from all three generations of my family. Cheering me on. Celebrating all the victories. Celebrating the process.

I read my story out loud as it developed to my Dada and Ma. And, after an intense and rewarding ten months, I shared my completed novel, Changes in the Weather with them, reading my dedication:

To them. For being my home.

And now. . . I’ve begun to see how to create home on and off the page, too.

I’ve learned how to use my words to catalyze positive change. To advocate for myself. Especially as a young woman of color it is crucial for me to stand my ground. Make space for myself and others.

I better understand the type of person I strive to be. Someone dedicated to bringing marginalized stories to the center of the page.

On August 25th 2022, at the age of 17, I became a published author.

Yes, as a child I loved to write. I still do. As it did back then too, writing continues to be a way to better understand myself and the world around me, and to dream up a world of my own.

And now I see how—pen to paper, words to world—it’s a way to dream a better future for all of us, too.
The year is 2001. Kenya is 6 years old, Gil is barely 1, and Sage would come along 5 years later. I had just bought a farm in Belgrade Lakes and moved there from Connecticut. As I sat on the granite front step with the big twin maples towering over me while I nursed Gil, I knew this would be home. Home to raise my kids and feed my community. I knew I wanted to be a stay-at-home mom and raise my children on the farm. I knew I wanted to sell pies and jams at the side of the road and hang our laundry on an outside clothesline. All else just happened. A by-product of the fruits of our labors.

My oldest, Kenya, helped me start our farm. I came home with an arm load of winterberries from the side of the road, it made me smile so much - the color and the fact that I found something in the woods that I could make into something that customers would buy. Kenya said, “Winterberry Farm, Momma, that should be the name of our farm.” And so, it is.

We are a CSA farm, growing veggies and cut flowers, selling at 3 farmers markets weekly. We are also a full service, open year-round farm store, complete with a commercial kitchen where we bake pies, breads, and jar goods. We keep bees for honey, and sheep to spin wool and knit into socks that we sell. Kenya set up and designed the shop so it would be a beautiful selling space for our veggies and flowers.

Growing up, if Kenya had an interest in an animal, like sheep, we would go to Cumberland, and in the back of our Toyota SUV, bring home 2 lambs. Christened Ban and Socks, they were the beginning of our flock of sheep. Kenya showed the sheep at the local fairs in 4H. I would race her to the fair, set her up with another family, run home to my farm obligations, then race back up at the end of the fair to bring her home.

On the January morning in 2006 that Sage was born, Kenya, who was 10 at the time, headed out to the barn to milk our cow Dollie and do barn chores. By the time she came back inside, Sage had arrived, in a little blow-up kiddie pool we had set up in the living room, filled with nice warm water heated on the wood stove in the kitchen.

The next year, when Kenya was 11, she came down with a cold in September. By the 3rd of October, she was diagnosed with type 1 diabetes. She begged me to make it go away; she begged me to find a cure with herbs. I would bring my herbal books to Boston each month and beg them to listen to us. They just told me to put the books away. I felt so helpless. I would do anything to keep my daughter alive, and yet I did not want to believe that there was not a cure. Diabetes was so hard for her to accept, and my heart continues to break for her because of it.

Kenya never missed a beat. Even with a painful back, type 1 diabetes, helping me on the farm, and two younger siblings. She still swam competitively, played softball, and skied hard. She hiked and cross country backskied for 6 months with all her food and tent supplies on her back from southern Vermont to Canada, and then biked home. It was the time of her life. She met wonderful people.

PHOTOS BY NATALIA PALIYNO OF PROVENCHER PHOTOGRAPHY

BY MARY PERRY

FARM RAISED
and felt empowered with all she had accomplished. She finished her senior year homeschooling on the farm. Her project was to have the 1870’s barn on our property accepted into the national registry of historic places. And that she did.

She went on to college, after her two back surgeries, along with managing her diabetes. Kenya is off now, leading her own life. She met Eben, her husband of 2 ½ years. They married on a buoy in Penobscot Bay off of Camden during COVID. We were in small boats and kayaks watching. They then had a big shindig at the farm a year later. They live in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, where Eben teaches at a boarding school, and Kenya has a doula business. They are full of adventures, backcountry skiing, mountain biking, traveling in their truck with a little pop-up tent in the back, and their two pups.

My youngest child, Sage, is a wise, powerful, outgoing child. She grew up with two older siblings that showed her how to be a kid on a farm, making soups, milking the cow, chasing sheep from one pasture to another, keeping the lawn mowed together. Bringing hens in the house when they were sick or losing feathers. They gave her all the basics for living on the farm.

She is a pile of curly hair, determination, and kindness. She is empathetic like no other human I have met. She is an old soul that I am honored to call my daughter. She has no judgment on herself or others ever, she takes one day at a time, lives to the fullest, and loves and cares for everyone. I have never heard her say anything negative about anything - she always finds the positive to make herself and others feel good. No matter what.

All my kids have been aware of the challenges of raising a family with little-to-no money. They know to shut lights off in rooms that we are not using. They know how to grow and prepare their own food. They know how to give to neighbors that are lonely and without family nearby, and how to invite them over to join us in our fun-filled holidays. We have lived a lifetime together. We have watched animals’ birth, and the agony of making the decision to put them out of their misery from old age or illness.

I have learned a life of lessons from my daughters. And I am the lucky one who gets to be with Sage every day, working together, traveling together, and playing hard. We started going to NOFA (New England Organic Farmers Association) held in Burlington, Vermont each February when Sage was 6. She decided back then she wanted to go to school there and become a vet. And in time, we will see.

My identity of being a farmer and mom of three is changing. Kenya helped me start Winterberry Farm, and this life of which I could never have done by myself. Sage is helping me close this chapter of our lives, while we plan and prepare to sell the farm and move to North Haven Island. This is a task I could never do mentally or physically without Sage.

My kids have learned how to run a family, run a business, never give up, how to love, how to take care of each other, how to be strong, how to be sensitive, how to grow food in the midst of climate change, and how to accept everyone - no matter where they come from. I have learned all those things too, from my children. My life is so full, full of them and their love. I am so incredibly lucky.

Once a farm family, always a farm family.
Growing up in the 80s in a family full of salt-of-the-earth Maine women, I know first-hand how precious girlhood can be in this beautiful state. And while the world looks a lot different these days with the internet and AI making all of our wants and needs feel instantly gratified, there are still some old-fashioned, analog aspects to growing up in Maine that, fingers crossed, will never change. I chatted with my precocious five-year-old daughter, Eleanor, to get her perspective on what she loves most about being a kid during spring in Maine. Here are her hilariously unfiltered thoughts.

1. **PLANTING SEEDS**
   Eleanor helps plant flower and vegetable seeds in the first cold days of spring to start the summer gardens. “But I don’t like sunflowers; they look like giant eyes,” she says.

2. **HEARING SPRING SOUNDS**
   “I like hearing the chicka-dee-dee-dee and the buzzy bees and the breezy breeze and the flap flap of our kites when it gets windy,” she says. “Spring makes the best sounds.”

3. **MUD, SO MUCH MUD**
   While wiggling her feet out of her shoes, she tries to show me just how much she loves the squishy feeling of mud between her toes. “I can sculpt with it too!”

4. **SEARCHING FOR EPHEMERALS**
   Eleanor explains that spying on the first flowers in spring always surprises her. “I like when the pods poke out through the snow and sneak on you,” she says.

5. **GETTING READY TO SAIL**
   Eleanor spends weekends helping her grandparents ready their boat for summer sailing. She says that her favorite part is inspecting the kids’ cabin, where there is a porthole in the floor so they can watch fish and whales swim under the boat during summer. “Except we never see whales, Mom,” she reminds me.
CUTTING FLOWERS

One of Eleanor’s favorite things is cutting flowers and making bouquets. “I love peonies, dandelions, and blowing on the dandelion puffs, hearing the bees buzz, and eating lily pods,” she says.

PUDDLE JUMPING

Sneaking into puddles and splashing is a sport, Eleanor says. “I like getting dirty and I like splashing and especially the getting dirty part.”

DIGGING FOR WORMS

Digging for worms while dad turns over the garden to ready it for planting is an annual must for Eleanor. She looks for the biggest, fattest, and longest worms, but “when I notice they are dry, I put them back in the soil because they are my friends.”

EATING OUTSIDE WITH MY BROTHERS

When the sun takes longer to settle in the west, Eleanor and her brothers love to eat outside and watch the first stars come out. “My favorite food to eat outside is hotdogs!” Eleanor yelps, adding, “and s’mores!”

TIME WITH DAD

“I like walking in the woods with dad and taking a nice hike to see the cows and going on the big hill,” she says. Living in Maine means living close to nature and having lots of opportunities to get into the woods and play.
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In her captivating and prophetic Parable series, Octavia E. Butler imagines a dystopian future in which her strong female character—Lauren Olamina—suggests that “The only lasting truth is change.” This feels right as the world constantly shifts and humans keep evolving and changing, too, sometimes growing out of old personalities and ways of being.

Often, we don’t fully integrate those “old selves” along the way. While previous versions of self may lie dormant, they can also be brought back to the forefront by a particular person or event. Have you ever regressed to your inner 5-year-old around members of your family of origin? Or felt resistant to someone else’s advice or suggestion and realized that your inner adolescent was suddenly doing the talking? Previous aspects of self aren’t simply the “inner child”—it’s actually quite a bit more complex in there.

When an outdated, younger version or old aspect of yourself has resurfaced, it can be uncomfortable—or it can be liberating. There are many ways to explore your personal inner landscape. Doing so can lead to better self-awareness, emotional literacy, and self-regulation. One example, Internal Family Systems (IFS), is a psychological approach sometimes referred to as “parts” work because it considers the internal “self” to be an amalgam of different elements, or parts. For example, almost everyone has an inner critic, and there’s bound to be various iterations of the childlike self. These parts are generally categorized into two types: “exiles,” which are parts that are wounded, vulnerable, and carry traumatic or difficult memories, and “protectors,” which are parts that work to keep the exiles safe by managing emotions, behavior, and thoughts—all in the name of equilibrium and peace.

In IFS, these parts are considered subpersonalities that can be worked with in order to make sense of past experiences and even process trauma. This approach can foster a sense of wholeness and self-acceptance. Many therapists are trained in the IFS model and you can also learn more in the many books written by its founder, Richard C. Schwartz, including No Bad Parts. A simplified form of IFS can be had if you watch (or rewatch) Pixar’s Inside Out. You get a clearer picture of the different “parts” we’re all likely to have with a peek inside protagonist Riley’s psyche at her various emotions and how they take turns being in charge. Her behavior varies widely depending on whether Joy, Sadness, Anger, Fear, or Disgust is in the driver’s seat. The way that the numerous characters work together (and are sometimes at odds!) is very indicative of IFS parts work.

Change can be invigorating and so can discovering new parts of yourself. The goal of IFS is to help you recognize and connect with these many parts in order to understand how they interact with each other. This can lead to greater insights into your thoughts, feelings, and behaviors and help you develop a more compassionate relationship with yourself.
This quarter’s issue of Maine Women Magazine is themed around coming of age. When I look back on milestones that were celebrated for me by others, they were always marked around culturally traditional values. Many of these socially celebrated events included a ‘shower’ or some sort of celebratory party. When I turned 21, when I got married, when I had children, friends and family would get together to celebrate these life changing events. During those moments of my past, I was surrounded and supported by people dear to me. Fast forward to today and I am experiencing yet another life change: This moment, however, has not been marked by a shower or party. In fact, I can’t think of anyone male or female that has had a business baby shower. It is possible these parties do not even exist … yet.

Just last month I left my previous employer to start my own investment advisory business. This new endeavor has taken on a life of its own. You could say that this is my fourth child, that it is my business baby. I am extremely privileged to have had a supportive spouse, family, and friends. I have enough resources and financial savings that taking the leap of self-employment wasn’t impossible. The journey is without a doubt, still difficult, but I feel the scaffolding of support around me. I realize that this isn’t the case for many, and some folks starting out, may need a more explicit showering of support.

So, I am here to say, if you are thinking of starting a small business or have recently done so, celebrate by throwing a business baby shower. It may sound a little out of the ordinary, but it could be a great way to help get you started. A registry may consist of things like, software subscriptions, supplies, stationary, commercial photography, and/or business leadership coaching sessions. Even things like a commitment to share the business social media post a particular amount of times, or a list of referrals and resources for the new business owner would be an incredible gift.

Business baby showers could also help broaden some societal norms. These events have the potential to lift an entire new population that is often left out of the traditional celebrations. Single folks, people without children, or even lifetime home renters may never have the chance to be the center of the standard celebrations. Things like a housewarming, wedding, or baby shower are very limiting in who is represented. Recognizing the major life event of starting a business welcomes an even broader range of people.

Starting a business is very scary but also an exciting time much like other coming of age moments in life, and one that I currently can speak about firsthand. I am so thankful for all the generosity and gifts for my wedding, and birth of my children. However, knowing what I know now, I would trade all my Fiesta Ware dishes for a paper shredder, and a list of solid leads. Starting a business is an amazing milestone and worth celebrating, so party on!
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Bridge the Gap takes place on Saturday, May 6th at 10am with its traditional start at Fort Knox in Prospect. Racers can run across the breathtaking Penobscot Narrows Bridge and take either the 10-Miler through Verona Island, west to east, or the 3-Miler, which cuts across Verona Island and follows the scenic waterfront walkway, where both races end in downtown Bucksport. Visit www.crowathletics.com/bridgethegap-race-overview for more information.

Celebrate different styles of music and dance at the Acadia Festival of Traditional Music & Dance. This festival takes place at the College of the Atlantic on Monday, June 26th through Sunday, July 2nd. Visit acadiatradfestival.org for more information.

Annie Kids Camp will be taking place in Caribou at Broadway Kids in The County Theatre Company from Sunday, June 18th through Friday, June 23rd. The camp is geared towards campers in grades 1st through 8th, and performances for the whole family to enjoy will be on June 23rd and May 24th. Visit www.broadwaykidsac.com/summer-2023/2023/6/19/annie-kids-camp for more information.

The Maine Fungi Fest, celebrating “All Things Fungi, Plant Based Healing, and Evolving Consciousness” takes place at the Holiday Inn in Portland from Friday, May 12th through Sunday, May 14th. Visit mainefungifest.com for more information.

*Natalie Merchant will be performing on Tuesday, May 9th, from 7:30 - 10:30pm at the Merrill Auditorium in Portland. Visit www.vividseats.com/natalie-merchant-tickets-portland-merrill-auditorium-04-28-2023--concerts-alternative-production/4211441 for more information.

Maine Comic & Toy Con takes place at the Cross Center in Portland on Friday, May 26th. Visit www.ticketmaster.com/Maine-Comic-Toy-Con-Portland-Maine-04-28-2023-event2518522712602548 for more information.

The 20th Annual Down East Spring Birding Festival takes place from Friday, May 26th through Monday, May 29th at the Cobscook Institute in Lubec. To learn more, please visit www.allaboutbirds.org/news/event/down-east-spring-birding-festival/
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