



Mainer meets Dolly at last

Singer signs photo from Bangor debut

BY MEG HASKELL
BDN STAFF

Forty-seven years after he snapped a compelling photograph of 23-year-old Dolly Parton making her debut performance in Bangor, city resident and pawn shop owner Orlando Frati finally had a chance last weekend to meet the now-famous country-music superstar.

Frati, 84, had less than a minute backstage with Parton — just time enough to pose for a few quick photos before she stepped onstage for her full-house performance at the Darling's Waterfront Pavilion last Saturday.

"She was beautiful," Frati said. "She had on a beautiful dress, and she was all glittered up." After the meet-up, Parton's managers escorted him back to his seat. Frati thoroughly enjoyed the concert with his daughter, who accompanied him to the event.

"The show was great," he said. "She sang so many songs and told a lot of stories about her family and her childhood. She made everyone feel at home."

But Frati has a more lasting memento of Parton's recent visit.



JEREMY WESTBY | WEBSTER PR
Bangor resident and businessman Orlando Frati meets country music star Dolly Parton backstage before her recent performance at Darling's Waterfront Pavilion. Frati last saw Parton, and snapped the photo they are holding, 47 years ago when she was the relatively unknown opening act for country star Porter Wagoner at a performance in Bangor.

At the beginning of June, Frati contacted the Bangor Daily News to suggest a story about a collection of photos he'd taken in the past, including shots of a number of big-name country music performers who performed in Bangor in the 1960s and '70s.

In particular, he said, he had a nice photo of country newcomer Dolly Parton taken in the mid-1960s, when she opened a Bangor show for country star

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Islesboro native Marie Hall, a resident at Boardman Cottage, works on a puzzle recently.

GABOR DEGRE | BDN

'So here I am, living on an island'

BY MEG HASKELL
BDN STAFF

On a recent Friday morning, 91-year-old Florence Cross sat knitting on the sunny front porch of Boardman Cottage, an eight-bed assisted living home in the Waldo County island community of Islesboro. Alert and cheerful, she spontaneously offered to show visitors her quarters, confidently leading the way through the sunlit halls to her spacious corner bedroom at the rear of the facility. Her room was outfitted with her own familiar furnishings, art and family photographs. Big windows looked out a stretch of grassy lawn, dotted with bird feeders, and the shady green forest behind.

Cross, a longtime resident of Augusta, moved to Boardman Cottage just three weeks ago to be close to her beloved daughter-in-law, Janet DuPuy, who now lives on Islesboro with her second husband after the death of her first husband, Florence Cross' son, in 1993.

"She thought this would be a nice place for me to be in my old age," Cross said, looking around her room with a smile. "So here I am, living on an island."

Boardman Cottage opened 11 years ago in response to a growing need for assisted living options for islanders and their families, said island resident and board member Sharon Daley. For more than 15 years, Daley, a registered nurse, has served with the island-hopping medical team from the Maine Seacoast Mission in Bar Harbor, which visits 12 Maine islands with year-round populations. A scheduled speaker at an upcoming conference on the needs of aging islanders, Daley said every island is grappling with how to care for its older residents. The issue affects mainland communities as well, she noted, but island geography and culture pose additional challenges.

"Everyone wants to stay on the island and in the community as they age; it's their home," Daley said. For elderly islanders, she said, the prospect of moving to the



A ferry carries vehicles and passengers across Penobscot Bay from Islesboro to Lincolnville recently.

GABOR DEGRE | BDN

Why 'aging in place' poses a special challenge for Mainers living offshore



GABOR DEGRE | BDN
Islesboro resident Sharon Daley, a registered nurse who has worked with the Seacoast Mission medical team for more than 15 years, has been involved with Boardman Cottage since the facility started.

mainland for assisted living or other care is traumatic and isolating, displacing them from their families, friends and communities. For island families, the opportunity to visit elderly loved ones in facilities on the mainland is limited by the schedule and considerable expense of ferry service to and from the island, as well as by their own work hours and other logistics.

Janet DuPuy said she struggled to make the trip to Augusta every week or two to check in on her mother-in-law, who lived alone and was clearly developing problems with memory, medications, food, transportation and general

self-care. Now that Cross lives on the island in the supportive environment of Boardman Cottage, she said, "I can see her every day."

Small is beautiful

Boardman Cottage is a state-regulated facility funded by MaineCare, occasional private-pay residents and an ambitious, ongoing private fundraising effort. It opened with six beds but quickly expanded to the state limit of eight.

"Technically, we're an Adult Family Care Home," said administrator Maura Michaels. "Twenty years ago, we would have been called a boarding home. We provide nonmedical, nonskilled care."

That means, essentially, no IV medications and no heavy lifting. Residents can get basic help with bathing, dressing and other daily activities. Medications are administered by a certified staff member. The island's nearby health center sends a nurse practitioner or physician assistant over on a regular basis and as needed.

The facility also works with volunteers and family members to provide more intensive care, respite services and supervision for

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Make every day of summer count

Though I love all the seasons in Maine and look forward to their particular pleasures, I have to admit that summer is my favorite. By the time spring, that fickle flibbertigibbet, is wrapping up its teasing routine of early peach blossoms and surprise ice storms, I am more than ready for the constancy and kindness of our short summer. I wait for it all year, dreaming of beach roses, the scent of fresh-mown grass and the feel of the sun on my skin.

The summer solstice — that moment at which the sun reaches its furthest point north of the equator and then starts its slow journey south — took place at 6:34 p.m. Monday. That's about the time that Douglas and I drove over to the outlet channel of Alamoosook Lake in nearby Orland, where the fresh water flows over a little dam on its way to the briny Penobscot River and, eventually, the open Atlantic.

We pulled onto a tiny track that leads into a community of summer cottages, then into a small parking spot on the upwater side of the dam. Already in our swimsuits, we hopped out of the Subaru and stepped off the grassy bank into the shallow water. The far side of the channel was cast in cool shadows, but on our side the sun sparkled across the surface of the water like a spray of diamonds.

We paused to take in the beauty of the moment. Then we swanned forward into deeper water, diving into the cool green world under the surface and coming up with a splutter and a smile. We had marked the beginning of the calendar summer, and kicked off the 2016 Summer Swim Challenge.

You've never heard of the Summer Swim Challenge? You're not alone. Outside our family and the immediate circle of friends and neighbors, no one has. And, so far as I know, there are only three of us — Douglas, his daughter Sigrid, and me — who are participating this year. But be assured, we take it very, very seriously. Well, no, we don't ... we laugh at ourselves all summer, because there is absolutely no point to it. But we do it anyway.

The Summer Swim Challenge is a commitment to swim, or at least dunk, in wild water every day of the calendar summer. No pools. No exceptions for bad weather, bad moods, low tides, mild illness, conflicting social or professional obligations, forgetfulness, relationship difficulties or other inconveniences. Full immersion is the rule. Yes, hair and all.

"Where are you going to swim today?" becomes a routine conversation over breakfast. What happens if you miss a day? Well,

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MEG HASKELL

World-class wordsmiths at top of their game in Castine tourney

BY MEG HASKELL
BDN STAFF

It was a postcard-perfect summer day in the tiny, coastal village of Castine — warm, sunny, clear, breezy. But the 16 women seated at small tables in the lower-level room of Markel's Bakehouse on Tuesday weren't in town to enjoy the quaint New England ambiance or the stunning ocean views. They were

there to play Scrabble. Opponents sat across from each other at tables for two. The hush of the room was punctuated by the muffled sounds of the familiar family board game. The quiet clatter of tiles being arranged and rearranged, tentatively or authoritatively, on wooden racks. The more definitive sound of words being set out in the game board grid — words like "alef,"

"zebus," "jin" and the more pedestrian "burpers."

The score, counted in a low murmur.

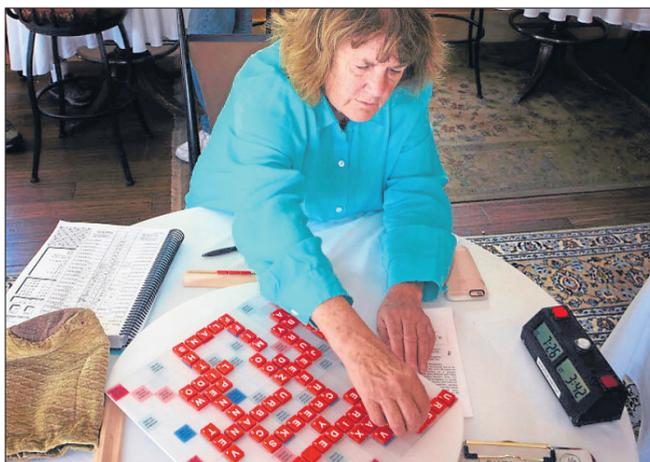
"Four, five, nine, eight on a double and a double word for 68."

"Nice play."

A dull jingle as the player drew fresh tiles from a cloth bag and her opponent took the board.

But this was no kitchen-table Scrabble game. These

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Andrea Hatch lays down her word during a women's Scrabble tournament at Markel's Bakehouse in Castine on Tuesday. The competition brought 16 high-level players from across the country to a three-day tournament.

ASHLEY L. CONTI | BDN