



JULIA BAYLY | BDN

Founded by the late Richard Corbin, Mizpah is a place for all.

Founder's Mizpah vision continues

Retreat welcomes cancer survivors

BY JULIA BAYLY
BDN STAFF

When Richard Corbin was 22 years old, he was diagnosed with stage IV Hodgkin's disease and told by doctors he had less than a year to live.

Corbin immediately set out to prove them wrong, and he did. He finally succumbed to the disease last December — at 71 years old.

Along the way, Corbin got married, fathered two children and underwent decades of radiation and chemotherapy treatments, hip replacements, removal of cancer-affected organs and a diabetes diagnosis.

"All through his dark years and low points of his cancer existence, he kept asking the man upstairs that if he would spare his life he would build a place for cancer survivors," Roger Corbin, Richard's younger brother, said. "He kept his promise and started building it in 1991."

Corbin started the retreat on 15 acres, which he purchased from a man who needed money to buy a car, according to his youngest brother, Mike Corbin. He did so imagining a place of reflection and peace with the name Mizpah, meaning "helping another" in Hebrew.

Over the years, more land, more buildings and a pond were added. Today more than 4,000 people visit the expanded 109-acre site annually, and Richard Corbin's dream is kept alive through his family. Located about a half-mile down a dirt road 3 miles off U.S. Route 1 in Grand Isle, the retreat is open to the public from May to October. Visitors are welcomed by a small spring-fed pond, upon which floats a huge red and blue rosary. There is a chapel, and there are cabins that can be used overnight.

The retreat has a Way of the Cross through the woods, another chapel for children and a welcoming lodge.

A Road of Reflection meanders through the woods. It allows visitors a chance to reflect on the See Mizpah, Page C2



Mike Corbin



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Members of the 1976-77 Allagash Lady Bobcats championship teams got together for a reunion during the Fourth of July weekend in Allagash.

Lady Bobcats still draw hometown crowd

'Scrappy' Allagash team meets for 40-year reunion

BY JULIA BAYLY
BDN STAFF

It's been 40 years, but Starr McBreairey Goodridge can still sink the hook shot.

Goodridge was back in her old gym shooting hoops at the former Allagash Consolidated School over the July Fourth weekend at a reunion with her fellow Bobcats and their fans to recall the glory days of basketball in one of the state's smallest towns.

Watch the video
bangordailynews.com

In 1976 Goodridge was part of the Allagash Lady Bobcats' basketball team that went from a 1-15 season the previous year all the way to the Maine Class D Championship the next two years.

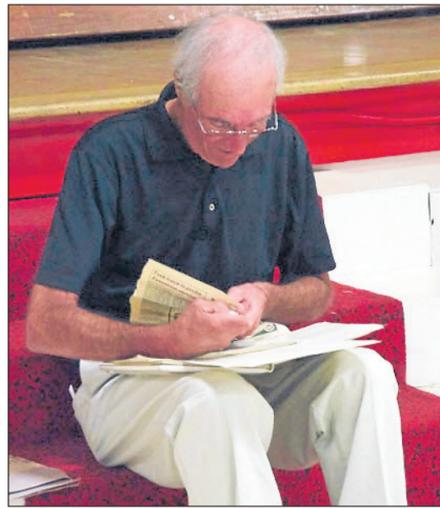
"Our games were really events for the entire town," Goodridge said. "When you played for Allagash, you were playing for the whole town. Everyone was part of it."

The population of Allagash in 1976 was around 800, according to Darlene Kelly Dumond, co-captain of that championship team and current manager of the town's only diner, Two Rivers Lunch. So limited was the pool of potential players in the 1970s that coach Leroy Marquis



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Former Allagash Bobcats team captains Bonnie Hafford (left) and Darlene Kelly Dumond share a laugh during a team reunion over the July Fourth weekend in Allagash. Forty years ago, the Lady Bobcats were the Maine Class D champions.



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Leroy Marquis took the Allagash Lady Bobcats to two state championships. He was back in Allagash over the July Fourth weekend for a team reunion.

was able to employ a Maine Principals' Association rule that allowed eighth-graders to play on varsity teams in schools with low enrollment.

"I was in eighth grade, and my dad was working at the lumber camp in Musquacook," former Bobcat Kadi O'Leary said. "Mr. Marquis came up to see him and told him, 'I'm going to make a star out of your daughter,' and my dad said right back, 'She walks like a baby moose, good luck with that.'"

Marquis, who traveled from North Carolina to the reunion, said O'Leary turned out to be the strongest player he ever coached, scoring 13 points in her first varsity game at just 13 years old.

"I had to be strong," O'Leary said with a laugh. "Because I was not that coordinated."

On Sunday, the Bobcat's old gym — now the town's community center — was decked out in the team's red and white colors, with tables covered in old news clippings, varsity jackets, duffel bags and the two gold balls won in 1976 and 1977.

See Bobcats, Page C2

Holidays bring up the best and worst

Holidays feel odd to me. They encourage an intensity of spirit, emotion and physical exertion that no other days of the year do. They heighten anticipation with planned events, and never quite live up to our imaginations.

They give us hope, pull at our heartstrings, and let us celebrate or be somber or whatever the holiday dictates. Humans love to commemorate and celebrate. And holidays let us plan parties and, most importantly, gather as friends and families.

For people who have suffered loss, holidays rekindle all kinds of feelings — loneliness for the person or people missing from the family circle; reminiscences of other holidays when those folks were with us, and a chance to laugh and remember with those who remain; intense love for the people we still have around us; and a little resurgence of the grief we have learned to live with or move away from.

Fourth of July has been an evolving holiday for me. When I was a child, we spent the Fourth at our family camp. We would spend the day in the water, have a cookout complete with watermelon, and play with sparklers.

When I was a teen, we would take the day off from the farm fields and go on a picnic near the local lake, and I would swim and play in the water with my adopted sisters. I remember one such Fourth in particular because my biological mother had died of cancer the day before — on July 3. The family picnic was somber, and I felt numb and a little lost, but keeping tradition was reassuring.

The summer between my freshman and sophomore years of college, I worked at a restaurant in Boothbay Harbor, and spent the Fourth working in a small, hot kitchen for all three shifts. People packed the streets of the small village, like so many ants hurrying to nowhere, and the restaurant was full all day.

When I finally emerged into the cool evening air, the peace and quiet settled over my skin like a soothing balm. I can still feel it when I think about that night, and the contrast it was with the heat of the daylight hours.

As a young adult in my nascent newspaper career, I usually volunteered to work on Fourth of July, and would watch the fireworks with my co-workers from the office parking lot. Sometimes I would do a special meal, but mostly I wouldn't bother.

My husband Jim and I had no set way of celebrating the Fourth. Some years we both worked, but even then, managed at least a cookout. Other years, we were at camp and took part in the campground's activities.

One year, we launched our 15-foot Corson boat in the Penobscot River at Hampden and traveled See Curves, Page C2



JULIE HARRIS

Store donations, volunteers keep Maine soup kitchen running

BY ANTHONY BRINO
BDN STAFF

A few times each week, 88-year-old Presque Isle resident Calvin Tuttle drives to Graves' Shop 'n Save, picks up boxes of donated produce, bread and other food and takes it all to Martha & Mary's Soup Kitchen.

For almost 25 years, Martha & Mary's Soup Kitchen has offered free meals in Presque Isle with food donations from the local Shop 'n Save, a part of the Hanaford company.

For many of those years, Tuttle has been a key part of that successful relationship, and he's continuing on.

"After a while, it's an old habit," said Tuttle. "Everyone says 'Hi' and 'Good morning' when you come in."

The soup kitchen is made possible thanks to volunteers like Tuttle and the donations from

the grocery store, the kitchen's sole source of donations, said Cindy Patten, director of the soup kitchen.

"If we didn't get this, we would not be serving the amount of food we serve," said Patten, who works as a hospital respiratory therapist on the weekends and the soup kitchen during the week. "We use all the onions, peppers, cucumbers, tomatoes. We do salads. They donate meat and freeze it until we have enough to make a meal."

Martha & Mary's is open 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and it helps between 80 and 100 people during the three days, including senior citizens, people with disabilities, young families and people struggling with income, Patten said.

Don Samiya, manager of the store, said that the store's late, longtime owner Robert Graves started donating blemished but



ANTHONY BRINO | BDN

Don Samiya, manager at the Presque Isle Shop & Save, Cindy Patten, director of Martha & Mary's Soup Kitchen, and Calvin Tuttle, a longtime volunteer driver.

fresh produce and other foods to a community meal kitchen back in the 1970s. Today, it remains a win-win, helping with a community need while saving the store on waste disposal.

Twice per day, staff cull



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A sign for Martha & Mary's Soup Kitchen, a provider of free community meals three times a week on Parson Street in Presque Isle.

through the produce for donations, as well as bread and other baked goods, Samiya said, estimating that the food they send amounts to more than \$1,000 in retail value each week.

"Any produce that people

will not purchase, because of pits or bruises or something, we don't want to throw it away, because it's still good," Samiya said. "It saves us on filling up the landfills and also serves the community."