

OBITUARIES

KOBE J. BERRY

BANGOR - Kobe J. Berry, 13, died July 15, 2016, of accidental drowning in Island Falls, along with his grandfather, Jamie Main. He was born March 17, 2003, in Houlton, the son of David Trembley III and Elizabeth Berry.

He was currently attending James F. Doughty School in Bangor. Kobe enjoyed playing football, video games and spending time with family and friends. He was a very polite and kind young man.

He is survived by his parents, Elizabeth Berry and Jason Watson of Bangor; 2 sisters and 3 brothers, Jayden, Hailey, Gavin, Ethan, and Landon; a maternal grandmother, Marada and John Armour of Oakfield; paternal grandmother, Regina Violette of New Hampshire and Kirk, Sharon and Amy Watson; uncles, Shawn and George; and cousins, Ariana, Harleigh and William, as well as many other aunts, uncles, cousins, and many friends from school.

Friends may call 11 a.m.-12 noon Thursday, July 21st, at Hammond Street Congregational Church, 28 High St., Bangor, with services being held at 12 noon. Interment will be at the Crystal Cemetery. For online condolences please visit www.bowersfuneral.com

In Memoriam

In Loving Memory Of
FREDERICK E. CLARKE, JR.
Oct 03, 1941 - Jul 19, 2014



Those we love we never lose, for always they will be loved, remembered, treasured. Always in our memory. Love Dianne and family.

ELIZABETH 'LIZ' (WALDRON) BARNES

READING, MASS. - Elizabeth "Liz" (Waldron) Barnes of Reading, Mass., formerly of Bethel, Lewiston and Jay, Maine, died July 17, 2016.

She was the beloved wife of John I. Barnes; cherished sister of Trudi W. LaPlante and her husband, David of E. Millinocket and Richard Waldron, Jr. and his wife, Sherry of Parsonsfield; loving aunt of Sarah Waldron of North Conway, NH and Carl W. Waldron and his wife, Sara of Auburn; loving grandaunt of Amelie Waldron of North Conway, NH. She is also survived by her "Special Sisters", Louise and Randi.

Funeral service Thursday, July 21, at the Old South United Methodist Church, 6 Salem St., Reading, Mass. at 12 noon. Burial to follow at Charles Lawn Cemetery, Reading. Visiting hours will be held prior to the funeral at the Douglass, Edgerley and Bessom Funeral Home, 25 Sanborn St. (corner of Woburn St.), Reading, from 10:00-11:30am. A service will be performed by the members of Priscilla Chapter #52 O.E.S. at 11.

In lieu of flowers contributions may be made in Elizabeth's memory to the Relay For Life Cancer Walk, c/o Trudi LaPlante, 37 Maple St., East Millinocket, ME 04430 or the Winchester Hospital Oncology Dept., 620 Washington St., Winchester, MA 01890.

For online guest book and directions, visit johnbdouglassfuneralhome.com

In Memoriam

In Loving Memory Of
JOHN H. EATON JR. (JAY)
July 19, 1962 - Jan. 27, 2014



We miss you more and more every day.
Love, Mom, Dad & Denise

Swedish skier dies in Chile avalanche

REUTERS

SANTIAGO — Swedish professional extreme skier Matilda Rapaport has died after being caught in an avalanche in the Andes mountains near Chile's capital Santiago, her sponsor Red Bull said Monday.

Rapaport, who was 30 years old, was skiing in a film shoot outside the resort town of Farellones on Thursday after a major snowstorm when the avalanche occurred. She died later in hospital after suffering oxygen deprivation and brain damage.

"Matilda was an extraordinary athlete, traveling the world to find her passion, ride steep terrain and share her bright smile," Red Bull

said in a statement.

Rapaport was an established part of the freeride skiing circuit, in which athletes rapidly descend steep, rocky mountain faces, and she had appeared in many ski films and magazines.

Her death occurred nearly two years after the Chilean avalanche deaths of famed extreme skiers Jean-Philippe Aucclair, a Canadian, and Carl Andreas Fransson, a Swede.

It also comes during a time of reflection within the extreme skiing community regarding the dangers of the sport. In December, skiing magazine Powder published a feature article asking if professional skiers were taking too many risks. Rapaport appeared on the cover.

UN tombstone listings a joint success in Balkans

REUTERS

SARAJEVO — A World Heritage listing for 70,000 medieval tombstones spread across four countries that emerged from Yugoslavia's bloody breakup in the 1990s was praised Monday as a rare example of successful cooperation between the former foes.

Bosnia, Croatia, Montenegro and Serbia, whose neighborly relations often suffer over disputes dating back to the war, spent six years persuading the United Nations to protect the graveyards as part of their shared heritage.

Bosnia's Civil Affairs Minister Adil Osmanovic announced Monday that a committee of the U.N. Educational Scientific and Cultural Organisation recognized the unique and universal cultural value of the tombstones, known as stecci.

"They also acknowledged

and welcome an unprecedented cooperation between our four countries on this project," Osmanovic told a news conference together with ambassadors of the other three countries and a UNESCO representative.

"Bearing in mind what our countries have been through in the near past, this project has really proved the importance of the graveyards and stecci for the regional relations," he added. "It is our joint success."

Bosnia coordinated the campaign to have the stecci listed.

The tombstones date to the 12th century and are treasured in the Balkans for their unique decorative symbols and carvings, often linked to the medieval Kingdom of Bosnia. Around 60,000 have been found in Bosnia, with nearly 10,000 more scattered across Croatia, Montenegro and Serbia.

Jonathan D. Stern, journalist who wrote about his cancer diagnosis, dies at 53

BY BART BARNES
THE WASHINGTON POST

At 52, Jonathan D. Stern was "living a typical life in the Washington suburbs: commuting to a job that I loved at ... an organization that provides vaccines to children in developing countries" when he suffered two massive brain seizures.

After more than a week in the hospital, he learned his diagnosis: glioblastoma, an aggressive brain cancer. Most likely, he would have 12 to 18 months to live.

It was June of 2015.

Stern's life would deteriorate dramatically and soon. He would write about it in detail in a story published in The Washington Post on Feb. 29, 2016. His wife, Karen Paul-Stern, would write about what it was like to care for her dying husband in the last year of his life and how it changed her own life in a story published June 2.

On June 18, at their home in Takoma Park, Stern died at 53.

Eight months after his first seizure, Stern wrote, "I am no longer able to work or live self-sufficiently, as even getting up to use a bathroom is fatiguing. My balance is

poor, and I have fallen down several times. Using a computer makes me dizzy. I rarely leave my family room or my house."

Karen Paul-Stern became her husband's primary caregiver, managing his medication at home, responding to multiple health crises — blood clots, changes in blood pressure, brain swelling, side effects of multiple medications — while also meeting the demands of her own job as Washington director of the New Israel Fund, which supports social justice in Israel.

"Every morning felt like a bad version of the movie 'Groundhog Day' as the alarm rang, and I woke to the same script, wishing the day was already over and that I was back in bed," she wrote.

"I felt as if I had lost control of every aspect of my life and the things I love. ... Emotionally, this is a very tough time. Financial concerns are pressing. You are exhausted, physically and mentally. Intimacy is gone, and your partner is now your patient."

The couple had been married for 25 years.

Jonathan David Stern was born Nov. 21, 1962, in Phoenix. His father was a

lawyer, and his mother an artist. He graduated from Northern Arizona University in 1984 and received a master's degree in 1988 from Johns Hopkins University's School of Advanced International Studies.

He began his journalism career as a reporter for New Mexico's Gallup Independent newspaper in 1984 then worked as a reporter at the Phoenix Business Journal. He came to Washington in 1985 as an associate at the Washington Institute for Near East Policy.

From 1988 to 2010, he was publisher and reporter at the business newsletter UCG. In 2002, he won a Sigma Delta Chi Award from the Society of Professional Journalists for his role in exposing inflated accounting practices at WorldCom, whose founder, Bernard J. Ebbers, went to prison. The company's bankruptcy led to the loss of 30,000 jobs and billions of dollars in investors' money.

Stern was the communications director of the Global AIDS Alliance in 2010 and 2011, then was North American communications director for Gavi, a vaccine alliance for children in unde-

veloped countries, from 2011 until he became ill.

Survivors include his wife and three children, Elan Stern, Talia Stern and Noah Stern, all of Takoma Park, Maryland.; his father, Sheldon Stern of Tiberias, Israel; his mother and stepfather, Sherri Ettkin and Larry Ettkin, both of Phoenix; and a sister.

Citing the book "Mainstay: For the Well Spouse of the Chronically Ill," Karen Paul-Stern wrote in June that she had reached what the book's author, Maggie Strong, called a "new normal" in a progression of emotional stages for spouses who are caregivers.

"We could laugh together again — even indulging in dark humor — and could focus on enjoying some time together," she wrote.

"Although his prognosis was an enormous shock, it brought us closer as we talked about our values, our priorities and ensuring the future for our family without him," she said. "We have been honest and open with our three children, who are 20, 17 and 14 years old, and we don't dance around the central fact of our lives: that he will not be here with us for an extended time."

Dementia turns daughter into her mom's mom

BY KRISTEN HARTKE
THE WASHINGTON POST

Loretta Veney remembers with perfect clarity the moment the word "dementia" was spoken by her mother's doctor in 2006.

"My heart really sank, but I tried to put on a brave face for my mom."

Upon hearing the diagnosis, Doris Woodward immediately turned to her daughter and said, "That's bad, isn't it?" to which Veney replied, "Yes, but there are worse things."

Woodward's response: "Besides dying, what's worse than not being able to remember anything?"

Ten years later, now age 86, Woodward appears to have no memory of that visit to the doctor, nor does she recognize Veney as her daughter. As her mother's memories began to fade, Veney fashioned a new role for herself as a memory keeper, leading her to write and self-publish "Being My Mom's Mom: A Journey Through Dementia From a Daughter's Perspective."

"When I started looking for information to help me understand more about dementia," she says, "I found that there weren't a lot of books that were written from an adult child's perspective, and there were definitely not any written by African-Americans. So I thought maybe I could write down my experience, the things I'd learned, the things that I did wrong and make it a little easier for someone else."

Veney, 57, once feared a time when her mother would no longer remember her, writing in her book, "I never want to think I am forgettable." In truth, it was hard to imagine that Woodward could forget her daughter's rather dramatic birth — Veney was born prematurely in 1959 in her grandparents' home in Washington's Petworth neighborhood and delivered by her own father — but she did. Now accustomed to her mother's memory loss, Veney shrugs it off: "People will say things to her about her daughter Loretta, and my mom is very polite and just for the regional relations," he added. "It is our joint success."

Writing the book ended up being an unexpectedly cathartic experience. Because her father left the family shortly after she was born, Veney was brought up by her mother in her grandparents' home and never met her father.

"Being My Mom's Mom" traces the journey that she and her mother have taken together since 1959, including Veney's academic suc-



Visitors and volunteers play a game of bingo recently at My Friend's Place, a daytime activity program for people with Alzheimer's disease and other forms of dementia, in Bangor.

cesses at Catholic University and George Washington University. She studied criminal justice and forensic science, receiving undergraduate and master's degrees by the time she was 21. She later married Tim Veney, a police officer who was several years older and had an 8-year-old daughter when they met. "My mom wasn't too thrilled when she first heard about him," Veney says, "but she loved him after she met him."

"I originally got my private investigator's license in order to track down my father so my mother could get a divorce," Veney recalls, "and I thought I'd get a chance to meet him. But it turned out that all he had to do was sign some papers and send them back, so I never did." Lorenzo Woodward died in 1990, but it wasn't until 2008 that Veney discovered why her father had never been in touch with her: He had left the family because he was gay and, at the insistence of his wife, had agreed to sever all communication with both of his daughters.

"To discover 49 years later that my mom was the reason I never had an opportunity to have a relationship with my father was heartbreaking," Veney writes. "As upset as I was with my mom about this family secret, I also knew that my mom and I would never be able to have a conversation about it. My mom understands so little about the complex ... even commonplace, occurrences of daily living that I'd never consider further complicating her life by venting my anger, treating her badly or withholding my love."

Those words, more than halfway through "Being My Mom's Mom," form the central lesson that Veney conveys to caregivers who are on the same journey as hers: Focus on the love you have for the person with dementia. It helps to keep the grief of seeing that person's memory fade from be-

coming completely overwhelming.

It's a surprising benefit that Veney has discovered, an opportunity to let go of pain and live in the moment, because for those afflicted with dementia, there is no past and no future.

Her book has sold 5,000 copies and spawned a second career; Veney now travels across the country to health fairs, churches and assisted-living facilities where she talks not only about living with a loved one's dementia diagnosis but also about the practical aspects of elder care. "I'm kind of surprised myself," she says of the effect her effort appears to be having.

"Being My Mom's Mom" details many aspects of Veney's experience, including finding a group home for her mother near Veney's home in Prince George's County, Maryland. Before the dementia, Woodward had told her daughters that she did not want ever to live with her children. Veney surmises this is because Woodward lived with her own parents for most of her life and cherished her eventual independence. "It would be easier to have her live with us," Veney says, "but I feel like I have to honor that request, even if she's forgotten all about it."

A strange benefit of Woodward's memory loss is that when Veney's older sister, Renee, died a few years ago, as a result of multiple sclerosis, her mother never had to find out that she'd lost a child. "I wrestled a lot with that decision not to tell her," Veney says, "but in the end it would have been very complicated to explain to her that she'd lost a daughter when she couldn't even remember Renee anymore."

Veney and her husband work hard to create positive experiences for Woodward, even though she simply sees them as the "nice people" who pick her up for outings to the doctor, for

lunch and for visits to family and friends. Still, unexpected challenges arise, such as when her mother actually couldn't remember how to sit down in the car, creating a close-to-tears situation for both women. "I was just so frustrated," Veney says. "I couldn't figure out how to explain to her how to sit down. It didn't occur to me to just demonstrate it, the way you might with a child."

Veney's failure to immediately think of taking a child-friendly approach may have a lot to do with remembering that a person with dementia is an adult who deserves to be treated as such. (This is an imperative that she touches on frequently in her book.) "I try to give her options," she says, on simple decisions, such as which clothes to wear or which dessert to order at a restaurant, just so her mom can feel as though she has some control over her choices. At the same time, she's cognizant of the inescapable parallels between adults with dementia and children: Both thrive on routine, and it's up to those who care for them to be aware of their limitations.

"I've witnessed really embarrassing situations, people screaming at their parents," Veney says. "I see it often in the parking lot outside the doctor's office, someone yelling, 'Hurry up, Mom, you're making us late for your appointment,' and I'm just thinking, 'You know your mom can't move that fast. Why didn't you leave 15 minutes earlier?'"

While Veney is critical of those who are impatient with their ailing parents, she acknowledges that caring for them is not easy, saying, "I feel like I use all of my patience with my mom, which means I don't have much left for the rest of my family sometimes. I have to really catch myself." It's exactly that experience that has driven her over the past few years, appearing at some 250 events where she tries to give hope to families facing an uncertain future.

Recently, after speaking to members of the D.C. chapter of the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority on a Friday night, she came away unsure whether she'd made any impact. So she was thrilled to receive an email a few days later from a woman who said Veney's presentation had given her a new lease on life as a caregiver for her mom.

"I'm never really sure if I've helped anyone," Veney says. "I'm overjoyed that I made a difference for her that day."