

MAY 1, 2023

TCPOA ROAD DUES INVOICE

Please make your check out to TCPOA

Mail to:

TCPOA Tim's Cove Property Owners Assoc

P.O. Box 353

Dover-Foxcroft, ME 04426

Annual Dues of \$250.00 payable by June 1, 2023

Late fees accrue as follows:

After June 1, 2023, pay \$265.00

After July 1, 2023, pay \$280.00

Late fees are assessed according to the TCPOA By-Laws

The Board of Directors thank you for your prompt payment.

Julia Flanders, Treasurer

NOTE: Please inform the Board of Directors of any email address, phone number, or other home address changes as soon as you can. This invoice is posted on the website. It is your responsibility to keep your information current as a member of TCPOA.

Thank You

The Loon

Spring 2023



The Newsletter of the Tim's Cove Property Owners Association

From the desk of our Board's President

Donna Simpson

Spring Greetings to All!

I'm sure we're all itching to open camp and catch up with our friends. Please be sure to check with someone local before you attempt to go in, as the roads can be very difficult to traverse early in the season. Our road contractor, Zac Herrick, will be unable to start road work until the Town of Guilford lifts any restrictions on heavy vehicles. This usually happens in early to mid-June, and I'll keep you posted via email and the TCPOA website.

There have been a number of new camp owners in the past few years, and I'd like to welcome Steven and Heather Taylor from Fairfax, Virginia, who just purchased the Robert Rathbun camp at 262 South Cove Rd. Please stop by and say hi. We have such a wonderful group of camp owners, who are always willing to help (rescuing runaway boats, floats, and docks, for example). We've had a great turnout at our Annual Meetings, and I encourage you to mingle and find someone you don't know and introduce yourselves. Because July 4 (our normal meeting date) falls on a Tuesday, we will hold the meeting on Sunday, July 2 at 9:00 a.m. at the Therriault camp (48 South Cove Rd.). We've been able to keep the meetings to an hour, so you can get back to your friends and relatives and enjoy the holiday.

Please remember that we voted to increase dues to \$250 at last year's meeting and that your check is due by June 1, with late fees accrued at \$15/month after that date. The front page of this newsletter is your invoice, and your canceled check is your receipt. We came close to placing two liens on camps where owners had not paid their required dues over a number of months, but happily the situation was resolved. It takes a lot of time, effort and aggravation for our treasurer to follow up with late-payers, so I encourage you to make life easier for all involved and meet the deadline. Board members are volunteers, so please treat them with respect.

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As much as I have thoroughly enjoyed my almost 12 years as your president, and Julia Flanders, as your treasurer, we both will step down when our terms end in 2024. We have a lot of energetic and talented camp owners and I look forward to seeing some of you step up and assume leadership roles. Serving on the TCPOA Board is actually a lot of fun, and you get to know everyone and hear about all the happenings!

As I walk along the camp roads on a daily basis, I have noticed that the dreaded invasive plant, *Fallopia japonica*, known as knotweed, has been showing up in various locations. Root segments can be brought in when loads of gravel are dumped at camps or on the roads. You may have noticed a large patch on the right just past the cemetery coming in. If caught and eradicated when young, we can prevent these thugs from displacing desirable native plants and causing environmental damage. I'll alert any camp owners if I spot the plants on your property. Please remember that our Bylaws state that camp owners are responsible to keep their ditches free of trees, shrubs, fallen branches, etc. that impede the flow of water in culverts. Kudos to so many of you who have kept your ditches free and who check your culverts each spring to remove any branches or other obstructions. Much appreciated!

All best wishes for safe travels to the Lake!

Donna Simpson



The Old Man and the Lake

By Alice McCormick (Flanders)

The dusky, humid air settled on the still surface of the lake as my sister and I headed to the campsite, waving goodbye to our parents. We'd set up our tent earlier in the day in anticipation of our night of independence. The site was a ten-minute walk away from our lakeside cottage on a wooded piece of land tucked beside a cove. Ten minutes was a long time then when I was eleven and my sister was six.

We zipped and unzipped the tent, dabbled in the water, then took out cards to play a couple rounds of Old Maid and Gin Rummy. Several times during the games, I glanced at the deepening darkness in the surrounding woods. Beyond, the lake still shone with residual sunset. Played out, we changed into our nightshirts, opened our sleeping bags and scratched around for flashlights. We opened our books and read. Between the scraping of pages, we heard the occasional bellow of a bullfrog and the last chirps of birds as they fluffed their feathers and nestled in trees. A soft breeze puckered the surface of the cove.

"I'm getting tired. I'll go to bed," Lauren said.

"Me too."

"Night."

"Nighty-night shirt!" We giggled.

We rustled around, switching off our lights, filing away our books and searching for comfort between the tree roots. The tree roots didn't seem so pervasive earlier. We sighed and closed our eyes.

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Outside, a blackness consumed the woods, but the cove still reflected the memory of light. More bullfrogs joined in a burping, groaning chorus. Un-named splashes punctuated the twilight.

“Alice?”

“Hmm.”

“I can’t sleep.”

“Me either.”

We lay still for a while with our eyes closed, searching for that familiar darkness we found in our beds in the wood-paneled room upstairs at home. I missed my bed. I shook my head—what a silly, unadventurous thought. The breeze blew across the cove into the open door of the tent. The rain flap rustled.

“Alice?” Lauren said, her voice higher than normal.

“Yeah?”

“The tent is shaking.”

“It’s the wind.”

Minutes passed as we lay in close, complete darkness.

“What if there is an old man shaking the tent?” Lauren asked.

“What?” I sat up. “What are you talking about?”

“I think there’s an old man. He’s outside! And he’s shaking the tent.”

“Don’t be ridiculous! There’s wind—a breeze from the lake—and

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A Little Free Lending Library

Your books are needed

The TCPOA Lending Library that stands at the “Y” junction has been a huge success. Thanks to everyone for adding books, borrowing books, and returning books.

The Library itself is inside and in storage for the winter. It will be back out and open for lending in early June.

But now is the time to be thinking about what books you can add to its collections. Non-fiction, Fiction, Children's, etc. All are welcome.

And “Thanks!” once again to Don Rush for the wonderful library itself.

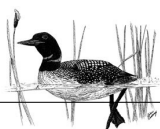


Your Tim's Cove Stories are needed

Do you have a Tim's Cove story that you would like to share? Do your children or grandchildren?

A wedding? A special hike? A special picnic? A family reunion? A summer romance? A winter weekend? (Or a whole winter?)

This is the your community's newsletter. Let's share our memories about what makes this lake & cove special.



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it's flapping the rain flap."

I lay down, blood pounding in my chest and neck. I strained for any sounds of footsteps or creaking limbs. Another sighing breeze blew in the open tent door. The tent shook gently and rattled. My heart-beat increased, my breath constricted. An old man? I thought. How strange. How silly. What would an old man be doing in the woods tonight? That doesn't make sense. But if there were an old man (I guess there could be an old man), why would he rattle the tent? Was he looking for something? Did he live here? In the woods? I squeezed my arms against my torso.

Another breeze pushed into the tent. Suddenly, I knew—it was true! Surely, outside the tent, a thin, wizened, old man stooped wearing a brown cloak. He had crept up behind the tent and extended his hand to grab the peak with his bony fingers. Then, slowly, he began to jiggle the tent, rattling it as he tilted his head to the side, a thin, demonic smile on his lips, his eyes open wide. Very, very wide.

"Lauren!" I gasped.

"What?" She sat up, alarmed.

"I'm afraid!"

"Me too!" She panted. "What do we do?"

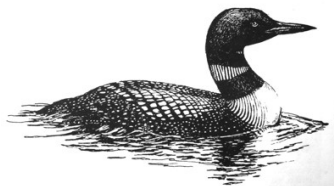
We reached for our flashlights and flicked them on only to see strange, shifting shadows outside where the light hit the tent walls. We shrank further towards the tent's center. The options were horrible. We could stay, waiting for the old man to shake our tent

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In Memory of Michael Kraemer

Michael James Kraemer, of Owings Mills MD, Sebec Lake ME, NYC and Long Island passed away at the age of 87 and three-quarters on Aug 13, 2022 from pancreatic cancer. Born November 9, 1934 in Manhattan, NY to the late Nora Brennan Kraemer and John Henry Kraemer. Teacher in New York St. Helena High School, Administrator St. Agnes High School and Mercy High School, Business Manager for the Marianist Society, and most importantly, a prolific artist in water color, pen and ink and pencil leaving a collection of well over 200 excellent works of art many featuring Sebec Lake.

Beloved husband to Patricia for over 50 years of marriage, loving father of Nora Fleming, Michael, John, Matthew, Catherine Cooksey and David and loving father-in-law of Mike Fleming and John Cooksey. Dear brother of Frances Fitzpatrick, Jerry, Anne Peretti and the late John 'Jack' and the late Thomas. Loving grandfather of David and Jack Fleming. Uncle and great Uncle to many nieces and nephews. Cherished friend of over 7 decades of Bro. Hugh Crowe (Hug), Bro. Richard Shea, Bro. James Maher and the late Bro. Declan Murray among many others from the Marist Brothers juniorate in 1940s New York. Maintaining his great strength, pragmatism and wonderful sense of humor to the end, he is greatly missed by us all.



down, or we could burst out and make a run for it through the dark tunnel of the woods to the road. We sat with our knees pulled under our chins until another influx of air started the rattling again.

“We’ve got to go!” I screamed, leaping up and grabbing Lauren’s arm.

Forgetting our shoes and pants, we held each other and thrashed through the twigs and leaves in our nightshirts to reach the gray line of the road.

We looked up to see a bright, round light bobbing down the hill towards us. I froze. What now? Why did I ever think this was an adventure? My mouth was dry and metallic; my legs pulsed and twitched. The round light stopped.

“Ready to come home?” I looked up to see my parents strolling on the road, smiling. I hung my head, collapsing with relief.

“Yes,” I muttered.

“We were coming to check on you. Pretty dark out!”

“And breezy.” I shuddered, rubbing my arms and shaking, my teeth rattling.

“Breeze-ZHEE, breeze-ZHEE, breeze-ZHEE,” the bullfrogs groaned in the darkness.

Tim's Cove Property Owners Association Mission Statement & Objectives

- TO PROTECT** the quality of our environment, particularly the quality of our lakes.
- TO KEEP** the membership informed of new and changing community issues.
- TO COOPERATE** with and assist local government and civic organizations with programs of value to this area.
- TO REPRESENT** our membership in matters of common interest with the appropriate branches of government.
- TO SECURE** united action in the protection of the property of its members, where appropriate.
- TO BEAUTIFY** our area by encouraging beautification in common areas of the community.
- TO PROVIDE** social and recreational activities for our members.

Board Of Directors

Tim's Cove Property Owners Association

Donna Simpson - President

Joe Guyotte - Vice President

Julia Flanders - Treasurer

Mary Ellen Therriault - Secretary

Kathy Bither - At Large

Greg Kemp - At Large

Don Page - At Large

The Loon

A publication of

The Tim's Cove Property Owners Association

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