

THE GUILFORD REGISTER

ADVENTURES & STORIES FROM THE MAINE HIGHLANDS



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A CHANGE FOR GOOD

I am a Gen Xer. There was a time when we thought we were invincible—many of us still do. We were the generation that thought we could fix everything—we were going to change the world. Then came the Millennials and the Gen Zers, the Alphas, and so on. Each generation thought it would do more, do better than the last, and make significant changes to our society. Instead, each generation has failed the one before—did less than the one before to make a real difference in the world. Each generation gave up on the previous one or did not believe in the next. And now we live in a world consumed by turmoil—a world that desperately needs some positive change.

Some people stay in the same town their whole lives. Some are in the same house. Some even marry their high school sweetheart. Those people like stability, yet they experience subtle change—marriage, birth, graduation, retirement, death. They are happy where they are, and that is enough for them. That is not me. I have spent most of my life in a state of constant change. Changing cities, changing jobs, changing homes—changing everything I could, all in an attempt to find something better—be someone better. Perhaps I wasn't happy where I was or with what I had. Maybe I was happy, but I wanted more. I am still trying to figure that part out. Every time I left some place—moved away, it was because I wanted a change. I wanted to create a better life for myself, have more opportunities, and sometimes I yearned to escape to something new. The reasons would be anything: a job, a relationship, or even politics. I always had an excuse. I just always wanted a change.

Now I find myself in the middle of rural Maine, a place I moved my family to because I was ready for yet another change. I am not sure 'we' were prepared for that change, but I was. I did not pull my family away from Atlanta because of something bad—we were not running from anything, but instead, we moved forward in the hope of something extraordinary happening—a positive change.

That was 17 months ago, and in that time a lot has happened. A lot has changed. During these months, I discovered that I do not have to move to create positive change. Change is happening all around us all of the time, however big or small the change may be. For the people of Guilford, change meant having my family move into town. That change was thrust upon them—they did not have a choice. Then, further changes occurred, including modifications to the bed & breakfast—how it operated, how accessible it was becoming to the townspeople, and how much more welcoming it was compared to previous owners. Soon thereafter came one of the most significant changes for the town: Riverfest.

I brought change to my family by moving to Guilford. Then, I wanted more change. However, instead of leaving to find the "more" or the "better" change, I discovered that I can create the

change right here. And I am not alone. I have learned, living in our multi-generational community, that we can all find a commonality that binds us—that brings us together, regardless of our differences. Together, we can make a positive change. Together we can BE that change, for good.

I first saw this with the 2025 Piscataquis River Festival, where I witnessed over a hundred volunteers eager to ensure their community had a great day. I saw thousands of people come together to celebrate—to embrace the change that the event brought. I saw and heard from many people who wanted to be involved—who tried to make this festival better than ever. It was not just me wanting a significant change for the town. Everyone wanted the change, and everyone was helping with that change. Now I see those same people energized to make more changes—to improve their community—our community, even more.

However, as with all significant changes, especially those that impact many people, such changes require leadership. It is good leadership that makes good change great and turns significant change into something fantastic. We need this considerable change, and I am ready to lead it—to improve the economic well-being of our area, to help educate and invigorate the younger generation, and to encourage them to want to be involved, stay, and see their community grow and thrive. I am confident that this community wants change and wants to be the change. That level of excitement and energy has me staying right here so that I, too, can be part of the change. I am not leaving for change, I am staying put and being part of the change happening around us.

I am the forever optimist. I believe that change, while sometimes painful at first, is for the better, provided that the change is positive. Hunting down people you think do not belong in our country, or killing someone who has a different political or ideological opinion—those are not good changes for us, for our country. Those changes do not help us grow or become better. Changing because we think someone wants us to change—to be something else, without considering the outcome of the change, is also not a good change.

I believe the people of Piscataquis County are ready for great change. I know the people of Guilford want it, and I am prepared to help make that change a reality—to be a part of that positive change.

With this in mind, I started a new nonprofit organization, **Piscataquis Forward**, dedicated to transforming our community—elevating it. Through outreach programs, educational opportunities, job growth, and community initiatives, I aim to inspire everyone in the community to strive for more, to give more, and ultimately derive more from their life and their community. I believe this change will be beneficial. I believe this change will be infectious. I believe this change will restore the area to its glory days, when the economy was strong.

Together, we can make significant changes. We can learn more, do more, grow more, and be more. So let's work together—grow together, to make a difference, no matter what generation you belong to. Let's be the better people, let's work together, and let's look forward to new change, together.





DEXTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

RICK WHITNEY

The Dexter Historical Society was founded in 1966 by an interested group of local citizens, who saw the need for preserving local history. The impetus for the Society began back in 1964-1965 with a Jaycee local history project, where information, photos, artifacts, etc., were placed in Main Street business windows. The interest in that project led directly to the forming of the Society. Today, the Dexter Historical Society maintains four museum buildings at two different locations. The Society's first museum was the Grist Mill Museum and shares a location with the Miller's House and the Carr's Corner School in downtown Dexter behind the Main Street in the municipal parking lot. The fourth museum is the Abbott Museum located on Church Street across from the Hannaford grocery store.

The Grist Mill Museum opened in July 1967 and would remain the primary museum building of the Dexter Historical Society until 2004. The museum is located in the former S.L. Small grist mill, which closed in February 1965, water powered to the very end. The town purchased the building along with the Miller's House from the Wilkin's estate, and the intent was to raze the buildings to make more room for parking. A group of local people, headed by Frank "Spook" Spizuoco, approached the town selectmen to request the building as a museum for the newly formed society. An agreement was reached and the Town of Dexter and the historical society have now partnered for nearly 60 years maintaining the Grist Mill Museum campus. The town actually owns the land and museum buildings and the historical society maintains the museum and owns the collection. It is a partnership that has worked very well over the years.

The Grist Mill campus opens the first week of June and is open Monday – Friday 10-4 through September and 10-2 on Saturdays. The Miller's House and Carr School are also open at the same time. The Grist Mill has four main rooms of display featuring a wide range of Dexter related artifacts. The Miller's House, built in 1825, is now the oldest downtown building and features a train room, Victorian parlor and an optometry office. The Carr School, built in 1845, is the oldest standing school in Dexter, was moved to the site and dedicated in September 2000.

The Abbott Museum at 12 Church Street was acquired in 2000 and opened in 2004 after extensive renovations. This building is owned by the historical society and features two levels of museum space. It has now become the primary museum building as it is open year round. The building is also open 10-4 Monday through Saturday from early June into December.

After Christmas, it is open just Saturdays 10-4, weather permitting. The lower level features seven themed display rooms; woolen mills, main street business, made in Dexter, Veterans, Bert Call photo/outdoor exhibit, sports and Faycott. The upper level contains the office, genealogy/research room, conference room, gift shop, information room, public rest room and a multipurpose room. The society increasingly undertakes genealogy and historical research for people across the country at the Abbott Museum. All the museum buildings have free admission, as the society sees the museums as an extension of the town's recreation and they provide a valuable educational experience for people of all ages. Tours are available by appointment. The buildings are also handicap accessible.



FROM SLATE TO THE ARTS: MONSON, MAINE

By John McNamara

Nestled in the scenic hills of Piscataquis County in north-central Maine, Monson is a small town with a rich history that reflects the broader narrative of New England's development. From its early settlement through its industrial heyday to its current identity as a gateway to wilderness recreation, Monson's story is one of resilience, adaptation, and community spirit.

Monson's recorded history begins in the late 18th century when European settlers first arrived in this remote corner of Maine. The area was originally inhabited by the Penobscot people, who used the region's abundant natural resources for hunting, fishing, and gathering. The town was officially incorporated on March 12, 1822. It was named after Monson, Massachusetts, the hometown of several early settlers who had migrated north in search of new opportunities and fertile land.

The early settlers faced considerable challenges establishing themselves in this rugged terrain. The short growing season, rocky soil, and harsh winters tested their determination. Nevertheless, these pioneering families cleared land for farming, built homesteads, and gradually established the foundations of a permanent community. Agriculture, particularly sheep farming and wool production, became an essential early economic activity.

The defining chapter in Monson's history began in the mid-19th century with the discovery of high-quality slate deposits in the area. The slate industry would transform Monson from a modest agricultural settlement into a thriving industrial town. The first slate quarry opened in the 1870s, and by the 1880s and 1890s, Monson had become one of the most important slate-producing centers in the United States.

The slate from Monson's quarries was prized for its exceptional quality, fine grain, and rich color variations, ranging from deep purple to green to red. This premium slate was shipped throughout the eastern United States and used for roofing, flooring, billiard tables, school slates, and other applications. At its peak, the slate industry employed hundreds of workers and operated multiple quarries around the town.

The industry attracted skilled artisans from slate-producing regions of Wales, Scotland, and other parts of Europe, bringing international diversity to this remote Maine town. These immigrant workers contributed their expertise and cultural traditions, enriching Monson's social fabric. The prosperity from slate production funded the construction of substantial homes, churches, schools, and civic buildings, many of which still stand today as a testament to this golden era.

The Monson Railroad, a narrow-gauge line completed in 1883, connected the town to the Maine Central Railroad in Guilford, facilitating the shipment of slate to distant markets. This railroad was a vital lifeline for the community, carrying not only slate but also passengers and a variety of goods.

The slate industry began to decline in the early 20th century as cheaper roofing materials, such as asphalt shingles, gained popularity. The Great Depression dealt another severe blow to the already struggling industry. By the 1940s, most of Monson's slate quarries had closed, and the town faced economic hardship as its primary industry disappeared. The population, which had peaked at over 1,200 residents around 1900, began a long decline.

The closing of the slate quarries left behind deep, water-filled pits and abandoned equipment—silent monuments to the industry that had defined the town for decades. Many families left Monson in search of work elsewhere, and the community struggled to find a new economic foundation.

In recent decades, Monson has reinvented itself as a gateway to outdoor recreation and wilderness adventure. The town's location at the southern terminus of the 100-Mile Wilderness—the most remote section of the Appalachian Trail—has brought new life to the community. Each year, hundreds of thru-hikers pass through Monson, either beginning their trek north to Mount Katahdin or celebrating the completion of the wilderness section of the Appalachian Trail. The town has embraced this role, with residents offering trail hospitality, local businesses catering to hikers' needs, and the community maintaining a reputation for warmth and generosity toward outdoor enthusiasts.

Monson has cultivated an unexpected and vibrant art scene that stands in striking contrast to its small size and remote location. This tiny town, with fewer than 700 residents, has become a remarkable cultural destination, drawing artists, writers, and creative individuals who find inspiration in its rugged beauty, historic character, and tight-knit community.

The centerpiece of Monson's arts community is the Monson Arts organization, which has worked to transform the town into a creative hub. The organization operates artist residency programs, bringing painters, sculptors, writers, musicians, and other creative professionals to Monson for extended stays. These residencies offer artists the time, space, and tranquility necessary for focused creative work, while also enriching the local community through workshops, exhibitions, and public events.

The town's arts scene benefits greatly from its abandoned slate quarries and post-industrial landscape, which provide dramatic settings and unique inspiration. Artists have been drawn to the stark beauty of the water-filled quarries, the weathered remnants of the slate industry, and the surrounding wilderness. Several historic buildings have been repurposed as galleries and studio spaces, breathing new life into structures that once served the slate workers.

Monson hosts regular art events, including gallery openings, concerts, poetry readings, and community art projects that bring together both year-round residents and seasonal visitors. The creative atmosphere has attracted numerous artists who have chosen to make Monson their permanent home, establishing studios and contributing to the town's cultural vitality.

The intersection of Appalachian Trail hikers, outdoor enthusiasts, and the arts community creates a unique cultural dynamic. Local galleries often feature work inspired by the Maine wilderness, and the town has developed a reputation that extends far beyond its size—a place where slate industry heritage, natural beauty, and contemporary creativity coexist. For a town that once relied entirely on extracting slate from the ground, Monson has successfully reinvented itself as a place that nurtures and extracts something equally valuable: human creativity.



Growing, Together
www.piscataquisforward.org



THE GALLERY

ARTIST STORIES, ARTWORK & INTERVIEWS

Each month we will highlight a Maine artist or art gallery. If you are a Maine artist or art gallery, or know of one who would like to be showcased here, reach out to us at john@guilfordbnb.com.

THROUGH THE LENS OF MATTHEW LANDIS

By John McNamara

Life throws curveballs at us all of the time. For some, a day does not go by without something, perhaps everything, going wrong. Many people accept those defeats. Maybe they take a detour or find an easier path to reach their goal, assuming they reach it at all. Still, many others push forward, determined to prove, if only to themselves, that they can overcome any obstacle. Matthew Landis is one of those people.

I recently sat down with Matthew—a photographer, no, an artist—from Portland. But he is more than just an artist. He is a father. He is a grandfather. He is a hunter. He is a Vet. He has overcome so many hurdles, including homelessness and addiction, to get where he is today: on top of the mountains he photographs so beautifully.

Matthew Landis is full of energy. He is youthful, although there are noticeable gray spots in his otherwise red beard. His eyes are wide, excited, and engaging. He is a person who truly enjoys life and loves taking pictures. I believe that the energy someone gives off reveals a great deal about their personality, and Matthew is full of fun energy. Full of life.

I first saw Matthew's work at Gallery Gascoine in Monson. The colors and the clarity of his imagery were breathtaking. I want to say that anyone can take a photo, and with the technology in our phones, everyone probably considers themselves a photographer, but Matthew is not just a photographer. He captures an image—a moment in time, in a way that you or I would not—could not. The sun, the wind, the time of day, the temperature—so much is just perfectly correct when Matthew looks through his lens and pushes that button. He sees what you and I miss.

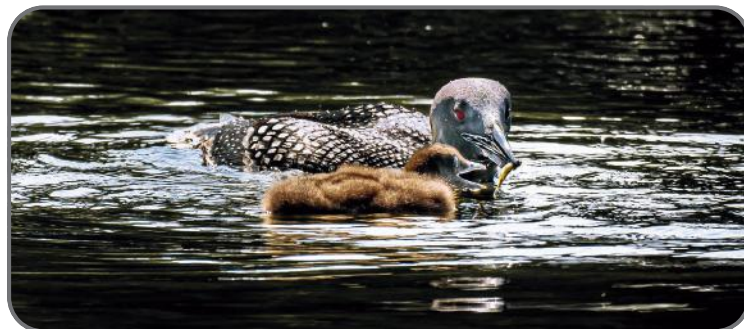
As we talked, Matthew recalled his first photo, the one he captured with his first camera, a Minolta. He was just like so many of us before cell phones. He put the roll of film in the camera, took a lot of photos of things he liked looking at, and then sent the roll off to be developed. Unlike many of us, when Matthew picked up his pictures and flipped through the collection, he was delighted with what he saw. And when he shared those images with friends and family, everyone around him told him the same thing... "you've got real talent." Every image was alive, vibrant. Each told a story and captured the attention of his fans.

Matthew continued to take photos everywhere he went, including his time overseas in the military. His camera was his buddy, helping him capture his life. When Matthew returned from military duty, things changed—got tougher. He was no longer out taking lots of photos; he was struggling to survive. He was a homeless vet with an addiction, living on the streets of Atlanta. But Matthew persevered. He never gave up, and before he knew it, the puzzle pieces of his life were put back together. He got clean. He found Christ. He found himself and began the path that would lead him to being the incredible artist that he is today.

With a new camera in hand, Matthew set out to recapture the beauty he saw in nature—in God's world. He would hike through Washington and the Sierra Nevada, and he would shoot, surrounded by the natural beauty of the landscape. When not hiking, Matthew started to post his work on social media—sharing it with friends, and that is what really gave him the affirmations. People began reaching out to Matthew to discuss his work—to thank him for sharing his creative experiences and his journey—for helping them navigate their own personal issues through his photographs.

He continues to photograph nature, but Matthew has been experimenting with people—weddings, private parties—and capturing those rare moments that are often unappreciated, or missed in real time. The ones that are not rehearsed or staged. He tells me that in these instances, his photography shows moments we never knew happened, or see the emotions that were gone in the blink of an eye.

(LANDIS, continued on page 11)



THE TOP EATERIES IN PISCATAQUIS COUNTY

By John McNamara

Nestled in the heart of Maine's rugged interior, Piscataquis County offers more than just breathtaking wilderness and outdoor adventures. This vast region, home to Moosehead Lake and the gateway to Baxter State Park, has cultivated a dining scene that celebrates local ingredients, warm hospitality, and stunning natural beauty. From fine dining establishments overlooking pristine waters to cozy cafes serving hearty comfort food, here are the top 16 places to eat in Piscataquis County.

Fine Dining Experiences

Within the Blair Hill Inn in Greenville, you will find the **Slate Restaurant**—one of only two Relais & Châteaux restaurants in Maine, serving gourmet farm-to-table menus inspired by seasonal ingredients from their garden and local farms. The sophisticated atmosphere makes it perfect for special occasions. Perched atop a hill, the restaurant is particularly stunning in autumn when fall foliage frames the lake views.

The Quarry, a 2023 James Beard Foundation Winner, is the crown jewel of Monson's dining scene. Chef Marilou "Lulu" Ranta owns the restaurant which offers classic American fine dining with a Filipino twist, honoring Ranta's home country of the Philippines.

368 Maine at The Lodge at Moosehead Lake serves modern American cuisine, utilizing local ingredients and innovative techniques, earning the DiRoNA Award of Excellence for 2023 and 2024. The restaurant offers exquisite cuisine with stunning lake views. Please note that this establishment is only open for five months each year (June to October) and typically focuses on Chef's Tasting Dinners rather than general dining. Be sure to check their website for dates and times, as reservations are required.

Waterfront Dining

In downtown Greenville, the **Dockside Inn & Tavern** provides waterfront dining with breathtaking views and a diverse menu featuring delectable seafood, juicy steaks, and freshly caught lobster, clams, shrimp, and fish dishes. It's an ideal spot to enjoy Maine's coastal bounty while overlooking the water.

Also in Greenville, the **Stress Free Moose Pub** offers drinks, live music, pub grub, and a mellow, neighborly atmosphere on the shores of Moosehead Lake, making it perfect for a casual evening out with entertainment. While this establishment is just a block from the lake, it offers excellent views of Moosehead Lake from its rooftop dining space.

For a spectacular waterfront dining experience, visit **Kelly's Landing**. In the warmer months, you can enjoy lunch or dinner on the deck, making you feel as though you are practically sitting on the water. During the winter months, a booth positioned by the giant picture windows offers diners a stunning view of the frozen world outside. As for food and drink, the menu provides a wealth of excellent choices without being overwhelming, and the flavors are exceptional. The full bar completes your meal with a specialty cocktail.



Casual Favorites

The Mill Inn & Cafe emerged from the redevelopment of the mill in downtown Dover-Foxcroft, featuring an expansive and beautifully designed patio that's ideal for enjoying a summer breakfast in the sunshine. This year-round favorite combines historic charm with contemporary comfort. Under new ownership, The Mill now offers wonderful prix fixe dinners a few nights a week at a fantastic price. Good food, great prices, and a super cool interior give this establishment a great vibe.

In Guilford, **The Red Maple Inn** is a local establishment that serves as both a restaurant and gathering place, offering a hometown atmosphere with features that cater to outdoor recreation enthusiasts in the area. Good food, a large bar, and lots of live music make the Red Maple Inn a stop for many residents and travelers. During the warmer months, guests enjoy a spacious outdoor deck.

Peace, Love, and Waffles sits on the outskirts of Dover-Foxcroft as you head towards Charleston and is a popular local destination offering a diverse selection of sweet and savory waffle-based options, including potato waffles and a dedicated kids' menu. It's perfect for breakfast or brunch with creative twists on comfort food. They do not take reservations, so be prepared for an extended wait on some days, but the presentation and taste are worth it.

The Lakeshore House in Monson is a well-loved local spot that combines dining, drinking, and lodging in a scenic waterfront setting, particularly popular with hikers and outdoor enthusiasts. Near the Appalachian Trail, the Lakeshore House, situated on the edge of Lake Hebron, offers a wide variety of choices with a unique flair, ranging from traditional burgers and fries to sashimi-style yellowfin tuna steak, escargot, and white pizza.

(FOOD, continued on page 11)



THE WRITER'S CORNER

INTERVIEWS WITH MAINE AUTHORS

Each month we will highlight a Maine author. If you are a Maine author, or know of one who would like to be showcased here, reach out to us at john@guilfordbnb.com.

AN INTRODUCTION TO DOUGLAS W. MILLIKEN

*Douglas W. Milliken is a queer composer, artist, and writer based in Saco, Maine. The author of several books—most recently the novel **Enclosure Architect** and the experimental family history **Any Less You**—he is also a founding member of the post-jazz chamber septet **The Plaster Cramp**. His honors include a Pushcart Prize and awards from the Maine Writers and Publishers Alliance, Glimmer Train, and RA & Pin Drop Studios, among others*

What inspired you to write this particular story, and what were the challenges in bringing it to life? **Any Less You** began over twenty years ago, although at the time I had no intention of writing a personal history of my family. Mostly I was just trying to accurately give language to memory fragments that I couldn't place into any sort of context or chronology, flashes from my childhood I could neither shake nor understand. The immediate result was a series of micro-essays that proved to be some of my earliest publication credits, but of greater primacy were the questions that arose in me. What was actually going on in these flickering, distant moments? Why remember this and not something else? And worst of all, had any of it actually happened? So I began asking my family questions. Things really spiraled out from there. Hard answers to hear, of course, but also further questions, some harder to ask and even harder to have answered. So the cycle continued of writing as a way of making sense of my family and, by extension, myself. After sharing the text with some test readers, it became clear that what I'd composed---deeply personal as it was---resonated with others in ways I hadn't expected and couldn't ignore. Which I suspect is the core point of storytelling: to affect a change in others and in yourself, hopefully for the better.

What was the hardest part of writing this book? Reconciling myself to the fact that some questions won't ever be answered. My mother died when I was 26. My father and I were never close and essentially ceased all communication by the time I was 24. I was 42 when **Any Less You** was published. That's a long time to wonder without resolution. I'd like to say the time also gave me a chance to develop some amount of acceptance of this personal unknowability. But I'd be lying if I claimed to be completely comfortable with the mystery. Another significant challenge was deciding when to end the book. With a novel or short story, you might have an end goal in mind, something to write toward, but personal essays are rarely so tidy. You might think "this moment in my life is where the story will end," but of course your life continues on after that moment. People in your life come and go. Relationships evolve. You have new insights and experiences. Suddenly something that once looked one way now, after the passage of years, looks very different. You mature. You change. So you return to the manuscript, incorporate new information,

ity to make the story match who you've become. But at some point you have to choose to stop. (Or perhaps the publisher decides that for you.) The text becomes fixed. The story is told. But your life continues on.

What secondary character would you like to explore more? Tell us about them. I wish I could have written more about my siblings. Not just their accounts of the events depicted in the book, but also who they are outside the realm of our family's darker moments. Their joys and interests, the unique ways they too are each storytellers. Recently, three of us got together, and though the occasion was somber (mourning the death of a loved one), we took turns cracking each other up, choking on laughter as we told (or retold) one story after another. Which is something that so clearly ties us all together and marks us as family, how—despite our vast differences—we're each so keenly aware of the absurdity of existence, and can find literally breathtaking hilarity in that absurdity. It's my favorite thing about us, and something I really ought to focus on more often.

What was the weirdest thing you had to Google for your story? Not exactly a Google search, but there came a point in 2015 when I, for the first time in nearly a decade, would be back in the vicinity of my hometown. My partner, who'd be traveling with me, expressed interest in exploring where I'd grown up, and to be honest, I wanted to show her the wide-open personless stretches of Aroostook County borderland I'd once considered home. However. After my mother's death, our farm traded hands more than once, and not necessarily under the most pleasant of circumstances. I honestly had no idea who owned my former home, or if it would be safe to attempt a visit. So I called the town office and inquired. I'm not sure what terrifying thing I was expecting, but it turned out that whole stretch of farmland—my family's and neighbors' woodlots and pastures and fields and homesteads—had become an Amish community. Distinctly not terrifying. So we drove out to the farm and met the folks who lived there and had a positive (albeit deeply strange) experience, which ultimately became the closing scenes of the book.

Who did your cover, and what was the design process like? The opening chapter in **Any Less You** describes various photographs I uncovered after my mother's death. One section describes three photographs of sunsets taken from the same vantage point on my family's farm, the first two shot by my mother, the final shot by me. The seasons and quality of light shift between the pictures, but they're essentially identical photographs: over the course of nearly thirty years, my mother and I unknowingly were trying to capture the same image. The first of these photographs became the cover of my first book, **White Horses**. The second became the cover to **Any Less You**. The folks at Fomite Press agreed that it was a stunning image and perfectly fit the story's tone and mood. Both books, in distinct but similar ways, feel like home to me, so it seems only fitting they'd share variations on the same image.



It's the most wonderful time of the year!

What is it about autumn that makes our souls sing? By all accounts, we should mourn its arrival—the end of sun-drenched summer days, the closing of camps, the bittersweet turn of the calendar as vacations fade into memory. Our children trade freedom for school bells, and that dreaded time change steals our sunlight, leaving us with long, shadowy afternoons. And for those of us in northern climates, there's no escaping it: the cold is coming, sharp and insistent. BLAH!

Yet here I stand, completely smitten with fall.

Because autumn isn't just a season—it's a celebration, a grand reunion of all the rhythms that make life feel like home. It's when our children burst through school doors to find their friends again, squealing with the joy of reconnection. It's when we slip back into the beloved routines we've let languish through summer's glorious chaos: book clubs where we dissect stories over wine, Bible studies that anchor our spirits, exercise classes that leave us breathless and laughing, morning coffees where the conversation flows as freely as the brew, and game nights that stretch past bedtime.

We are reunited—with friends, with family, with the familiar faces that make our days feel complete. There's something profoundly comforting in these traditions, in the return to people and patterns that feel like putting on your favorite sweater.

And then there's college football! Every Saturday afternoon, our house transforms into a temple of passionate fandom. The crack of helmets and roar of crowds fill our rooms as Jack and I engage in our most cherished tradition: belting out our victory cheer at the top of our lungs.

"Hey [insert team name here]! We just beat the hell out of you! Rammer Jammer! Yellow Hammer! Give 'em hell, Alabama! ROLL TIDE!!!"

It's ridiculous. It's perfect. It's us.

Fall is also the season of anticipation, when we begin weaving plans for the celebrations ahead: Halloween's playful mischief, Thanksgiving's abundance, Christmas magic, and the hopeful promise of a New Year. I'm especially thrilled about Thanksgiving every year—my cousins from Mobile visit, two of my very favorite people in this world. We don't stress over elaborate feasts; instead, we spend hours bent over ridiculous board games, laughing until our sides ache and tears stream down our faces.

And Christmas, while just outside of the Autumn season, this year holds special promise for our tiny town. We're partnering with other local businesses, and all of Guilford for "Christmas in Guilford," dreaming of streets that glow with light and a community wrapped in joy.

Within autumn lives another season close to my heart: Advent. Our house always holds an Advent wreath, and each week for the four weeks before Christmas, we light a candle in the gathering darkness. This simple practice is a gift—it helps us slow down, breathe deep, and remember the true heart of Christmas and who we're called to be.

So yes, I am wildly excited for this season, despite the cold creeping closer, despite the days growing short and the nights stretching long. I'm excited for the homecomings and the festivities. But mostly, I'm excited to reconnect with the people and practices that make my family's life feel rich with meaning.

Autumn isn't the end of something beautiful—it's the beginning of everything that makes us feel most alive.



Calling All artists

We're excited to spotlight Maine artists! If you're one of them or know someone who is, please fill out the form at the link below:

theguilfordregister.com/artists

HOW TO COLOR A RAINBOW

By Walter Boomsma

I don't think it's an exaggeration to claim I have a new friend. Considering how we met, I am still surprised at how much I learned from her. Our friendship started while a number of us were waiting for a table at Geaghan's Restaurant in Bangor. She happened to sit across from me. I noticed she was writing and drawing in a notebook. It started with some accidental eye contact, and elevated to smiles and winks. Nearly everyone else was fumbling with their smartphones. She was creating.

When I was called to my table, I waved goodbye. A few minutes after being seated, we were both surprised that she and her family were brought in and seated very close by. But the biggest surprise came a few minutes later. The mom and my new friend came over to my table. She slipped a piece of paper in front of me and apologized for the fact that they didn't have colors to make the rainbow. In third-grade lettering, it said at the top, "Enjoy your dinner."

My enthusiastic thanks were not exaggerated at all. I was truly impressed and appreciative. Sometimes, simple gifts are the best.

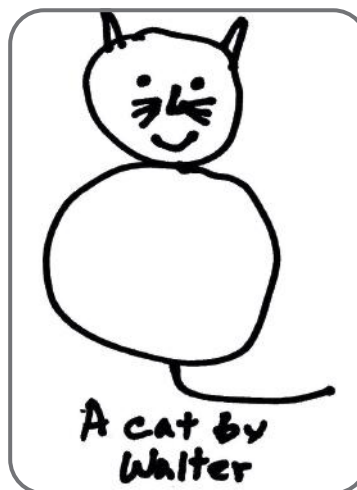
We chatted long enough for me to learn that she's in third grade and her favorite subject is science. Although, based on her hesitancy in answering, I suspect the answer might be different on a different day. One more thing to love about third graders is that they don't get locked into beliefs and biases.

For those who believe in karma or planets aligning, it's interesting that I have had several accidental encounters with kids lately that have left me happy and encouraged. That they happen as we approach Thanksgiving might be more than a coincidence. It might also be that the season creates more awareness in both the giver and the getter. I stared at my drawing for a long time.

Did my new friend know that I love rainbows because they represent hope? I didn't get a chance to tell her, so I'm hoping she does or maybe finds out somehow. Stranger things have happened.

I didn't have a notebook, but I did have a business card. So I wrote her a similar message on the back, encouraging her not only to enjoy dinner, but also to save some room for dessert. I drew a small cat, writing "cat" underneath the drawing in case it wasn't recognizable. I've had kids tell me I do draw a good cat. In a way, like her presentation, I took it over and slipped it in front of her, evoking a big grin. Her mom and dad both thanked me. In a world rife with suspicion, they weren't finding our new friendship creepy! More thankfulness.

I kept her drawing in front of me during dinner. The more I looked at it, the more color I saw—not in the drawing itself, but in my friend's dancing eyes and smile. She gave me more than a drawing. She reminded me that there is hope. Kids know how to connect, and they know it's important to do so. It's natural for them. They also know that sometimes you have to look a little farther and deeper to see the color. Or maybe it's more accurate to say that sometimes you must make the color. She colored my rainbow with her smile and her dancing eyes, and the obvious pleasure it gave her to do something nice for someone. That's how you color a rainbow.



When she left, I held up her drawing and said that I was going to put it on my fridge when I got home. That seemed to please her. I hope she realizes how much it pleases me—not just the drawing, but her act of unselfish creation for a stranger. It's such a simple life lesson. Making others happy brings us happiness. Offering others hope in any form brings us hope. If a nine-year-old can create hope and happiness, can we who are older not do the same?

If we listen and watch, they'll teach us how to color a rainbow—even if you don't have crayons.

*Walter Boomsma is an educator, writer, and the author of **Small People—Big Brains**. With a background in teaching and public speaking, he blends practical wisdom with a deep appreciation for lifelong learning. His work often explores themes of personal growth, communication, and community engagement, encouraging readers to think differently and discover meaning in everyday experiences. Through his writing and outreach, Walter strives to spark conversations that lead to understanding, empathy, and positive change.*

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SHORT STORIES & CHAPTERS WRITTEN BY MAINE AUTHORS

Each month we will highlight a short story or serial written by a Maine author. If you are a Maine writer, or know of one who would like to be showcased here, reach out to us at john@guilfordbnb.com.

THE LETTER

An excerpt from the novel *'From Beaver Creek to Hanoi'*
By Cheryl Grant Gillespie

Minnie Lee Gartley stood stock-still at the kitchen sink of the cabin at Beaver Creek Camps in Maine. It was a hot August day, 1969. Her hands, held to her face, smelled of Ajax from cleaning. That scent mixed with the room's other odors—a potpourri of burnt fire wood, drying waders, fishing baskets, and pine—was the familiar smell of summer work at the camps her husband Gerry and she ran on Moosehead Lake. Minnie Lee, or Min Lee as family and close friends often called her, was finding it hard to get work done that day. She had spent the last year trying to get herself to accept the fact that Gerry's and her much wanted, first-born son Markham was missing-in-action in Vietnam and possibly dead. He'd been shot down just like her first husband whom Min Lee had lost during World War II; a husband she had kept a secret from everyone except Gerry and her childhood family in Kentucky. No one here in Maine knew this could be a double loss for Min Lee, including her two sons.

Markham, or Mark as most people called him, was a handsome child born in May of 1944 and named after Min Lee's father Markham Ligon. Blonde, hazel-eyed, and always with a smile on his face, he charmed people at the campground as a boy running around doing errands for his parents. An athlete in school, Mark graduated as the valedictorian of his high school class. After graduating from Georgia Tech where he had received a full ROTC Navy scholarship and was battalion commander his senior year, Mark informed his parents he was going into Naval Aviation to be a pilot, a top gun. Min Lee told him she wished he wouldn't do that, but Mark thought she was probably just being protective and proceeded with his plans. He wrote to his parents about the thrill of flying an F-4 phantom jet off the USS Constellation. After he finished his training, he hadn't been flying bombing raids in Operation Rolling Thunder for long when Min Lee and Gerry stopped hearing from him. After no word from him since August of 1968, they received a letter from the military in January of 1969 explaining that someone observed Mark and his navigator Bill Mayhew eject successfully from their plane after it was hit. The letter also said nothing more was known about what happened to them. The endless period of not knowing any specific details that followed had been excruciating. Min Lee had tried to ignore the calendar in the camp kitchen that reminded her it was August again, but this morning she paused and took a good look at it. Mark had been gone for a full year now. The tough shell Min Lee had tried to keep around her heart cracked slightly. And it ached.

"Min!"

"For God's sake, Gerry! You scared me half to death!" answered Min Lee, without turning around to look at her husband. "What are you doing here so early? Thought you'd be out longer with that fishing group." Min Lee fussed with a dish towel at the edge of the sink while trying to wipe her eyes. When she finally pivoted and saw Gerry's face, she noticed her usually stoic husband looked rattled somehow.



"Min, the worker from the camp store brought this up just now. Caught me outside running up to grab some more lures for the guys to use at the dock. He was curious about the Chicago return address on the envelope. It's addressed simply to 'Gartley, Greenville, Maine.' Gerry paused and placed something down on the long, pine camp table and looked up. "Min, it's him!"

"What are you talking about, Gerry?"

"Look!" Gerry pointed to what looked like a page torn out from a magazine on the table. "It's Mark, Min!"

Min Lee walked over to the table and peeked at the page. It was a picture of men somewhere tropical. She looked closer. One did look like Mark. The caption under the picture had three words in English—Mark Ham Gartley. Min Lee looked closer at the picture. There was also a letter that had fallen out onto the table. Min Lee didn't need to read that right now. It was him. Her handsome son. He was alive? In a prisoner of war camp, but alive?

Min Lee spent a few seconds rubbing the tip of her right index finger on Mark's face in the photo. Then she hugged herself. She couldn't process this. The magazine photo cracked the shell around her heart wide open.

"Oh, Gerry," whispered Min Lee. "Why haven't we heard anything from someone official?" Her pragmatic husband kept telling her to expect the worst about Mark after all this time. Now this?

"Min, I don't know any better than you."

"I need a minute," said Min Lee as Gerry tried to approach her with one arm extended in her direction. She ran out of the camp and down to the shore of Moosehead Lake. With shaky hands, she whacked a cigarette out of the pack she kept in her apron

(THE LETTER, continued on page 12)

Hearty Meals and Local Favorites

River Drivers on the shores of Millinocket Lake provides exceptional dining options for visitors exploring the region near Baxter State Park, offering quality meals in a welcoming environment. With amazing views of Mount Katahdin, you are sure to enjoy a fantastic meal in this family-friendly eatery.

Another local spot in Millinocket is **Angelo's Pizza Grille**, which serves up satisfying pizza and Italian-American favorites, making it a reliable choice for families and groups looking for crowd-pleasing meals.

For breakfast and lunch, the **Appalachian Trail Cafe** in Millinocket caters to hikers and outdoor enthusiasts with hearty portions and trail-friendly fare, perfect for fueling up before or after wilderness adventures.

Rockwood Bar & Grill, situated in Rockwood, serves American comfort food in a relaxed setting, making it a gathering spot for both locals and visitors. It is a popular spot known for its top-notch takeout pizza and delightful dining experience. The restaurant offers a variety of menus, suitable for both casual lunches and private gatherings. Diners can't overlook the exceptional French fries. Specialty cocktails and daily specials add to the fun and delicious experience.

In Brownville, the **North & Southeats Restaurant** rounds out the list with American cuisine and friendly service, representing the warm hospitality that defines Piscataquis County's dining scene. This hotspot is chef-owned and operated, and is a favorite among locals throughout the county.

Spencer's Bakery & Cafe is a well-regarded local breakfast spot in Guilford, praised for its friendly service, homemade baked goods, and welcoming small-town atmosphere. The early morning hours make it popular for breakfast, though it closes before eleven in the morning. It is well-known for its excellent service and friendly staff, who are always ready to help, along with affordable prices and a cool atmosphere.

What makes dining in Piscataquis County special isn't just the food—it's the entire experience. Many of the establishments emphasize the use of locally sourced ingredients, from freshly caught fish to produce from nearby farms. The region's restaurants understand that visitors come here to disconnect and immerse themselves in nature, and they enhance that experience with views of mountains, lakes, and forests.

Whether you're seeking upscale cuisine after a day exploring Moosehead Lake, comfort food before tackling the trails of Baxter State Park, or a cozy cafe atmosphere to warm up on a chilly morning, Piscataquis County delivers. The dining scene here proves that even in Maine's most remote regions, you'll find memorable meals crafted with care, served with genuine hospitality, and accompanied by some of the most beautiful scenery in New England.

Gallery Gascoine is Matthew's first and only gallery at the moment. Still, knowing that he got this opportunity by chance, and now accepting that he is truly an artist, not just a photographer, Matthew is contemplating where to showcase his work next. In fact, he is working on a wildlife concept that will take him all around the country. He tells me that there are 29 North American Big Game animals, all of which are worth photographing. In fact, he has already captured a number of them on film. But he tells me that no photographer has yet collected the whole series—been able to put all 29 of the species on film in a single show, or book. He was a man on a mission to put his life back together, to be part of his daughters' lives—and his grandchildren's lives—and he did all of that. Now he is on a mission to photograph the full collection of animals, and he is hopeful that one of the conservation-focused art galleries in Portland, Maine, will want to help bring his vision to life—to display it.

And the ultimate reward for Matthew? Shooting for National Geographic. Right now, he thinks that is out of his league. Still, I assured him that, given all of the obstacles he overcame: homelessness, addiction, loneliness, National Geographic will be the easiest of his obstacles. He has more confidence now. He is happier, grounded, and reconnected with the world. His passion for photography is evident not only in his images but also in his words. I know that with that kind of energy, it will only be a matter of time before I open a National Geographic magazine and see a photo credit for Matthew Landis.

Until then, visit his website and visit Gallery Gascoine in Monson, Maine. Buying one of Matthew's photographs will help him, but it will also help homeless veterans around the country—a cause that Matthew regularly donates to.

www.landisadventurephotography.com



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pocket and lit it after four attempts and some curse words. Raised on a peach and tobacco farm in Kentucky, Min Lee took solace in smoking a cigarette, but today it wasn't working as well as it usually did. The massive stretch of open water before her did not have the calming effect it always gave her either. After a few puffs, she threw her half-finished cigarette to the ground and stomped it out. She shook herself and realized she might want to read the letter with the magazine. She hustled back up to the camp and found Gerry still standing at the table and simply looking at the picture. Min Lee grabbed the letter, unfolded it, and read aloud:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gartley,

We get a magazine from Poland which is where my husband and I are from. We were interested in this picture of the American POWs. The only name they seemed to have gotten in English was Mark Ham Gartley. In the article it said this Mark's parents were from Greenville, Maine, so we tried sending it this way. If this is not a relative of yours, please forgive us.

Sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. Kowalczyk

"Good heavens," said Min Lee under her breath. Then she said a bit louder, "How did this couple get this information when you and I have heard nothing from the military, Gerry? How?"

Gerry shrugged his shoulders. "I have no idea, Min. No damned idea at all. But he's alive. Min, he's alive. At least he was when this picture was taken." They stood quietly for a few minutes until they heard a call from outside.

"Gartley, where are those lures?"

"Min?"

"I know, Gerry. Bring them the lures. We'll talk later. I need to let Jim know. Get going now."

Before Gerry came in with the news of Mark, Min Lee was planning to start getting ready to go back to Dunedin, Florida, to their mobile home where she lived while teaching high school history and civics. Gerry would eventually shut the Maine camp down for the winter and join her in the warmer state. She and Gerry had done this double residency ever since Mark had gone off to college. Their second son Jim, diagnosed a few years earlier with bipolar disorder, went back and forth with his mother as he needed her support. Min Lee helped Jim get into therapy groups, find odd jobs, and take some college classes in Florida. There were so many services down there to help Jim with his problems. Gerry would return to Beaver Creek for the start of fishing season in the spring as soon as the ice was out of Moosehead Lake. Min Lee and Jim would go up to Maine when school closed down in Dunedin. It was an arrangement that worked for them. Min Lee considered those Maine winters brutal when she had taught at Greenville High School, and Gerry struggled with his younger son's illness.

Min Lee soothed herself by thinking about the fact that she would have more time and better resources to study the POW situation once she was settled in Florida. This war, or military action since war was not officially declared, puzzled her. A patriotic soul, she had been a WAC during World War II stationed at Fort Knox with her second husband Gerry and would have stayed longer than a year and a half if her mother hadn't taken ill. She was honorably discharged to go care for her. There was a purpose to the war in the 1940s. Everyone seemed to support it.

The United States' intervention in Vietnam was chaotic. The media was filled with contradictions about why the U.S. was there and what they were doing for that country. Even the well-respected news anchor Walter Cronkite had openly criticized the U.S. involvement there over a year ago. Min Lee was startled when he spoke like that during his news broadcast, and she still thought about it now. The news was paying more attention to student protests and huge music festivals like Woodstock this summer than they were paying to the ongoing battle in Southeast Asia. Min Lee knew she had to get involved with the political debate. She had started questioning the purpose of the war before Mark went to Vietnam. She wasn't going to just sit back and wait to see what would happen with Mark now. That's for sure.



Cheryl Grant Gillespie is a writer of memoir and nonfiction. She is proud to be one of the five authors who penned the anthology *Compassionate Journey: Honoring Our Mothers' Stories*, which has been a finalist for the Foreword, Next Generation, and Book Fest Indie Awards in women's and family relationship issues in 2019. Her book *Gracie & Albert* launched in October of 2019. It deals with her mother's struggle

with mental illness and was presented to NAMI. Her new book *From Beaver Creek to Hanoi* is about a courageous mother who journeyed into political activism to end to the Vietnam War and highlight the plight of POWs, including her son Mark Gartley. A Maine native for life, Cheryl is a wife, mother, grandmother, and passionate advocate for mental health support systems. Find her online at:

<https://cherylwrites.com>,

https://www.instagram.com/gillespie_books,

<https://www.facebook.com/memoirismything>

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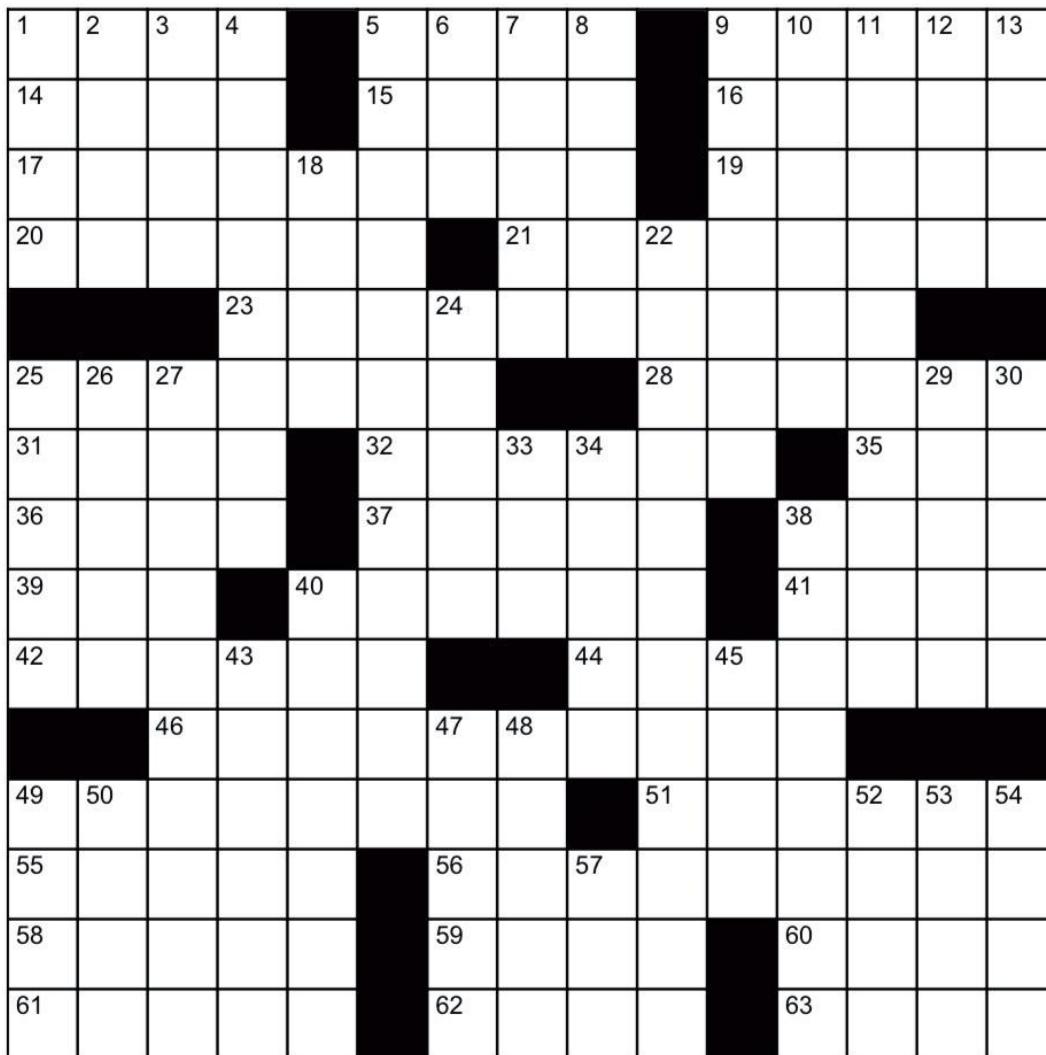
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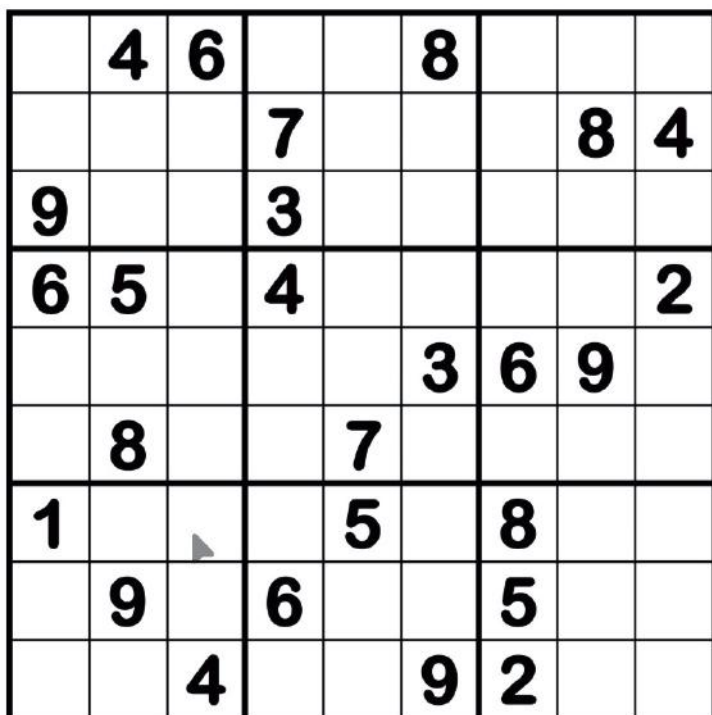
THE PUZZLE PAGE

EDITED BY MARGIE R. BURKE



ACROSS

- 1 Emerald City's creator
- 5 A bit cracked
- 9 Modern messages
- 14 In addition
- 15 Run the show
- 16 Nick of "Affliction"
- 17 Church instrument of old
- 19 Sci-fi author Verne
- 20 Mother of Calcutta
- 21 Replant timber
- 23 Like sunlit water
- 25 Kidnap victim
- 28 Bananas, so to speak
- 31 Elliptical
- 32 Brother's daughter
- 35 Brewer's vat
- 36 "Peanuts" girl
- 37 Honeydew, e.g.
- 38 Magpie or macaw
- 39 Utah airport code
- 40 Sentence ender
- 41 Pasadena's ____ Bowl
- 42 Midwest capital
- 44 More evident
- 46 Study of beauty
- 49 Affectionate one
- 51 Took home after taxes
- 55 Oil source
- 56 Theater break
- 58 Not so crazy
- 59 BBQ entree
- 60 Sea eagle
- 61 Lengthy lock
- 62 Adriatic and Aegean
- 63 Clothing closure



DOWN

- 1 One of TV's Mavericks
- 2 On the calm side
- 3 Consumer
- 4 In a humble way
- 5 Some court proceedings
- 6 Milk container
- 7 Wake-up call?
- 8 Roxie in "Chicago"
- 9 Legally forbids
- 10 Weeps for
- 11 Unproven claim
- 12 Suffix with "social"
- 13 "____ we forget"
- 18 Workplace safety org.
- 22 Affability
- 24 Getty Center architect Richard
- 25 "The Planets" composer
- 26 Plant seed
- 27 Overly sweet
- 29 ICU worker
- 30 Read-____ (road mishap)
- 33 Whitney or Wallach
- 34 Take as one's own
- 38 Shows obvious anger
- 40 Quarterbacks, often
- 43 "John Wick" star
- 45 Lenovo competitor
- 47 Whodunit suspects, often
- 48 Comic Kovacs
- 49 Purchase price
- 50 Winglike
- 52 ____ the tables
- 53 ____ St. Vincent Millay
- 54 Thought-provoking
- 57 Abbr. on a schedule



LOCAL EVENTS

THINGS TO DO IN THE MAINE HIGHLANDS

Each month we will highlight a Maine artist or art gallery. If you are a Maine artist or art gallery, or know of one who would like to be showcased here, reach out to us at john@guilfordbnb.com.

MAINE HAREST FESTIVAL

November 22 & 23, 2025

Join festival friends from Greater Bangor, the great state of Maine, northern New England and Canada to experience and enjoy the fall harvest of over 80 Maine farmers, festival food producers and their extraordinary creations as they "Celebrate Farm Fresh!" at this year's 12th annual Maine Harvest Festival. Sample the best of the best from our Maine vintners, brewers and distillers. Begin your holiday shopping with festival fiber artisans and their masterpieces and enthusiastic Maine chefs and home cooks as they showcase and share their story, demonstrate, sample and sell what makes Maine, Maine.

Learn more at www.maineharvestfestival.com

CPKC HOLIDAY TRAIN

November 22, 2025

The 2025 CPKC Holiday Train will stop in Greenville Junction at the Depot on Saturday, November 22nd at 6:15P. The CPKC Holiday Train has raised more than \$26.1 million and over 5.45 million pounds of food to help people struggling with food insecurity since 1999. CPKC encourages community members to make donations to the American Legion Post 94 Food Pantry as the CPKC Holiday Train rolls into Greenville. Learn more at:

www.cpkcr.com/en/community/HolidayTrain

CHRISTMAS IN GUILFORD

November & December, 2025

This inaugural event will feature Christmas display windows at Davis Brothers Furniture, a Christmas tree lighting and three weekends of a Christmas Market packed with local vendors. Be sure to come out and enjoy the festivities, hot chocolate and some Christmas shopping. The dates are November 28 - 30, December 6 & 7, and December 13 & 14, 10A - 6P. The Christmas tree lighting will be at 6P on November 28. Learn more at www.piscataquisforward.com/christmas-in-guilford

MILLINOCKET MARATHON

December 6, 2025

Although there is no formal entry fee to run the Millinocket Marathon & Half, all participants are strongly encouraged to make a donation at the time of registration to support the bare minimum race expenses. These expenses include race timing, course certification, port-a-johns, bus transportation, and insurance. Anything raised above and beyond our essential race expenses will be donated to local charitable groups and organizations. Learn more at:

www.crowathletics.com/millinocket-race-overview

HOMETOWN HOLIDAYS

December, 2025

Throughout Piscataquis County, the individual towns will be celebrating the holiday season with craft markets, parades, light shows, and so much more. To learn more and see the different schedules, visit:

www.piscataquischamber.com

RADAR RUN

February & March, 2026

Get ready for a full day of radar run fun, including a beer tent, vendors & food trucks. We will also have apparel for sale to support the Central Maine Racing Foundation. A percentage of proceeds from our events go to the Piscataquis Valley Snowmobile Club & to a scholarship in place to help a high school graduate attend a trade school.

Learn more at www.centralmaineracingfoundation.com

MAINE MAPLE SUNDAY

March 21-22, 2026

Maine maple producers will be hosting the 43rd annual Maine Maple Sunday weekend. Spring is a great time to get out and enjoy the great State of Maine and everything that it has to offer, including Maine Maple Syrup. Most sugarhouses offer maple syrup samples and demonstrations on how pure Maine maple syrup is made.

Learn more at www.mainemapleproducers.com

MOOSEHEAD MARATHON

April 26, 2026

Run through the heart of Maine's wilderness and discover what you're truly made of. Moosehead Marathon and Half awaits you on April 26, 2026. Join us for a race through one of Maine's most picturesque regions—the heart of Greenville, along the stunning shores of Moosehead Lake. Whether you're racing the full marathon or the half, this event will take you on a memorable journey through scenic landscapes and charming local landmarks.

Learn more at www.mooseheadmarathon.com

MAINE AUTHORS

Complete our online interview to get featured in an issue of The Guilford Register.

theguifordregister.com/interview

Crossword Answers - October Issue

S	O	S	A		P	R	E	S	S		F	A	W	N
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Sudoku Answers - October Issue

2	8	5	6	4	7	1	3	9
3	6	9	5	2	1	7	8	4
4	7	1	3	8	9	5	2	6
6	4	7	2	3	8	9	5	1
9	1	2	7	6	5	3	4	8
8	5	3	1	9	4	2	6	7
7	2	8	9	5	6	4	1	3
5	9	4	8	1	3	6	7	2
1	3	6	4	7	2	8	9	5

SMALL TOWN, BIG SPIRIT

By John McNamara

That was the theme of the 2025 Piscataquis River Festival, and being from the big city I was not entirely sure what that meant--what it would mean, for me. Then, in the months leading up to the festival I watched more and more people get involved, all wanting to do something; bring something and contribute to the event. It was an eye-opening moment for me, and it introduced me to the 100s of wonderful people who make small towns--my small town, so fantastic.

So now I am putting that spirit to the test by introducing the first-ever Festival of Lights, the Guilford **Spectacle of Lights** this year. I am hoping to see every home and every business sign up and decorate their homes and facilities with bright, festive lights and decorations--to show their true holiday spirit.

Coming from the big city, we could go on tours of neighborhoods or parks that would be lit up with millions of tiny Christmas lights and decorations. It was the moment in the season that, no matter what was going on in my life, put me in the holiday spirit--got me ready for the arrival of Santa. Even in small towns in southern Georgia we would go see compounds glowing with holiday cheer.

Of course, one of the true treasures of small town Maine, of Guilford, is being able to stand in my backyard and look up on any clear night and see the millions of stars and planets--the galaxies own Festival of Lights. And I love that about this part of the country, but for a few weeks each year, starting this year, I would love to be blinded by the light pollution of a truly spectacular light show put on by all of the wonderful people

who call Guilford, Maine home. I believe it is possible. After seeing so many people get excited about, and then turn out for the river festival this past summer, I am extremely optimistic that those same people will step up and do their part, however big or small, to brighten Guilford this year.

At a time in our countries political turmoil, and with so many services shutting down and people losing their jobs, now, more than ever we need to come together and brighten this town--brighten everyone's spirit, and show that together we are united. Together we can achieve anything, and together, this small town has really big spirit.

And to add icing to the cake, there will be real dollar value prizes for the best decorated house and business, so get out those holiday decorations and light up your homes, but be sure to register here so your included on the voting form:

www.piscataquisforward.org/christmas-in-guilford



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The Hummingbird Room is located inside the historic Guilford Bed & Breakfast. No reservations needed.

24 Elm Street, Guilford, Maine
207-876-3477



Christmas in GUILFORD

GUILFORD, MAINE



NOVEMBER 28, 29 & 30
DECEMBER 6, 7, 12, 13 & 14

SCAN FOR
SCHEDULE



- Christmas Market
- Holiday Donuts
- Holiday Treats for Kids
- Christmas Window Reveal
- Christmas Tree Lighting
- Photos with Santa & Mrs. Clause
- Spectacle of Lights Contest
- Holiday Cocktails
- Hot Cocoa & Food Trucks
- Festival of Wreaths
- So Much More...

This holiday season, we are going to celebrate Guilford, Maine, in a big way! Join us for three weekends of holiday cheer. Learn more and see the full schedule at: www.piscataquisforward.org

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