

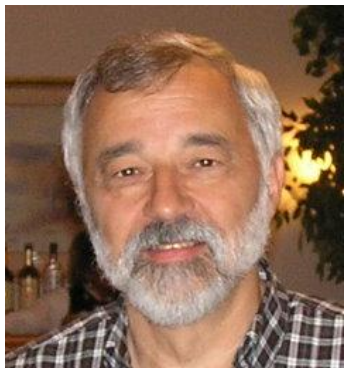
# *Unum Retirees Newsletter*

## *Summer 2018~Twenty-seventh edition*



### **Words from the Chair**

*By Roger Rioux*



If you know of any recent retirees who may not be aware of the organization, let them know about us and how they can join by contacting us through the website: [www.unumretirees.org](http://www.unumretirees.org) or by contacting **Steve Bailey at 846-6648 or [sebailey@maine.rr.com](mailto:sebailey@maine.rr.com)**. Unum notifies us once per year about new retirees so we may be missing contact information for recent retirees. We now have 480 members.

**If you are receiving a print version of the newsletter and you have access to email, please consider getting the electronic version of the letter. Printing and mailing costs are increasing and we would like to reduce our efforts to handle the mailing. Send an email to Steve Bailey at [sebailey@maine.rr.com](mailto:sebailey@maine.rr.com) to make the change.**

Our summer picnic was held on June 19 at Two Lights Park in Cape Elizabeth. We were able to visit with many old friends. We had about 75 attendees on what turned out to be a beautiful summer day. If you missed it this year please join us next year because we had a great time. Check out the pictures in a later section.

The next lunch meeting will be **September 18<sup>th</sup>**. I hope we will see you there. An invitation will be distributed three weeks prior to the meeting. We do not yet have a speaker for the meeting. If you have heard a good speaker that would be of interest to the members please let me know. Otherwise I may have to recite poetry. You don't want that.

---

### **From the Editor**

*Thank you all for your input! It is truly appreciated! **This Newsletter is published for YOU!** I would still love to hear from you about what type of "news" you would like to read. Your stories don't need to be long.....just a paragraph would do! We would love any pictures that would go along with your story!*

*I'm looking forward to hearing your input AND receiving articles from you! ([rlibby5@maine.rr.com](mailto:rlibby5@maine.rr.com) 17 Larchwood Rd., South Portland 04106)*

*Pam Libby, Editor*





# Summer Picnic at Two Lights State Park

*Pictures taken by Leo Lamoureux with Claudette Shepard assisting*



**Aron Storck & Kathi Foye**



**Anita Lewis, Dianne Gaudet & Karen Witham**



**Betsy Robinson, Ann Waecker & Janice Vachon**



**Bob Wooten, the Dominicks & Leo Lamoureux**



**Bruce & Judy Dominick**







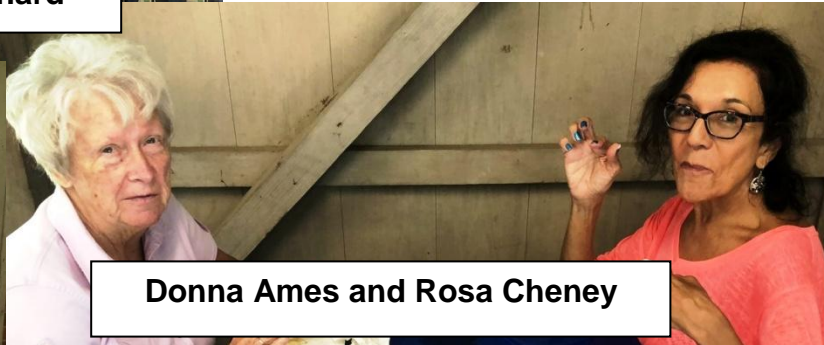
**Claudette Shepard & Linda Robichaud**



**David Tourangeau, Bernie Gaines & Ted Bernard**



**Deb Murphy & Dianne Law**



**Donna Ames and Rosa Cheney**



**Fred Stuart, Barry Daniels, Ann Waecker and Glenna & Dick Goulet**





**Gary Akovenko signing in**



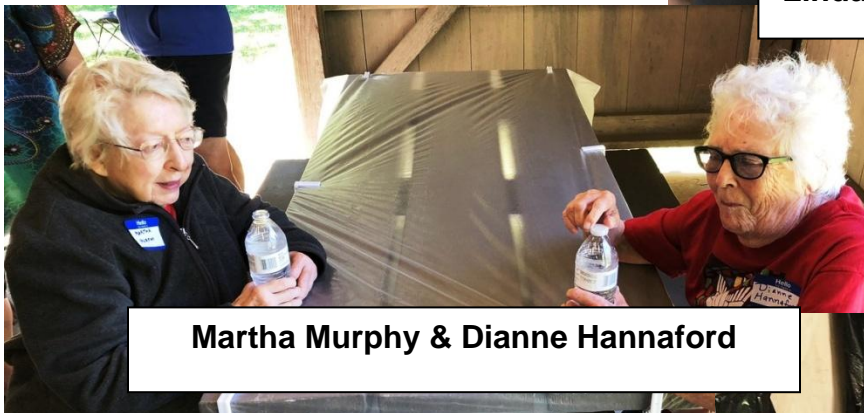
**Irene Shaw, Steve Hoxsie, Dianne Gaudet,  
Marty Hoxsie & Rick Wilbur**



**Kris Miller & Diane Spofford**



**Linda Stevens, Sylvia Parks & Bette Robicheaw**



**Martha Murphy & Dianne Hannaford**



**Rosine Pierce, Lorraine Cragin & Martha Francoeur**





**Signing in**



**Steve & Elaine Smith**



**Tom & Donalene Fox and Ellen Burrill**



**Gladys Yankowsky & Barbara Brown**

## **HURRICANE IRMA    September 6, 2017**

### ***After the Storm by Kathy Woodbrey***

After the storm was over and it was safe to leave our room, we toured our building. We were amazed at what we saw: rooms with the patio doors busted out, some with the inside walls busted out, some with both missing, some with refrigerators in the middle of the rooms, some refrigerators in the hall, every scenario you can imagine.

We found out that many people spent the night in the bathroom. Once a window on one side of the room broke out the air pressure took out the door on the inside. Many of the rooms were flooded, and many totally destroyed.

We met one Canadian man that was traveling alone. He was on the top floor and when his unit was demolished, he crawled in the hall to find help. A woman opened her door to let him in. He said he could hardly crawl because of the wind and rain. He was afraid he would be blown away.

We also walked next door to that resort in search of a place where we could get telephone reception. During the first day after the storm, all three of us were able to make contact with our families at home. My mother is 93 and was very relieved when I was able to tell her we were all ok before we lost contact. We

walked down over the hill to explore what was left of the main street. Real devastation; many yachts and huge barges, etc. sunken in the bay, buildings destroyed, cars overturned.....

Later that day after the storm we got our electricity back via generator. We had daily meetings to discuss the status of things and general communications. We had to agree on the hours we would have the generator on and they updated us on Hurricane Jose. Of course, there was nothing we could do except plan for its arrival.

At the Thursday afternoon meeting, people were asking if it was true that planes were coming in to pick us up, as people heard from our neighbor resort that they were told to bring their luggage for an evacuation meeting at 5:00pm. Our resort management had no information, but they warned us they would only give us information that they could confirm with their parent company in the U. S. They cautioned us about giving our passports to anyone. We went up to see if we could get any information from their meeting but decided it was just chaos.



We were pretty much confined to our rooms, as we had been warned that the casino on the hill was being looted and there was a group of vigilantes getting involved. Also, the Dutch Army had arrived. We were warned that if we ventured out and the Dutch Army questioned us and we couldn't understand what they were saying we should drop to the ground. They shoot and ask questions later.

All guests were moved to our building and everyone was in the same proximity (safety in numbers). Ours was the first room next to the outside stairs. With no air conditioning at night you didn't get much sleep. We were up and heard people in the halls so my sister investigated. The management was asking us to meet for an update around 2:00am on Friday. Management had been contacted by someone saying they were from the State Department and we were being flown out by U. S. military planes at 9:00am. The first time the hotel representative thought it was a hoax and hung up. There was a military emergency planner that was a guest and the next contact he was involved. He told us personally that it sounded legit, but he was staying. We were to meet at 5:00am with a small carryon bag (only what we could carry). It is hard to leave most everything behind, but we didn't think twice about it. Just as long as it was legit and we got back to the good old U. S. A. But, it is hard to believe how many had all their luggage and how much they had. It all got left at the airport.

We had to pay \$20 cash for the bus that was sent to take us to the airport. Again, there were people that did not have cash and the hotel had no money. I'm not sure how those folks made out. The ride to the airport was shocking as the damage we saw during our trip was worse than we had seen; cars, boats, airplanes turned upside down.

Stories we heard while we were waiting to be processed (the airport was destroyed so we had to line up to get on the tarmac) were very scary. Looters with machetes, people being killed or threatened, Americans living on the island leaving until things got sorted out for safety reasons. While waiting in line we had a rain storm and got soaked which was the least of our worries.



Our resort, the neighboring resort and our sister resort were on the first planes out. We were on a transport plane from the 106<sup>th</sup> Rescue Wing, the 102<sup>nd</sup> Squad out of New York. Apparently, they were in Puerto Rico to help out with an evacuation if they were hit by the hurricane. I was in the first group of 10 that got escorted to the plane so I got to sit in a real seat by a big window. Many were not so lucky because they had to sit on the floor and had to sit very close so more people could get in. I couldn't see what was going on in the plane but I could see the



islands we flew over and at one point I could see a whole rainbow below us. So, we were somewhere over the rainbow (how cool).

When we landed in Puerto Rico we were met with fire and rescue trucks and all the staff clapping for us. A good feeling to be on safe soil. We had to be processed by immigration. They set up a special area and we were given snacks, drink, blankets and toiletries by the American Red Cross. We had to sign an agreement that we would reimburse the government for the cost of the flight from St. Maarten's to San Juan. If you didn't sign or pay, your passport would be confiscated until you did pay. (We signed but have not received a bill).

We were on our own to make plans to get home and for our own hotel. We headed straight for the nearest restroom, then got a flight home for the next day and got a hotel. The airlines had been instructed to give us special priority. When we got to our hotel, I discovered that my license and credit card was missing. So, I called from the hotel to cancel my credit card. I couldn't believe I would have left it on the bed after I took it out of the safe but we were just throwing things in our bag, so!

We actually got back home earlier on Sunday than we were originally scheduled. The next day I went to get a new license.

Our family was very concerned for us, even though we thought we were safe. They were looking at the photos of the looting. My brother-in-law used to go with us and saw the photos of the looters in the building right beside ours with the Dutch guards taking them to the ground. The looters were going from room to room in that resort robbing the guests. Sometimes, ignorance is bliss, right!

We finally got word around Thanksgiving that the resort could send us our luggage. The shipper was having trouble finding Portland International Airport. By that time my sisters and I had agreed that we didn't want the luggage and contents back because of the condition things would be in. I informed the resort to destroy or give it to someone who could use it.

The first of December, I got an official looking envelop from the Air Force, so I was thinking a bill maybe, but it was a nice letter with my license, a little history about the rescue unit, one of their patches of distinction and one of the unit's coin. I was told the coins are not given out lightly so I should take good care of it. I figured that my license and credit card must have fallen out when I got by passport out while filling out forms. So, my old credit card must be somewhere on that plane!

You can find plenty of pictures of the destruction on the internet if you are interested.

---

## God's Hands on our Lives

*by Stan Small*

As I sit here this evening, my memory takes me back to one year ago this evening. My wife and I were in our travel trailer @ Bridgton Marina watching the weather report at approximately 6:10 p.m.. Within seconds the TV went black, the first tree came down across our camper knocking my wife to the floor in front of the refrigerator. Then a second tree came down collapsing the other side of our roof, knocking me off the couch, tearing off the slide-out & knocking me to the floor along side of my wife. A third tree came down (all 3 forty+ inches in circumference) and crushed the area that had previously been our bedroom. We were later told this was an F-1 tornado.

At that moment, I was reminded of the verse in Isaiah 26:3 that says "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." We then realized that we were trapped in our camper & remained so for approximately 15-20 minutes being rescued by several fellow campers who saw what had happened.





My Bible was found the next day lying in the same spot on the floor where Pat & I found ourselves just 12 hours before. Our camper & vehicle were destroyed, however, were it not for God's hand on our lives one year ago tonight, this conversation with all of you would not be possible.



We've always known that "things" can be replaced, however, our relationship with our Heavenly Father needs to be kept up to date on a daily basis.

---

### **Important Dates for 2018**

*Unum Retiree Members are welcome to attend Board Meetings. Just let Roger Rioux know beforehand.*  
(207) 671-7906 [rrrioux@maine.rr.com](mailto:rrrioux@maine.rr.com)

#### **2018 Board Meetings and Luncheons:**

- ~August 28 Board meeting
- ~September 18 Annual meeting
- ~October 9 Board meeting

#### **Unum Blood Drive Schedule for the remainder of 2018:**

**~HO1 time is 9-2**

**September 24 (Monday), December 13 (Thursday)**

**~HO3 time is 7-12**

**September 28 (Friday) and December 11 (Tuesday)**

**If you are willing to help out with the Unum Blood Drives, please contact Kathy Woodbrey at [lifter@fairpoint.net](mailto:lifter@fairpoint.net).**

---



## **Obituaries**



**Heidi L. (Smith) Arsenault**, 53, of Durham passed away at Mercy Hospital in Portland, on May 17, 2018, after a life-long battle with diabetes. She was born on Sept. 23, 1964, to Tina and the late Rev. Dr. Terry Smith.

She is survived by her loving husband David of 26 years, her brother Michael Smith, sisters-in-law Jackie Verrell, Delores Fogg, Alice Betz, Dot Aube, Corine Pray; and many nieces, nephews and friends.

She graduated from Andrew Warde High School in Fairfield, Conn. and worked at Fairfield University and UNUM in Portland. Her hobbies were knitting Afghans and sweater for friends even though she had been completely blind since age 27.

Friends and relatives were invited to a Celebration of Life for Heidi on Saturday, May 26 at 2 p.m. at the North Pownal Methodist Church, 851 Lawrence Rd, Pownal. Coffee and dessert

followed in the fellowship hall.

Please visit [www.advantageportland.com](http://www.advantageportland.com) to sign Heidi's guestbook and leave memories and condolences for the family.







**John Crandall Bonnell**, 83, entered into Eternal Rest, Wednesday, April 4, 2018, at home, with his loving family by his side.

He was born Dec. 6, 1934, in Portland, the oldest of the three children of the late Harold Crandall Bonnell and Agnes Gertrude (Lund) Bonnell.

He attended Portland schools and graduated from Deering High School. He also attended University of Southern Maine.

John was in the Maine Army National Guard for 40 years of uninterrupted service, retiring as a sergeant first class. During his tenure, he served as an infantryman, tank crewman, photographer, surveyor, and recruiter and mess sergeant. His highest award received was a Meritorious Service Medal.

He was employed 38 years with UNUM Life Insurance Company.

John married his only love, Natalie (McCafferty) Bonnell, in July 1960, whom he met while in high school. They spent 58 years of marriage devoted to their four children. He was a loving father, grandfather, and great-grandfather.

John and his family enjoyed outdoor activities both in summer and winter. They often traveled in their camper with fellow camper friends to various camping locations, enjoying the changing scenery. John enjoyed hunting in the fall, spending time with his Maine National Guard buddies and their families.

His hobby in high school and later years was photography, developing and printing his own photographs. This hobby became professional when he developed a wedding photography business which he continued for 30 years.

John was a Charter member of the Knights of Columbus, Council 15719, Parish of the Holy Eucharist. He was a Brother of the Fourth Degree. He served as a guard of the council and served on the First Degree Team. John was loved by all his Brother Knights. He would willingly do any chore asked of him, faithfully.

John was predeceased by his brother, Bruce Lund Bonnell, who passed away on April 4, 1948, 70 years to the day that John passed. He was also predeceased by a great-grandchild.

He is survived by his wife, Natalie; their children, son, John W. Bonnell, and wife, Deirdre and their son, Noah; his daughter, Catherine Heck and her children, Melissa Burns and husband John, their sons, Ian and Joshua; Joshua Collins; Nicholas Heck, daughter, Layla; his daughter, Karen Gorgone and husband, Robert; his son, Michael Bonnell and wife, Jennifer, their daughters, Lillian and Sarah. John is also survived by his sister, Jane Osgood and her husband Edward.

Visiting hours were held Wednesday, April 11, 2018, from 5-7 p.m., with the Rosary recited at 6:30 p.m., at A.T.

Hutchins Funeral Home, 660 Brighton Ave. in Portland. A Mass of Christian Burial was celebrated at Holy Martyrs Church, 250 Foreside Road, Falmouth, on Thursday, April 12, 2018, at 10 a.m. Burial was held later in the spring at Holy Cross Cemetery in Yarmouth. To view John's guest book or leave the family an condolence online, please

visit: [www.athutchins.com](http://www.athutchins.com).

If friends or family desire, a memorial contribution can be made in John's name to: Autism Speaks 1 East 33rd Street, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10016



**Laurence Bradner Carroll III**, a young age 73, died May 27, 2018, at Gosnell Memorial Hospice House from metastatic cancer, diagnosed only last September. A gentle, loving, elegant, and competent man loved by many, he handled this last challenge with his usual great dignity, love, and consideration for his family.

Son of Elizabeth Longstreth Carroll and the late Laurence Carroll Jr., he grew up in Hagerstown, Md., with his beloved younger sister, Janet Stanford.

Always interested in music, he mastered piano and clarinet. A [U.S. Navy](#) scholarship to Yale in 1963, provided a place on the lightweight crew, a gig as a Yale radio DJ, and a degree in



engineering and applied sciences.

To complete his five-year military obligation, Lanny served as lieutenant at the naval nuclear power headquarters in Washington D.C. At the same time, he attend Georgetown Law School at night. Lanny moved to Cape Elizabeth in 1973, and practiced law in Portland until his retirement.

In 1985, Lanny married Nancy Apel Altenburg, and they blended their families of five children. Lanny and Nancy shared love and life, enjoying rich friendships, travel (including a trip to the Galapagos in April), tent camping, hiking, and time with their growing family. For the last ten years they divided their time between Scarborough and Naples, Fla., where Lanny was an active member of the Unitarian Universalist Congregation of Greater Naples.

Lanny is survived by his beloved wife, Nancy, and four of his children and their spouses: Garth and Heather Altenburg, Amy and Allison Scobie-Carroll, Alison and Justin Carignan, and Stephanie and Johnathan Bernard; as well as his nine grandchildren. He was predeceased by his father, Laurence Carroll, and daughter, Julie Altenburg.

A celebration of Lanny's life service was held Friday, June 8 at 1 p.m., at The First Congregational Church United Church of Christ, 301 Cottage Road, South Portland. Dennett, Craig and Pate Funeral Home, 365 Main St., Saco is respectfully handling the arrangements. Proudly providing service to our veterans.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests contributions be made to: Gosnell Memorial Hospice House, 180 U.S. Route One, Scarborough, ME 04074, or to Community Crisis Ministries First Congregational Church, South Portland, ME 04106



**Cathy Mae Cushing** left this world on June 14, 2018, in Scarborough, after a long courageous battle with cancer. She was born in Portland, Oct. 6, 1950, the daughter of Stanley H Pooler and Catherine A Spiller. She was raised in South Portland, attending South Portland schools.

After retiring from Unum in 2013, Cathy spent much of her time with family and friends at her campsite in Naples, Maine. She loved traveling, making numerous trips to Nevada to visit with her son and enjoying the many sites and stops along the way.

Cathy was a breath of fresh air to all she encountered. She always had a warm smile and a hearty laugh to share. She will be greatly missed by all who came to know and love her.

Cathy was predeceased by her parents; husband Elliott Cushing; brother Stanley Pooler and his wife LeeAnne. She is survived by her loving partner Francis J Millett of South Portland; son Elliot Cushing and partner Scott Bernier of Las Vegas, Nev., son Brian Cushing and his wife Kriss of Waterboro; sisters Ellen Nielsen of Old Orchard Beach and Bobby Ellis of Berwick and brother Phillip Pooler and his wife Dawn of Kennebunk; along with several nieces and nephews. Her family wishes to thank the staff of nurses and doctors at MMC for their loving and professional care.

Please visit [www.advantageportland.com](http://www.advantageportland.com) to sign Cathy's guestbook and leave memories and condolences for the family.



**Leon A. Labonte**, 72, of Saco passed away peacefully on Thursday, May 10, 2018 after a long, courageous, and inspiring battle with Parkinson's Disease. His wife, daughters, and siblings were surrounding him as he entered the loving arms of God.

Leon was born on Nov. 24, 1945 in Biddeford and graduated from St. Louis High School in 1964. He joined the [army](#) after graduation and served until 1967, including deployment to patrol the DMZ in South Korea. After returning home, Leon met the love of his life, Michele Roy, and they married on May 16, 1970. He graduated from the University of Southern Maine in 1974 with a bachelor's degree in accounting and followed that with a master's degree in finance from Bentley University in 1985. During his schooling and after, he was proud to serve on the Saco Police Reserve Force. Leon worked for 14 years at Unum, but his happiest work days were as Vice President of Risk Management at Kennebunk Savings Bank, where he worked from 1991 until his retirement in 2007. He was well-loved by his colleagues and was a source of

knowledge, laughter, kindness, and compassion. Whether someone worked for him or not, they could always go to him



with a problem and he would find an answer.

When not working, Leon's greatest joy was spending time with his family, Michele, and their two daughters, Julie and Lisa. Trips to Disney World and Hershey Park provided memories for a lifetime, and there was no greater cheerleader on the sideline of a field hockey game or track meet than Leon for his daughters. In his younger days, he was an avid runner and skier and earned his pilot's license. He went on to become a charter member of the Saco Bay [Rotary Club](#), through which he received the Paul Harris Fellow Award for his community service. Leon enjoyed hunting trips and became an instructor in gun safety at the York County Fish and Game Club, also winning many black powder and turkey shoots. He was a long-time religious education teacher at Most Holy Trinity; a woodworker who loved building toy boxes, coat racks, and other things for his children and grandchildren; an artist who enjoyed painting and drawing cartoons for the bank's newsletter; and a prolific reader of history, particularly of the Civil War and [WWII](#). After his diagnosis, he was thrilled to be able to take three wonderful trips with family: to France and Italy, where he fulfilled a lifelong dream of being in his ancestors' land and walking along the shores of Normandy; to Hawaii, including with two of his grandchildren; and to Quebec City, where he and Michele felt at home.

However, he will best be remembered for his deep, abiding faith. He never wavered in his trust of God. Leon's greatest gift to his children was the gift of faith, and through his long illness he never stopped praising God. His persistent faith and positive attitude will be a role model to everyone who knew him for a long time to come.

The family wishes to thank the first floor staff of St. Andre Health Care and the staff from Compassus Hospice and Palliative Care for the compassionate, loving, patient, and tender care they provided Leon over the past two years. Leon was predeceased by his parents, William and Juliette (Lessard) Labonte. He is survived by his wife of 48 years, Michele; daughters Julie Weissenburger and her husband, Michael, and their children Megan, Jack, and Brooke of Marblehead, Mass.; and Lisa Crane and her husband, Adam, and their children Catherine, Maria, and Sarah of Wakefield, Mass.; brothers Paul Labonte and his wife, Linda, and Charles Labonte and his wife, Peggy; sister Carmen Fournier and her husband, Robert; and many nieces and nephews.

Visiting hours were from 4-7 p.m. Thursday, May 17, 2018 at Cote Funeral Home, 87 James Street, Saco. A Funeral Mass was at 10 a.m. Friday, May 18 at St. Joseph Church, 178 Elm Street, Biddeford. Burial will follow in Laurel Hill Cemetery in Saco.

Those planning an expression of sympathy are asked to consider donations in his memory to: [The Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson's Research](#) [www.michaeljfox.org](http://www.michaeljfox.org), or Donation Processing [The Michael J. Fox Foundation](#) P.O. Box 5014 Hagerstown, MD 21741-5014



**Annetta E. Richardson**, 86, of Windham, passed on to glory on Easter, April 1, 2018. The daughter of Israel and Greta Nash, she was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, August 29, 1931. The loving mother of six children, she was a devoted Christian, who loved her church and family. Married to William ("Willie") Richardson in 1950, they resided in the Deering Center area where the children attended local schools. She worked at National Semiconductor and UNUM.

Annetta had many hobbies, but her favorite activity outside of loving the Lord was playing golf. She belonged to the Riverside Women's Golf Association and was an avid golfer, winning tournaments and many golf awards. Annetta enjoyed traveling and during her last trip, she visited with her nephew, Brian Henry, in British Columbia, Canada. She moved and lived in Florida from 1987-1997, before returning to Maine.

Her passing was preceded by her parents; brother, Carson Nash; sister, Helen Henry; brother, Wallace Nash; her husband; son, Kent Richardson; granddaughter, Darien Richardson; and great-granddaughter, Logan Richardson. Her surviving family consists of her brother, Earl Nash, of Moncton, Canada; and the following children and their spouses: Una and Stephan George, David and Irene Richardson, Wayne and Judi Richardson, Mark and Maureen Richardson, Eric Richardson and five grandchildren. In addition to her family, Annetta will be greatly missed by close neighbors and faraway friends.



Visiting and service hours were held at Windham Assembly of God Church, 1051 Roosevelt Trail, Windham ME 04062, on Saturday, April 7, 2018.



**Margaret "Margie" (Montgomery) Ventresca**, 65, Margie peacefully passed away on Monday, May 28, 2018, after a long battle with Multiple Myeloma. She was the daughter of Edward and Bertha (Brien) Montgomery, of South Portland and graduated from South Portland High School in 1971.

Margie married her high school sweetheart, George Ventresca, and they had one daughter Christina, who quickly filled their life with joy. Margie was happy to be a stay at home mom and to spend precious time with her daughter until school began.

Margie's career spanned more than 25 years in the insurance industry, beginning at UNUM and retiring from UnitedHealth Group. The couple also lived in Florida for several years where she worked for the Zenith Insurance Company. She enjoyed her work and with it the opportunities to continually meet new people, throughout her career she made many lifelong friendships.

Volunteering was an important aspect of Margie's life, from volunteering at school when her daughter was young to raising money for Relay for Life to volunteering for the Beach to Beacon. She also volunteered during retirement at the Yarmouth Food Pantry and Falmouth Land Trust. Margie also enjoyed golf, weight training, cross-country skiing, bike riding, and hiking, as well as dinners with the South Portland Divas. These get together provided much laughter and love. Margie and George were blessed with the arrival of a granddaughter, Maya in 2012. She quickly became the light of their lives and was a ray of sunshine during some of the difficult days of Margie's illness.

Margie's favorite Poem by Bessie Anderson Stanley modeled her own life and beliefs: "To laugh often and love much; to win the respect of intelligent persons and the affection of children, to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the best in others; to give of one's self; to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition; to have played and laughed with enthusiasm and sung with exultation; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded." The family would like to thank Dr. Winters of New England Cancer Specialist, his staff, past and current, as well as the staff in the front office and treatment room. Their empathy and caring were truly appreciated.

Margie is survived by her husband of 46 years George Ventresca; one daughter Christina Ventresca and her husband John Cahalen; one granddaughter Maya Cahalen, her mother Bertha Montgomery; a brother John Montgomery and his partner Paul Weatherbee, sister Susan Getchell and her husband Martin, sister Judy Montgomery, sister-in-law Cheryl Bolduc and her husband Richard, sister-in-law Sandie Marshall and her husband Will Solomine; as well as many beloved nieces and nephews.

Visiting Hours were held on Sunday, June 3, 2018, from 3:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. at A.T. Hutchins Funeral Home. 660 Brighton Ave., Portland. A Mass of Christian Burial was celebrated on Monday, June 4, 2018, at 10:00 a.m. at Holy Martyrs Catholic Church 266 Foreside Road Falmouth. Burial will follow in New Calvary Cemetery in South Portland.

To view Margie's guestbook or leave the family, an online condolence please visit [www.athutchins.com](http://www.athutchins.com)

In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to: [Leukemia And Lymphoma Society](http://LeukemiaAndLymphomaSociety.org) P.O. Box 12268 Newport News, VA 23612





Dear work-oriented Headlighters,



'They' say that old habits are hard to break. 'They' also say old age isn't for wimps. So don't be wimpy. Enjoy your old age. You'll never go through it again. (Thank God)



Research shows that keeping active and enjoying life leads to better health.

When a soldier came to a clinic for an MRI he was put into the machine by an attractive, young technician. Sometime later when the exam was over he was helped out of the machine by a far older woman. The soldier remarked,, "How long was I in there for?"



"And in the end,  
it's not the  
years in your  
life that count.  
It's the life in  
your years."  
Abraham Lincoln

Rejoice in the  
Lord always.  
Again I will  
say, rejoice!  
Phil. 3:18

The perks of being  
over 60: Your  
investment in health  
insurance is finally  
beginning to pay off.

Having fun makes  
people happy. A  
smile is contagious  
so no grumpy or  
bored faces.

Cheers from  
your fellow  
Headlighter,  
Ruth Myer  
P.S. 84 and  
still having fun.

