

Dorothy Dean Stump Waterman

April 12, 1923 to November 24, 2009



"If ever there is tomorrow when we're not together... there is something you must always remember. You are braver than you believe, stronger than you seem, and smarter than you think. But the most important thing is, even if we're apart, I'll always be with you."

-Winnie the Pooh



Dorothy Waterman (middle, center) with her husband, Richard Waterman. Surrounded by all her children and grandchildren. Left to right, these are: Nicholas Waterman, Timothy Waterman, Debbie Waterman, Jack Waterman, Richard Sienkewicz, Carl Waterman, Thomas Sienkewicz, Marie Sienkewicz, Anne Sienkewicz and Julia Sienkewicz.

**A small volume in loving memory
of one who loved the pleasures of reading
and of sharing memories.**



Dorothy Dean Stump Waterman, MD, 86, of Waldoboro, passed away Tuesday, November 24th at her home on Main Street, surrounded by her loving family. She was born April 12, 1923, in Kansas City, Missouri, the youngest child of Alice May Shore Stump and Lee Calvin Stump. She graduated at age 15 from Paseo High School, the largest school in Kansas City, as salutatorian of her class. She then graduated from the University of Kansas School of Business in Lawrence, Kansas, and worked as a secretary at Hallmark Cards while attending Chemistry Classes in night school.

She entered the University of Kansas Medical School, where she met and married Richard D. Waterman of North Haven, Maine, on January 3, 1947. She received her M.D. degree in June of 1948. She interned at Trinity Lutheran Hospital in Kansas City, Missouri, followed by a year of Pathology Residency at Eastern Maine General Hospital, Bangor, Maine.

The Waterman family settled first in Friendship, where their first two children were born, later moving to Waldoboro where their third child was born. They also lived in Waterloo, New York for two years while Dr. Richard was in the USAF.

Dr. Waterman lived in Waldoboro for over 50 years where she reared her children, and augmented her husband's medical practice, answering the phone and filling in if her husband was unavailable for office hours, when her children were small. Dr. Waterman led Girl Scout troops for many years and organized the first Cub Scout dens in Waldoboro. She was also involved with P.T.A. When her children were old enough she added a medical practice of her own. She worked for years with school health programs and well baby clinics.

Dorothy was an avid reader, knitter, typist, with wide interests who prized education and knowledge. She also loved music and played the piano. Above all else, she was a faithful and loving friend and devoted wife, mother and grandmother.

Dr. Dorothy was predeceased by her parents and brothers, Dr. James David Stump and Lee Kimball Stump. Survivors include her husband, Richard D. Waterman, MD, of Waldoboro, daughter, Anne W. Sienkewicz, PhD and her husband, Thomas J. Sienkewicz, PhD of Monmouth, IL and sons, Jack L. Waterman, MD, and his wife, Deborah, of Waldoboro, ME and Carl D. Waterman of Waldoboro, ME. Also five grandchildren: Marie Sienkewicz, DVM and her husband, Kyle Bond, of Wauconda, IL, Julia Sienkewicz, PhD and her husband, Victor Martinez, PhD, of Champaign, IL, Richard O. Sienkewicz (law student at Marquette University School of Law in Milwaukee, WI), Timothy F. Waterman (masters student at Columbia University in NY) and Nicholas C. Waterman (an undergraduate at the University of Maine at Farmington) of Waldoboro, ME. Also sisters-in-law, Mrs. Bernadette Worthy and husband, George Worthy of Daly City, CA, and Mrs. Lee K. Stump of Lindsborg, KS.

Dorothy Dean Stump Waterman Timeline

Date of Birth: April 12, 1923

Graduation from Paseo High School, Kansas City, MO 1938

Graduation from University of Kansas City School of Business, Kansas City, MO B.A.
c1942

Married to Richard Waterman 1-3-1947

Graduation from medical school, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Lawrence, KA 1948

Internship at Trinity Lutheran, Kansas City, MO 1948-1949

Pathology residency, Bangor, Maine at Eastern Maine General Hospital 1949-1950

Move to Friendship, Maine, July 1, 1950

Birth of daughter Anne Frances November 14, 1950

Birth of son Jack Lamar, August 5, 1952

Move to Waldoboro, Maine, 1952

Birth of son Carl David, February 21, 1954

Move to Sampson AirForce Base, Waterloo, NY ca. July 1954 through July 1956

Return to Waldoboro, August 1956

Return to practice, c1962

Retirement, c 1987

Date of Death, 11-24-2009



Dorothy Dean Stump Gathering Flowers in Kansas City



Dorothy Dean Stump as a Teenager



Dorothy Dean Stump with her mother, Alice May Shore Stump



*Cynthian
Literary
Society*

*Dear Corky: Honest, kid I think you're
really one swell Cynthian sister,
and I wish you could have been
in them before, 'cause you're really
#1. Definitely. Yours, Dorothy Stump*



BETTY JEANNE CORKINS

Good Night, Dear Friend...until we meet again.....



Paseo High School, Kansas City, MO

"On Her Hill Paseo Towers - Fair and Strong and High....."

This is no longer the case, as in 1990, this beautiful building was blasted down to make way for a new 'Magnet School'. Despite a furor heard 'round the globe, it happened, and a magnificent building - only 23 years old, disappeared. But its memory lives on in the minds of its Alumni. Dorothy Dean Stump Waterman and I, Betty Corkins Gillum were two of those Alums, from the Class of 1938.

My nickname was 'Corky', and 'Stumpie' and I were good friends during our four years at Paseo - we had some classes together and belonged to the 'Cynthian Literary Society', one of several sorority-type organizations at Paseo.

After graduation from Paseo, both Stumpie and I enrolled at Kansas City Junior College, which was in downtown Kansas City. After graduating from this 2-year, highly accredited school, we parted ways - Stumpie went on to Kansas University at Lawrence, KS, and here she met the person with whom she shared the rest of her life - Richard Waterman, from the State of Maine.

At this point in our young lives I think all of us believed that we would stay in touch, remain in the Kansas City area and that things would remain forever the same. This was not to be the case, as on December 7, 1941, all our lives truly did change forever! The 'boys' all went to War, and the 'gals' either went to work in defense plants or other war-related businesses, with some continuing their college work. Somehow, Stumpie and I were able to keep track of each other, although our lives took very different paths.

It was in 1990 that my husband, Bob, and I visited Stumpie and Dick in Waldoboro. We had such a nice visit and learned a lot about the area where they lived - all very interesting to a couple from the mid-west who had never been that far East! We visited a beautiful Light House on the Maine Coast, the town of Friendship, where Lobster boats were made, we met some of their family members, toured a lovely English garden, and they served us our very first Lobster, along with Stumpie's yummy homemade bread! And we thought it exciting that Dick's mother lived on a Island!

Miles and the aging process prevented us from ever getting together again, but we did stay in touch, and I am so grateful to you Granddaughters for inviting me to write this memory of Stumpie. She was a very special friend, and, although we didn't live close enough for personal visits through the years, we did keep up with our growing families and our activities by hand-written letters - no e-mail and/or cell phones with cameras for us!

Your grandmother was brilliant, and at the same time she was very down-to-earth, and could visit on many subjects, so we never wanted for anything to talk about. She loved her family and she saw and appreciated beauty in everything!

My sympathy to all of you, her family members, and my hope for you is that you will always remember her fondly and remember the ideals she stood for!

Betty Corkins Gillum



As I look back on my life of seventy-nine years one of the things I am thankful for is a cousin, Dorothy Stump Waterman, who cared for me.

Our fathers, Lee and David, were brothers and the bond carried throughout our lifetime.

As a youngster living on a farm near Blue Mound, KS, what a delight to have "Uncle Lee" visit us from Kansas City. Aunt Alice always brought "exotic" foods not available in our small town. Uncle Lee would bring a delicious orange drink from the S.W. Noggle Company - a real treat on a hot summer day.

Dorothy always blended into those around her and was a wonderful companion. How excited I was as a high schooler to have her invite me to Lawrence overnight where I attended some classes with her.

I last saw Dorothy on a hot summer day when she and Jack drove up the line to our house on the farm. Once again Dorothy's charm flooded my being.

In loving memory,
Barbara Stump Foster



Dorothy with Winnie (Winifred) Stump



**Dorothy outside her family home
(4230 East 62nd St.) in Kansas City, MO.
July 5, 1945**



**Dorothy (right) with Margaret Cook
and Dr. Hamilton.**



Dorothy's Graduation





Doris Bixby, Mrs. Nance, John Marshall, Dorothy Stump

I met Dorothy Waterman at our first day in anatomy class in Lawrence, Kansas, in 1944. Dean Wall introduced himself. He was dean of the medical school and had taught my father when he was in medical school. My father, Benjamin Bixby, did not like him. Dr. Wall informed us that we were to divide into groups of four.

Women were pariahs in medical school. There was an unwritten law that no class could have more than 10% women. Our class was of fifty members so only five women could be admitted.

The admissions committee used, from school records, the classes taken, the grades achieved, the persons from who recommendations were requested, the information from the recommendations, and the ranking on the admissions test. They chose from the female applicants the top five women. They then took the remaining 45 from the male applicants. As I feel it was to be expected, the five women out ranked the majority of the male admissions in the quality of admission criteria. Dorothy was an honor graduate of the School of Business. I was Phi Beta Kappa from the College of Liberal Arts, a sorority president and a campus activist.

Mrs. Nance was a 40 year old divorced mother of four boys whom she was raising in her home. I never knew her except as Mrs. Nance and this is what I called her. Beth Reimer was one of eight children whose money came from scholarships, grants and loans. Gloria Allan was the daughter of a chiropractor or osteopathic physician (I considered both far below a medical physician) whose parents had divorced and she was living with her mother who moved with her.

That day I knew no one. Gloria and Beth were in another section. Three of us had no one: Dorothy, Mrs. Nance, and me. We needed to have a fourth. John Marshall was a tall awkward "odd

man out” who needed to be a member of a group and agreed to join us. We worked over the cadaver for the semester.

We had no time for socializing. We never visited over the work table. I never learned any personal information about the three with whom I worked. I did have another avenue to Dorothy.

Medical School continued its semester in the summer. The Sorority house closed for the summer. I needed someplace to live. I do not know who found the accommodations, perhaps Beth, but I was invited to share an upstairs apartment with three others, Beth, Dorothy, a girl whose name I cannot remember. She married Charlie Cowan (a member of our class who transferred to the Medical School of University of Illinois or of Chicago) and transferred with him.

In 1944 at the University of Kansas air conditioning was a rarity and this apartment was shoddy low class student accommodation. We had a small kitchen with bare necessities. We had to provide the dishes, pots, pans and utensils. The kitchen was between the front room and the bedroom. There was one toilet, bath with shower head and sink. The bedroom had two double beds in which four of us slept. We divided the tasks so that each of us had responsibilities. We did our own cooking. The apartment was hot. We had no social activities in the apartment. We studied. At the end of the semester we moved to Kansas City and continued our individual ways.

Stumpie was the smartest of us. She and I were Alpha Omega Alpha, the honor fraternity of medical school. I remember vaguely that she was dating a member of our class who had not passed certain courses and was dropped in the class behind, Richard Waterman. My remembrance of him was that he had a horse which he rode daily in my mind. Being an equestrian, I was secretly very envious of him because I would have liked to be away from the books and on a horse.

Dorothy and Dick married somewhere in those years for I believe she was a Waterman when she was graduated. I went to the University of Iowa for my internship, married and lost track of Dorothy and my classmates.

I got her address somewhere in the passing years and knew they had settled in Maine. We exchanged cards and letters over the years but never on a regular basis. I know she is proud of their children and their successes.

I do not know if Dick continued his equestrian activities. When the youngest of our three children could ride, I started riding again with all the children. My husband Frank did not care for horses and never joined us. I became involved in equestrian helmets and worked to get the ASTM/SEI protective helmet developed, approved, and recommended for activities with horses. Frank and I have a veterinarian daughter, a son who is Superintendent of a National Park and a school teacher administrator now retired.

I wish you all a great memorial service. Thank you for your invitation to be a part of it.

Doris Bixby Hammett, MD

February 27, 2010



Dorothy Dean Stump



**Dorothy Dean Stump and Richard Waterman,
January 3, 1947**



I became acquainted with “Stumpy” when I went to attend K.U. my Jr. year of college, and both of us lived at Corbin Hall, the college girls' dorm. She invited me numerous times to her home in Kansas City where I became acquainted with her mother. We were roommates my Sr. year, and close friends with our boy friends. “Stumpy” was always fun to be with. Upon leaving K.U. Approximately 7 of us developed a Round Robin letter which has continued until now – with only 2 of us left. Many years after graduation we converged at K. U for a reunion. My only other time to see her was approximately 25-30 years ago when my husband & I “trailed” across the U.S. and visited Dorothy & Dick in their home in Maine which has allowed me to envision her in her home since then. I recall urging her to adopt sunny colors throughout her home due to her periods of “depression.”

Because of her love of poetry I sent her that venue through the years. Her letters to us “Robins” often included poetry.

I will miss Dorothy very much. I'm so glad for her part in my life.

Marjorie Anderson, née Sorenson

Davis, CA

February 2, 2010



I knew Dorothy Stump as a fellow classmate of KU Med '48 but I did not know her well. Your grandfather, Richard Waterman, was a good friend -- we gave him the name "Hoss" as in cowboy movies. We thought he walked and talked like a cowboy and he certainly had all sorts of practical skills, particularly in automobile repairs. Hoss discovered an old decaying Model T. Ford in a farmer's barn -- I think he hired a horse from the farmer. Hoss came to me and another friend, Pete Carey and said if we would buy the car he would buy his one third share by repairing it and putting it in good driving condition and keeping it that way. We did that and got a good year and much campus notoriety out of the deal. Coeds liked to go for rides in the amazing antique car!

Your grandmother was one of five female students in a graduating class of 56. It was WWII. 41 males of which 12 were U.S. Army [Pete, Hoss, and I were Army] and 22 were Navy. There were 17 civilian males. It clearly was a very male environment. The five female medical students had to contend with a lot of teasing.

Don Jackson



Richard Waterman and Dorothy Waterman

I am sorry that I can't add much to the letter I've already written when I heard of Dorothy's (or Stumpie as I knew her) death.

We never met after knowing each other at Univ. of Kansas back in the 1940's. If memory serves, we knew each other at Harmon Co-op there. From there she went on to Medical School and I never met her again.

Through our mutual friend Rosalie Wahl, we got reacquainted and started writing each other. I remember her from way back as a happy, upbeat, smiling person and I don't believe she ever changed.

We shared a love of reading and at least some of our correspondence reflected that. It was a delight to renew our acquaintance and find that she liked to read – and to write – as much as I did.

She and I were both born in 1923 and those of us who live this long all know that we have to go sometime soon. I just wish she had lived longer. I will surely miss her.

Jeanne (Shoemaker) Colwell

February 2, 2010



Richard and Dorothy



Richard and Dorothy



I met Dorothy in June 1947, the same year that I graduated from high school. She was tall with long, dark hair and real pretty. A year later, I went in the army. While stationed at Fort Sill Oklahoma, I did go over to Kansas City and spend a week-end with Richard and Dorothy. They had a small apartment near the hospital where he was interning. I met Dorothy's mum and dad for the one and only time while visiting that week-end.

I didn't see all that much of Dorothy and Richard back then after they located in the Friendship and Waldoboro area as you couldn't take your car across the way we do now. Everyone went on foot. The years went by and they were busy with their practice. Then Richard had to go back to serve some time in the service down in Waterloo, New York and the family all went with him. When he was near the end of his stint there, he drove the family to Uncle Doug's in Upton, Mass while he returned to New York for a couple of weeks to wrap up. So I met them at Uncle Doug's and drove Dorothy and the three kids, with just enough room left for "Minnie", the rest of the way home. They stayed with Gramma Kath those two weeks. I was still living at home at the time and she about drove me crazy reading to the kids. Their favorite book was "Jim Jump" and she had to read it over and over.

Mary and I were married January 1, 1960 in Vinalhaven. Of course it was cold, snow and ice on the ground. Dorothy went to a lot of trouble getting tin cans emptied to tie on the back of our car. (Can't remember just what it was the kids had to consume to get a good supply of cans.) With it being so cold that night, all the cans froze to the ground and when we drove off all the cans stayed frozen to the ground. Found out not too long ago on one of our visits, that Dorothy thought I had cut them off - but I assured her I had not! Anyway, everybody had a good laugh. Never found out if the kids were disappointed after all their efforts. Probably some of your family knows the details better than I.

One of the stories we remember hearing (which may have been embellished over the years) was when Rich brought Dorothy home to North Haven and Gramma Kath and Bump took them on a picnic. They had lobsters, and of course being from the mid-west, she didn't know how to get into them. Your grandfather, of course, wouldn't show her, making her figure it out for herself. She took a rock and began pounding on the lobster and, the way I hear tell, she made out just fine. I can just picture that whole scene!

Over the years, they ran an "out patient ward". When someone was waiting for a baby and had to spend the last days on the mainland, they took us in - except when I was waiting for Laurie and they left town! (I think it coincided with a trip out to visit Ann.)

We had to spend a night on the mainland after Laurie broke her leg to make sure everything was okay. There were many overnights from the North Haven branch of the Watermans. For some reason, we happened to be there one night and were eating supper with the whole crowd. Toot went to pick up his spoon and there was a fly on it. Not wanting to embarrass anyone, he very discretely tried to brush it off. Needless to say, he almost ruined the spoon while they were sitting there enjoying the whole scene. Dorothy had taken them to "Perry's Nut House" where they had managed to find a few "practical jokes". Seems they had also found the drinking glass with the holes in the side. She always enjoyed a practical joke. I think she gave Rich some interesting gifts that showed up in the delivery room, too.

I never did hear her play the piano or organ, but one time she told about the time she thought maybe if she had a little champagne it might help her playing. Afterward, she reckoned it didn't help at all! That Christmas I found bubble bath in a champagne bottle for her.

She was always thinking of the kids. She used to have some of the older cousins come over to spend vacation week on the mainland! Sometimes the younger ones just for the day so she could

take them to see a special movie that she thought they would enjoy. And sometimes, I am told, one of her sons liked to come out here and visit with Gramma and Bump so he could be an only child for a week and get all of the attention!

In late years when we dropped in on the way to visit our family in Gorham, we found Dorothy in good spirits for someone who seldom could leave the house and was pretty much confined to her chair. Maybe it was due, in part to the fact she was so happy and thankful to be able to be in her own home, and in part to the comfort she got from her books, and the phone calls and visits from family and friends. This time of year when “Cabin Fever” starts to set in, I think of her and try to find my cure!

Thankfully, over the years Gramma Kath kept in touch with everyone and would keep us all up to date on what was going on with everyone else so we didn’t lose touch.

February 26, 2010

Stanley “Toot” Waterman (brother-in-law)

Mary Waterman (sister-in-law)



My one memory of Aunt Dorothy was the time when she and uncle Richard came to the island to visit Grandma Kath and Aunt Dorothy brought some of her home made bread and they sliced and buttered it to go with lunch and put the leftovers away after. When Aunt Dorothy got up in the morning and put toast in the toaster for breakfast as it turned out the toast that she had used was the left over buttered bread from lunch the day before so as you can guess it made a bit of a mess in the toaster.

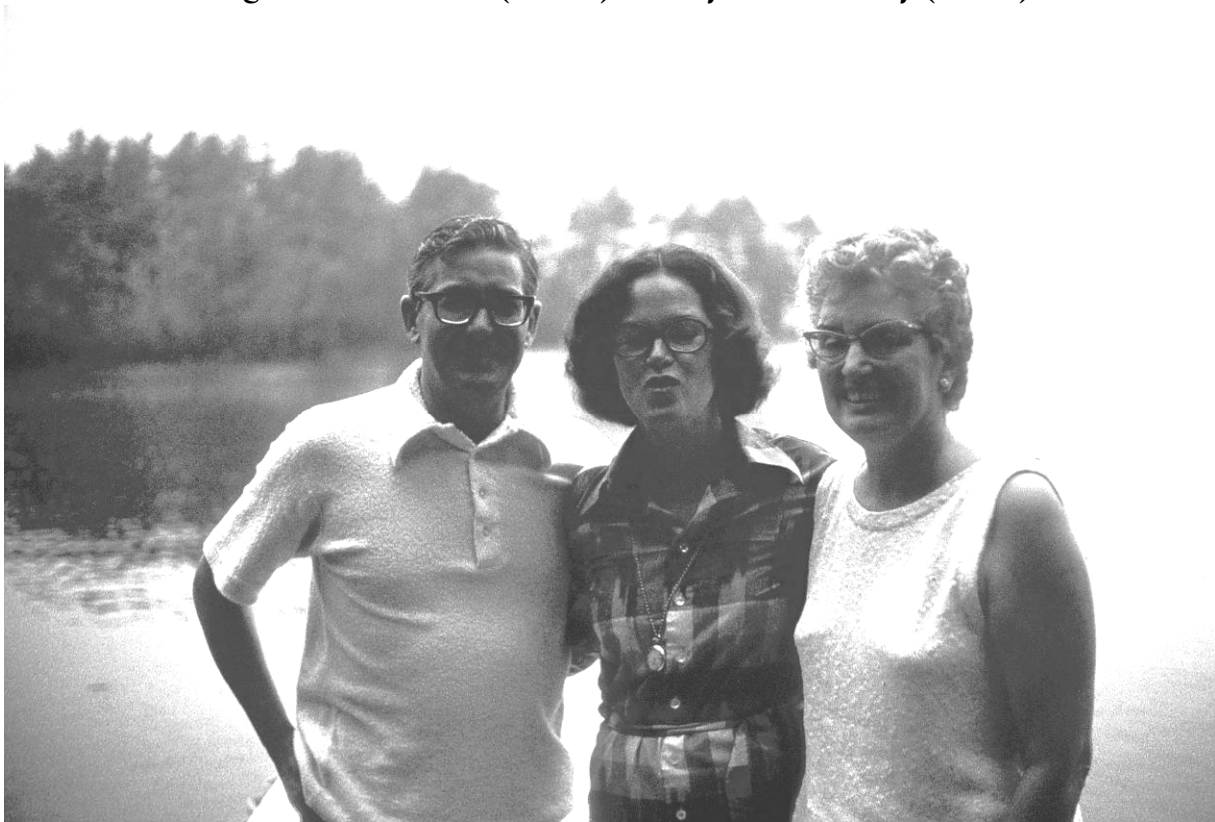
John Waterman



Dorothy entertaining in the dining room—this time without any tricks!



Stanley (Toots) Waterman, Dorothy, and Richard (above)
George and Bernadette (Bernie) Worthy with Dorothy (below)





Dorothy and Richard (above and below)





Above Rear: Alice May Shore Stump, Dorothy
Above Front: Anne Waterman, Carl Waterman

Richard and Dorothy with
Aunt Pet (Annie Cecilia Shore Hildebrand), Frances Hiatt, and George Hiatt



Memories of Aunt Dorothy

Robert, Doris (Mom) and I spent some time remembering the times and experiences we had with Aunt Dorothy. We talked about the times Aunt Dorothy and the cousins visited in Kansas City, as well as, the time each of us visited in Maine. Mom is looking for some pictures of the time they visited us in Wichita and other times. Mom remembers how much Grandma Stump enjoyed Aunt Dorothy's visits to Kansas City.

My early memories of Aunt Dorothy are very vague as I was young. I remember Aunt Dorothy and the cousins visiting Grandma Stump several times, however, I can only remember one time that Uncle Richard drove them. Otherwise, it seems like Aunt Dorothy and the cousins usually came to Kansas City by train. My most vivid memories of their visits is playing with Anne.

Grandma Stump invited me to travel with her to Uncle David's and Aunt Bernie's wedding in New York. I remember sharing a room with Aunt Dorothy in the hotel. She brought me a yellow yarn wig with long braids that she had made for me. I had short hair and had always dreamed of long hair. The wig was so much fun to play with and pretend to have long hair.

I remember the fun I had visiting Aunt Dorothy, Uncle Richard, and the cousins with Aunt Pet and Grandma Stump. We saw so many fun things like blueberries growing, purchasing lobsters, Camden, and the countryside. We also swam in the Atlantic Ocean and it was cold. I remember how Aunt Dorothy liked to have her hair brushed and I brushed it for her. I enjoyed my visit very much especially the time I was able to spend with Aunt Dorothy.

Mom's visit to Aunt Dorothy's and Uncle Richard's was very enjoyable. She especially enjoyed the rides through the countryside and the stories about the people who live in Waldoboro. She was glad she had the opportunity to visit.

Aunt Dorothy was very thoughtful. When we lived in Switzerland and Elizabeth was a baby, she knit her a sweet little sweater. Aunt Dorothy saved a baby blanket Grandma Stump had made for me and sent it to me.

As I read about Aunt Dorothy's life, I was struck how becoming a mother often changes a woman's priorities. Being a full time professional is no longer important, however, being a full time mother who enriches the lives of her children and husband is important. Mom said Aunt Dorothy devoted her life to her children. All the little snippets about Aunt Dorothy and the cousins made sense to me. Like the time while on the journey from Maine to Kansas City they had a layover in Chicago and they visited the Museum of Natural History. Or the time I remember hearing they were learning French for somewhere they were going to visit or a book they were reading. I remember hearing about many things Aunt Dorothy did with her children to enrich their lives.

Robert, Mom and I are thankful we had the opportunity to know Aunt Dorothy, spend time with her, and she will never be forgotten. We are sad that we have always lived so far apart from Aunt Dorothy and we were unable to spend more time together.

Sandra (Stump) Bachofen
Doris Stump
Robert Stump



David Stump, Dorothy Waterman, and Sandra Stump



Bernie (Bernadette) Stump (now Bernadette Worthy), Dorothy, James David Stump, Doris Stump, Sandra Stump and Robert Stump



Dorothy Waterman, Alice Stump, Lee Kimball Stump



**Adults from left to right: Alice Stump, Lee Calvin Stump, Dorothy Waterman
Children from left to right: Jack Waterman, Anne Waterman, Carl Waterman**

I enjoyed her love of reading & also enjoyed visiting with her in person and on the phone in later years.

Dorothy came up with such a creative idea. Shirley Pietila, Phyllis Zucchi and I would join her on the third Thurs. each month at her home to watch a movie. (Dr. Dick would put the movie in the machine.) These were delightful times that sadly came to an end when Shirley became so sick.

I have many wonderful memories of our conversations about family, books, etc.

Love,

Jeanne F. Begley



My Dear Anne,

I admired your mom so much!

I do remember going to a Brownies meeting for instructions in Augusta with her. She always had a "smile" for all! That year I think Carol & Barbie got sick so Brownies were to a minimum! I couldn't help her much. However, I do remember the fun times Jean B. and Shirley P. & I enjoyed watching movies at your mom's house. What fun! The chatting after the movie and also the news of Waldoboro ended in exciting discussions. Ha! Ha!

I also remember Dorothy as my Doctor. She was so good & kind. I could never thank her enough. She was a wonderful friend to have.

Phyllis Zucchi



Dorothy was a dear friend. I have many wonderful memories of the times we spent together. I enjoyed helping her in the local school health program where she gave physicals for children who might otherwise have missed an opportunity for health care - I also assisted her with the Girl Scout program. I looked forward to our small knitting group (the two of us and Ruth Butler) where some knitting, but mostly lots of talking, occurred. I remember riding with her several times to Augusta for a series of Shakespeare movies. Dorothy was an ardent reader and we would discuss the books she had read. She was interested in everything and eager to share her knowledge.

But I especially valued just her 'being there' as a friend, taking time from her busy days to talk on the phone or come visit.

I will always miss her.

Arlene Landon



My mother would tell me of outings with Dorothy that included evening classes in Russian both locally and at the University of Maine Extension. I believe they traveled to the Soviet Union

together, but I may be wrong about that. Elsa went there twice, once with the People-to-People tour sponsoring farmers – and once with Vladimir _____, her instructor at U ME.

I know Elsa and Dorothy enjoyed Great Books discussions together for years.

Did Dorothy take French classes with Elsa? Bread making? Italian cooking?

Did they share some Art history classes together? - Jansen's History of Art, 17th and 18th Century Art, Impressionism, and Modern Art. These are the tomes Elsa passed on to me. And these were some of the classes Elsa took later in life; I'm sure they at least talked about them, if not shared them.

I do know that after Dan and I moved back to Maine in 1994, Dorothy and Elsa got together regularly, and after Elsa no longer drove, they'd have long conversations by phone. Dorothy would come to the brick house almost every week, always dressed stylishly, with make up and a beautifully hairdo. They'd set out the sub sandwiches Dorothy had brought on the Formica table in the pine paneled kitchen nook. Looking out over a widow sill filled with plants toward the gardens and back lawns, they'd talk about the books they'd just read and ask about each other's families. They'd discuss the fine points of Russian grammar. They'd laugh a lot. After Dorothy's minor accident on Route One coming out of Jefferson St., Richard would drive her to Elsa's.

Once when Anne brought young Marie and Julia along. I happened to be there, and we all sat in the living room. Marie shyly talked of her planning to work with Laurie Howarth during the summer. Julia, of her studies in art history.

After Elsa died, Dorothy and I would phone each other every few months to keep in touch. At Christmas we'd exchange fruit cakes and Finnish Nisu. The fruit cakes would be lined up in the kitchen, ready for giving – one for Charlie and one for us. They were delicious and lasted well. During these visits, I'd sit with Dorothy and Richard in their parlor next to the wood stove, Dorothy looking beautiful in her chair, reaching to show me a book from the stack next to her. She'd carefully summarize its plot. And, of course, she'd share reports of you two.

Dorothy was brilliant, gracious, compassionate, and sincere. I'll always remember what a wonderful friend she was for Elsa.

Keep in touch.

With love from **Jean Kigel**



Dorothy was a large part of my childhood. She and her husband were more than our doctors. They were our friends, our friend's parents, and part of our every day lives. I don't remember a time without our lives intertwined. Jack and Carl played with my brothers John and David. Anne used to babysit my brother Butch and I, and sometimes just come over and visit. I have many pictures of birthdays and holidays of all of the siblings together. I do not, unfortunately have any of Dorothy.

I loved her dearly from a very early age. I trusted her to give me my necessary shots as I always felt her loving and caring nature. She made a very traumatic experience bearable. I looked up to her with such affection, I named my very favorite doll after her, "DORUFFY WOPPERMAN" I have included a photo of myself with my precious doll. (It is obviously taken at a very young age, as I was sitting on my potty. Don't ask me why my mom would take such a picture?)

We later moved to West Waldo, and I saw her and her family less. She did however, from time to time come to visit us there, and I always looked forward to those visits.

I grew up in a time where most moms did not work outside the home. They did not have professions. They had not furthered their education beyond the 12 years of high school. I as a young girl was in awe of such a lady. She made me feel even then, that girls could do more. Achieve more. And still be a wonderful mom. She was very inspiring to me.

She was a great lady.

Susan French Murray



Waldoboro, May 1970. Sun and blue skies in truly beautiful surroundings and in the company of friends from school in Québec – Arielle from Paris, Nicole from Gaspé and, of course, Anne, who had invited us to stay. All made possible by the generosity and open house policy of the Drs Waterman. My memories of Dr Dorothy, reinforced by two other brief meetings over the decades and countless reports from Anne via letter, email and in person, are of a very sweet and caring woman at the heart of her family, whose wonderful mind continued inquiring to the end. My life is all the richer for our brief encounters.

Viv Edwards



Richard Waterman, Dorothy Waterman , and Jack Waterman at his Medical School Graduation.

One thing about Mama, people noticed her. She was tall. She was beautiful – those eyes! That smile! She was noisy! She was always talking or laughing, singing, humming, whistling. She did not wear pastel twin sets. She wore bright colors and one of a kind clothes. She was a big city girl trapped in a small town, and sometimes she howled about it. At times, it was like having I Love Lucy as our mom, only this Lucy was super smart and very deep, not a predictable Lucy you could deal with in half an hour. I don't think we realized she had a choice about being our mother and living where she was, how she was. It all seemed natural to us! But she did have choices and the sum total of those choices was to put daddy and us kids in the center of her life. Like it or lump it, we were the focus of her brilliant mind and the number one (two, three and four!) intellectual and scientific experiment of her life.

My earliest memory is sitting in Mama's lap, warm and happy. We were in the rocking chair in a sun beam and I was blissful. What I didn't know then was she had made the conscious choice to be available to rock her tiny child in the sunbeam, rather than concentrating on dust bunnies. She bought me blue jeans and flannel shirts, because, "I would rather play with the baby than iron dresses for her."

Mama never stopped reading. She thoroughly researched everything – Dr Spock, Margaret Mead, Jane Austen, oriental art and the Joy of Cooking. She believed in authorities and tried to govern her most everyday actions by the integration of great thinkers. Modern art met anthropology and produced peanut butter play dough at the kitchen table. When the flour and salt play dough meant crunchy crumbs in the living room carpet, her unanswerable argument was "It's GOOD for them!"

"Them" was us. She read to us. She supplied finger paints and crayons and paper and papier mache. Other mothers in the neighborhood locked the kids out while they cleaned house – and the kids came straight to our home where Mama welcomed them, wiped noses, and tried to keep the mayhem within civilized limits. She did formal organizations too, Cub Scouts, Girls Scouts, but long before that she was doing unpaid community child nurture at home. She was happy when the radio announced "no school" and she was sad when the end of summer vacation arrived and we went back to the classroom. I used to scheme to get her to stay longer when she tucked me into bed, to sing another song, then another one. She knew so many songs! All the Broadway musicals, folk songs, big band and blues. "Boop Boop Diddem Daddem Waddem Choo! And they fwam and they fwam right over the dam!"

On Saturday mornings, when we got up early to watch cartoons, she would frown at us and warn, "You'll rot your brains!" When public television introduced Mr. Rogers, she tried to make me watch him – I was in high school, I think – because it was "good for children". When we started Dick and Jane in school, she added "The Cat in the Hat". She supplied tons of books, "Make Way for Duckling" through "The Lord of the Rings" and left us time to read them. When we wanted to cook, she supplied ingredients, tools, advice, lavish praise for the results – and then she cleaned up after us! That meant serving Grampa Oscar hot apple pie with whipped cream and maraschino cherries, when I was 10 or so. I felt like the Queen of the World.

It wasn't always easy for her and we didn't always understand and respond to the gifts we were given. We knew we were loved, though, and we knew we were important. She was our own Mama, and we were incredibly lucky to have her into our grey-haired 50's. Who knows what she meant to other people? We could never pretend we did not know about her family past. "Stump Stories" were part of our day to day conversations. She never gave up on her family and friends, thought about, loved and tried to understand them to her last moment. I know, on the other side of Jordan, she has Uncle David, Uncle Kimball, Gramma and Grampa Stump, Peggy Redpath, Aunt Winnie, Ruth Butler, Betty French, Elsa Kigel, so many dear ones she loved and missed so much.

Anne Waterman Sienkewicz



Dorothy with baby Anne



Dorothy and Richard.



...with baby Anne.



...with little Anne and baby Jack



**Dorothy and Richard with Anne (above)
and with Jack, Carl and Anne (below)**





Dorothy, Anne, Jack, and Carl (above)



Christmas on Main Street in Waldoboro, with Richard, Dorothy, Anne, Jack, & Carl.



**The Waterman Family: (left to right) Carl, Richard, Jack, Dorothy, and Anne.
Below: Carl, Jack, Dorothy, and Anne.**





Dorothy with Kathleen Waterman, Anne Sienkewicz and Marie Sienkewicz



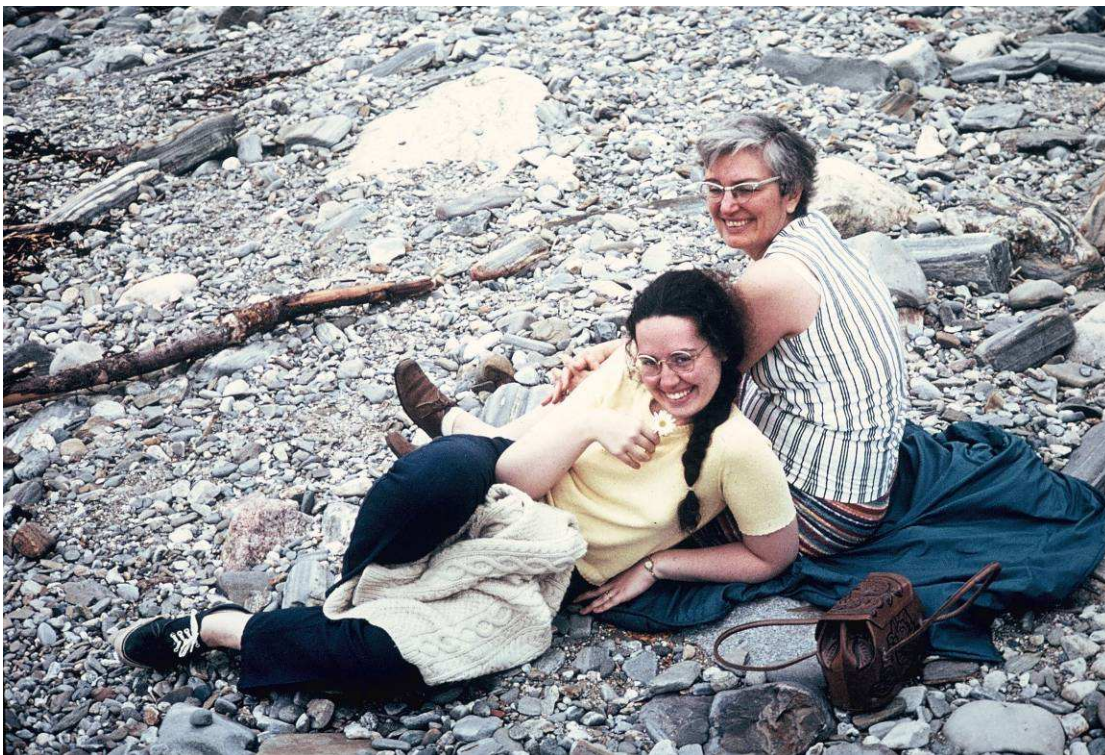
Dorothy with Anne Sienkewicz, Jack Waterman, Richard Waterman and Marie Sienkewicz



Dorothy with Madame Fouché and Anne Sienkewicz



Dorothy Waterman



Anne Sienkewicz and Dorothy Waterman.



Carl Waterman and Dorothy Waterman at Anne and Thomas' Wedding.

More Than a Mother-In-Law:
Some Reflections on the Life of Dorothy S. Waterman
by her son-in-law

Dorothy Waterman was remarkably open to whatever was new and unusual. She was always willing, for example, to try exotic foods. I have only heard second-hand about her first encounter with a lobster but I think I did witness her first encounters with foods like artichokes and snails, which she tried with relish. I even remember one time, in her last years, when she was willing to experiment with e-mail. While that experience was not entirely satisfactory for her, it is telling that she tried. She had an inquiring mind which enabled her to overcome childhood assumptions and expectations and to embrace life and the people she met to the fullest.

She was, from day one, even open to a strange son-in-law from the wilds of New Jersey, of all places, and a classicist to boot! As our first meeting approached, I was naturally a bit worried because my courtship with her only daughter was very short and our engagement unexpected. From the moment I met Dorothy Waterman, however, I felt welcomed and loved. That first meeting in Baltimore was not the interrogation I feared but an act of embracing and welcoming. And it did not take too many trips to Maine before I felt that I was not just going to visit my in-laws but I was actually going home.

Over the years going to Maine has meant many hours of conversation at the dinner table or in the living room in Waldoboro or at the picnic table on the porch at the camp. Conversations which usually centered around people and what made them tick. Not just people Dorothy met in the flesh—and there were certainly many of those—but also people she met and came to know in her beloved book world, people like Dr. Spock, Jane Austen, L. Frank Baum, and J.R.R. Tolkien. (I am convinced to this day that if I had not already read Tolkien's trilogy before meeting Anne, Dorothy's natural tolerance and openness would have been stretched to the limit. Fortunately I passed that test.) She always had classics questions for me, and not always ones I could answer. She wanted to know about Homer, Vergil, Plato and other authors. I regret now that I never invited her to attend one of my classes. I think she would have enjoyed that immensely.

She always had stories ready to tell, especially about family and friends. I can't count the number of times I heard the story of Apple Tru, which she felt was hilarious every time she told it. And always finished up with a raucous and mischievous laugh which, I think, made up for any of the embarrassment in some of her stories.

My memories of Dorothy in Maine include special moments like her feeding dry bread to sea gulls at Pemaquid, eating blueberries on top of Cleary Hill, and letting her grandchildren paint her face. Marie's first Christmas, spent in Maine, was especially memorable as she opened doll after doll after doll.

I think Dorothy prepared all year for visits from her Sienkewicz grandchildren by hoarding objects she thought would amuse them, usually simple things like tin cans or plastic jars with which to play in the sand at the camp or on Pemquid Beach. She also reached out to them over the miles with books to read and even audio tapes on which she sang her favorite songs.

Other memories include Dorothy's trip to Severn after Marie was born. When we asked why she had two suitcases for such a short trip, she explained that one was filled with rags to clean the kitchen floor. She didn't want Anne to do it. It was no surprise to us, however, that no rags ever actually came out of the suitcase. Baby Marie was too distracting.

Probably my most vivid memories of Dorothy, however, are from her visit to France in 1974. These memories center especially on feet because, even then the foot problems which in her later years

became such a trial were beginning to surface. Naturally Anne and I wanted her parents to see as much of Paris as possible and that, unfortunately, meant a lot of walking. It was inevitable, then, that our visit to the Louvre became a study in toes, toes on statues and toes in paintings. I will never look at the Victory of Samothrace in quite the same way again! And walking through the splendid gardens at Versailles Dorothy suddenly burst out into one of her raucous laughs. When we inquired what she was laughing at, she gleefully said she had just been thinking about how everyone back in Maine was thinking about how good a time Dorothy and Dick were having in Paris while all she could think about was how her feet hurt. This was not a complaint, it was just an amusing observation on the vagaries of fate. This time the joke was on her!

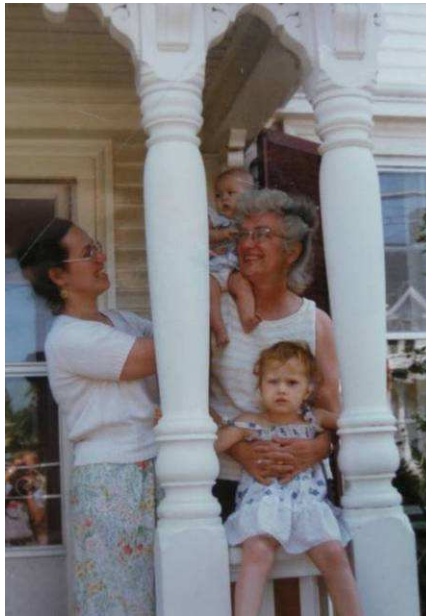
Paris also introduced Dorothy to Asterix, which she read avidly over the years. It is a credit to her tenacity and joie de vivre that even in her last months she was ploughing through those Asterix books one more time.

Paris brings me full circle back to food and elaborate meals at the Fouché's dinner table. There were certainly exotic foods to be had at that table, but what I especially remember was the wine. Raised in a strict Methodist home, Dorothy never drank wine, but she was in Paris and was a guest in someone's home. So she wanted to be a good guest and enjoy her experience. So she would cautiously sip her wine and, when she thought the meal was over, chug the rest so she would leave her glass empty. Instead, however, her host would refill her glass again and again. Dorothy's high school French was hesitant at the beginning of the evening, but as the evening progressed and the wine flowed, her French improved remarkably. I would not say that she was fluent by the time the champagne was served but she was certainly communicating quite well to her French hosts.

These are just a few vignettes of a rich and varied life but I hope that they have captured some of Dorothy's fascinating and lovable personality.

Written in love by,

Thomas J. Sienkewicz



Thomas J. Sienkewicz (in reflection). Pictured: Anne Sienkewicz, Julia Sienkewicz, Dorothy Waterman, and Marie Sienkewicz.



**Above Rear: Carl, Richard, Dorothy, and Jack
Above Front: Anne and Thomas Sienkewicz**

Below: Thomas, Anne, Richard, Dorothy and baby Marie



I was blessed to have had Dorothy as my mother-in-law. You hear all these horrible stories about mother-in-laws, but I never had that experience. Dorothy never intruded or criticized, but was always there to give help when it was asked for. I never heard her say an ill word about anyone. I do wish that my sons would have been born while she was younger, so they could have enjoyed more physical adventures with their grandmother, but they certainly did get to experience her many intellectual attributes. I was lucky that she just happened to be my husband's mother, because if not for that I would never have had this very special person in my life.

Debbie Waterman



Dorothy, the elated mother-in-law at Debbie and Jack's Wedding, 1980



Marie and Grandma Dorothy read *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*.

(A haiku for my grandmother)

She reads Jane Austen
while bread bakes golden in the oven.
The timer ticks away.

My foremost mental image of Grandma Dorothy is of a tall, beautiful, silver-haired woman, dressed smartly in a royal blue or bright floral pattern. She is sitting at the dining room table holding an animated conversation punctuated by her laughter or swinging on the front porch swing while I brush her hair for a penny a minute. She is serving up slices of crusty homemade bread, still warm from the oven, or reading to me from an Oz book or a Just So story.

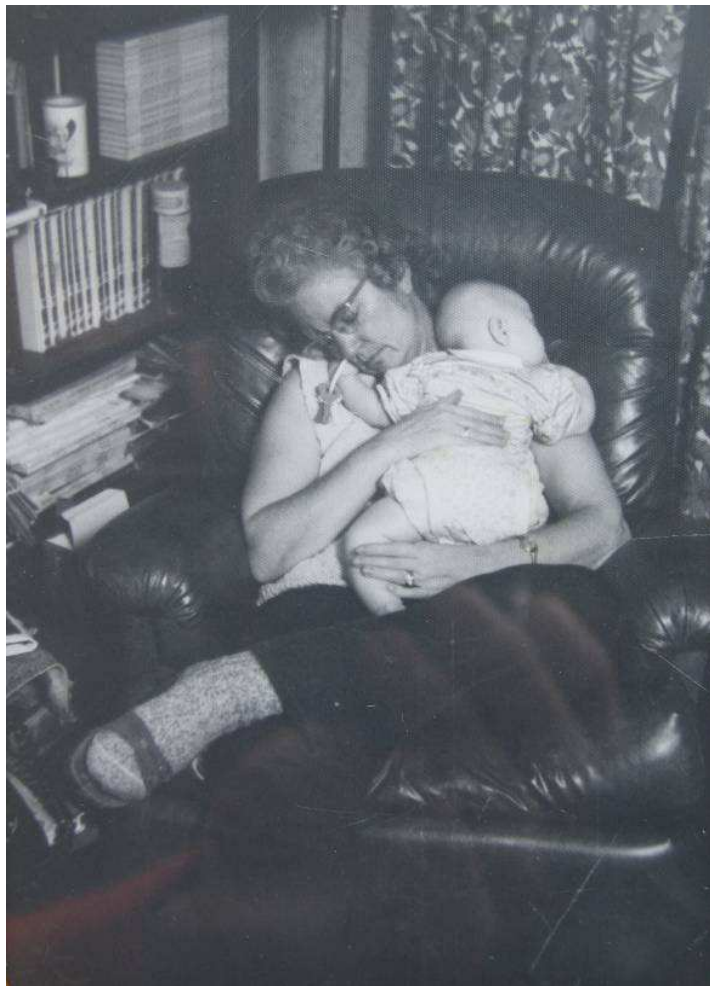
When I was very small I remember divesting her kitchen cupboards of all their pots and pans and then 'painting' the step-ladder and general environs with flour. Grandma did not get angry. I think that she took her role as Glinda The Good Grandmother very seriously.

Since we were able to visit only a few times a year we would arrive in Maine to find Grandma bursting with ideas for a fun-filled summer. One year she had taken a drawing class in order to hone her skills for making us paper dolls sets complete with wardrobes including both fancy & casual dress. Another year she had saved coffee cans, old pot lids and other such hardware for us to spend a gay, messy afternoon on top of the garage spray-painting; later on we took the gaudy lot to Pemaquid beach and used them to build sandcastles with.

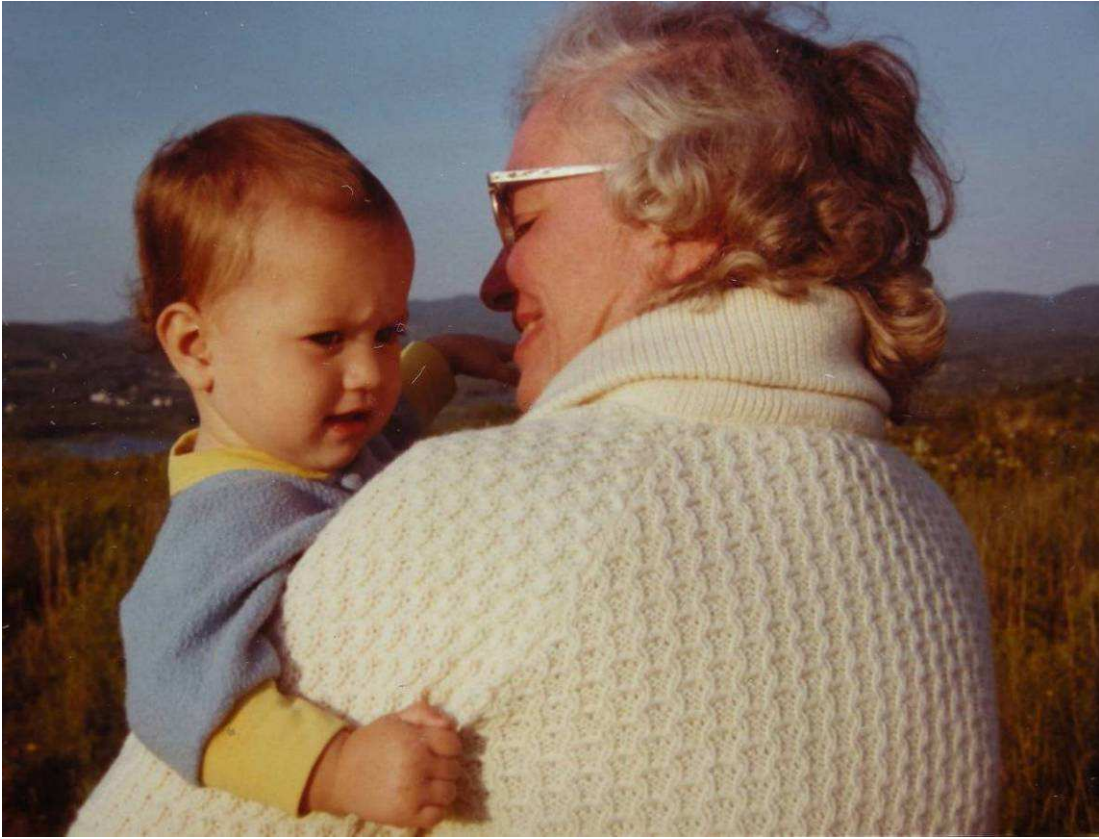
One of the perks to attending undergraduate school at Bowdoin College was being able to spend more time with my grandparents. During my freshman year Grandma was still able to drive. She made weekly visits to have lunch with her friend Elsa Kiegel and she also met with a book club. From my perspective her transformation to a house-bound invalid occurred rapidly. Grandma seemed to accept her various physical ailments with admirable grace: after all, since she no longer needed to go grocery-shopping or plan meals, she was free to pore through her beloved Jane Austen books or read the latest 'Cat Who' mystery! (She always read the ending of a book first make sure it was a happy one!) When I was visiting on a week-end she and I would stay up late to watch British comedy on PBS, laughing uproariously at the antics of Hyacinth Bucket on *Keeping Up Appearances*.

As I was planting pansies out in my flower garden this spring I was reminded of Grandma Dorothy, as she dearly loved their bright velvety faces. And even now, I catch myself reading a magazine article and thinking that I should cut it out for her to read. Although I may have lived far away from her geographically for most of my life, she has remained an important figure in memories.

Marie Sienkewicz
13 July 2010
Wauconda, Illinois



Grandma Dorothy with baby Marie



Grandma Dorothy and Julia Sienkewicz

Not many people would trust a small child with spray-paint, yet one of my earliest memories is of a day when Grandma Dorothy did just that. A family outing to Pemaquid Point Beach was in the works for the following afternoon. I remember these once-yearly beach outings as a true highlight of our long Maine summers, which featured sand castles, sandy French-fries from the food stand and, of course, much merriment. Yet in this particular year, Grandma must have been planning for quite some time to up the ante. Our usual sand castles were haphazard affairs made with a little plastic bucket, a small shovel, and much childish glee. This year, though, Grandma had collected, cleaned, and set aside a whole range of cans of various sizes, which promised much superior turrets, parapets and ramparts. She had also purchased several cans of spray paint—bright blue, red, and yellow—with which we would get to decorate the cans the day before heading to the beach. Sheets of newspaper were laid out in the summer sun, aluminum cans arranged in an appealing array, and grandchildren armed with an aerosol arsenal. We shook the cans vigorously, then Grandma showed us how to depress the button to release a stream of pungent, vibrant color. I don't remember if we did permanent damage to any family property. I do, however, remember the excitement and amazement of painting those aluminum cans in bright splotches of uncontrollable color.

Though this is not a memory of anything momentous, I think it speaks to some of the essence of what it meant to grow up under the attentive gaze of Dorothy Waterman. Her decision to buy us the spray-paint was certainly indulgent, but it was also fun-loving, trusting, and empowering. The spray-painting afternoon was just one of many small moments in which Grandma showed us that we could do anything, express ourselves openly, and make something memorable out of very little.

Julia Alice Sienkewicz



Carl, Jack, Richard, Anne and Dorothy at Julia's Wedding in Aug. 2006



Julia, Víctor, Richard, and Dorothy



As far back as I can recall, Grandma Dorothy always made time for my sisters and me. Early on, this took the form of coming up with ways to occupy our time (and to keep us busy). The earliest of these activities I can remember is one day when she helped Marie and Julia draw and then cut out a series of little paper dolls. At around that age, she also would routinely allow the three of us to clamber on and around her and brush her hair. (I remember her exclaiming “oink oink oink” as her hair was brushed in order to, presumably jokingly, indicate that she was enjoying herself. As she made a practice of getting her hair permed, it seems to me now that allowing us to brush it must have been counterproductive.) Later on, these activities grew more complex, such as one project where we spray painted buckets and other items that we subsequently took to the beach. We were even allowed (encouraged, even) to spray several Styrofoam cups and watch them melt.

As we grew up, our activities varied. We were especially encouraged to read, which we did enthusiastically. Grandma shared with us her love of books and, I believe, enjoyed supplying us with

different things to read. The works of L. Frank Baum and J. R. R. Tolkien spring immediately to mind. Over the years, we carried off most of her collection of OZ books back to Illinois with us, and I must have read through her copy of the Lord of the Rings trilogy once every summer for at least ten years in a row.

Most recently, I was able to talk with Grandma on the phone quite a bit as I walked either to the Law School from my apartment or back from my classes. On the occasions that I spoke with her our conversations varied from old family stories that she would tell me to books that she was reading (or had read in the past), to my current subject of study. She was always interested in where I was, what I was doing, and what I was studying.

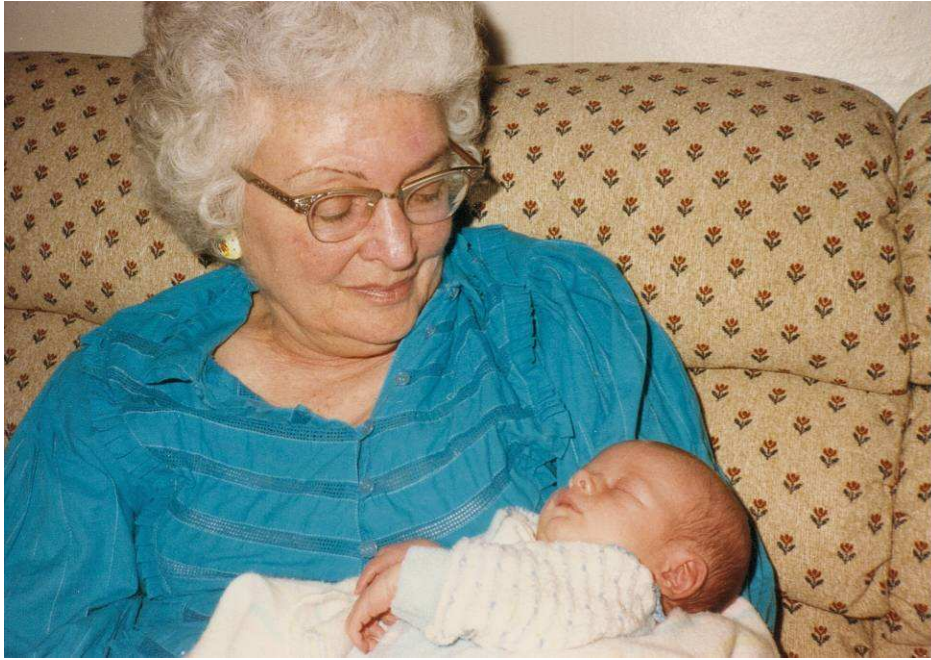
Grandma Dorothy was a highly intelligent, caring individual whose love of reading, music, and voracious appetite for intellectual study helped shape the way that Marie, Julia, and I developed. We were, I believe, much improved by her influence and will continue to be so improved by her memory over the years to come.

Richard Oscar Sienkewicz

Photo: Dorothy with baby Richard.



Top (Right and Left) and Bottom Left: Grandma Dorothy with Marie, Richard, and Julia on a trip to Illinois in 1986. Photo at left also features Grandpa. Bottom Right: Grandma Dorothy with Marie, Julia and Richard at 965 Main Street, Waldoboro, Summer 1986.



Grandma Dorothy with Tim Waterman

My earliest memories of my grandmother center around lazy summer afternoons at the Main Street estate, always being greeted upon arrival by the large circular window gazing down on me from the third floor. Here my grandmother would look on adoringly as I would spend my day watching the world go by on the front porch swing, eating horribly sour grapes growing between the house and garage, traversing through bamboo forests, and above all, hunting for the elusive frogs who resided in the slimy “crick” near the willow trees in the back yard. After a successful hunt, I would bring the poor amphibians back to the house where I would be adorned by my grandfather with the title of “Frog Man” and then I would be given freshly baked bread with melted butter from my grandmother- mmmmm... I can still taste it.

Additionally, when my parents would have a wild night out, as was often their fashion, my grandmother would come to our house to watch my brother and I. She would always bring gummy-orange slices, a confection which we all greatly enjoyed (although I can no longer stand them, chocolate covered cherries later became our mutually preferred sweet). Upon these babysitting jaunts I recall one evening in particular we built a robot out of cardboard boxes and a cylindrical oatmeal container. The robot wasn’t able to do any chores for us- and I don’t think that artificial intelligence was acquired, but we still had fun making our little cardboard character.

Before I developed my current distaste for the corporate world of business, my grandmother expedited my entrepreneurial endeavors by providing, rent free, a small plot of land adjacent to the post office to sell lemonade and blackberries. The Waldoboro community was not as supportive of my Horatio Algerian efforts, as my gross revenue only came to around \$10 a day, but I was still proud of what I had earned.

As time went by Dorothy introduced me to British comedies, in particular “Keeping up Appearances” which we would watch while heartily guffawing at the antics of Ms. Bouquet. We would sit back watching, while eating our chocolate-covered cherries, and being joined over the years by an assortment of labs, poodles, dachshunds, and variety of felines (with inconsistent levels of amicability). For the second half of my life, my grandmother, was far less mobile, resulting in the enjoyment of

fewer adventures, but more conversations. We exchanged ideas upon politics, social welfare, civil rights, and I learned more about our family history. Dorothy was an impressive matriarch, and I feel that knowing her was crucial to understanding the way that all of her descendants, myself included, live, act and think. While I always knew that she was incredibly kind, compassionate and loving, I have only of late come to comprehend just what an incredibly intelligent and insightful woman she truly was. Above all else I will remember forever that joyful twinkle that came into her eye, without fail, whenever she saw me.

Goodbye Grandmom, I love you.

Timothy Francis Waterman



Grandma Dorothy with Nick Waterman

Did you ever read *Curious George*? I remember Grandma reading a collection of them to me when I was maybe 5 or 6 years old. There was one story where the monkey is supposed to be a paperboy, but instead of delivering papers, he folds them into boats and launches them all into a stream. After she read the story to me, I asked Grandma if we could make boats like those in the story. And she did! That was pretty cool. After she had made a few, I launched them in the feeble creek behind her house.

Grandma enjoyed reading my essays that I wrote for some eastern humanities courses I took first semester freshman year. I think she died unusually optimistic as a sharp contrast to the people in the nursing homes she has spent time inside who are not fortunate enough to do so.

Nicholas (Nick) Waterman



Grandma Dorothy (right) with her face painted by Marie Sienkewicz (left).



Grandma Dorothy all made up by her granddaughter!



Grandma Dorothy reading to Marie Sienkewicz (left) and Julia Sienkewicz (right).



Grandma Dorothy with Julia (left) and Marie (right)



Nicholas Waterman, Dorothy Waterman, Timothy Waterman



Carl Waterman, Richard Waterman, Tim Waterman, Dorothy Waterman, Jack Waterman, Debbie Waterman and Nicholas Waterman



Nicholas Waterman, Dorothy Waterman, Timothy Waterman, Julia Sienkewicz, Carl Waterman, Richard Waterman



Dorothy Waterman and Timothy Waterman



Standing: Debbie Waterman, Nicholas Waterman, Anne Sienkewicz, Richard Sienkewicz (holding Allegra, then a puppy), Marie Sienkewicz, and Julia Sienkewicz. Seated: Timothy Waterman, Dorothy Waterman, Carl Waterman, Kathleen Waterman, and Richard Waterman



Standing: Debbie Waterman, Anne Sienkewicz, Richard Waterman, Nicholas Waterman, and Tim Waterman. Seated: Dorothy Waterman, Carl Waterman and Jack Waterman.

Memorials Written by Friends & Family at the Memorial Service

While I really never got to know Dr. Dorothy, I do have a fond recollection of her at a time early in our years in Waldoboro. I went to the office, a young mom with a sick child and she was there. I have always remembered how caring and loving she was and encouraging to me – a worried mother in a strange-to-me place. I came away thinking that I could feel comfortable in Waldoboro with folks like her to call upon.

In my years here, I have come to know several people who are close to her and your family and know that she was very highly thought of by many. God bless you all.

Janet Braley



Dear family

We share many memories that both our parents gave us! Many great ones and some not so great. Your mom & my mother were great friends and enjoyed each others company. Nancy, Ricky and Becky grew up with the Waterman family. We keep you in our thoughts and prayers are with you. We are the next generation who are here to carry on what our parents taught us. Love, Peace and always family.

Love **Carol & Perry**



Memories of our Brownie troop + coffee in my picture window in North Waldoboro + of course our children growing up. How they've grown to be so proud of. Life is good

Love

Phyllis Zucchi



Dear Waterman Family

Dr. Waterman, in the mid 1960's when I was very sick, tended to my health, and with the aid of modern medicine, helped me to fully recover.

Thank you, **Arthur Pepe**

Dr. Waterman ... wow! What a woman she was. Back in 1970, I was 21 and living in Saco! I came home for the weekend and I was in the depths of a depression. I was playing cribbage with my dad and he asked what was wrong. He ... right off the bat ... called Dr. Dorothy Waterman. It was a half hour later, and I was in “her office.” What a total relief. She saved my life –

When I think of Dr. Waterman, I think of how brilliant she was – Her Books – her brilliant and lovely family – her struggle – her love of life.

I am so thankful and grateful to have known Dr. Waterman.

Dear
Outstanding
Radiant
Ocean
Taught
Healing
Youthful

Doctor
Encouraging
A amazing
Nature

Smart
Teacher
Unique
Mother
Polite

Wife
Adore
Treasure
Excellent
Rejoiceful
Mercy
Always adventurous!
Nurturing

Dr. Dorothy Waterman – what a woman! I loved your mother (grand)mother wife
Barbara Zucchi

Dear Dr. Waterman

I don't know if you remember me. My husband Arthur taught at Waldoboro High + we built a house across the bridge above the Storer's. Dorothy was so nice + when I was pregnant had me come in your living room so I wouldn't catch anything from the coughing patients.

In sympathy,

Bessie (Lusth) Lund

Arthur + I changed our last name – He died 3 1/2 yrs ago



July 25, 2010

My dears, the best years of my 70 years were the 10 ½ years I worked for Dr. Richard + Dorothy and I will always remember those years and the many talks we had and the image of Dorothy stirring her bread. You are a great family and Dorothy will be missed –

Love

Becky



To The Family of Dr. Dorothy:

A Wonderful person to work with

1. Her most loved 'Healthy Children's Clinic'
2. Cub Scouts
3. The old saying if you want something done ask a busy person. Dr. Dorothy was one of them.
4. My Dr. for years, one of those great Dr's that made you feel like you were her only person to see or hear that day!!

A wonderful lady in a great place now + forever

Evelyn Reynolds



On a winter day in 1972, I was just home from the hospital with my baby, Anne. In walks Dorothy with a hot loaf of whole wheat bread and words of encouragement to continue nursing. I think it helped that she had an Anne too.

Betsy Wooster

Dorothy's brilliance, wit and infinite kindness is beautifully reflected in her family.

Her legacy endures.

Love

Daniel Bolita



Dorothy + I were on the Waldoboro Library Board of Trustees together. She always encouraged me to read some of Jane Austen's works so that we could discuss them. Years later I did read Jane Austen + grew to love her works – all because of Dorothy's urging. Dorothy was a kind & gentle person.

Susan Barnad



My first acquaintance with Dorothy was at Medomak Valley High School's clinic in the early 1970's. She would visit there periodically to assist with the health needs of the students. Her wonderful smile and calm demeanor were welcomed by students and faculty alike.

Jean Lawrence

Dorothy Waterman's Recommended Reading List

While it would be impossible to list all of Dorothy's favorite books, some were so special that they became her lifetime companions. She shared them with anyone who would listen (and hopefully read!) and we've gathered a selection of them here (in no particular order) so that we can all read and remember.

Jane Austen—any and all her writings, including literary analysis of her work, biographies, and fan lit!

The Diary of Anne Frank

Nancy Drew Mysteries

Dostoevsky

Tolstoy

Sigmund Freud

Booth Tarkington, *Little Orvie* and *Penrod and Sam*

P.G. Wodehouse (all)

Kenneth Grahame, *Wind in the Willows*

Milne *Winnie the Pooh*

L. M. Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*

Sara Orne Jewett, *Country of the Pointed Firs* (and more generally)

Louisa May Alcott (all)

Kate DiCamillo, *Because of Winn-Dixie*

Alexander McCall Smith, *The #1 Ladies' Detective Agency*

Kate Douglas Smith Wiggin, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*

Gerald Durrell, *My Family and Other Animals*

Trollope, *Barchester Towers*

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol* (and many other Dickens texts)

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*

(and every other mystery from Poirot)

"The Cat Who" Mysteries

Thomas Hardy's "Darkling Thrush"

William Wordsworth's "Daffodils"

Rebecca West, *The Fountain Overflows*

Karl Menninger, *Love Against Hate*

Frank L. Baum, *The Wizard of Oz* (and all the other Oz stories)

J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit* and *Lord of the Rings*

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*

Rudyard Kipling, *Kim*



Dorothy at Pemaquid Point Lighthouse.