

Campground Memories

2019/2020

The One Hundred Eighty-fifth Season

THE TABERNACLE

Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting Association



The Mission of the Martha's Vineyard Camp-Meeting Association is to perpetuate our religious and historical heritage, engaging all in education, religious and spiritual growth, in a welcoming faith community.

MVCMA, OAK BLUFFS, MASSACHUSETTS

185th season of the mvcma



Campground members who have passed away

July 1, 2019 - July 30, 2020

Thelma W. Agopian	-	12 Bayliss Avenue
Kathryn Allen	-	17 Commonwealth Avenue
Isabella Engley	-	9 Fourth Avenue
Robert Allen Fuller	-	41 Trinity Park
Anne Groefsema Hurd	-	5 Victorian Park
Veronica Bernadette Richter	-	1 Pawtucket Avenue
John A. Lowe	-	5 Siloam Avenue
Mary Doreen Moorhouse	-	74 Trinity Park
Constantine Merjos	-	32 Rural Circle
Richard Rice	-	38 Clinton Avenue
Richard Walton	-	9 Victorian Park



Thelma Agopian

6/14/1932 - 2/7/2020

Thelma Louise Wright Agopian was born on June 14, 1932, in McKinneysburg, KY, and passed away on February 7, 2020, in Falmouth, KY. Thelma was a beloved sister, aunt, wife, and friend. She worked her way through the Evening College of the University of Cincinnati, ultimately graduating with a degree in English. She worked as a Human Resources Manager with Union Central Life Insurance Company and as a Public Relations Specialist with Shillito's in Cincinnati, OH. Thelma moved to Paris, France, where she worked as a Customer Service Representative for Lockheed Martin. On January 18, 1973, she married Edward Nubar Agopian, and he preceded her in death on September 15, 1983. Thelma and Edward traveled all over the world. They gave cooking lessons out of their home in Paris and during their travels to various cities in the United States.

Thelma purchased her cottage at 12 Bayliss Avenue in 1993 and enjoyed sharing it with her family and friends who came each summer from many states and countries. She was a wonderful hostess and excellent cook. Her home was a gathering place for people of varied backgrounds and cultures, and all were welcome. Her porch was the site of fantastic dinners,

great conversations, epic card games, and spirited Scrabble matches. She enjoyed her daily walks to East Chop and working in her garden where plants and flowers flourished under her green thumb.

Thelma will be missed by everyone who knew her - her classiness and sense of style, reserved yet adventurous spirit, generosity, laughter, encouragement, and ability to make others feel special. She leaves behind a host of family and friends, including nieces, Jennifer Wright, Carrie Wright McElfresh, and Erin Wright Montenegro, and nephews, Craig Wright and Nicholas Wright.

KATHRYN ALLEN

10/2/2019

Kathryn Allen, 64, passed away peacefully on October 2, 2019, at her home of 25 years in Albany, NY, surrounded by the love of her daughters and her fiancé. However, for nearly as long, her heart had resided elsewhere - in Martha's Vineyard.

Kathryn was born and raised in Decatur, IL, where, as she loved to remind her children when they complained about chores, her first job was detasseling corn in the hot Midwestern sun. She graduated from Southern Illinois University in 1977, and continued her education at the University of North Carolina with a degree in Master of Science in Public Health in 1982. Her passion for the health of women and children fueled an ambitious public health career. She was proudest of her achievement as President of the New York Health Plan Association, and was acknowledged with a Women of Excellence Award from the Capital Region Chamber for excellence in the not-for-profit sector.

In 1998 she shifted her focus to community service and raising a family. She was President of the Board of The Albany Symphony, an active parent and volunteer at the Montessori School of Albany, and launched a pioneering conference on domestic violence at Unity House, where she was a dedicated volunteer and served as President of the Board until the time of her passing.

Above all, she created a warm and loving home and a magical and wonder-filled childhood for her daughters, Alexandra and Olivia. She also maintained countless close friendships, and remained a devoted daughter from afar. In 2010 she embraced her lifelong love of the written word, earning a Master of Fine Arts from Bennington College in Creative Writing. She later began a historical fiction novel about Abraham Lincoln's stepmother that was being edited at the time of her passing. She became an ardent political volunteer and activist, co-founding the political action committee, Capital Women, in the wake of the 2016 election. She was

later honored with the Activating Democracy Award from the Center of Women in Government and Civil Society.

After a decade of bringing her daughters to Martha's Vineyard for summer vacations, Kathryn's interest was piqued by a quaint yellow cottage for sale when taking a walking on the 2016 election. She was later honored with the Activating Democracy Award tour through the MVCMA in 2010. In 2011 she met Richard Miller, and a new chapter of happiness began. Together they shared a beautiful life of skiing, biking, facing off in tennis, attending concerts, showing up at the wrong time for movies at The Spectrum, and lovingly renovating their second home on Martha's Vineyard, until her fierce 14-month battle with brain cancer took over. Her goal was to create a home her family could enjoy gathering at through the generations. Kathryn loved the Campground, volunteering to lead walking tours and to open up her home for the annual Cottage Tour. She deeply embraced being part of a close-knit community, never missing an Illumination or a Community Sing.

She will be remembered for her passion, intelligence, generosity, commitment to service and social justice, and the mountains she moved on behalf of those in need. Though life put many challenges in her path, she never failed to find something to be thankful for. Kathryn's life of beaming gratitude can be summed up in the first thing she said to her doctor upon hearing her terminal diagnosis: "You know, I've been so blessed. I always felt I already had more than my fair share."

Kathryn is survived by her daughters, Alexandra and Olivia Baackes; her fiancé, Richard Miller; her mother, Joyce Allen; her brothers, Dave and Mark Allen; her niece, Kirsten Allen; her nephews, Eric and Cody Allen; former spouse and close friend, John Baackes; and countless other loved ones. In honor of love of friendship and fresh air, the family will be dedicating park benches in Albany, Martha's Vineyard, and Decatur.

"All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." ~Abraham Lincoln

Robert Austen Fuller
5/11/1922 - 3/21/2020

Robert Austen Fuller, 97, answered the Master's Call on Saturday, March 21, 2020, at his residence.

A native of Bristol, CT, he was a son of the late Warren Daniel and Anne Christine Dietz Fuller. He attended Bethany Lutheran Church in East Hartland, CT, and was a retired Mechanical Engineer for The Emhart Corporation in Windsor, CT. He was a U.S. Navy Veteran of World War II.

On October 27, 1950, he was united in holy matrimony to the former Irene Marie Isaacsen. They had six children. He was preceded in death by 2 brothers, Warren and Larry Fuller, and a sister, Janie Gilmour.

He is survived by his wife, Irene Marie Fuller, sons William Daniel and John Fuller of CT, daughters Kathleen Waters of VA, Sharon Guinan of CT, Rebecca Corneroli and Sara Fuller of Greer, SC, 11 grandchildren, 8 great-grandchildren, and a host of other relatives and friends.

Bob and Irene and their six children first rented cottages in the Campground for several years before purchasing 41 Trinity Park in 1972. Bob enjoyed sailing, cycling, and sitting on the

front porch reading and observing passersby. Sometimes he was amused by tourists' questions, such as "Where are the gingerbread cottages", and "Do you live here?" He appreciated the rich history and traditions of the Campground.

Anne Groefsema Hurd

10/5/51 - 1/17/2020

Anne was born in Merced, California, on October 5, 1951, and passed away at home with her family by her side on January 17, 2020, after a courageous battle with leukemia. Anne was one of five children (Clay, Bruce, Sue, and Leigh) born to Ken Groefsema and Priscilla Bunker Groefsema, who preceded her in death. Ken was stationed on Martha's Vineyard with the U.S. Navy during World War II, where he met Oak Bluffs native, Priscilla Bunker. Priscilla was born and raised in the Campground by her parents, Alton Bunker (Oak Bluffs Police Chief) and Dorothy Ballou Bunker (Oak Bluffs Librarian). Alton Bunker and Priscilla were both raised in the Bunker Cottage at 5 Victorian Park, the beloved cottage which has been in the Bunker family for more than a century.

As a child, Anne would frequently travel to the island with her siblings and parents to visit the Bunker grandparents. As a teen on the island, Anne would enjoy her summer friends with time at Pay Beach and State Beach. As a young college student, Anne worked at the Sea Shanty.

After the passing of her Bunker grandparents, Alton and Dorothy, Anne would continue to visit the Bunker cottage, sharing her love of Martha's Vineyard with her husband, Chris Hurd, and her three boys (Neal, Kevin, and Dusty). Following her mother's and grandmother's love of books, Anne became a Reading Specialist for her California community.

As an adult, Anne visited the Bunker House Cottage nearly every summer. Walking up Circuit Avenue, she would relive her childhood with her family, telling them stories of her time on the island. Anne shared her love of

the Campground Community Sing, Sunday services, the Flying Horses, and State Beach with family and friends. Anne always insisted on arriving at the Vineyard by ferry for the full experience. Her first stop might often include Giordano's for fried clams, and evenings might include live entertainment. She was particularly fond of Johnny Hoy. Anne's love and passion for the Bunker House was obvious, the history of the cottage paramount.

Anne kept in touch with island cousins, enjoying lobster feeds and lots of laughter on the Bunker House patio. She was an avid gardener, athlete, and teacher. She was a wonderful daughter, loving sister, doting mother, and dedicated wife to her husband, Chris. Anne's island legacy continues with her three sons and 8 grandchildren.

Veronica Bernadette Richter

7/9/1945 - 7/11/2020

Veronica and her husband, Joseph H. Richter, enjoyed living in Boca Raton and Martha's Vineyard, creating treasured memories with family, friends, and community. They resided at One Pawtucket Avenue.

Veronica was mother to Jude-Ann Prisco, Danielle Carlsen, and Joseph Richter. Her grandchildren were Brittany, Joseph, Chad, Ryan, Roy, Nicholas, Arianna, Joseph, and Anthony. Her siblings were Gail Maher, John Hyde, Erin Brown, and Mary Pierrard. She was an aunt to Gillian and Thomas and a great-aunt to Ellie and Connor. She leaves her friends Carol, Hyacinth, Magaline, and Unice.

John A Lowe Jr. Campground resident, WWII Navy Veteran



1944



2014

With loved ones by his side, John Augustus Lowe, Jr. age 94 of Oak Bluffs, MA and Canton, MA died peacefully on Friday, January 17, 2020.

Born June 22, 1925 in Leominster, MA, John was a proud Navy Veteran of WWII. He grew up in Leominster, graduated from Leominster High School (voted Most Likely to Succeed!) in 1943 and immediately enlisted in the Navy. After WWII ended, he was discharged in 1946. He immediately enrolled (via the GI Bill) at Boston University. While attending BU, he met his life's love, Roberta Hackett, who was attending nursing school in Boston.

Dad graduated from BU in 1949. For 35 years, he worked for Burroughs Corporation (now Unisys) as a Salesman and Sales Manager. He then worked for NCR Corporation for another 6 years. He retired in 1990 and wintered in Venice, FL. In Venice, he was a member of the Masonic Lodge #301, Sarasota Sahib Shrine, the VFW Post 8118, the Evangelical Covenant Church of Venice and an active member of the Venice Isle community.

Since 1949, after being introduced to Martha's Vineyard by his wife Roberta, Dad spent summers on the MVCMA Campgrounds. Mom's family has been active members of the

MVCMA community for over 170 years. Her great, great grandparents (Solomon and Nancy Chadwick of New Bedford) came to the Camp Meeting in the 1850s and the family has been in residence ever since. In 1978, John and Roberta bought their “forever” cottage at 5 Siloam Avenue and spent summers there until their deaths. For many years, he was an active member of the Campgrounds and manager of the MVCMA Museum. Dad loved working at the Museum. He loved interacting with people. After closing the Museum at 4pm, it might take him over an hour to walk back to the cottage, stopping to chat with the neighbors along Siloam Ave.

In his later years he loved to sit on the porch and talk with the people walking past. We called it “trolling for tourists”. Dad would ask a question, such as “Enjoying your visit?”. If someone answered (took the bait), they could be there for longer than they bargained for as Dad told them all about the Campground, the Island, etc. Dad needed to talk, just as he needed to breathe! When his legs could no longer allow him to walk around, he enjoyed riding his electric scooter around the Campground. Again, he would stop and talk with neighbors, friends, and complete strangers.

For the past 3 years, he resided at an assisted living center in Canton. There, with his outgoing personality and charm, he was the unofficial “mayor” and was featured in promotional videos and advertisements. He loved the attention!

As happens as we age, Dad had some “word-finding” issues. We called them “Dad-libs”. When he could not come up with the correct word, he would fill in the blank with a word that started with the same letter, or one that sounded similar, often with hilarious results. One example that is probably funny only on the Vineyard: A friend of Dad’s at the assisted living center had memory issues (not uncommon there). Dad was trying to explain the issue and said “you know, she has Menemsha”. I’m sure he meant dementia, but Dad’s description was funnier and much better!

He was pre-deceased by his wife of 67 years, Roberta, in 2015. He was also pre-deceased by his eldest son, John III, in 1974. Survivors include his four children, Craig and his wife Edie of Oak Bluffs, MA, Gary and his wife Elizabeth of Canton, MA, Nancy (Casey) and her husband Claude of Pawtucket RI, and Timothy and his wife Terry of Oak Bluffs, MA. He was also survived by his brother Charles (unfortunately Charles died in May 2020) and his wife Alice of Newbury Park, CA, his sister Marcia Schutt of Leominster, MA, six grandchildren, one great granddaughter and many nieces and nephews.

As the saying goes, to Dad there were no strangers, just new friends waiting to be met. He is now reunited with his old friends and loved ones. We're sure he's making new friends in Heaven. He will be greatly missed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. Instead of tears or sympathy, we ask that you raise a toast to Dad for a long life well lived. He leaves us with wonderful memories and a great legacy. May we all be so lucky! Memorial contributions can be made to the MVCMA Tabernacle Restoration Fund, a charity of your choice or use the money to treat yourself to a good time.

Mary Doreen Moorhouse

6/8/1932 - 1/14/2020

Mary Doreen Moorhouse was born in Rhode Island on June 8, 1932, to parents, William and Mary (Rider) Moorhouse.

Doreen received her primary education in the Pawtucket schools and her Degree in Education from Rhode Island College. She spent her entire teaching career in the Providence schools as a Kindergarten teacher and then as school librarian in the elementary school.

Even though she never drove or flew, her lifelong membership in Rainbow and Eastern Star allowed her to travel by bus or train over the United States to meetings of the Rainbow Supreme Assembly, which were held every 2 years. She was a member of the Pawtucket Assembly and was on their advisory board. She also did the monthly newsletter for the State Grand Assembly.

She and her parents bought the cottage at 74 Trinity Park, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, in 1957, and Doreen would spend her summers there. After her parents moved there year round, Doreen would join them for Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. After her retirement, she enjoyed many activities at the Oak Bluffs Senior Center and was a talented artist. Her photograph and painting entries were always in the All Island Art Show, and she won several ribbons. Her handmade note cards and bookmarks were welcome gifts to family and friends. She always had a craft project in the works and often included the neighborhood children in creating a masterpiece.

In later years Doreen split her time between the Vineyard and a home she bought in Port Orange, FL. She was a very active volunteer at the Senior

Center there and took painting classes as well as leading the "Knitwits", a sewing group that made afghans for teenagers in foster care, blankets for babies born with cocaine addiction, and scarves for veterans.

One of Doreen's favorite places was the Magic Kingdom of Disney World, and she would always attend the Teddy Bear convention held there. In addition to her bears, Honey and Poo, she had hundreds more "kids" - all named and with their own personalities. She kept half of her collection at her cottage.

She was a member of St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Daytona, FL, and Grace Episcopal Church in Vineyard Haven.

Grace (Betty) Bailey remembers all the wonderful adventures she and Doreen had as kids in Rhode Island and on Martha's Vineyard. Her family paid many visits to Doreen.

Suzy Benjamin was Doreen's Godchild. She grew up on the Vineyard and spent many hours at the Moorhouse cottage during the summer. Suzy's family also had a home in Port Orange, FL, and Doreen spent many holidays with them.

Hazel Allen, a neighbor on the Vineyard, remembers that Doreen was very generous to neighborhood kids with summer birthdays. Her daughter, Sarah, was one of the lucky recipients every year until she went to college. If the child wrote a thank you note, he/she always got a gift the next year!

The Ewens family (current owners of 74 Trinity) refer to Doreen as their "fairy Godmother". She was a very good friend who made it possible for them to buy the cottage in 2004. Their time helping her hang lanterns for Illumination was special. The Ewens still have the lanterns Doreen painted.

In Remembrance of Richard Walton (Feb. 25, 1946-June 1, 2020)

By Carole Walton

I met my husband in Syracuse, New York, in 1970. Dick lived in the apartment in an old house across from the law school. I just happened to move into the apartment next to his. The day after I moved in, Dick came to my door and asked if I needed anything. He explained that he was my neighbor. Because he looked harmless, I invited him in. We sat around my round oak table and, surprisingly, talked for hours. He came back the next day and the next for the next 50 years we found ourselves sitting around an oak table talking. Early on, we discovered that we both loved musicals. If I mentioned the name of a musical he could tell me the lyricist. If I mentioned a river he could tell me its source and why it flowed in a certain direction. If I mentioned an event in history, he would relate it to the grand scheme of life in a way no history teacher had ever done. for me.

Within a week, we went to the movies together and afterwards he showed me what his next-door apartment looked like. Seeing an instrument case, I asked him what it was and reluctantly he got out his accordion. I made a request for songs and he played them for me perfectly by ear. Later on he said that he was afraid that I would think it was corn to play the accordion but, to me, there was something charming and attractive about him and the accordion was part of that. Within a few weeks, I took him to the church in nearby Borodino, New York, where my father was a minister. As we sat beside each other, he sang in a deep, beautiful voice but what I noticed was that he knew the words in the hymns we sang.

I didn't know then what I know now, that we would work together for a lifetime in the small law office, that we would have three children and five grandchildren, two dogs and numerous cats, that we would have 50 years of family celebrations together with Dick's famous Duncan Hines box cakes and accordion music for every occasion. We didn't know that we would live on an island and that his daily routine would begin with a mail run, a trip to Reliable and coffees for us from Cumbies. We didn't know he would never become the farmer he wanted to be and would never get the greatly-desired tractor he looked at some many times. We didn't know he would eventually get his 50 acres of "ground" as he called it in Maine and he content to mow a succession of gasoline-powered walk-behind mowers. We didn't know that 50 years later on a beautiful spring afternoon he would die quietly while mowing the lawn.

But I know within a short time of meeting Dick that life would be interesting with him.

And it was.

He was:

Humble

A good-listener

Moral

Intelligent

Funny with a dry sense of humor

Had a deep faith in God

Loving

Faithful

Kind

And the most non-judgmental person I've ever met.

Someone said to me recently, "At least he isn't suffering any more. And I tried to think of when he had suffered physically. It's not that he had an easy life but I couldn't remember when he had ever complained of physical pain in the past 50 years. Even when he had a heart attack and had quadruple by-pass surgery exactly 21 years before he died, he did not say it was ever painful. Every day recently he said how grateful and surprised he was to be alive at 74.

Although it doesn't relieve the heartbreak of losing him, I take comfort that he lived a good life surrounded by love and died quietly on his own ground in his own yard on an island he grew to appreciate.