



The Community Outlook



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We Celebrate Audrey Brown 2010





Pastor's Outlook

PASTOR'S THANK YOU AND FAREWELL TO AUDREY BROWN

About fourteen years ago I was a volunteer Youth Pastor with a desire to Pastor a church. It seemed a little late in life to make a career change but I figured if this is a call from God then he can make a way. Well you know what they say, "be careful what you pray for because you just might get it!"

After a few years of praying for an opportunity, God answered me. Like so many others I had read about in the Bible, when God answered my prayer I didn't recognize it. (See my pastor's article.) God's answer came to me in the form of an elderly pulpit committee looking for someone to Pastor the Point Lookout Community Church. As a Youth Pastor I wasn't expecting God's answer to come through a group of senior citizens. The prophet Isaiah probably said it best, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, declares the Lord." (Isaiah 55:8)

On March 1st I laid to rest the last member of that pulpit committee, Audrey Brown. I will always have a special place in my heart for Audrey and that committee. They wanted to see the church go beyond their own generation. So they took a chance on a 38 year old pastor with two small children. (Now I'm a 51 year old pastor with 2 big children and one new addition.) God used Audrey and that committee to make my dream a reality. More importantly, to see that this little sea side church continues to offer faith and hope to the community.

Audrey along with her friends from the Community Church and the Catholic Church worked tirelessly for many lean years to keep the doors open here. Through Bazaars, flea markets, fund raising dinners and years of board meetings, committee meetings and a host of other activities she worked. Including this newspaper all the way to ninety-five years old! It is to Audrey I dedicate this article and say a prayer of thanks for her faithfulness to the preservation of the Community Church fellowship. Thank you Audrey, we'll miss you.

— Pastor Greg Kemper

Memorial Service

I started by reading I Corinthians 13. Quite a long time ago. Mom said her principle in grade school would read it at assemblies. Mom said, "It never hurt us."

On behalf of my family I wish to thank friends, neighbors, and her housekeeper of 25 years and wonderful caregivers who enabled Mom to stay in her home.

Point Lookout is a special place. I never worried about Mom. She liked to go to the beach on her scooter to see friends. If she got stuck in the middle of the street, I knew someone would push her home. Nothing anyone did for Mom was insignificant.

Mom and Dad met in Point Lookout when they were teenagers on Freeport Avenue. Their parents both had bungalows. In those days, a date was going to an outdoor movie and getting an ice cream cone.

As many of you know, Mom fell and fractured vertebrae in her neck. Sunday she planned on going to the Ladies' Guild on Tuesday. We know that would not happen. As of Monday we had hopes of rehab but she became weaker. Her body could not stand the trauma of the fracture considering her age. Tuesday night she knew she would die because she told us that we would have to go on without her and she would miss everyone. But then she said she guessed she wouldn't know it.

Through her phone conversations, I knew what all the family and people of Point Lookout were doing. Mom lived a good life and a long life. We will miss her.

Thank you
— Judy, Rick, and Linda

My great grandma (I call her Nana) was a really nice person. When I went to visit her in the summer we always went to the beach. I always asked if she was having a good time.

I would tell her what my friend Jack and I were doing at the beach. When Jack and I came back to her house after the beach, we would play board games with Nana.

I loved my Nana very much. When she would come to my house for holidays like Christmas, Thanksgiving, and my birthday we always had a great time.

— Justin Kraus

ABOUT FOLKS



I didn't know what "cut and paste" *really* meant until Audrey Brown handed me a pair of scissors and a pot of rubber cement.

I began a working relationship with Audrey when I started writing the "About Folks" column in the Community Outlook in 1995. She was the editor then and had been for many years. I suppose, like most readers, I took the "Outlook" for granted and never realized what a labor of love it is. Before that, I had only known Audrey casually as "Mrs. Brown" and had greeted her politely, in deference to her age, at the Post Office or the beach. Little did I know the depth of her energy and intelligence then. "Still waters run deep" as the saying goes.

As many younger people do, I assumed Audrey Brown, at almost 80, was past her prime. It is ironic that the older one gets, the more elderly people appear in your life as interesting, interested, wise, and happy. Audrey was certainly a case in point.

When I agreed to write "About Folks", I got to know Audrey as a patient and knowledgeable editor, and I came to respect her insights and opinions. In 1999, as health issues arose, Audrey

began to feel overwhelmed with her responsibilities of editor and manager of the "Outlook". She asked me if I would please take over as editor. Although my own plate was very full, I could not refuse Audrey's request.

We worked together on a few issues, collecting articles – some hand written, transferring contact information, typing, delivering copy to the printer (not a machine but a person who works for a printing company who put together the paper). Then we would pick up the galleys (the articles printed in columns) which could then be "cut" (with scissors) and "pasted" (with glue) by hand on to the "Community Outlook" template (a past issue) to create a 'dummy' copy of the paper. The 'dummy' was then returned to the printer, the proof printed out, and once again checked for errors before publishing.

Pictures, drawings, poems, etc. all had to be copied, sized, cut & pasted to fit. Trips had to be made back and forth to the printer's office. Not only did writers' articles have to be edited, but printer's galleys did as well - it was really easy to make mistakes re-typing copy.

Eventually, the "Community Outlook" went to computer & e-mail and became much more manageable. But it was never quite as much fun as actually cutting out and pasting the articles, pictures and drawings. I remember first sitting at Audrey's kitchen table covered with



scraps of paper, fingers sticky with glue, then at my own kitchen table amidst piles of paper clippings looking for a lost pot of rubber cement. It was very challenging making all the content fit cohesively, but it always got done somehow.

Audrey had gently pushed me into doing something I never thought I could do. She mentored me and encouraged me through each issue and complimented me after it was published. She always felt free to offer advice and/or point out what had gone awry. Audrey was a good teacher and I had a life experience I will treasure because of her. I will forever consider her the guardian angel of the "Community Outlook".

Rest in Peace, Audrey – in the comfort of your faith in God; in the knowledge that you lived a life with purpose; and reunited in love with those who passed before you.

May God Bless and Keep You Always.

– Kathy Panzavecchia

When I was young Point Lookout was a magical place for me. Visiting Nana and Papa was like going to Disney World. I lived in the inner city and going to Nana and Papa's in the summer was something I looked forward to all year.

The overall feeling in Point Lookout was more relaxed than what I was used to. I loved how Nana looked after cats. She always had a few that she cared for. One summer when I was about 10 she was caring for the Pastor's cats because he had gone on vacation. I took the walk with Nana twice a day to feed the cats.

After that we would walk, or ride bikes, to the beach or playground.

I, like my brother, have fond memories of snapper fishing with bamboo poles. We would catch what seemed like a hundred snapper fish and Nana would fry up every single one of them. I have yet to duplicate the taste of that fish.

The only time in my life I was at Disney World was with Nana and Papa. I was about eleven or twelve. That was one of the best memories of my childhood. In fact, pretty much all of my best memories of childhood center around Point Look-

out and going to visit Nana and Papa.

When I had children I took them to Point Lookout. Both of my children (Kasimier and Isabella) were very fond of their "Great-Nana". I wish they could have known their "Great-Papa", he was a great man. We were on our way to see her when she passed. We thought she would make it to rehab. My Nana and Papa are, in my opinion, examples of lives well lived. They were blessed to have found each other and true love so young. My kids and me are going to miss "Great Nana" very much.

– Alexandra (Brown) Stepnowski

At 22 and a half years old, I don't think I knew anyone in my life to still have their great grandmother in their life. And if anyone did, they certainly didn't have one still in her home and living on their own up until the last few final years.

Nana came to all my school events growing up, family birthday parties, high school graduation, etc. Now as a young adult, I can see how proud she was of her first great grandchild. For events she couldn't attend, she had someone bring back an extra program to hang onto. When job hunting, she was concerned when I expressed interest in working at the movie theaters with some friends. She'd say that "being in the dark all day isn't good for your eyes." On home visits from college living in an apartment she'd always ask "are you getting your meals OK?" Nana was a bit of a worrier, but it wasn't a control thing, or that she was unhappy with my choices, or even that I was incapable of getting my own meals, it was quite the opposite. It was worrying out of love and sincere concern for her family and wanting to be in the know.

She was always in the know, especially down around Pt. Lookout. She had all the news about the town and the people. Nana had a certain kindness and approachability that I noticed from the way people talked to her. It just invited people to talk. I also noticed great respect from those who knew of her, partly I'm sure because of her age, but mostly because of her contributions to the church, the Outlook, the Guild, and because she had spent such so much of her life at the Point. I was always proudly introduced as her first great grandson to her friends with a big smile, her arm reaching to mine from the scooter she used to get

around town, a certain tone of pride in her voice, and a chuckle when she said my age that I believe was her realization of how fast I was growing up year after year.

I associate the Point with family. Summers were filled barbecues in the backyard with visiting family from upstate NY, out of state, even out of country, and of course time on the beach. As my personal schedule filled with work during summers between years of high school and college semesters, Nana always stressed I needed to come down to the Point for a swim. During the summer my closest friends, practically family, came to the Point for the beach, crabbing, fishing from the piers, and Alfredo's (or Olive Oil's in more recent years) and formed their own memories of Nana and Point Lookout.

Visits to the Point with Nana is one thing that bonded my mom and me. She spent her summers down at the Point doing the same things I did too. She spoke so highly of her grandfather, Papa, who died about 6 years before I was born but wish I had the opportunity to have personally known him. Everyone told me about parts of his life, but especially of his personality, generosity, and kindness. In my head, he seemed like the only man possibly fitting for Nana. Their love amazes me and it's something that I have really begun to understand as I grow up myself. Theirs is a classic story of a boy marrying the girl next door and sharing love and a family through their years. If I can have half the love for my spouse, family, home, and community, that they had in their life, I think I would consider life quite fulfilled.

— Dan Kraus

Mom was born in 1914 and moved from Jamaica, N.Y. at the age of 4 to Freeport. At the time the houses were few and far between and the fields all around were filled with wildflowers. It was a simpler time. New homes being built had foundations dug by a team of horses pulling a scoop. The movies at the local theatre were silent. The children played outside without adult supervision and the family gathered around the radio in the evening. The L.I.R.R. became electrified during her childhood, it was a big deal. Mom has seen many changes during her lifetime.

At the age of 14 my Grand-parents on both sides bought summer houses next to each other at Point Lookout. My parents fell in love and married when my Mom was 19 and my Dad 22. They went through the depression and W.W. II where my Dad served in the Navy. They bought a house in Freeport but their dream was always to return to Point Lookout. In 1965 that dream came true and they bought their Point .Lookout home. They both loved the beach and the town and the people in it. My Dad also loved fishing and bought a small outboard boat when he retired. They loved their family; children, grand-children, aunts, uncles and cousins and later my Mom had great grand-children. They liked nothing better than to see every one enjoy the beach. Even if it was cold we all were expected to go for a swim. We all did and had many great times and have wonderful memories.



In Mom's later years the Point was still the best place to be. Where else could she ride around town in her motorized scooter, sit at the beach she loved and see all her friends. She would check on what was going on in town and what new houses were going up. I am so grateful Mom could be stay there in the town she loved.

My Mom and Dad's life was a life well lived although my Dad's was much shorter. They were a large part of my life and I will miss Mom as I still miss Dad.

— Judy Carmen

Memories of My Mother and Father

Mom and Dad were parents during a time when, general, roles were clearly defined and that was the way they were. Dad took care of the yard and did all the painting and fixing up. Mom took care of the housework, cooking, and shopping.

I grew up in Freeport. Not until I was 18 in 1965 did they buy the house on Bellmore Avenue. My fond memories of my childhood are numerous. My best friend lived next door and we spent our summers in childhood bliss. We jumped rope, made mudpies, roller skated, rode bikes, looked for 4 leaf clovers, and caught lightning bugs. Mom would set up the garden hose and we would run under the sprinkler. In the winter, Dad would take us ice skating and sledding. On weekends in the summers, we would usually go to Jones Beach one day and Point Lookout the other. Mom watched us in the big waves at Jones Beach. Once I asked her why she didn't seem to worry about us in the water. She said we were used to it. The beach was where Mom relaxed. Mom and Dad created stability in the home. I think that's why I remember my summers as so carefree. I was allowed to play in all the innocence of childhood.

Dad loved his flowers and vegetable garden. When I was a child, I thought Dad could do anything. He could fix anything I brought him. I would help him in the yard; water the garden, mow the lawn, and rake leaves. Every, and I mean every, leaf would be raked into the middle of the garden. I loved the smell of burning

leaves. I watched him clean out the birdhouse every year, paint it, and put it back on the post for the next family of birds. Dad would talk to me while we did things and inevitably I learned.

Mom was a good cook and ensured we ate three daily meals. I was made to eat my vegetables. Later in life she told me I was the world's worst eater as a child. She took care of us when we were sick. I would go shopping with her to the "village" in Freeport. I didn't particular like to shop, but I liked going in and out of different stores, especially the 5 and 10 and the toy store.

I was a college student during the turbulent 60's. I gave my parents years of grief and worry, but their love and concern for me never wavered.

Mom and Dad were married during the depression against parental advice. Mom was 19 and Dad, 22. Mom said they both had jobs which was a plus back then. They spent the last of their money on a weekend honeymoon in Atlantic City. They worked for everything they had.

Dad commuted to the city for over 40 years. First he worked for Dun and Bradstreet, then in his 40's, he changed jobs and worked for J.P. Morgan until retirement. He was respected and liked at his job. He completed 3 years of college at the University of North Carolina when he was young but because of lack of money, he was unable to finish his last year. I think that is the one thing he wished he could have done. Mom worked as a secretary before



marriage and children. Her knowledge of shorthand always amazed me. Only once did she work at A & S department store over the Christmas season.

Dad was active in the Civic Association in Freeport as well as Point Lookout. They were both historians and mom was editor of the Outlook for many years.

Dad died too young at the age of 69, just a month short of 70. He didn't get to see all his grandchildren. But Mom was able to see them, as well as her great grandchildren.

Of course, no parent is perfect but by their example, they taught me honesty, responsibility, kindness, good work ethic, and love for family and community.

— Linda Hyland

Growing up, my family and I came every summer to visit Nana for a week or two, something I continued to do as much as possible when I was grown, married, and finally with a child of my own. Some of the fondest memories that I will ever have were made visiting Nana at Point Lookout, and it saddens me that I will never visit her again at the Point Lookout that I knew and loved as Nana's home.

Something that strikes me now that she is gone is the connection that Nana had to her home, both her house and also her

wider home encompassing all of Point Lookout. She truly belonged so much to the town, its people, its institutions, to the ocean, salt air, and sand. She knew her place within it all and I think she was truly content there. She belonged so much to her home that all of Point Lookout seemed to belong to her, as well, in a way. There was an intimate connection between Nana, Point Lookout, and all of the people that gathered there around her. It was special. For a short time each year, Point Lookout was my home, too.

I will miss Nana, and I will miss her Point Lookout. It seems that no matter how many summers I could spend at Nana's, I would always wish I could spend just one more week: going to the beach at Nana's insistence, playing Skipbo or Rummikub with her, or looking at the old family photo albums together. Nana and Point Lookout have given me so many good memories to take with me and for that I am profoundly thankful.

— Sean Hyland

A Son Remembers

Mom and Dad met and married in the early 1930's, depression years. They lived in a small apartment and worked in New York City during the early years of their marriage. When my sister Judy was born they bought the house in Freeport where we were all raised. I was born in March of 1941. After Pearl Harbor in December of 1941, Dad was immediately called into the active Navy as he was in the Naval Reserve. I can't imagine how much anxiety they both must have felt with a baby and my sister to raise during wartime. What did the future hold? But like many families at that time, they survived those years by sacrificing and making do with what they had. There was no such thing as credit cards then. Their habits of thrift and sacrifice persisted through their marriage. Mom saved everything and Dad always made do with whatever he had



instead of buying something new. He did always buy a new car, though, and he kept a car for almost ten years and took good care of it. He wanted something reliable and dependable. I can remember going with him when he bought the 1950 Ford, then the 1958 Ford. He loved Fords. He kept the 1950 Ford and I eventually got to use it for my last year of college and for another year until I joined the Navy

in 1965. Dad would then purchase a 1967 Ford and one more Ford in the late 70's. After Dad passed away, for some reason, Mom bought a Chevy. She always had trouble with that Chevy! Her next car was a Ford.

I grew up in a traditional household. Mom was always at home and Dad commuted to work in New York City and was gone from the house during the week from (as I recall) 7 AM until 6 PM. We lived in a modest 4-bedroom house on Seaman Ave. in Freeport all the time when I was growing up. I had my bedroom downstairs and my sisters (Judy and Linda) each had a bedroom upstairs. Mom was always home for us whenever we got home from school. We never took a school bus and came home for lunch in elementary school. I don't think I ever ate in a school cafeteria, even in high school. Mom always had lunch ready for us. After school, we would play outside until Dad came home from work and then we would have dinner, usually at the same time every day, around 6:30.

Mom learned to drive when she was in her early 40's on our 1950 Ford. Dad was her very patient teacher –“easy Audrey, easy does it, don't ride the clutch, bring it up slowly” – and as I was occasionally the witness in the back seat, Dad never yelled but I could see his frustration as the car jumped and bucked off to a start as Mom brought up the clutch too quickly. Mom passed her driving test the first time, and then would drive Dad to the train station and pick him up every day. I often drove with her since I loved seeing Dad arrive from work. Dad and Mom would talk and I would listen from the back seat, then Dad would ask me about my day.

Our visits to Point Lookout when I was growing up occurred during the summer, usually on Sunday. Dad's parents had a summer place on Freeport Ave. that they had since the early 1930's near the house that Mom's parents had in the 30's, which they had since sold. The Brown family, uncles, aunts, and cousins, would meet

there for cookouts and gatherings. The men would attack the grill with hamburgers and hotdogs, the women would do the inside cooking while the kids played outside. All this happened after an afternoon at the beach. If the Brooklyn Dodgers were playing, Pop Brown would always have the game on the radio. After eating to our heart's content, the women would do the cleaning up while the men played cards. The kids would play outside often with a ball or tag or some made up game.

The Schneider family, Audrey's parents, lived in Freeport near our house. They had a farm in Maine where they lived from May through September and we would go there in the summer during Dad's vacation. He usually had two weeks vacation and we would go usually for 10 days. Maine and Pt. Lookout were the magical places for me. Maine from Mom's family and Pt. Lookout from the Brown family. How lucky I was!

Dad and I shared a love for baseball, the Brooklyn Dodgers, and the greatest thing in the world for me was when Dad either took me to a Brooklyn Dodger baseball game, or took me fishing in one of Scotty's rented boats or on an open boat from Freeport. The Pt. Lookout marina did not exist in those days.

When I played Little League and Babe Ruth baseball, Dad would come to every game. No matter how tired he was from a day at work, he would be in the stands cheering me on. There were a handful of parents who came to every game and Dad was one of them. How happy and proud I was to see him in the stands cheering me on.

When we lived in Freeport, a big treat for me was when we all got in the car, usually on a Sunday, and went to Woodcleft Canal to see the fishing boats and to eat raw clams at Bill's Seafood Market. Sometimes Dad would look at the boats for sale. His favorite was a Thompson fishing boat with a cuddy cabin. He always talked about getting a boat some day. It wasn't until he retired at the age of

65 after a lifetime of commuting to NYC that he bought his boat – a 16 foot Aquasport with a cuddy cabin and 75 HP Johnson motor. I remembered how excited he was when the boat arrived in Pt. Lookout. I can still see it coming over the bridge on a trailer. He kept it at the new marina. Fishing for flounder was Dad's specialty and I think he went fishing several times every week. He went with friends, alone, and occasionally I went with him when I was visiting. He also took his grandson, Julian. Dad was an active member of the Pt. Lookout fishing club for many years.

Dad loved to garden and always had tomato plants and many varieties of flowers. I remember especially that he had many varieties of marigolds and I can still see him always picking off the dry seeds and throwing them into the garden.

Dad passed away of complications from pneumonia in November of 1981 just a month shy of his 70th birthday. He was an honorable, honest, hard working man and a wonderful father and grandfather. I've truly missed him and often think about him.

Mom lived almost thirty years more in the same house on Bellmore Avenue. It was truly her home and she loved it. Pt. Lookout was her home and she truly

loved the Point. She rode her bike for many years around the Point and to the beach, and when she was no longer able to ride or walk, she would ride her scooter to the beach. Mom loved the water, and would usually have a swim on a hot summer day until she could no longer manage the waves once she became unsteady on her feet. Then she would sit under the pavilion or up by the little house and talk with her friends.

Mom was the editor of the *Outlook* for many years and was very active in the Ladies Guild at the Community Church. She was a wonderful mother to Judy, Linda, and myself, grandmother to Alexandra, Julian, Karen, Sean, and Jeremy and great grandmother to Danny, Justin, Kasimierz, Isabella and most recently, Ia, age 2, daughter of Sean and Rhebekah.

Through the years as I matured, made mistakes, changed careers and wives, no matter what I did, Mom and Dad were always there for me. They may not have approved of what I did, but I felt they always loved me unconditionally, and they always provided a resting place in their home for me when I was traveling, usually going between Maine and Florida. Going to Pt. Lookout was always like going home for me. When I went to my



50th Freeport High School reunion last fall with my wife Tina, I brought one of my closest friends and his wife to see Mom at Pt. Lookout. She enjoyed seeing someone from my past and we all had a wonderful breakfast together. We will all miss Mom. Going to the Point won't be the same for us without her.

— Richard "Rick" Brown

How Lucky am I to have had my grandmother for 46 years of my life, and my grand father for 18 years of my life.

No matter how old a person is when they leave this earth it seems it's never enough time. And that's how I feel. I wish I had more time with them

My Grandparents were a positive influence in my life as I was growing up. I loved spending time with them, time at the beach of course, bike rides, attending church on Sundays and following my grandfather around in his vegetable and flower garden, as he told me about his tomato plants.

I would run errands with Nana to Mero-la's and the post office. It would of course turn into a long event because she would

stop and chat with people along the way.

When I first started dating my now husband Jeff in 1980, I couldn't wait to get the approval from my Grandparents. We went to visit them on a cold cold day and I said to Jeff "you have to take a walk to the Beach too". He thought I was nuts to go to the beach in the middle of winter. I know he won them over!

My two sons, Dan and Justin got to know their great grandmother and have great memories as well.

My grandparents have left me with the fondest most loving memories that will last a lifetime.

— Karen Kraus

I'm Great Nanas great granddaughter Isabella Stepnowski and every summer I used to look forward to go up to her house and we always used to go to the beach and collect shells together!! She had a lot of amazing shells she collected and we always used to also either go to the playground and play or go to our favorite shell store . When I went down there we used to eat lunch at her house we had sandwiches and both me and Great Nanas favorite cookie Milanos! We'll all miss her dearly. I love my Great Nana!!! Here ... loved you once love you still always have always will. I love you Great Nana.

Sincerely,
Isabella Stepnowski

Nana and Papa

Visits to Point Lookout were always a little slice of heaven when I was growing up and the warmth that I feel for this place has grown as I have matured and gotten older.

Days with Nana and Papa always included a pilgrimage to the beach. As we made our way with wheelbarrows full of toys for use in the sand, I wondered what the waves would be like, if there would be seaweed in the surf and how big our castle would be. Papa used to let us bury him in the sand; we thought he'd never escape! Nana would join us in the water, taming the waves by gently floating along the surface. We always topped this off with an ice cream to cool us in the hot sun.

When the snappers were running, my Papa, my sister and I would have visits to the marina. After collecting bait we would make our way to 'the spot' with bamboo poles in hand. What excitement when the snappers were biting! No sooner was our Papa taking the caught snappers off the hook than our hook was back in the water to catch another! The breakfast that followed always included fresh snapper. Few things taste as fresh and crisp!

My Nana was a library of knowledge that I grew to appreciate more and more as I have gotten older. She was full of stories about our family right back to when she first visited Point Lookout in the days of sandy roads and kerosene lamps. I will always remember how sharp she was to remember every detail about people and places. I can only admire how active she was in the community and try to emulate her values.

— *Julian Brown*

My memories of Nana and Point Lookout are only ten years old. Julian (Audrey's grandson) first brought me here in the summer of 1999 on my first trip to the USA from the UK.

I had seen Boston, Philadelphia and New York in a whistle-stop tour and then, we visited Nana in Point Lookout. What a contrast!

Since then, the high-light of our trips has been to visit Nana and her home town. Both fill me with a warm, calm family feeling.

It was obvious that Nana's heart and life have been in this beautiful spot and, I can see why. As we ambled down to the beach, Nana driving her motorized chair, and me picking out my favorite 'houses I would LOVE to have as my own', she could tell us about the families she had known.

Back at her home, she loved to share her memories and we spent happy times looking through her photo albums.

Our future trips will never be the same and our hope is to find ways to visit and stay again.

— *Jane Price*

Editorial

When I was asked to take over the editing of this paper I called up the Community Church and asked Eric Torsten, the Administrator, what the budget was and how the finances worked. He told me it was very very simple. When anything came in for the Outlook he sent it to Audrey Brown and she would tell him to pay it or not. The Outlook was Audrey and Audrey was the Outlook. As I read the tributes from her family I was especially touched by how associated she is with Pt Lookout, and it with her, as if there was no difference: Walk the beach if you want to marry me. Meet my nana if you're to understand who I am. Mrs. Brown chose to live here and chose to die here because being a part of this town was ultimately inseparable from who she was. It's not often that we will dedicate so much space to one person, but in Audrey Brown we have someone who lived and breathed the life of Point Lookout for its entire history, who found love in it, who brought her family to it, who found strength in it and recovered from pain and loss in it. Her love for this paper was as strong as her love for this community. I shall miss her advice and our conversations.

— *Brendan Cahill*



Poem that Mom picked for her prayer cards.

— *Judy Carmen*

The tide recedes

but leaves behind

Bright seashells on the sand.

The sun goes down

But gentle warmth still lingers on the land

The music stops and yet it

echo's on, in sweet refrains

For every joy that passes,

Something beautiful remains