

We're back!

As usual the two of us who produce The Bucksport Enterprise each week settled down to our annual one-week Vacation to enjoy the holidays. Then, Covid struck the two of us, leaving us no option but to suspend publication until now.

It's energizing to be able to function again, although we expect it will take time to get back fully to normal. We appreciate the concern and support of so many of you, who let us know we were missed and also took extra efforts to encourage us during a most-trying time. We appreciate it greatly.

Ruth Bunt 1916-2024

Bucksport's oldest resident, Ruth Bunt, 107, has passed away. While she outlived most of her peers, she did not lack for friends, for she made lasting friendships with just about everyone she encountered. Her feisty spirit, quick wit and limitless love for her friends - for she made many of them.

A fixture of North Bucksport and the former church there, Mrs. Bunt regularly greeted guests to her home by the side of the River Road. She also was the church organist for many years, and knew that a church is more than its building, but rather those who came to share their lives and faith.

While she knew well every square inch of her property and its wonderful vista into Prospect across the Penobscot River, her world went far beyond the confines of the acreage that sustained her. Having survived two epidemics (the Spanish flu and Covid) and lived through everyone of this nation's wars since the World War I, Mrs. Bunt enjoyed a happy life even when her increasing frailty required her to rely even more on her upbeat outlook on life.

Several years ago Mrs. Bunt received the Boston Post Cane as the town's oldest resident. She was pleased to receive it, and reveled in the hoopla of the small ceremony on the glassed in porch of her home. But Mrs. Bunt is not remembered for her remarkable age, but rather for the eternal spark and spitfire, delivered so softly by a woman who knew so much from the past but continued to live for the future.

Robert Carmichael, Sr. 2024

The local football field bears a sign and a plaque, both attesting to the fact the place is dedicated to Robert Carmichael, Sr. In a small community where high school football long has been a venerated pastime, that sign and plaque says it all.

Mr. Carmichael passed away on Sunday after a period of failing health. The former high school principal, athletic director and coach here leaves behind more than his close family; he has left a little of himself in several generations of young people in this community.

Mr. Carmichael walks the halls of schools and the playing fields, not seeking respect but as a man who already had earned that. Students knew the rules but they also knew better than to disrespect the views of Mr. Carmichael. Similarly, they knew they could approach him and receive friendly sage, adult advice on what was troubling them.

Mr. Carmichael understood adolescence but his goal was not to be every student's friend. Instead, he was the steadying influence when young people's lives seemed out of control.

Mr. Carmichael also stood his ground like a statue. He would get in the face of referees he thought made bad calls or anyone who he thought unfairly criticized Bucksport or the people who govern it. And he did not sit idly on the sidelines, he ran for office - and won, and he never apologized when he knew he was right.

Still, the next day he would encounter his antagonist as he made his daily run to BookStacks to collect multiple newspapers to stay informed. There, he would greet his adversary of the day before with civility and conviviality. After all he would expect his students to do the same.

Mr. Carmichael now is gone, but his legacy will linger in the minds and hearts of the

LETTER

"SO LONG COACH, RIP"

- Bob Carmichael has passed away. I was fortunate enough to have been at BHS at a time when I was influenced by some very special male role models. They were Mr. Jewett, Mr. Norris and Mr. Carmichael. Even though I worked closely with two of them, I felt odd calling any of them by their first name. I think it is called respect.

I owe Mr. Carmichael a great deal. It began in the fall of my junior year. We had a good team, but not great. All the other quarterbacks were out of action for one reason or another and coach turned that position over to me. He trusted me with the responsibility of running to offense. He sent in the plays, but I had the authority, is I saw something differently, to change the play and run what I thought would work best. The next year, my senior year, we had a really good team. Understand this was a time when the only prize was for first, everybody didn't get a ribbon. We played to win and win a championship. I felt a great responsibility but Coach supported me as I learned to play the position on the varsity level.

We went to Stearns for the first time and it was the first

