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It wasn't just for our class.

Within a couple of weeks, Cynthia, Steve, and I knew there was going to be a good crowd. We became well aware that many people had an interest.

Bobby Carpenter came all the way from Florida. Probably very few people remember Carpenter's Store, which was located at what is now 124 Franklin Highway.

Steve Wollmer drove from Langhorne, Pennsylvania. In the late 1950s, his parents ran a store in the building that is now Ragged Mountain Physical Therapy. My grandfather Francis ran that store in the 1940s. Currier and Phelps ran it for about 20 years in the 1980s and 1990s.

Andy Hatt came up from North Salem, New York, where he is a high school administrator. His parents taught at Proctor during the '50s and early '60s. Andy graduated from Proctor in 1967.

Wanda (Prescott) Smith, Donna (Fortune) French, and Jimmy Alley all came. They would have been at the school in 1958. Joan Downes, Jackie (Lull) Edes, and Larry Ford came from the next year, '59. Beryl (Gove) Sanborn and Rebecca Jewett also attended. I think they would have been in the fourth grade in 1961. They would have likely been in the last class to ever enter East Andover Elementary School.

Attending from the class of 1960 in alphabetical order: Andy Hatt, Beverly (Miller) Seely, Betty (Shampney) Adams, Bob Carpenter, Bob Currier, Carlene Longfellow, Cynthia (Phelps) Alley, Frank Richards, George Barton, Jerry Hersey, Nancy (Burney) Rondeau, Lance Ford, Loring Ford, Mark Thompson, Steve Smith, Steve Wollmer, Susan Huntoon, and Wyman Ordway.

Also attending were spouses Caroline Carpenter, Jerry Smith, Rachel Barton, and Susan Currier.

I consider it a testament to Andover that 46 years later, 18 of the 23 invitees showed up. This was the first time this group had been together since Andover High School closed in June 1963.

Everyone really enjoyed seeing the "kids" they grew up with. And yes, there will be another reunion in a few years.

# Remembering Amber

By Mary T. Ofenloch

It was a beautiful spring afternoon in May, 1996. My husband, my grandson, and I were driving to the home of a breeder of champion Weimaraner dogs. When we arrived, we were greeted by a large female who had given birth to a litter of eight puppies. They were romping in the backyard, squealing with delight.

Suddenly, a cute little bundle of light grey, satiny fur with big soulful amber eyes bounded in our direction. She

loving and intelligent part of our family. As the years passed by, Amber began to develop fatty cysts, a common problem for Weimaraners.

About six months ago, she started losing muscle in her hindquarters. This compounded the arthritis problem she developed a few years before. She was slowly losing weight, even though her appetite was still good. I began to worry that her life was coming to an end. Last May, Amber turned 15 years old,

which is a long life for a Weimaraner.

Finally, my fear became reality. I had prayed that she pass away painlessly in her sleep at night so she would not spend her last hours in fear at the animal hospital. But that was not to be.

Early on August 29, Amber began to bark incessantly. Her crate was a mess. I placed her on the leash while I returned to clean the mess. In my heart I knew this was the end. When I completed



**Amber and my grandson on the back porch in Andover, New Hampshire from the spring of 2000.**  
Photo and caption: Mary Ofenloch

came to me when I called her, leaned on me and my grandson, then made herself comfortable with her head in my grandson's lap. It was love at first sight.

We brought her home that day. My grandson was thrilled to have a puppy of his own. It was time to choose an appropriate name for this bouncy bundle of energy. After much debate, my husband suggested "Amber," for the color of her eyes. We all agreed.

The first six months were typical of life with a high-strung pooch who got into many laughable, and sometimes dangerous, situations. Socks could not be left on the floor. Amber chewed and then ate them. She managed to pull a loaf of bread from the kitchen counter, consuming half before we caught her in the act.

We now realized it was time to purchase a crate for her own safety and to keep her out of trouble whenever we left the house. It was large and roomy with a soft cushion which she thought was a great chewing toy. Nothing deterred her, until I bought a heavy canvas cushion cover. Problem solved.

In Germany, Weimaraners are called "Grey Ghosts" because they can walk and run silently through the woods. But Amber was never silent. She was very vocal, constantly barking for attention, for food, and when riding in the car.

Her crate became her bed, her hide-away, and her retreat. She slept there during the day with no prompting from us. She loved sitting with my grandson in the chaise on our deck, and he loved the way she rested her head in his lap.

In 1999, when my husband retired from his job, we moved to Andover. Amber had no problem moving and easily adjusted to her life in a new home.

Life in Andover was good for us all. Amber grew and matured into a very

the cleanup, I returned to the garage. She made an even bigger mess there.

I now had no choice. I called the vets' office. The receptionist said, "Yes, it is time." Tears began to flow. Even my strong husband could not keep back his tears. He said he would drive her to the hospital for the last time. He knew this was something I could not do.

We put her traveling crate in the van, fed her a final meal, and placed a blanket in the crate for her to lie on in comfort. I told her to lie down and sleep while I patted her head and rubbed her neck.

When I returned to the family room, my grandson was sitting at his computer. I put my arm around him and asked if he was alright. He said he was fine. He knew this day was coming.

Losing Amber was like losing a member of my family. When my husband returned, he said Amber would be cremated that afternoon.

The next day we received her ashes. It's amazing how a 55 pound dog's ashes can fit in a small 3x3x4 white tin decorated with black paw prints.

The following night, I had the most vivid dream. I came into the kitchen and saw Amber was in the dining area, with her chin on the table, trying to lick crumbs from my grandson's plate. I said, "Amber, get away from the table." She looked at me and ran into the family room. She started to rub her ears on the rug, as she did every morning, while moaning with delight. I went to her as she rolled on her back so I could rub her belly. Then I awoke.

As I look back and think of that dream, I believe God wanted me to know Amber was happy and I shouldn't grieve for her. I miss her, and I will always remember my little "Grey Ghost."

*Edited version*



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**VNA | 2011 Hospice Month Events**

**Time of Remembrance:**  
*A time to remember and celebrate the lives of loved ones. All are welcome.*  
**Saturday, November 5 • 11:00 am**  
Foulkes Hall, Kearsarge Community Presbyterian Church, New London

**23rd Annual Hospice Benefit Dinner:**  
*An elegant evening to honor and sustain Hospice Care ... and spotlight our "We Honor Veterans" program.*  
**Wednesday, November 16 • 6:00 pm**  
Millstone Restaurant, New London  
\$50.00 per person  
RSVP by November 11th

**Craft Fair:**  
*Crafters, raffles, food, entertainment ... to benefit Hospice.*  
**Saturday, November 19 • 9:00 am – 2:00 pm**  
Kearsarge Community Presbyterian Church  
New London

Contact Cathy Raymond or Meg Ames for details.  
**603.526.4077**

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