

## Cottage Mission Statement

Up North...on Pearl Lake...sits...“the Cottage.” Always has...Always will. One and a half miles of shoreline...pristine beauty, unfathomable, priceless wealth. The cottage memories of four generations layer themselves in geological stratifications upon the consciousness of an extended Clawson family:

Generation #1: skis eight miles to school and back; hangs Aunt Lillian’s favorite doll; moves outhouses on Devil’s Night; carries a dog with bleeding paws for mile after mile; builds a lean-to for the night out of sticks and leaves—very far from home; rolls logs down the lake to the mill; hunts ginseng for the pharmacy; nurses Indians across the lake; remembers the railroad tracks through Pearl Town; always fries bacon on the cookstove in the early morn; parks a trailer-load of unfinished sewing projects up to the back porch every summer without fail; catches a pike or two often enough, plants a peach orchard and comes home with a pail full of berries.

Generation #2: fetches water from the spring across the lake; picks the peaches in the peach orchard; cranks the victrola to play “I Wanna Catch Brass Rings on the Merry-go-round”; *throws out* the old victrola; rows the wooden “Etha”; trails too far behind the deer hunters; secures gas rations to even get up north; has a dog named Trixie who can save little Jimmy Ransom from the bull; loves chopping trees; lets the kids practice “driving” from a grownup’s lap; sweeps the same dirt around and around the cottage floor; thinks installing 30-year-old used carpeting from home, up at the cottage is a good idea.

Generation #3: plays “store” with the old icebox; bathes outside in big, tin tubs with hot water from the stove; takes Stevens-Lake bar-of-soap baths with laughing cousins and a school of minnows; forms the Cottage Defense Agency; rations out rides on the Tarzan swing so as not to tire of the pleasure; buys the treehouse, *and even the tree* from Grandpa for \$5.00; travels in an aluminum boat; poles that boat through channel muck two feet deep; remembers Uncle Colonel guarding his strawberries with a shotgun; gets to fish with Uncle Leon; sews September school clothes on the treadwheel machine; gets electricity and vacuums up the dirt; pumps Jack; goes to the dump; gets stuck often at the dump; climbs the sand dunes five times without stopping; throws out the 60-year-old carpeting and buys new.

Generation #4: camps by rowboat; talks from the same squeaky bunkbeds; makes a new treehouse; goes blueberrying, spots the eagle; stops at the same ol’ Cherry Hut; forms the Pearl Lake Players; eats ice cream and builds forts; is busy making memories; still dreams of forever....

The memories and stories of four generations are rich. There are memories still to be made. This is what each and every one of us share and that is why we have come together in solidarity to preserve intact and protect what unites us--Claude and Etha’s gift--a gift we have been blessed with, enjoyed, and shared with others throughout our lifetime. We wish to provide this for our descendants, as each generation becomes the custodians of

this inheritance—to shape and update, yet fundamentally preserve. Thusly, it is our intention to allow and afford a new generation and generations to come, the experience of peace and beauty in the natural world, and the simple pleasures of family at rest.

It is with this intention that the following bylaws have been put forth. Its mission rests with providing forever a place to renew family ties, to manage and make affordable such a blessing for all, to preserve intact this whole body, as the rare and accessible entity that it is—and where all profit, including the earth, from its being just plain, left alone.

Once a dream. Still a dream.

Thomas Jefferson has spoken.....