



Garrison N. Valentine

April 7, 1929 - September 5, 2020

Kittery, ME – Garrison N. “Garry” Valentine, 91, passed away peacefully at Durgin Pines in Kittery, ME on Saturday, September 5, 2020. His final weeks were full of warm and healing connections with family and friends through visits and phone calls.

He was born in New York City in 1929, the son of the late Alan and Lucia (Norton) Valentine. While Garry was born in NYC, he spent most of his childhood in North Haven, ME in the summers, New Haven, CT, and Rochester, NY where he attended the Foote School and the Allendale School. Due to his father’s presidency at the University of Rochester, the family resided in the Eastman Kodak House. He graduated from Milton Academy in Milton, MA in 1946 which was also his mother’s alma mater. As a senior at Yale University he enjoyed performing with the Whiffenpoofs, the oldest and most renowned collegiate a capella group in the country and he graduated from Yale in 1950 with a B.A. in English and Philosophy.

After Yale, Garry did not return home, but instead began his life journey. Through a Yale friend, Garry was introduced to the Weeks family, from Woodbury, CT where he lived and worked for a year on Carmel Hill Farm, raising quail, pheasant and pigeons. It was during this time he developed his passion to hunt and met his future wife, Margo Weeks, whom he married in 1952.

Enlisting in the United States Air Force at the end of the Korean War, he flew all weather interceptor aircraft and was involved with the procurement of fighter aircraft for NATO Forces in Europe. During his time in the service, he and his family, Margo and their four children, spent time in Wisconsin, Michigan, Bourne, MA, France, Madison, CT, Old Saybrook, CT and North Haven Island, ME during the summers.

In 1961, he resigned from the USAF to attend Yale Law School, graduating in 1963. From 1964 to 1986 he was a partner of Hoppin, Carey and Powell in Hartford CT. In 1963 he designed his first family's house based on a Salt Box Design on seven acres in Old Saybrook, CT. He later became a partner at Ladwig and Valentine in Mystic, CT from 1986-1988.

Garry served on the Board for the Connecticut Attorneys Title Company, the Old Saybrook Conservation Commission and the Old Saybrook Planning Commission from 1963-1980 where he was known for defending wetlands from development. He also served both as a partner and on the Board of Directors at Waller Smith and Palmer Corporation, New London, CT, was on the Board of Governors of Stonington Community Center and the Board of Directors at Summer Music at Harkness Park and Mystic Marine Life Aquarium. He was a member of the American Bar Association, New London County Bar Association and Connecticut Bar Association.

In 1983 Garry divorced and married his future wife of 36 years Inge (Froelich) Valentine. Together and with Inge's daughter, Carolyn Read, they settled into a house Garry designed in Stonington, CT. As Garry moved into retirement, both Inge and Garry chose Durham, NH as their new home which represented the mountains of Bavaria and the water of Maine. A common place which signified their important connection. They both shared a love of downhill skiing and travelling to Germany. After Durham, NH, the couple downsized their life,

moving to Rochester, NH then residing at Huntington Common Assisted Living in Kennebunk, ME.

His passions were many. When asked what professions he would have chosen if not the Law, he has said, Naval Architect, Doctor, Lobsterman and Farmer. He loved the water, dogs, Labradors and Corgi's, Peter Sellers movies, sailing in CT and down the coast of Maine with his kids and relatives, taking the skiff out to Watch Hill from Stonington, East Beach, navigation (both celestial and plotting charts), camping, spending hours in the woods pruning. His passion for the sea translated as his being a gentle teacher to all of us, how to read the ocean, take the helm during a storm and always the most relaxed when on the boat or swimming in the waves. He enjoyed reading train magazines, Arthur Ransom novels, translating French fairy tales, Yale Alumni magazines, the Milton Academy News, The North Haven Maine News, singing with The Whiffenpoofs, listening to 1940's Jazz, harmonizing to Eddie Jefferson songs, singing Christmas songs in front of the fireplace, lighting real candles on the Christmas tree, making a silver star out of foil for the top of the tree, playing Frankenstein with his young kids on his front lawn, and imitating characters from the movie "The Fly." He loved Europe, lived in France for four years and enjoyed visiting family in Germany. His curiosity for his family lineage was ignited by his love of genealogy and by his family's connection to three inspiring leaders in the world, William Lloyd Garrison (Abolitionist), Mary Dyer (Founder of the Quaker Church) and Charles McKim (Architect of the Boston Public Library).

In addition to his wife, Inge, who is a resident at Durgin Pines of Kittery ME, surviving family members include his children, Peter McKim Valentine from Cambridge, MA, Stewart Valentine (and his wife Carol Chater) from Appleton, ME, Norah Dyer Valentine from Cambridge, MA, Elizabeth Post Valentine (and her husband Gerard Hirsch) from Chelmsford, MA and Carolyn Read (and her

husband Rob Anthony) from Evanston, IL. He has seven grandchildren: James Garner Valentine of Exeter, NH, Samuel Valentine (and his wife Veronique) from Newmarket, NH, Benjamin Valentine (and his wife Daphne) from Murfreesboro, TN, Susanna Valentine (and her husband Seth) from Iowa, Ethan Valentine Hirsch from Philadelphia, PA and Tarek Anthony & Isabelle Anthony of Evanston, IL. He is also survived by his former wife Margo Valentine from Essex, CT and many nieces, nephews, cousins and great grandchildren. He was predeceased by his sisters, Laurie Valentine of Burlington, VT and Sarah McKim Valentine of Fredericksburg, TX.

At Garry's request all services will be private. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to both North Haven Arts & Enrichment and Waterman's Community Center on the island of North Haven, ME. <http://www.watermans.org/> .

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking."

by John Masefield

Tribute Wall



“ Garrison N. Valentine

September 18, 2022 at 12:49 AM



“ On North Haven one summer Granny Lu (our beloved, formidable grandmother) pulled out an old box of Garry's school reports. We rummaged through them and there was one that caught my eye. It read, "In class and on the playground Gary shows leadership amongst his peers. But if challenged, he pauses to consider what is fair and is not afraid to make room for the leadership of others."

I was reminded of this deliberative quality, like the essence of a good judge (though he was a lawyer) because of our national struggle over appointing judges.

nonie valentine - September 22, 2020 at 12:40 PM

NV

“ Garry, aka Dad, was a good mimic.

One fall afternoon I came out to find him burning leaves on the slope by the mailbox. I wondered out loud if there was some poison ivy in the pile. He turned to look at a very long, very dark car that was taking the hill by the driveway at a crawl. New Yorkers probably. Drivers came on weekends and stared at everything. Dad was shameless in his territorial snobbery.

The car stopped, there was the whir of an electric window (in Old Saybrook we didn't have such things) and a head peered out to ask a question I couldn't make out.

Dad did an astonishing thing.

He stepped closer to the car and gave a small bow. Then he smiled broadly, took the fawning posture of a servant and said in a strong Delhi accent, “THIS is the house of my MASTER. He is a man of GREAT reputation and MANY riches—“

Before he could get out another word there was again the whir of the window, this time going up, and the car was down the hill like a shot. Dad turned back to me with the faintest twitch of amusement pulling at the corners of his mouth. I shook my head in disbelief and we both dissolved in laughter.

nonie valentine - September 18, 2020 at 09:14 AM

NV

“Garry, aka Dad, belonged to history the way he belonged to landscapes. He used to take us on what I thought of then as forced marches because I was 11 and it was always cold and somewhere out in the boonies.

All four of us, the dog, and Mom would tumble out of the station wagon, sometimes crabby but dutiful enough. Shadrach would bound on ahead as Dad was alert to the topography, practically sniffing the air. We'd walk, he'd talk, while we crossed fields and skirted woods in some corner of Connecticut. He'd probably stumbled upon something interesting in old land records because he'd pursue a track that we couldn't see. So we either bickered quietly or fooled around and threw sticks for Shad as we went, flushing out occasional birds. Then we would stop and everything would slide into focus. I'd come out of my reverie and there'd be an ancient homestead, or the remains of one, with the traces of a stone foundation and over there, yes, a well.

Dad started to tell the story - maybe they were slave quarters - and as he recounted more details we might begin to glimpse the house and what went on there. A small fragment of the past would take shape for us and his expression which had been keen in the search, would settle into the contentment of discovery.

We did these walks often enough that I for one couldn't escape curiosity in the end, though never quite like him, and ended up moving to a country with a history so endless that it will occupy me long beyond the grave. His nose for the meaning of a wider past gave us the sense that if you knew a little and looked for clues in a place, you could sense how history had been there and what it was trying to whisper to you.

nonie valentine - September 17, 2020 at 09:47 AM

“Dad had a good mind and liked to tussle with issues. He shaped that tussle in me.

He was infused too with the love of landscape.

Once he took me to a dinner meeting in New Haven on 'Saving the Wetlands' at Casey's, his old college haunt. Where we lived by the Connecticut River, abundant marshland was about to be swallowed by development.

There were nine maybe ten lawyers gathered around the table, all men of course with longish sideburns, it was the early 70's. They were especially kind to me, the young daughter and the guest. The content I can't even remember. But I watched each one of them, fired by that same love of landscape, make some crucial point in a strategy designed to upend the power dynamic between developers and environmentalists. It was dazzling.

Articulate, passionate men of a certain ethos making change. To my young self, each contribution seemed more incisive than the last..

Ah, so this is what education and power are for, I thought, with my dinner fork suspended in mid-air.

There was no interrupting, instead each person somehow played off the thought before like it all was some sort of skillful jazz improvisation.

They worked out detailed tasks and occasionally broke into laughter. Eventually the evening would have to end but I had understood something that Dad had shown me. Yes, this is what education and power are for, to protect what matters in your own soul, with as much finesse and integrity as you can.

Like protecting landscapes and doing it well. Thank you Dad.

nonie valentine - September 16, 2020 at 11:59 AM

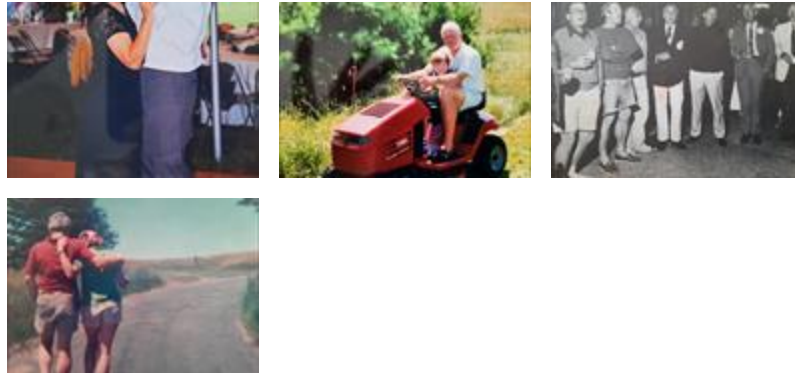


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Elizabeth Valentine - September 13, 2020 at 10:22 PM



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Elizabeth Valentine - September 13, 2020 at 10:07 PM



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Elizabeth Valentine - September 13, 2020 at 10:06 PM

“ Like a good patriarch of his generation, Dad wasn't particularly comfortable with emotions, but there was one early evening.

I was maybe 12 and had my second-ever school dance that night. I had schemed to make the most beautiful dress you could ever imagine. Of soft beige crepe that would fall in a lovely way and would be cinched with a brown velvet ribbon at the empire waist. I'd saved up for the elegant fabric and had been on my knees that week pinning and cutting the pattern carefully then concentrating on the complicated stuff on the sewing machine. On the evening, I'd just barely finished. I was starting to panic because I'd left it too late, so I quickly set a hot iron and pressed it into the crepe. Before I could register what was happening, it burned an enormous gash in the front of the dress.

The shimmering evening in front of me was ruined in the blink of an eye. I was shattered. Somehow, I don't know how, Dad was there. He saw my tear-stained face and said, "Why don't we just go outside for a minute, Teense?"

I stumbled down the hill with him, crying, not knowing where we were going. He took me to the treehouse. I remember sitting in that little treehouse with my legs hanging over the edge, sobbing with failure and a broken heart. The magic had seeped out of the world.

Dad sat beside me listening quietly until it subsided. He said something. The maple leaves were rustling. The sky was the faded salmon color just before dusk. I started to see it. Then I noticed the woods in front of us and the hill tumbling towards the pond. The birds, the Schreibers' land and the curve of the road. Higher up like this you could see the tender landscape stretching out below. The world was bigger than I realized. He'd sort of known that.

Eventually we headed up the hill with a lighter step and I could imagine that I would wear the blouse with the bow at the neck and the blue skirt with red trim. It was going to be ok.

nonie valentine - September 11, 2020 at 07:34 PM