



Holly A. Perrault

December 21, 1938 - September 5, 2020

North Hampton — Holly Perrault, 81, of North Hampton, passed away at home on Saturday, September 5, 2020, surrounded by family, following a long illness. Holly was born in Concord, NH, on the winter solstice, 1938, to Helen (née Davis, of Portland, ME) and Daniel Hages (of Livadi, Greece.) She attended Howard Seminary in West Bridgewater, MA, and earned her B.A. from Wheaton College in Norton, MA. It was at Wheaton that Holly began her love of literature, especially that of women writers.

Holly met her husband John when the two were teaching English at Traip Academy in Kittery, ME. She taught fourteen years at Traip, earned an M.A. in English from UNH, and went on to teach humanities at McIntosh, Endicott and New England Colleges. Subsequently, she taught women's literature in the Women's Studies Program at UNH. Over the years, many of her former students have thanked Holly for introducing them to the world of literature, the arts, and women's rights.

Holly was a voracious reader and loved to play the piano. She was also an avid tennis player. A life-long learner, she studied French at the Middlebury College Summer Language School, photography at the Rockport Maine Workshop, and painting at UNH. Holly wrote poems and short stories, and led book group discussions for both the NH Humanities Council and the North Hampton Public Library. Holly's love of travel and photography resulted in

riveting photographs that, along with her introspective paintings, now grace the walls of her home in North Hampton.

Holly loved her family with all her heart and is greatly missed. She is survived by her husband John and daughters Kristen and Tracie; her sister Elaine and brother-in-law Kurt Swenson of Hopkinton, NH; her brother Keith Hages of Cambridge, MA; and several nieces and nephews. She was pre-deceased by her sister Diana Richey of Pompano Beach, FL.

Given the pandemic, no memorial service is planned at this time. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made on Holly's behalf to the Friends of the North Hampton (NH) Public Library (<https://nhplib.org/community/friends-of-nhpl/>) or to Peace Ridge Sanctuary (<http://www.peaceridgesanctuary.org/donate/>) in Brooks, ME.

Tribute Wall

KW

“Holly Perrault was an incredible person and it's no exaggeration to say that her influence as my high school teacher of literature and creative writing changed my life. She challenged me to press in and grow and expand my experience and understanding. Her literary concepts opened my eyes to literature through the centuries. She encouraged my own creative writing of stories and poetry. Her husband John was also one of my favorite teachers and the concepts he introduced in his philosophy classes were also life changing. Both showed me a new, expanded way to view and process life events. I have admired them both all of my life. I was voted Most Literary in my senior year and that is due to Holly's influence. In college, many professors spoke to my ability to evaluate and comment on many styles of writing. I recall one class where our final exam was a surprise topic, an expository writing of the themes of the Greek tragedy Antigone. We had 3 hours to complete the final exam, and when the professor called "time!" I jotted a note, "Help! I'm out of time and I feel there is so much more that I could touch on," and she responded with an A+ and the comment: "That is because you are an exceptional student with an outstanding grasp of the subject matter. Save that expanded piece for your Doctoral Thesis. I believe in you!" This was Holly Perrault's influence on my life and likely explains how I ended up in a career as a book editor. Thank you, Holly and John, for the passion, dedication, and devotion you both poured into your students. I will never forget either of you. John, thank you also for sharing your music with us. <3

Kimberley Winters - May 01 at 04:49 PM



“Holly A. Perrault

September 18, 2022 at 12:49 AM

PB

“ She was a fabulous person!! She gave me confidence in myself through her reading class when we did on creative writing. She had me describe how I paint and made you feel good about yourself!! Sorry for your lost, she will be missed!! Paula greenier bonneau

Paula greenier bonneau - September 17, 2020 at 10:27 AM

SP

“ I am so sorry to hear of the loss of Holly. She was my teacher at MacIntosh and reopened my desire to write and encourage me to pursue the gift I had questioned. Always smiling and pleasant to everyone in our class. She was a real jewel of a lady and feel fortunate that I was able to receive instruction from her. My thoughts and prayers I send to all of you. Susan Olson

Susan Pendergraft - September 14, 2020 at 09:14 PM

FM

“ I am so sorry to hear this and sorry for your loss, John and your family. I have wonderful memories of English class with Holly (excuse me, "Miss Hages"). She was a "cool, young teacher" who made us all think and perform to our best. Our short story writing period is a favorite memory. She told me she wasn't fond of science fiction, but she gave my sci fi short story a great grade (she said she did it in spite of herself!). She was fun and informative, and, as I said, brought us all to our highest ability. Great person.

Frank A. Mellen - September 14, 2020 at 09:03 AM

BM

“ RIP Holly RIP 🙏🏻🌈... Sooo sorry for your loss John and family. My favorite memory of Holly is when we dissected Don McLeans American Pie in class my Fresman year and all of the amazing lyrical meanings she helped us render... She was something... Great, Great Teacher and Woman...

Brian Mellen - September 14, 2020 at 01:01 AM

B(

“ *Nothing Gold Can Stay*

*Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay*

Beth Martin (Mellen) - September 14, 2020 at 12:44 AM

B(

“ So sorry John and family for your loss. I think of Holly when I had her as my teacher at Traip Academy in poetry class. Always an intelligent positive, fun woman/teacher. She will be missed.

Beth Martin (Mellen) - September 14, 2020 at 12:01 AM

DD

“ Mr. Perrault so sorry for your loss. I remember the two of you chaperoning the Simon and Garfunkel concert the Folk Music Club went to at UNH

Denys Draper - September 13, 2020 at 10:56 PM

“ John and Family- I am so sorry for your loss. Freshman English, on a cold but very sunny winter morning, after an small ice storm. Holly- Mrs. Perrault abruptly stopped our lesson and instructed us to look out the window. This is what she read as she held us captivated by the Wintry scene outside our classroom Window:

Birches

BY ROBERT FROST

*When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay
As ice-storms do. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows—
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again*

*Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.
I'd like to think , as I always have since that morning in Freshman
English - that a life well lived leaves us free to be a swinger of
birches.*

Pam Meyer - September 13, 2020 at 06:51 PM

WP

“ Holly was also my English teacher @ Traip, during my senior year (1965/66). I hated English classes; but, I loved math ! Holly helped me get thru my senior year of English ! She was a fine, dedicated, caring teacher ! A true educator; but, most importantly an outstanding person ! Her family has lost a lot !!
Wayne L. Pruett
Gouldsboro, Maine

Wayne L. Pruett - September 12, 2020 at 06:21 PM

AP

“ Holly was my English teacher at Traip Academy in my senior year (1965-66). She was a great teachers and very nice. I shall keep her in my thoughts.



Arny Putnam - September 12, 2020 at 10:09 AM

CR

“ David and I are so sorry for loss. Although I am right next door I never had the chance to Meet your lovely wife but did hear her beautiful laugh at times while working outside. It always brought a smile to our faces. If we can do anything thing at all please lean on us. May Holly forever rest in Peace.

Cathi and David

Cathi Remington - September 11, 2020 at 02:09 PM



Laura
Donnell

“ *Holly was our English teacher at Robert W. Traip Academy. I had her as my teacher her first year of teaching at the school. She was a very good teacher and a good role model. In later years I got to see her on a weekly basis at the Portsmouth City Pool. I loved her sweet, soft spoken manner. I am so very sorry for your loss.*

Laura Donnell - September 11, 2020 at 10:52 AM



“ *Holly and I shared a love of books. We spent many an hour talking about the books we were reading. I loved working with her at McIntosh College. My condolences to the family. She was a wonderful woman.*

Robin Crockett - September 10, 2020 at 06:40 PM

PR

Holly was a lovely person , wife, and mother. She brought enthusiasm to what ever she did whether teaching, cooking and entertaining, painting and photographing. She loved traveling and planning trips with her beloved John. Much love to John and their daughters. Peter and Judith.

Peter Randall - September 11, 2020 at 12:33 PM

MR

What a gift Holly was. I feel so lucky to have counted her as a friend and mentor. We both loved literature and language and we fed each other ideas, but Holly was always a notch above which was very stimulating. Her great intellect and passion for feminist writings and ways of seeing always helped me learn to see the world in a more precise and thoughtful way.

As a wife and mother, Holly was dedicated and devoted. And she loved to laugh. John, you were the husband Holly deserved. I know your daughters were your partners in helping you and her through these last years that were both difficult and still full of love and laughter.

I know she as a teacher affected many students' lives.

Please know that Carroll and I are keeping you close and know the pain of watching someone we love battle a long and difficult disease.

*With much love and admiration,
Mary Jane and Carroll Rowan*

Mary Jane Rowan - September 13, 2020 at 08:44 PM

CA

One of my favorite teachers at Traip. I enjoyed her classes and really admired her. My condolences to the family.

Chris Nelson Alderson

Christine Alderson - September 14, 2020 at 06:12 AM

PA

I had "Miss Hages" for English her first year teaching at Traip Academy. She taught with such joy, such passion, and my entire class was awestruck by her beauty and humor and kindness, and we all loved English that year! My heartfelt sympathy to you, Mr Perreault, and your daughters. Fly high with the other angels, Miss Hages!

Paula Hodgdon Anderson, Class of '69

Paula - September 14, 2020 at 07:53 AM

TQ

So very sorry to hear this sad news. All our love and prayers to John and family.

Terry Quinn, Class of 1968

Terry Quinn - September 15, 2020 at 08:42 PM

CD

John, I am so sorry to hear of your loss. I didn't know Holly but I know she is a large part of who you are and I am so sorry for your heartbreak. Peace to you and your daughters and family as you grieve her absence and celebrate your memories of Holly.

Candace DeLisio - September 28, 2020 at 10:22 PM

CO

I no longer live on the seacoast so I was just made aware of this. The biggest compliment I can give to both Holly and John is that they inspired me to act consciously in my life and make a difference. Believe in something bigger than yourself and how to appreciate good writing. They entered my life in 1967 and have occupied a place in my memories ever since. Thank you John and Holly for taking your classes outside when it was so controversial. You inspired me then as you inspire me now. Rest in Peace Holly and may John and your daughters find comfort and joy in the life you so richly lived.

Chuck O'Ceallaigh (nee Cragin)

Chuck O'Ceallaigh - January 18, 2021 at 01:42 PM