

THE ROEPER SCHOOL COMMUNITY MAGAZINE

KEEPING IN TOUCH

VOLUME 3: 2 WINTER 2010



IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Mariann

MARIANN HOAG

1926 ... 2009

THE FAMILY OF THE ROEPER SCHOOL CELEBRATES THE LIFE AND MEMORY OF THE LADY
KNOWN TO SIX DECADES OF ROEPER STAFF, STUDENTS AND THEIR FAMILIES AS SIMPLY,
“MARIANN”

MARIANN

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Keeping in Touch
The Roeper School is
pleased to bring you
the tributes by and
photographs of
Mariann's
Roeper Family
from her
memorial service
August 22, 2009*

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*The Roeper School
is an independent
coeducational day school
for gifted and talented children
preschool through grade 12
and an equal-opportunity institution*

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ON THE COVER

The drawing, which had been done sometime earlier by Charlotte Whitney Stevens (a Roeper art teacher between 1950 and 1959), appeared on the cover of the 1974 winter issue of the Parent Communication newsletter that honored Mariann's 25 years of service to the Roeper Community. It captured Mariann's everyday reality perfectly!

MARIANN

WELCOME & OPENING REMARKS

Good afternoon, everyone. This is a day like no other day at Roeper. We are here to remember and celebrate our beloved Mariann — her contributions, impact, no-nonsense but loving style of caring for generations of Roeperians. I can see that generations are here today. For over 61 years she remained committed and passionate about our students and their families and her colleagues and their families. So it is with admiration, adoration and affection that we gather together today.

Even though we know that our dear Mariann would not want us to create all this fuss about her (maybe we would even be admonished), in a few moments you will hear from a variety of individuals whose lives and hearts have been touched by her great contributions and work at Roeper. Even though she would've given us a hard time about creating "all this fuss," I have a feeling that she would be pleased to see your faces. So on this occasion, I want to make sure to say to you: Welcome, and welcome back home. We are glad you are here.

As you may know, we are in the process of putting together the history of the school. With the help of Marcia Ruff and others, we have begun to chronicle the people, events and themes from our past. Ours is a rich history that emanates from people of conviction, passion and courage. I picture the timeline of Roeper history, and on that timeline, in my head, there is a mark that represents the day Mariann arrived at Roeper, and today we take some time to honor her work and add a mark on July 6th — the day Mariann left Roeper. In between the marks on the timeline there are innumerable occasions that can be tied to specific dates, but there are even more great stories, lots of love and sacrifices. Great stories!

The fact is, we can't put all of those feelings and those occasions down on paper. So today we come to reinforce the indelible period on the timeline that was made richer, more enjoyable and memorable because of our experiences with Mariann — when she cooked for you, organized your life, drove you home, made you come back to reality, made you dream, made you laugh, and maybe even made you cry.

This is also your day. I think Mariann would love to know that you, the people she loved, came to the school she loved, laughed again, cried again,

and visited with each other. Because isn't it true that she did all she did for us?

Before the Christmas break I was told that Mariann was not doing well. In fact, I thought it could be my last meeting with her. In my conversation with her I talked about the break, and I shared that I did not have a gift for my wife, Liz. Whatever pain she was experiencing seemed to disappear as she became fully present and began to brainstorm gift ideas with me. We settled on a few possibilities, but before I left, she called me back upstairs and shared with Linda Pence that I was looking for a gift for Liz and wanted us to keep thinking. She cared so much for us.

Right next to her selflessness is the fact that no matter how grown up you thought you were, you were just a kid when it came to dealing with Mariann — she was just very clear about her ideas and position. I miss her — for her insight and the fact that she could just make me laugh until it hurt.

Her sense of clarity for her convictions meant that you always had to bring your "A" game. No political mumbo jumbo, nebulous words to slip one by her, oh no.

Her work with the financial aid program gave Mariann great satisfaction. She protected it fiercely. Over her final years at Roeper, Mariann held firmly to her oversight of the program and used it to make sure our school was accessible to those who might otherwise not have the means to be here. It is fair to say that she changed the course of the lives of generations of Roeper students because of her dedication to our financial aid program.

So, to honor her unceasing commitment to our students, we have renamed the financial aid program in Mariann's honor:

THE MARIANN HOAG FINANCIAL AID GRANT AWARD PROGRAM.

We want to make sure that it will continue to serve the purpose that she loved so dearly. It will remind us of a life lived to make a difference.



**RANDALL
DUNN**

Head of School

MARIANN

A LETTER TO MY COLLEAGUE, MY FRIEND

My dear Mariann,

I've known you for more years than even my daughter, Karen. There hasn't been a phase in my life that you weren't part of and participated in, and much of it was long distance, but through all those years that we've been separated, there was always a closeness that no distance could destroy. And so, I am talking to you right now as though you were just at the end of the telephone line.

It felt good that I had the opportunity to see you on my last visit to Roeper, and even though you were already quite ill, I found the same warm and charming person that I'd been spending so many years with.

When I think of the past, I think of you and George and me together being responsible for the functioning of the school and its special philosophy. For you, just as for George and me, there were no real weekends or nights that the school was not part of our thinking and planning. On Sunday mornings, we always had breakfast together at our house. We used to talk about everything that was happening at Roeper and how we could improve on things when we felt the need.

In summer, on Sunday mornings, we would have a table out on the lawn, and have breakfast and discuss the upcoming events or existing concerns.

Mariann, you always had such thoughtful and practical ideas. These Sunday mornings were a special occasion for all of us, and I remember one particular morning when you were dressed in your Sunday best and leaning backward on your chair on the lawn and very elegantly you fell over on your back. It was amazing because even at that moment you didn't lose your composure while George and I couldn't help but laugh a little bit at the funny situation you found yourself in. Most of the time, our discussions were about serious business — the functioning of the school, the work that had to be done, the plans that had to be made, the parents that needed to be helped and most of all the development of the students and the teachers as well.

Mariann, you were involved in all the practical aspects of the school — the property itself as well as the daily functioning of all activities. You were always present at dismissal time to make sure that the buses left in an orderly fashion and that no child was left behind. When my son Tommy was four years old, he said of his father, "He sits at his desk and works hard for the school, but the pile on Mariann's desk is even higher." It became taken for granted that if anybody needed a problem solved, that you would be the person to go to. You were also involved in all special events. Anything out of the ordinary would be discussed with you and the problems often solved by you. Guests were always received by you, and you were able to create an especially warm, typically Roeper atmosphere around you.

And of course, you were my daughter's Godmother, and the special relationship that existed between you and her and all of our family has always given me pleasure. But you also had many special relationships to many of the students; particularly, of course, the Booth Family.

Roeper School owes much to you, Mariann, and I have often felt that the three of us were running the school together and giving it its special atmosphere. You have always represented the Roeper philosophy in all of your actions. I am sorry that I never had the opportunity to thank you for everything you have done for the Roeper Family and the Roeper School.

I am very sorry, also, that I will not be able to deliver this eulogy in person. My very advanced age has made traveling too strenuous for me.

Roeper School and the Roeper Family will never forget you.

Annemarie

ANNEMARIE ROEPER

co-Founder



DOUG ELLINGER

Annemarie's
letter to Mariann
was read by
Karen Roeper.

MARIANN

TRIBUTE — CHUCK WEBSTER

Good afternoon. My remarks are in the form of an appreciation. You should know that her last six months were quintessential Mariann. There couldn't any longer be Camels or bourbon, but there were flowers, bridge mix and many friends and admirers. Mariann did not like to draw attention to herself, but to misquote Henry James, she was one who appreciated one's esteem. And there was much esteem in those last months.

It was forecast in December that she would be gone soon, then forecast again that she might live a year, then again there were frequent proclamations that we might be near the end, and finally, Robin, her hospice nurse, said that her life would conclude when Mariann decided. Why should how and when Mariann passed away be any different from how she lived?

This was a woman who never saw a declarative sentence she didn't like, especially if she was the speaker. It is probably fair to say that Mariann was more skilled at giving advice than she was at receiving it, which is part of why Mariann's relationship with her two dearest friends, Sally and Lou, often had the look and feel of siblings. The rest of us more or less did what we were told. It was not always clear, in those last six months at Graefield, who the patient was and who the visitor was. Mariann was advising and administering, upholding cherished conventions, and understanding others' experiences with breathtaking clarity to the very end.

Mariann chose, in those last months, not to be medicated by drip and pump, so as the cancer and pain increased, it was nigh on impossible to get the medications right at any one moment. But she was not going to be sedated from participating in the last months of her life. Since December, Randall, Dave and the Financial Aid Committee met in her bedroom. Denita had publications meetings with her, and Emery and Linda kept her up-to-date on the happenings at school. Her love affair with her school kept her going until the very end, as it had for over 60 years.

What else kept her going from that day in December, when she took to her bed, was an extraordinary group. There was Robin and Maribel, Brenda and Tara, as well as Donna and Linda Landry. There was Sally for extended stays and by phone, and always, Cynthia and Saint Linda.

Because of all of their caring ministrations and constant love, we had six months of Mariann as she wanted to be, under those circumstances. On behalf of all of us, thank you.

Mariann was not very interested in the vicissitudes of politics or world affairs. She loved the old classical music station, WQRS, but I don't think she often listened closely. And while she was an avid reader, books were not her passion. Her two passions were the school she served for over 60 years and the people in her life.

Mariann started at Roeper School in November of 1948 as George's assistant, and Sally had started in September as Annemarie's assistant. Mariann did not often talk about her life before Albion and then Roeper. One thing we do know is that she cut out her senior picture from the Northern High School yearbook to make a fake ID.

Within months, Mariann and Sally did most everything at Roeper, including purchasing and book-keeping, as they were the only non-teachers in addition to the cook. At some point later on, Mariann took on the job of calling substitutes, which meant that if you were calling in sick, you had to call Mariann. Good for the school, bad for the employees. If you were calling because your children were sick, you were fine. If you were calling about yourself, more often than not it did not go well. "You don't sound sick," was heard on more than one occasion. "What time is your doctor's appointment?" was standard fare, and, of course, when Mariann would receive radiation treatments and still come to school, well, for the most part, it was just easier to come in sick.

Part of the power of the Roepers' educational vision is that children are respected and trusted before they enter school; their value is non-negotiable. Mariann Hoag had always had children in her heart. She mothered, grandmothered, godmothered and chauffeured a privileged group over the years. Those so honored had an extended family, an ardent supporter and an unconditional believer in them. You were of value because Mariann was in your life. The compelling and sustaining experience of those children was that she knew them.



BOB BENYAS

CHUCK WEBSTER

*Humanities
Teacher
Head of School
1979 – '98*

That experience extended to all of the older kids at Roeper for several decades. Mariann was their reference point, in terms as simple as their current behavior, and in terms as profound as the root sum of their identities. She saw through fashion and taste and socio-economic indices and bad judgment. She knew who you were. And that, like the school's philosophy, had a profound effect. "Because of you," the poet Alice Fulton said to the horizon, "I have something in common with something." Mariann's expectations and critiques, her prevailing view that you would, in fact, eventually merit her investment, were all signs that you mattered. She taught generations of students to care about themselves because she already did.

I don't know how many people have worked at an independent school for 60 years, but I'll bet not many. That is, in and of itself, a remarkable achievement. Mariann arranged her life and dedicated herself to *that school*, as she liked to call it. Over the years, she made anonymous contributions to support students, frequently students of staff members — for trips, for tuition, for college. If Mariann had had her way, the financial aid budget would probably be over \$3 million by now. What she did instead, after astute investment advice from Cynthia Churches, was commit her life savings to her school.

For those of us who were her friends, the dynamics of our relationships were similar to those of students and staff, just more so. Once you were inside Graefield, it was clear that this was not someone who welcomed change. The cupboards were 1947 originals, and as the stove and refrigerator would need new parts long after they were no longer manufactured, Mariann would find people to find them. When furniture had to be replaced, new versions of the originals were found. And no one was ever sure what went on in that basement at Graefield, only that gifts kept coming and going, and that Linda Landry wasn't talking.

The world of Graefield and the world of Mariann were intertwined and often inseparable. You could count on them. They were havens from the storm. They had integrity. They were refined. They were gracious. There was compassion to be found there. In the case of Mariann, there was also "the look." The look came into being whenever you'd said or done something that had viscerally violated her understanding of her partnership agreement with you. The look was a time-out with extreme prejudice. It banished the offending item from its short life with the clear understanding that it, or anything like it, would never happen again. I loved the look.

Many of you know Mariann had told me 24 years ago that it was time to get married to Nancy. "Let's get on with it," was the exact phrase. We changed our wedding date to accommodate Mariann's schedule. She told me several years later that it was time for a child: "What was I waiting for?" Whatever the conception of Cullen was, it was clearly not immaculate.

Mariann knew things about us before we did, and she said them. She made an art of the act of friendship. I've never known anyone who knew so much about so many lives. She made a world of those relationships and invited us in. We sought solace in it, were refurbished by it, and frequently found our way to a better understanding of ourselves because of it. We cherish that world and will always love her.

Because of you, Mariann, we have something in common with something.



MARIANN

TRIBUTE — KAREN ROEPER

I hadn't seen Mariann in many years when I was here in 2008 for graduation with my mother. When I laid eyes on her at David Lauer's graduation dinner party, I was overcome with a sense of deep connection and home. I realized how much Mariann's influence was woven into my life.

She started working at the school at age 22 in the fall of 1948 — I was born half a year later. Mariann was an integral part of the life I was born into. As a child, she was my second mother, my confidant — always a safe haven. Going over to school meant being able to hang out with her, an extension of family. She would always give me little tasks to do in the office, and I would feel important. She had that amazing gift to make everyone feel important and special.

As a young adult I had the wonderful opportunity to run Roeper Day Camp for five years with my then husband, Tom Carman, and Mariann. I'll never forget as we geared up for camp (in those days the kids were bussed), and Mariann would start planning the routes, an incredibly complex jigsaw puzzle; it was always amazing to watch her focus and determination.

I also have many fond memories from those summers of going over to Mariann's or Sally Booth's for delicious dinners and wonderful fun evenings with the summer gang (you know who you are). I cherished those summers, getting to work with Mariann and being so lovingly mentored by her. She could think on her feet and was able to meet any situation, no matter how challenging, with a quick clarity and presence of mind. She was so consistently count-on-able!

After seeing Mariann, in June of 2008, I got "homesick" for my other mother, and knew I had to return to see her soon. I luckily managed to come and stay with her for a brief visit last November. She was her usually salty/warm self. I arrived, and she cheerily informed that she had planned my entire stay. I willingly followed orders. In her inimitable style she had carefully and lovingly considered whom she thought I should see. I am very grateful to have had that precious time with her.

As I return here once again, I am struck and touched by the influence this one woman had on so, so many lives — with her honesty, straightforwardness and most of all her kind and caring heart. She had an amazing ability to track everyone — kids, teachers, and parents. I don't think Mariann really knew the depth and vastness of impact she had on so many people. She just humbly went along each day doing what she felt was the right thing to do.

What an inspiration for us all to carry — to simply treat each person with interest, care and true consideration.

Mariann — Thank you for being my safe haven.



BOB BENYAS

**KAREN
ROEPER**

*Founders'
Daughter,
Class of 1966**

* indicates the graduation year of a student who attended Roeper for a portion of his/her education but matriculated from another school.

MARIANN

TRIBUTE — PETER ROEPER

Mariann Hoag has always been part of my life, part of the constellation of people who compose my world. Mariann started working at the school when I was two years old, in 1948, when the school was called the City and Country School. At that time there was only the Hill House.



BOB BENYAS

PETER ROEPER

*Founders' Son,
Class of 1963**

Throughout my childhood the school was a tight knit family. In addition to my own mother, I actively thought of Mariann as one of my mothers along with Sally, Lucy, Hattie and Elma. Bill Devich was one of my fathers. For me, Mariann was always there ready to provide stability and handle the many problems a young child has. I owe a personal debt to Mariann for the kindness and care she showed me. Fortunately, I was able to express this appreciation when I saw her in January. But I am not alone in owing Mariann a debt.

My image of Mariann is that of the Hindu religious figures that had many hands all doing things at once, and in Mariann's case, all the arms are doing helpful, friendly things: one treating a cut on the knee of a five-year-old, one answering the phone, one tending to the files, one guiding an eighth grader, one responding to an anxious parent, one steering a teacher ... and a line of people waiting for the next hand to become free.

In those early years, up to around 1965, Mariann did everything: the nurse, the accountant, admissions director, secretary, driver of kids to school, and arranging the routes for bus drivers. She was the go-to person for everything. Mariann knew everything that was going on in the school, with every child and every teacher. She solved our problems and made everything work well. If anyone has been a pillar of the school, it is Mariann.

In fact, you may not realize it, but Mariann was with the school 25 years more than my parents. To me Mariann and the school are synonymous and maybe the school should be named the Roeper-Hoag School.

For although my parents were the inspiration for the school and provided the philosophy of the school, it is really the community of Roeper that makes the school what it is. My parents with Mariann and Linda and Emery Pence and Randall and many other people who understand the philosophy, together, are the builders of the school.

Or, perhaps, the school would more aptly be named the Roeper Community School, for then it would be clear that a community is central to what my parents wanted to create and the school has become — and clearly Mariann has been central to the success of this community. She touched many people — individually and through the community she helped to create. We owe a lot to Mariann both on a personal and institutional basis, and hopefully she understood this.

MARIANN

TRIBUTE — DICK HALSEY

It was my privilege to be Mariann Hoag's good friend for 49 years — or almost 49 years. The last few months I didn't feel like a good friend, as I missed an opportunity to see her in June when I was in Birmingham, and that opportunity was my last.

I came to work at The City and Country School of Bloomfield Hills in September of 1960. The year before I had taught at Kalamazoo Central High School, and at the opening staff meeting in Kalamazoo, I had been given a manual that thick. The manual explained everything I had to know in detail, which form to use to send a student to the bathroom, where to hang my coat, how to call in when I was sick, and on and on. When I got to City and Country School, the opening staff meeting was about the Id and the Superego, and other things I had never heard of before. No manual, no directions for everyday things. I discovered that the manual was Mariann, she knew where everything was, what I needed to do, and when I needed to do it.

The school changed dramatically in the 12 years I worked there. It grew from less than 200 students to more than 600 students; it added a high school (that was my job); and it added facilities every year until the Woodward campus was filled with small buildings, including domed ones. Annemarie became more involved with all of the school, George got a new private Secretary, Sally Booth and I became administrators, and simple became complicated. Even the name of the school changed. But Mariann continued to be the manual. She still knew where everything was, what needed to be done, and when it needed to be done. Some of my new administrative jobs were things that Mariann had been doing, and I worried about stepping on her toes. But she just told me what to do, and trusted I wouldn't screw it up!

Mariann never was involved in philosophy or curriculum — I really don't think she cared very much about those issues. She cared about making the spaces in which learning happened conducive to that end, and she cared about every student's safe travel that day, and their food, and their environment. She also knew which teachers were helping students and which were not, and she knew when to be authoritative and when to be supportive. She took students into her home when

that was what they needed, and she could dish out "Tough Love" when that was what was needed.

I was looking at the Roeper Alumni page on Facebook last week to read what alums were saying about Mariann. (By the way there's a great picture of a hippie teacher there who looks a lot like Chuck Webster.) One of the students in an unrelated post mentioned that only at Roeper could a Senior have their own full page in the Yearbook. I am sure that alum didn't know that Mariann decided that should be the case when we were meeting to set up the first high school graduation at Roeper City and Country High School. She also started the Junior-Senior Dinner, worked with students to design the class rings, and planned my role in the whole series of events. In a school that often challenges tradition, many of the things that have lasted were of Mariann's doing.

Mariann helped shape me up. She taught me to be patient when I wanted things changed now, and she realized the problem would look different in a day or two. She taught me that even pain-in-the-butt people had things to contribute, and if you appreciated their skills and talents their shortcomings were easier to take. When I left Roeper to become a Head of School I realized that one of the reasons I couldn't emulate George Roeper was because I didn't have a Mariann. Sally Booth told me yesterday that, "Mariann will be a word like Kleenex, a generic term for indispensable person."

In my current job as Executive Director of the Association of Independent Michigan Schools I have been in every one of the 29 schools in the membership. I have seen and heard of many people who are institutions in their school. Wally Cripps at Brookside and Alden Shaw at DCDS, indeed George and Annemarie Roeper. But even so, I am impressed at how much of her life Mariann gave to Roeper School — a 60-year commitment.

A few years ago Chuck Webster called me to ask for a professional favor for his new high school in Indiana. There were reasons I was reluctant to agree, procedural and personal. But he replied "You have to do it — Mariann said you would!" Well, Chuck, you're on your own now! In fact, without Mariann, we're all on our own!

**DICK
HALSEY**

*Social Studies
Teacher
Assistant
Headmaster
1960 – '72*



BOB BENVAS

MARIANN

TRIBUTE — BILL BOOTH

Mariann was a unique, third person in my life. I think that we all agree, and we have heard many examples of what a distinctive and special person Mariann was, and I add my voice to that list. But she served another role to me, and I suspect to many others as well. In my family, with its deep connections to Mariann, most had a name to define their relationship; Mariann was my mother Sally's best friend, and she was my brother Tim's Godmother. Although my relationship with Mariann took on many different forms over the years, they all fit into this category of a "third person."

Some social researchers have suggested the importance of "third places" in society, gathering and connecting places like coffee shops and bookstores which are neither home, nor school or work. Mariann served that role as a connector of the different aspects of my life.

Sometimes she was literally the connector. For many years she drove us to school and helped us make that, sometimes difficult, transition. I also remember vividly when she sat on the steps of the Hill House, dressed in her long blue Marimekko print dress, greeting every student by putting her hand on our foreheads and looking into our mouths. This was said to be a health check, but it was really Mariann helping us make the transition from the kids we were at home to the students that we needed to be at school. She could tell if we had had a fight with our mother, or if we were nervous about a test, and she knew how to take our minds off them both.

This connector role was also important for school, where we learned the philosophy of social justice and in George Roeper's human relations class we talked about respect and values. So when I did something I did, like burning down the chem lab, caused an injustice in the community, I was sent to George's office, but when I squirted ketchup in Liz Lander's hair, I was sent to Mariann. She taught us the real world applications of the Roeper philosophy, usually with a firm "quit it out."

Mariann was my first boss, another way of easing me into real life. She hired me to do odd jobs between school and camp. Then when I became Camp Director, she theoretically reported to me, although she was really my mentor. So, while I was in charge of disciplining campers, and often counselors, when something important happened, like the horse getting loose on Woodward Avenue, it was Mariann who dealt with it.

Throughout it all — as my third person — Mariann was both my advocate and the disciplinarian. She could, and did, get angry at me when I was a jerk; she used her manipulative skills to change my behavior; her expectations were always a bit beyond what I could achieve, but I always knew that I had her unconditional support.

Mariann was an important link — between George's human relations class and my behavior as a student, a boss and a father; between my home and my school; between my parents and my friends; between being a player in life and not quite doing good enough. So, while I may not be changing the world, I have learned her lessons well:

Yes, Mariann, I can "stand up straight, pull up my socks and behave."



TIFFANY HAND

**BILL
BOOTH**

Class of 1971

MARIANN

TRIBUTE — JAMEY BELL

There are so many of us here today from so many different pieces of Mariann's life. I thought I would try to speak for the cohort that wrote her poems and brought her flowers. You know who you are.

I first met Mariann in 1969, when I started Roeper in the 6th grade. In those days staff responsibilities also sometimes included transportation routes in their own vehicles, which were these enormous boats of station wagons, with nine or 10 kids in all the areas, including the back cargo area, sitting cross-legged. No seat belts. I was on Mariann's route. The boys in the car were teasing me, doing the late '60s equivalent of sticking my pigtails in the ink well. When I complained, Mariann made the quintessential Mariann reply: "Guys, QUIT IT OUT. Jamey, PULL UP YOUR SOCKS AND DON'T BE A WUSS."

So I survived the brutal jungle that was Roeper, moved on, left Michigan — but always my godmother Mariann was there, supporting me, cheering me on, loving me. Her specialness was confirmed in so many ways, but I'll share one example. My children, now young adults, had no Roeper connection, only knowing Mariann through me and her visits to us in Connecticut every other year or so. When they were younger my children loved the CBC television version of *Anne of Green Gables*, with Colleen Dewhurst playing the role of the orphan Anne's "mother," Marilla Cuthbert. One day they told me that Mariann reminded them of Marilla, and by that I knew they meant the gravelly voice, and the gruff and rigid-at-times demeanor co-existing with a heart as mushy as Canadian porridge. Mariann heard about this, and LOVED it. Apparently she also loved *Anne of Green Gables* and Colleen Dewhurst's portrayal. Ever since, my children called Mariann "Marilla," and she signed cards and presents to them as "Marilla." She had that way of making everyone feel that their connection to her was unique.

Later, when changes and struggles in my own life presented challenges to her, Mariann rose to that challenge, showing open-heartedness and flexibility to always accept me, to be in my life whatever that looked like. She once said to me, "What did you think I was going to do, turn you in to the Bishop?" Well, she never turned me in to the Bishop, for which I'm so grateful, because the loss would have been vast, as her loss is to us all today.

I thought I would close my remarks by sharing *The Top Five Things That Will Always Remind Me of Mariann* and *The Top Five Things That Mariann Taught Me* (which I guess makes it a *Top 10* list):

The Top 5 Things That Will Always Remind Me of Mariann:

1. The smell of Bellodgia by Caron perfume. That was that carnation scent she always wore, which smells like love to me.
2. Lilacs in a vase in May.
3. Those peculiar woven wooden basket purses she always carried, that I suspect I may never see again.
4. Classic children's literature on an adult's bookshelf.
5. Beautiful white hair on women of any age.

The Top Five Things That Mariann Taught Me:

1. She taught me how to needlepoint.
2. She taught me to always use cloth napkins.
3. She taught me that the secret to a good night's sleep is a down baby pillow in a linen pillow case.
4. She taught me how to make a terrific basic egg salad.
5. She taught me that the heart is infinitely elastic, able to grow to accommodate hundreds of children and adults, and to make them all feel that they are precious, cherished and beloved; and that by putting that love out there, it grows exponentially, creating infinitely more love in the world.

And for these things we say:

*Mariann, Marilla, we thank you,
we love you, and we miss you.*



**JAMEY
BELL**

Class of 1975

MARIANN

TRIBUTE — DOUGLAS SHAMP

THE GOOD EGG



TIFFANY HAND

DOUG SHAMP

English Teacher
1970 – '75

I want to talk to you today about Mariann's quiet generosity.

Years ago before "green" was a lifestyle, I arrived at Roeper as a green teacher. In one of my 7th grade English classes was a charming chap who took me for (in the lingo of a later age) a sharp dude and decided to be my friend. His family and his godmother saw fit to follow suit and to adopt me into the fold. That family was the Booths; the charming chap, Tim Booth; and the godmother, Mariann Hoag.

Teaching and I parted company a few years later, and I rolled to California, the land of fruits and nuts, and there I met a pistachio. Actually she was a young Turkish woman living on the outside of the law with her infant daughter. And we became a kind of family. When Mariann came to visit me in San Francisco, she adopted my friends as hers and became "Grandma Mariann." A few years passed, and Grandma Mariann brought that little girl to Birmingham to spend the summer with her and to attend summer day camp at Roeper.

It was at Mariann's that that little girl learned to enjoy a soft-boiled egg for breakfast — presented in an egg cup with thin-sliced Pepperidge Farm bread toasted and on the side. The little girl came back from Michigan with her first egg cup and a basket full of happy memories.

I spoke with that grown-up little girl the other night, who now has three kids who call me Uncle Duck and who enjoy soft-boiled eggs in egg cups for breakfast. Daphne asked me to acknowledge, honor and thank Mariann today. And so, I do.

Mariann, you're a good egg!

MARIANN

TRIBUTE — STEVE RILEY

I first met Mariann when I was five years old. She showed up at my house at 8:00am, as she did for the next eight years, to drive me to school in her car, a service she ran as a supplemental source of income. I was warmly greeted and ushered into the back of a huge Chevy station wagon. By “back,” I mean the cargo area. There was only one other student in the car, a little girl, who was already back there. We then drove around Birmingham and Bloomfield Hills as she filled that car with kids. If my memory is correct, at the car service’s peak, there were 15 people in that car: eight little kids in the back, four on either side, facing each other; four somewhat larger kids in the middle seat; and the oldest and biggest kid in the front, with another very little kid between him and Mariann. No seatbelts, all of our stuff: it was packed. The first year I was next to the rear window. Gradually, by way of some formula she had in her mind concerning your age, size, and seniority in the car, you would get promoted towards the front. Eventually I got promoted to the middle seat, but never made it all the way to the front. Except for two years at the beginning, I was always the first kid picked up and the last dropped off. So, every day, twice a day, I had a few minutes alone with her. Mariann did not talk much, especially in the morning. WJR was always on the radio, and in the morning it was the J. P. McCarthy Show, to which she tried to listen over the occasional craziness in the car. In the afternoon she was a bit more talkative, and when I was the only one left, she would ask me how I was doing.

During my time at the Adams Campus, Mariann had a wooden desk in a large room that was known as “Mariann’s Office.” The copier was there, the entrance to the Upper School Director’s Office, and a table and chairs. Teachers and students came and went. It was the “downtown” of the Upper School. A comfortable chair faced her desk, and unless she was very busy, anyone could sit there, or at the table and chairs, and just hang out. You could even sit in her chair if she was gone. She would kick you out when she came back, but only if she actually needed to sit down. Amazingly, her desk was never locked, and for the most part, the sanctity of her desk was respected. This respect came naturally from the respect that everyone had for Mariann. She was elegant and proper — a true lady, yet completely comfortable at the center of the chaos that sometimes arose. She served as a kind of a keel for the school, not setting its direction, but keeping it stable. If you messed up, sometimes you would get sent to “see Mariann.” I was once sent to see her with a few other guys. What she said I don’t remember exactly, but it amounted to: “It’s ok to be kids, but don’t be jerks.” And although she was firm and direct, I never saw her angry.

My favorite memory of Mariann was a reaction she had to my graduating class’s senior prank. My class plaster-boarded over the entrance from Mariann’s office to the Upper School Director’s office (Chuck Webster was the Director at the time). The plasterboard, along with floor molding and a rearrangement of the furniture and a big plant, made it seem, fairly convincingly, as if Chuck’s office had disappeared. A custodian let us in on a Saturday to do it, and Monday morning I arrived especially early so I could be certain to see Chuck’s reaction. No other seniors and few at all were yet there as I initially waited, but Mariann was. In my excitement, I had failed to anticipate this obvious likelihood, and with that realization, I became rather apprehensive. Nonetheless, I sat on the floor in front of my locker (the seniors’ lockers were just outside her office) and pretended to study. Sure enough, Mariann came out of her office for some reason. When she saw me, she stopped, looked at me directly, and got a big smile on her face. Most wonderfully, she then let out a deep belly laugh and said, “I see you have been busy Steve-o.” After that, she nodded approvingly and walked down the hall.



BOB BENYAS

**STEVE
RILEY**

Class of 1985

MARIANN

TRIBUTE — AMY FORMAN-VOIGT



BOB BENYAS

AMY FORMAN- VOIGT

Class of 1985

I graduated in 1985, way before the *Harry Potter* books were published. But, forgive me for a bit of literary license. I started Roeper at the age of 11. I didn't fit in at my previous school, and upon arriving to Stage IV, it was rather like I had taken the train to Hogwarts. My classroom was cozy, and there was a tire mountain right outside. There on the hill was a wondrous old house with creaky stairways to hidden classrooms for art, a tiny library overlooking a balcony at the top of the stairs, the apartment where Vi and Jimmy ACTUALLY LIVED, a common hall where we had our meals, and there were kids just as odd as me. We even had our own house mother, our own Professor McGonagall: Mariann. I am certain she wore other clothes, but fixed in my mind is a dark blue dress with tiny polka dots. We, especially in the 1980s, wore all kinds of weird stuff, but for Mariann in my memory, it was always a dress, never pants.

When we go to school, wherever we learn, if we are lucky, we have many good teachers. If we are really fortunate, we are wise enough to recognize the great ones. They are the teachers whose teaching occurs beyond the classroom, extending to the life lessons Mariann taught us all: keep your socks pulled up, don't run up and down the stairs, water the geraniums. She put up with us when we signed out at her desk: "to Birmingham," "out to town," or "to the moon," and checked the clipboard when we signed in, "back" and "now."

Like Professor McGonagall, she taught us transfiguration, which for the four of you who have not memorized the books, is the art of changing one item into something completely different. In essence, as Dean Acheson used to say, she exemplified "grace under pressure" as she turned goofy, sometimes unruly, somewhat misfit smarty pants into (mostly) neatly pressed, capable young men and women who all managed to line up in order of our years of attendance at Roeper and graduate out there in the grassy area below the Hill House. Although she wasn't a classroom teacher, she still taught us our lessons:

- Step by step.
- Loyalty counts.
- Be consistent.
- It's OK to be funny.
- It's not about winning; it's what you learn along the way.
- Celebrate each other.
- Kindness matters.

Learn the lessons, and you, too, will know the magic of Mariann.

MARIANN

TRIBUTE — PATRICK O’CONNOR & LORI LUTZ

PATRICK

Like so many of us here today, Lori and I have a wealth of stories, memories, and gratitude for everything Mariann meant to us. Since it would take months to do justice to everything Mariann did for us, it seems best to focus on the common qualities behind the stories and her tremendous contributions, qualities that were present in the turbulent '70s when we were students, and in this recent decade when our respective children attended Roeper.

LORI

The Mothership. The metaphor which most accurately depicts Mariann to me is one I know she would roll her eyes at: the sun — yes, *THE* sun. Mariann, the center of our galaxy, the rest of us traveling around her, some of us closer, others farther away, some revolving orderly and others, well, less than, but all of us kept in orbit by Mariann, the source of strength, of light, of energy, perhaps originally given to us (in the case of Plutonians) years and years ago, and for the Mercurians among us, just yesterday.

PATRICK

Responsibility. I was a Lower School student when my dad dropped me off for school one day and handed me a very official looking piece of paper. He told me it was a car title. “Give this to Mariann” he said, “She needs to sign it and put an official seal on it.” I believed him without question; if Mr. Roeper was smart enough to put Mariann in charge of his school, it made perfect sense that the Governor would put Mariann in charge of selling cars.

Suffice it to say, the woman who dotted every “I,” crossed every “T,” and met every sports bus that came from the far corners of Michigan left an impression about what it means to take on a task and do it well.

Diversity. Mariann’s ability to do a host of things well, and all at the same time, predated the word multitasking, but it wasn’t just her professional skill set that showed her passion for diversity. Through her work on Roeper’s Scholarship and Financial Aid Committees, Mariann drew on her internal Rolodex to recall every student and every family, articulate their unique contributions to the community, and find a way to keep them at the school, both before and after the money ran out. Mariann understood every dimension of the concept of diversity in ways our culture still cannot fathom, by respecting the dignity of each individual by seeing and honoring their individual worth.

LORI

Unconditional love. When I would come to visit her in these last six months (no calling ahead, just showing up), Maribel or one of her fellow angels would let her know, “It’s Lori,” and I would bound up the steps, peek into her room and ALWAYS be greeted by a smile and, “Well, hello, dear.” Mariann had no unrealistic perception of us ... she knew our foibles and neuroses (“Lori, you can’t keep your cell phone on 24 hours a day on the chance that Clara calls you from Paris or Eleanor from California.”), but neuroses and all, she made me feel safe and secure and sort of wrapped in her affection and love.

That she shared this unconditional, reality-based, love with so, so many of us is just utterly amazing. Mariann had planned for us to go through her big basket of letters and cards she had kept and catalog them in some fashion. So on that last Sunday, I sat in her room with her and just started to do that — reading all of those cards and letters ... many written to her by people here today. Mariann wanted them shared, and to honor that wish, some of her current crop of “kids” will now present to you selections from those letters as well as poetry specially written about her for that 1974 *Parent Communication* which celebrated her then 25 years at Roeper City and Country School. We hope you enjoy *Dear Mariann, With Love*.



**PATRICK
O’CONNOR**

Class of 1978

**LORI
LUTZ**

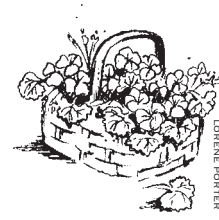
Class of 1975

MARIANN

DEAR MARIANN, WITH LOVE

MERRITTA

*Do you know who is the very best
When it comes to the daily, practical intelligence test?
Why Mariann Hoag, of course, it is
Especially if you consider this
Her problem solving ability
Is proof of great mental agility
A sick teacher, a limping bus, a
Tiny procedure, an internal fuss,
Mariann solves them one and all
Her IQ must be a hundred feet tall.*



TODD

Dear Mariann,

Thank you so much for the great note holder and assorted personalized notes. I sure will enjoy using that. And most especially a great hug for sending the Elvis mix and match paper doll set. I thought I'd take it on our trip and will let our friend Lou play too (if she is good!). A real chuckle. Thank you so much for remembering my birthday when you had so much else on your mind. You are a dear, dear friend, and I wish you the very best.

Love, Betty

MAGGIE MAE

Mariann,

Thanks for giving us the picnic basket.
Larry and I think you are the greatest.
Don't forget our once a month lunches.

Much love, Mariann!
Lori and Larry

CARTER

Dear Mariann,

Your kindness, support and friendship really mean a lot to me.
Thank you for being there for me.

Love, Michelle

JORDAN

Mariann,

Thanks for the beautiful dolls and wagon and baby and most of all the blocks!

Love, Natalie Ann

MAGGIE MAE

Dear Mariann,

Thank you so very much for the wonderful shower.
I can hardly wait to use the baby jogger and get back in shape.
You are such a wonderful friend.
Ryan is really lucky to have you as his godmother.

Love, Michelle

DEAR MARIANN

TODD Dear Mariann,
Many, many thanks for the nifty birthday card. Don't send any more.
I've had enough birthdays. I was 78 and that's enough!!!
Love, Jane

CARTER Dear Mariann,
Please know that we cannot begin to thank you for all you have done — and continue to do —
for our family. Your kindness, support and generosity are deeply appreciated.
You know we are always there for you. Whether you want to be or not, we have adopted you
as one of our family — you couldn't be a better addition.
Love, Linda, Sara and Alex

JORDAN Dear Hoagie,
There is no doubt about it. You are the best stocking stuffer in the whole wide world.
You always find such creative fillers. I do love my pretty Christmas towel.
Mine are a bit tired so it will be nice to start fresh in 1997. The crossword puzzle books
are truly appreciated. They surely beat "Today" and a magnifying glass.
Thank you ever so much. Thanks for being the "champagne runner" for the holidays.
Things like that are hard to do via bus.
Fondly, Louisa

TODD Dear Hoagie,
Thank you so much for the beautiful flower pot.
We love plants and flower pots are something we collect.
We look forward to sharing our special day with you.
Yours was the first wedding present we received.
Love, Dee

MAGGIE MAE Dear Mariann,
Thank you so much for the beautiful angel. It is always with pleasure that I open your gifts.
They are always so unique and what I love. Thank you, my dear friend.
Love, Deb

MERRITTA *There is also a secret I can
Tell you about Mariann
You will not believe but I swear
There are really more than one of her.
One writes a letter
The other answers the phone
The third makes a child better
The fourth checks whether things are done.
Therefore because this is true
She will get of presents two.*



TIFFANY HAND

WITH LOVE

TODD Happy Godmother's Day. Miss you. Wish you were here.
Love, Laura

CARTER Dear Mariann,
I miss you and Roeper, and you are Roeper to me.
I've always admired your bright mind and organizational skills.
I always thought as I grew older, I would get more organized. I'm sorry to report, I've become worse.
You've always been a special person in my life. Someone I looked up to and admired.
May your New Year be a happy one.
Are you going to retire?
Love, Karen

MAGGIE MAE Wishing you all the best and beaucoup bouquets of lilacs on Mother's Day.
I know you'll love this book. It made me even more aware and grateful than usual
for the steadfast care and nurturing I received from a few special adults,
amongst whom STANDS OUT my beloved godmother.
Happy Godmother's Day! Jameson

TODD Grandma Mariann, Happy Valentine's Day.
Love, David

JORDAN For all the times you have taken care of us all;
For all the times you have told Amanda to wear shoes;
For all the times you have called when Amanda has been hurt or sick;
For all the million of details you have handled,
Thank you.
May you live another 70 years and work them all at Roeper.
Emery and Family (the animals included)

CARTER Every single Halloween
No matter where I'm working
(And I've worked many Halloweens in many different places)
I remember two things:
First, that it was the day you came to us.
Second, that you stayed.
As it has been with you and Roeper
So it is with our hearts.
Happy birthday, dear one.
Love, Patrick, Dianne, Leland and Lily

DEAR MARIANN

MAGGIE MAE

Here is a thing my heart wishes the world had more of. I heard it in the air one night when I listened to a mother singing softly to a child restless and angry in the darkness (Carl Sandburg). And you, Mariann, have sung softly and bellowed gruffly at all of us, and we love you for it. Happy Birthday.

Mary Windram

JORDAN

Mariann, congratulations for hitting the big 7-0 last month, still running Roeper School. And I've made no mistake — not only for me, but for countless others you ARE Roeper School. What a wonderful gift you've given the students, faculty and staff of this community throughout the many years — your indomitable self.

Loving thanks.
Phoebe Matthews

CARTER

This card is for Mariann who gave her life and love to us all.
Happy birthday, Mariann.

Love, Ethan

MAGGIE MAE

Happy 70th birthday, Mariann.
We celebrate your life and thank you for a friendship that endures all.
You are always in our hearts.

Love, Chuck, Nancy, Rachael & Cullen

TODD

Dear Mariann,

There are not a whole lot of people whom I have known for 34 years. I consider myself very lucky that you are one of them. Who would we all be having not known you? Much less than we are I can say for sure. I look at you and I see so much that was and is important in my life reflected in you. On this special occasion for you — we give you back all the hugs and good wishes and love that you seem to endlessly give to all of us. Happy Birthday.

Lori, Greg, Clara & Eleanor

MAGGIE MAE

Dear Mariann,

This gift is intended to signify a classic Mariann recipe, much appreciated by us, and updated with a twist ... much like yourself. We are always and forever in your debt ...

Love, the Wilson-Tobins

CARTER

Dear Mariann,

Time seems to pass by so quickly in one's life as we move through it. It seems like yesterday when we were "Singing in the Rain," sipping wine, planting gardens, sharing wonderful dinners, having long talks, exchanging laughter, minding each other's feathered friends, experiencing happy and sad times, hugging one another. We remember fondly all of these times and many many more. You are so very special to us in so many ways. We will always feel a deep affection and love for you. The time that you allowed us to find each other 12 years ago will never be forgotten.

We love you ... Carol and Paul

WITH LOVE

TODD

Mariann,

May all the kindness, warmth, support and LOVE you have given to ALL OF US return to you on your very special birthday. Happy Birthday.

Love, Your Birmingham Staff

JORDAN

Dear Mariann,

You have been “glue” holding Roeper together ever since I can recall. I am filled with such warmth whenever I have come to visit and still been greeted with your cheerful smile and welcoming spirit. During my precious years as a Roeperian, you were a bastion of strength behind the office counter and always made me feel safe, acknowledged, accepted, welcome, supported, and, most of all, loved. You remain an important person in my development into a confident young woman, are often in my most cherished thoughts when I reflect upon my Roeper experiences. May your birthday be a celebration of all whose lives you’ve touched with your special “Mariann” magic.

All my love, Cheryl Blau

MERRITTA

*A general hat for our third in command.
An extra glove for her extra right hand.
A Ben Casey jacket for the aid she dispenses.
And a psychiatrist’s couch for ending suspenses.
A big gold star for the many she cheers.
And an extra ear for the woes she hears.
Whether child or adult, only friends she knows.
So a Solomon’s crown for the wisdom she shows.
From beginning to end, from morning to night,
It’s “Ask Mariann if she thinks it’s all right.”
We can’t do without her for no one could fill
Her place in our hearts at the school on the hill.*



BOB BENYAS

MARIANN

TRIBUTE — NANCY WEBSTER

I met Mariann in August of 1982 in the dining room of the Hill House. I was early for my interview with the English Department, and Mariann let me know that they were running late, which she said was something I would have to get used to if I were hired. I asked her what she did at the school and she said — “this and that and financial aid.”

This and that.

She was always quick to say that she was not a teacher. But of course, she was, she was the consummate teacher, the best of all teachers, and certainly the finest teacher I ever had.

So what did Mariann Hoag teach me?

She taught me to call your best friend every day.

She taught me how to arrange flowers for weddings — and here’s how it goes: arrive at the Royal Oak Farmer’s Market before it opens on Saturday morning; soak the oasis overnight; choose loose blossoms and tight buds; and don’t be too fussy about all of it. After being a helper in training, I offered to do the flowers for Liz Churches’ wedding, and I assumed Mariann would help me. “No,” she told me, “You can do this, and you don’t need my help.” So a group of us did those flowers, and Mariann told me that evening: “They look great.” High praise.

She taught me to never talk about money or about how much anything cost — because it was tacky, tacky, tacky.

She taught me that being a good parent means learning how to let go — while keeping an eye on the baby. It was Mariann who taught me that 2½-year-old Rachael really was ready to ride the shuttle bus from Birmingham to Bloomfield Hills. And it was also Mariann who was on the phone with Bill McNees until that shuttle bus pulled in, and the girl with the chubby cheeks in the pink snowsuit was delivered to Carol Charette.

Mariann taught me that slicing fresh lemons into a lemonade mix will always work.

She taught me to listen to kids, especially teenagers who needed an adult to really listen, for once, and to keep on listening.

Mariann taught me to go to work every day, no matter what, no matter how sick you felt — which is what she did by scheduling her radiation treatments for 6:00am. She never missed.

She taught me that students can grow up and become your lifelong friends.

She taught me that there really are saints living on earth, and that one of them is named Linda.

Mariann taught me that schools can be the most important place in a person’s life.

She taught me that if you are facing a crisis, call Cynthia Churches.

Mariann taught me that one should always order whitefish when in the Leelanau Peninsula.

She taught me that birthdays matter, and that it is important to remember the birthdays of those you love.

She taught me about Christmas Spirit, especially the year when she wrote to everyone on her list and told them that they were to send checks to her beloved Roeper School that needed a boost that year. A check to Roeper was the only gift Mariann gave that year.

She taught me that Campbell’s cream of mushroom soup can be thinned out with some red wine and could fool most people into thinking you made a sauce from scratch. However, she told me, never try it on Sally Booth.

This past June, when I was talking to her about the graduation at my school, a graduation that was fashioned out of what I had learned from Mariann, she asked me if I had everything down in writing. I told her no, it was just in my head — and she



BOB BENVAS

**NANCY
RONAYNE
WEBSTER**

*English Teacher
1982 – '99*

advised me to quote: "Get everything written down so that they don't try to switch the color of the diploma covers on you." For those of you who don't know, she was horrified when the Roeper diploma covers changed from red to black. In one of our last visits together she told me that the covers were back to red, and that they will always be red. She was pleased. "Get everything written down."

In the past month, there have been so many times when I thought: "I'll call Mariann and see what she

thinks." That's the hardest part, because I can't call my teacher anymore. It is hard getting used to the idea that Mariann is gone, that I will never talk with her again, that I will never hear her voice — and it's hard living with this broken heart.

I wish I had some good Mariann-style advice for all of us. I don't. The one thing we can all hold onto is that we knew Mariann and that she knew us. That we loved her and that Mariann loved us. What lucky people we are.



MARIANN

TRIBUTE — LINDA PENCE

Little did I know so many years ago, as Jean Timar introduced me to the gracious, white-haired lady standing at her office counter, discussing the day ahead with Jimmy and Vi, that I was in fact meeting the indomitable force that held the world of Roeper together. Neither did I know that this amazing woman would hold so many parts of my world together. Over time, Mariann became mentor, friend, mother, and grandmother to my son David. She brought comfort and refuge in times of difficulty and sorrow, celebrated joys and accomplishments, and never hesitated to give the subtle and sometimes not so subtle reprimand when a word or action did not meet with her approval. I came to benefit from her unerring wisdom and her clear, “well-of-course-it’s-obvious” solutions so concisely given; easily dispelling any question about what was right and should be done immediately, if not sooner. She was always there watching over me whether I knew it or not.

As I think of the times shared with Mariann, so many images flood my mind: the miraculous last minute summer job opening in the camp office during a particularly tough time in my life; Mariann sitting in her yellow chair, feet on an elegant needlepoint stool, pencil in hand, completing crossword puzzles; the ever-present classical music playing in the background; elegant dinners lovingly prepared in the world’s smallest kitchen, to celebrate birthdays or just “anydays.” I see her excitement in the purchase of a box of Dreft to wash the clothes and blankets that she delivered to the newborn David for his trip home from the hospital. I was too superstitious to have them in the house. She took such joy in doing for others; the big things and the little.

Most recently, my visions of Mariann come from the perspective of the red and white gingham chair or floor of her bedroom as she made the transition to Hospice care. I am awed and inspired by her strength, ongoing concern for family and friends and commitment to keep up her life’s mission. To accomplish this, she so often chose clarity of mind over the medication that could fully ease her considerable pain. Financial aid meetings happened around her bed. The Tim Booth Memorial Scholarship Fund was established to receive her estate. Orders to ensure that the alumni magazine was just right were phoned in and dictated. A new windowed door for the

Life Skills kitchen was requested, (well actually, commanded), with a plaque that certainly should not include her name, only mine. (Sorry, Mariann, your name WILL be on the door.) We would still be cooking on camp stoves, without a kitchen if it weren’t for you.

If all this is not enough, she never missed a birth, birthday, graduation, wedding, or death. Flowers were sent from Tiffany Florists, and gifts ordered from catalogs. She even planned and hosted a birthday party and dinner in her home for a cherished friend’s 84th birthday. Having given so much to so many, Mariann received and welcomed a steady stream of visitors. She kept her sense of humor, quick biting wit and interest in current affairs. All who visited came away enriched; feeling listened to, loved and comforted. Conversations begun with queries as to how she was feeling, usually received a brief, honest sometimes humorous response, quick change of subject and a flurry of questions in return. Mariann ensured that she kept her connections to our lives, and her continued reign as “the” source of current Roeper information, knowing all the happenings, new policies, gossip, and latest updates on the alumni and their families long before anyone else. Amazingly, all this and more was done without ever leaving her bed. She was in charge.

In true Mariann style, she took charge of and orchestrated her final journey. She kept everything organized, on her schedule, and running smoothly. Incredibly, she began to let others give back to her. Surrounded by friends, Mariann let us know what she needed. The amazing comfort gives from Hospice quickly learned what we all knew; to respond, “Okay, Mariann, you’re the boss” (whether standard protocol agreed or not). She was taking this journey on her terms. So, they attended to her physical needs, answered her questions, kept their sense of humor, helped keep up the busy social schedule, addressed the gracious thank you notes for the mountains of cards, letters, photos and visits that brought such love from so many of her extended family. And they came to love and know the extraordinary person that Mariann was. All these people ensured that Mariann could finish her journey as she wanted; in her bed, in her home with those she loved.

**LINDA
PENCE**

Science Teacher



BOB BENYAS

When ready, goddaughter Laura at her side, Mariann completed her journey. Affirming that Mariann had done all she could to just keep on going as the amazingly rare, intelligent, strong and inspiring woman that we celebrate today.

As supervising nurse Robyn said, "Mariann will always be one of the special ones — the ones who enrich my life and whose loss leaves a hole in my heart." It is the hole in our hearts and in our lives that is challenged to be filled by continuing the generous spirit of Mariann.

So, now who will tell us to put on our shoes, who will keep the history, know the stories, remember where we came from and where we need to be going? She has left us with an awesome responsibility, but has also left us with the formula to fill the hole.

Mariann, I love you, will forever miss you.



MARIANN

A LEGACY OF STEWARDSHIP

As many of you know, Mariann left her entire estate to Roeper — everything from her treasured cookbook collection to the remarkable sum of more than \$250,000. She believed in us.

When longtime friends Cynthia Churches and Linda Pence asked a few of us to join them to assist in the sale of her household items, where again all of the proceeds were directed to Roeper, I was drawn to a set of demitasse cups and saucers that sat just below her living room window. Thinking they would serve as very special memory of tea times we shared with my daughter Alex '06, I completed the transaction and couldn't wait to bring them into my own home to join the treasured gifts we had already received from Mariann over the years.

I later learned from Marcia Ruff, School Historian, that the demitasse collection represented some of Mariann's years of service at Roeper. Apparently, George and Annemarie awarded them to staff for respective years of service. They are so lovely and so Mariann! (I secretly wonder if she might have been the one to conceive of the idea and also selected the china.) The simple act of graciously acknowledging service and loyalty were Mariann trademarks.

Mariann was the epitome of stewardship. She taught me that taking care of people and institutions requires deliberate deportment. She knew — before we institutionalized our relationships with alumni — that the lives of Roeper students were to always be lovingly tended and cherished. She knew that the gift of "ceremony" and "tradition" were a means of declaring our affection and reaffirming the importance of Roeper and a sense of community.

Yet her lessons were always more by example than by strict tutorial. In many ways, they demanded that we all pay better attention. Mariann left us much more than the monetary sum of her estate. She left an incomparable legacy of selflessness and commitment to The Roeper School.

Her gifts to Roeper are everlasting!

With deepest affection,



**DENITA
BANKS-SIMS**

*Director
of Development*

*A video of
Mariann's memorial
will be available soon.*

*Please contact
Katie Buchmann
at 248.203.7903 or
katie.buchmann@roeper.org
to order your copy.*

MARIANN

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

BY LORD BYRON

*She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.*

*One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.*

*And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!*



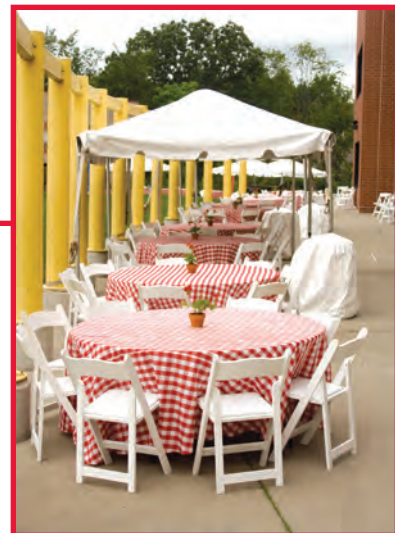
JON PROTTENGEIER '77

MARIANN



MARIANN CAME
TO SERVE THE ROEPER
SCHOOL AND SOON
BECAME ITS HEART.

BARBARA BARTZ
& RICK MCKENZIE



FRANK BLONDALE
ALWAYS USED TO SAY
THAT MARIANN TOLD
GOD WHERE TO PUT
THE TREES. IF I WERE
HIM, I'D BE HIDING
RIGHT NOW, COS I
BET MARIANN'S BUSY
ORGANIZING HIS WHOLE
OFFICE!

AMANDA (SCHREIBER)
BALLENGER '96



SHE WAS ALWAYS
THERE FOR ALL OF US.
I RESPECTED HER AND
ALWAYS TRIED TO LIVE
UP TO THE STANDARD
THAT SHE SET FOR ALL
OF US.

PAUL SILVERMAN '85



I WAS AMAZED BY MARIANN'S
ABILITY TO REMEMBER PEOPLE.
EVERYONE WAS WORTHY OF
HER ATTENTION. NOBODY
WAS IGNORED. SHE WAS SO
GRACIOUS WHEN WELCOMING
PEOPLE TO THE ROEPER
CAMPUS.

CAROLYN GRAHAM TSUNETA '78



PHOTOS BY BOB BENYAS & TIFFANY HAND



IT IS HARD TO IMAGINE VISITING THE
ROEPER CAMPUS AND NOT FINDING
MARIANN THERE. SHE WAS ONE OF
THOSE RARE PEOPLE WHO SEEMED
TO REMEMBER EVERYONE. WHAT'S
MORE, A "HELLO" FROM HER LET
YOU KNOW YOUR VISIT HAD MADE
HER HAPPY. I THINK IT WAS THE JOY
OF KNOWING THAT HER CARING FOR
THE COMMUNITY WAS SHARED BY
OTHERS.

BRUCE FLEISCHER '78



MARIANN



I REMEMBER BEING KIND OF AFRAID OF HER WHEN I WAS IN THE LOWER SCHOOL. SHE SEEMED SO STRICT TO ME AT THE TIME ... HOW RELIEVED I WAS TO FIND OUT WHAT A FANTASTIC PERSON SHE WAS WHEN I GOT A LITTLE OLDER.

A J LOCICERO '82



MY MOST SALIENT MEMORY OF MARIANN IS OF HER WATERING HER GERANIUMS ON THE BALCONY OF THE HILL HOUSE.

JENNIFER BARTZ '87



SHE WAS ONE PERSON YOU COULD NOT B#%!??*T! SHE SAW RIGHT THROUGH ALL THE LAME STORIES WE'D TELL HER, BUT SHE NEVER JUDGED US AND ALWAYS TREATED US WITH GREAT LOVE AND RESPECT. AND WE RECIPROCATED.

MIKE McCABE '83

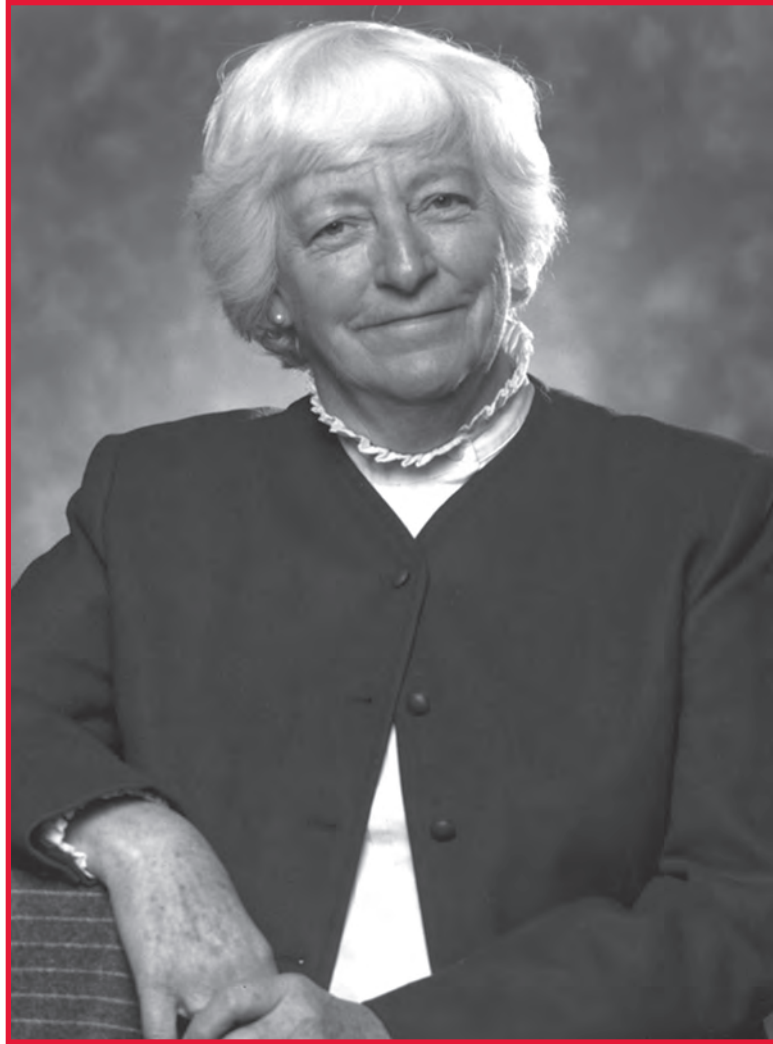


MARIANN TAUGHT US THAT THEORIES AND IDEOLOGY ARE FINE BUT SOMEBODY NEEDS TO PUT ON THE BAND-AIDS AND SET UP THE TABLES AND KNOW WHERE THE DITTO PAPER IS AND TAKE A FEW MINUTES WITH THE KID WHOSE DOG DIED THE NIGHT BEFORE. SHE BROUGHT THE GRAND CONCEPTS DOWN TO EARTH AND MADE THEM REAL. HER CRUCIAL CONTRIBUTION TO THE CULTURAL VALUES OF ROEPER WAS THE IDEA THAT HARD WORK, ORGANIZATION AND FOCUS ARE WHAT MAKES DREAMS COME TRUE. SHE GAVE HER LOVE AND LIFE TO MAKING THE ROEPER PHILOSOPHY TANGIBLE. NOW, IT IS TIME WE TAKE CARE OF OUR COMMUNITY THE WAY SHE TAUGHT US BY HER EXAMPLE.

EMERY PENCE

MARIANN

NOVEMBER 26, 1926 – JULY 6, 2009



HOWARD KLOC

From the poem
In Blackwater Woods
by Mary Oliver

To live in this world
You must be able
To do three things:
To love what is mortal;
To hold it
against your bones knowing
your own life depends on it;
And, when the time comes to let it go,
To let it go.



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RED GERANIUMS WERE MARIANN'S FAVORITE FLOWER.

THIS WATERCOLOR WAS CREATED FOR MARIANN
BY HER DEAR FRIEND AND FORMER ROEPER ART TEACHER
DONNA GREEN STANO.