**[OLD CAMP BAKER](C:\\Users\\aaron\\Creating\\Writing\\Pieces\\Family\\Whitmer\\Family Documents\\Old_Camp_Baker.docx)**

[**MEMORIES**](#MEMORIES)

Copy over Beth’s testimonial from the 11th anniversary of the twin’s death. Feeling really annoyed at betsy for pressing me into going out when I really didn’t want to, feeling parallesls with Heidi’s suicide-- being completely cpowerless to undersant the pain or other’s being cut off, understanding the beauty of your faith. Committing to you r ideas and endeavros.

All death connect-- speechless before it-- overcome-- that susupened moment of ultimate weakness, being overwhelmed by all that you cannot process, understand, or comprehend. And then releasing that nothingness that illuminates our emptiness, that end of the earth, outer reaches of space, that ocean floor of unknowing and broken beaten down cow-willed statis where only a few things can get us back up from off the floor.

1) anger, digital dislocation, hate, chaos, despair, darkness, resignation, abject cynicism

2) calm and peach and aesethetic bliss and balance and hope-- the hope of a tree-- another season-- more weather== but growth and nests and greenery and autumns mottled splendor

**2021/08/13**

Had alternator and battery changed. Before getting on the road the next day to Gladstone. Caleb and Morgan arrived from D.C. on the 13th. We arrived the following day and had a chickpea beet curry with the two of them on the deck with the breeze bringing waves in. The whole week had a little bit of a blow. High winds in the trees and the leaves

**Friday**

* Car trouble, had alternator and battery replaced at Windy City Muffler

**Saturday**

* Traveled North. Car ran well. Wisconsin—*Spotted Cow*, *Totally Naked*, stopped in Menominee. There was a classic car show. The girls played in the park at the harbor. I ran to the end of the pier,stretching my legs and working on my new toe-forward stride, pumping my road stiff legs against the wind eyes leveled on the horizon—the blue of Green Bay and The Green of Door Penninsula just beyond and innumerable white sails on the horizon between. Hlena pooped while she was active around the the playground, setting the last hour of our trip for success and our arrival to be relaxed. In a word— we took care of our shit in Menominee. Got back on the road and drove through the nice part of town, along the lake where the lawns were just generally better kempt, as were the houses and the trees were fuller and amounts of shade and light were just right.
* Arrived in Gladstone and were greeted by Caleb and Morgan and baby Alice. We swam and hot tubbed and then hat dinner on the deck. The girls were tired and slept well.

**Sunday**

* Jogged with Helena down to the campground and then back along Delta Ave to 7th street.

**Monday**

* Dad, Hans, Caleb, Marcus, Nick, and I kayaked on the Escanaba River, portaging below the upper damn and then kayaking down to the next dam along the limestone cliffs, following herons and water lily lanes. Had three course meal in the evening orchestrated by Marcus with strong assist from Kennie and assisted by the older cousins. Bottle service. Plates being brought out. Eating together at the staff table with uncle Marcus. Marcus got us sitting down. He brought the wine. He even brought the glasses and the food. Everything was just lovely. Very grateful for this meal together.

**Tuesday**

* Swam in the morning,

**Wednesday**

* Golfing at Gladstone Golf Course with Caleb and Marcus before Caleb and Morgan and Alice got on the road to Mackinaw Island.
* Went over to Casey’s and Esme road the four wheeler.
* Grown ups went out to the Terrace Bay Inn’s restaurant for a meal. Compared with the hominess of our meal at home with Marcus it was an utter disappointment. Too air conditioned. No one wanted to linger at the table. The warmer bathroom was a reprieve. The areal shot in the entrance of Gladstone was really neat. You could really appreciate what a peninsula the town is on. A Peninsula jutting out into a bay attached to a Peninsula jutting out into the largest collection of fresh water in the world Superior, Michigan, Huron combined.
  + Highway 41

**Thursday**

* Went up to Marquette with betsy and Esme and Helena. Climbed Sugar Loaf. Kennie and Marcus and Ceci showed up as well as Dad and Mom and Beth with Genevieve and Emmaline.
* Had a bonfire out back—Adam Whitmer stopped by with Katie and their girls and Casey came by with his girls and kids played in the yard and swung on the tree swim and out over the water on the rope swing, and then later when the kids were down we hung out around the fire and chatted and then it was just Marcus and I and we stayed up pretty later rambling at one another.

**Friday**

* Had front tires replaced at Wal-Mart in Escanaba. 6 mile walk/jog downtown to Ludington Park etc. Store fronts along Ludington were catching my eye and so I took some perpindicularishily framed photographs of them.

**7/15/2022**

Feeling uncomfortably obligated to make a statement about Beth’s lost babies-- god returns every year to tell you he will give you the strength to get to the next year-- Beth was traumatized by this miscarriage-- just like betsy was by hers, though Beth’s (not to enter some murky taxonomy of trauma rankings, but…) must have been ever so much harder to lose her twin girls so late in the pregnancy, which they could have been taken via ceaserian and probably lived. What does it mean-- life is capricious? God has a plan? God will give you strength if you ask for it-- sure-- all of those things and yet but still the universe is randomn and cruel . We neurotically protect each other until we are all over run-- work and leisure time have totally collapsed. The long thoughts have been replaced by a fragmented cache of ready opinions, preferences, and grips.

Not that I was such a deep or agile and lateral thinker-- but I wrote more at least and in my memory in a more unconflicted way, or it at least felt less conflicted and less fraught…

Voltage / resistance = voltage

Some metaphors about increasing the resistance in order to squeeze a more concentrated amount of production out of one’s talent pool or one’s capacity for production or creation or whatever

Lost job/pandemic/George Floyd

Body messed up => seeking the right silence, overcoming my digital dislocation

Writing => years of fragmented journals and emails and letters => morning pages and stoned writing => infinity notebook => yellow river and hq => tech fall back and finger to the wind => writing Chinese characters in Beijing, beginning a fantasy novel, preparing for the GRE => lots of note taking and test prep. Looked at math for the first time in a long time and enjoyed it. A foreshadowing of my study in Valparaiso as well as Chicago.

06/08/2021

Are we more of a Whitmer family or a Baker family?

Who are we? What kind of PEOPLE are we?

12/26/2020

When it comes to the Whitmers Music is going to be what bind us together. It has to be!

* Family songbook
* Facilitating with Marcus P.A./Keyboard set up.
* Karaoke Setup
* Dance Party set up (playlist—built from suggestions)
* Instruments for the kids—noise makes, shakes, etc.

**8/21/2021**

Back from the trip.

Hans is such an ass. How can I get over this and accept him when his home WAY is just something that I want to avoid.

His snide jokes— harvest of Catholic religious iconography from elderly victims of Covid. He’s all jazzed because he got a bunch of icons on a big sale. I mean usually like the cheapest painting thing you can find is like $35. I got all of this for $38. He shows me the virgin of Guadalupe. And some Mary imagery. And he had just come from visiting the Grotto on the campus of Notre Dame. Just amazing. Just incredible. And the food was so good. We just had such a great time.

That combination of oscillating from SANCTIMONIOUSNESS to OFFENSIVE BOMBAST .

I don’t care.

Loved being with you guys.

What is this tracking that I am doing— what am I trying to understand. How can I have a relationship with my brother and keep it from being both dismissive as well as confrontational. He says so many things that just make me feel tired. The closer people are, the more comfortable, the more likely he is to say something inappropriate. This is natural, but his scope of who he feels empowered to say inappropriate things to is pretty broad. He says things assuming a certain shared knowing or perspective or shared sense of humor, sort of attempting to force the moment to its crisis. Insensitively abstracting things. Making light of really serious things. These declarations are caustic and callous and express a sort of trans-pessimism. A freedom from the horror of what the jokes humor is implying. I didn’t mean it. It was just a joke. I didn’t mean to imply that it was funny that so many elderly people have succumb to Covid and that there is thus a glut of used Catholic iconography to sell at a big discount at the UP State fair, so that you can spend $38 dollars for a few bags full of meditations knickknacks and Virgin Mary iconography. We stand in the sun watching Papa and the girls go round on the big Ferris wheel and betsy and Esme approaching the front of the line for the Ski- run (Artic Runner). The Virgin of Guadalupe. Like G who our medical doctor mother has already declared will be slow but that that was God’s plan all along and so it is really special. Just like Beth’s lost kidney, the twins she lost in the 35th week of pregnancy, Mariel’s terrible vision and dyslexia, Gianna’s hearing lose, Adam’s bad back, etc, etc, two year old G who is largely non-verbal looks around with he stunned, but kindly wide set eyes. Breathily repeating creatin things. Saying Ya—asking for her Ya, ya. Madeline was also a really slow talker. Just saying “Ma” over and over again.

TRIPS as a Child from the UP

**MEMORIES**

02/05/2021

Being at peace with music and feeling grateful for it. Peace that passeth understanding. Florida. Seeing Jurassic Park in the theater that too loud and too cold, and then fist fighting with my brother at the water park where our parents had trustingly dropped us off, he is egging me on and turning everything into some sort of embittered competition, he punishes me for his insecurity. I can’t stand his sneariness and am bewildered that he can be such an asshole even when we are supposed to be having such a fun time at a waterpark in Florida. Hans buys a multipack of *Spawn Comics* and I read them in the back of the van heading north feeling pretty stomach-

churning sick at certain parts. Swimming with the alligators. The pontoon driving tour guide whacking the side of the boat in a rehearsed gag that made all the tourists jump cause they thought a huge snake had just dropped onto the boat. Playing *King’s Quest* with my Grandmother. Eating shrimp fried in butter. Watching the Suns and the Bulls battle in the NBA finals out on the sun porch on their color TV.