

Lori Lynn Eastman

December 17, 1969 ~ September 4, 2026

Our dearest and only Lori Lynn Eastman left her earthly body on September 4, 2026, at Munson’s Hospice House in Traverse City, Michigan. Lori passed after an all too brief run-in with a rare form of liver cancer, with no symptoms until she experienced a hemorrhagic stroke March 24, 2026. By the time the diagnosis was reached, treatment was no longer an option. Lori opted to live the last few months of her life as gently, and as bravely, as one can hope to.

Lori was born in Detroit, Michigan on September 17, 1969. Her parents, Joanne and Lynn Eastman, brought her to Northern Michigan as a precocious toddler, and they made the Kalkaska area their home. Lori is survived by her Aunt Cheri and Uncle Roger Barnett, her cousin Darrin (Alisha) Morton and their children, Alison and Colton, all of whom Lori loved dearly and enjoyed immensely. They did their very best to fill the tremendous gap left by her parents’ earlier passing. Lori so looked forward to spending the holidays with her extended family in recent years; being with them eased her heart and brought her so much joy. Aunt Cheri spent a great deal of time at home and at hospice with Lori, setting aside her own heartbreak to care for the child she’s loved so deeply from the very start.

Lori was funny, kind, intelligent, curious, and genuinely interested in the world around her. She had a quiet strength about her; being underestimated was almost a secret power. She was unfailingly kind—until she wasn’t. If a person pushed too hard, they’d find her sharp tongue and icy stare. She didn’t need to be the loudest person in the room to make an impression (though she often was, anything for a laugh!). She simply knew who she was. Lori managed to see the best in people, sometimes to her own detriment, and even when they refused to see the best in her. If you were fortunate enough to be called her friend, you knew you had a fierce, loving, devoted, hilarious, delightfully weird, wickedly bright, and amazingly beautiful person in your corner, always.

Lori loved to read ALL the books, and to watch ALL the movies. No content was too grand, too obscure, or too silly, for her attention - and much was deemed worthy of 2nd, 3rd, 4th readings and viewings. If you ever had the chance to make Lori laugh until she wheezed “I AM GOING TO PEE MY PANTS,” well, you probably tried again because she was so hilarious the first time. Her interests in the world around her ranged as wide as her taste in novels, and in music. Road trips, shopping excursions, leisurely dining adventures, concerts of all kinds, warm sunny beach days, nature rambles (not hikes - “hikes mean hard work,” she said, “while a ramble is just a good time!”), philosophical conversations, talking or not talking for hours while spending time with her friends, and her all-time top favorite thing - early morning coffee on the deck, overlooking the calm reflecting waters, and being visited by dragonfly friends.

Lori spent her last months, weeks, days, hours, and moments surrounded by her friends and family. Here’s just a little about a few of these relationships, the steadfastness of which speaks to just how tenacious our girl could be.

Let’s talk about her longtime girl posse - Dawn Centilli, Kristal Flateau, Michele Young, and Michelle Raglin. The five of them have shared countless adventures together since meeting more than 20 years ago when they all worked together at WKLT, The Peak & ESPN. Each of them continued to work in media over the years, hence the loving nickname “Media B*tches”. Concerts, sightseeing, shopping, cocktails, holidays, cancer, job changes, the passing of other friends and family, every joy and every sorrow; you name it, they’ve done it together.

Lori was prone to spectacular trip-and-falls, AND she was a good sport. One of her best (she would say it received very high marks from the judges) was on a trip to Mackinac Island. Within two



hours of arrival, Lori found herself sprawling at the bottom of some stairs at the Pink Pony. Michele happened to have a cane with her on that trip, which she loaned to Lori, and which Lori managed to leave behind at every place they visited. The girls had a tee made for Lori which read, “I Do My Own Stunts.” It was one of her favorite stories to tell. Her girls held her up, literally and figuratively.

Some friendships are hard to define, and seem to follow us from another time and place. This was the case with Lori and her bestie of nearly 30 years, Tricia Bowden. They clicked from their first meeting, and Lori became a beloved part of Tricia’s family from the start. From being roommates in their late 20’s, to going out dancing, drinking, dining through their 30’s; from weekend shopping road trips, to nature hikes and summer swims; from holding each other up during their earlier cancer experiences, to caring for their parents as they passed - the two of them were a constant. Lori and Tricia had the ability shared by the best longtime couples to face hardship and disagreement without turning away from each other. They also shared the ability to laugh, long and very much out loud, about the absurdities of life, and of death. Tricia is grateful to have been entrusted with Lori’s care in Tricia’s home for a few weeks before Lori was able to move to Hospice House. She’s also grateful to her sister, Mary Bowden, for the grace and loving attention she provided Lori; and to her husband, Jason Lome, for always being there for the emotional and physical lifts Lori needed along the way.

Lori shared a very special relationship with Shyanna Centilli, who was herself adopted when Shyanna came into Dawn’s life at the age of 7 from foster care. Lori’s “posse friend” Dawn had previously committed to a trip to England and couldn’t take Shyanna. She asked if Lori could help, and without a second thought, Lori said yes - because that’s who Lori was. The two forged a beautiful and lasting relationship, in spite of (or because of?) young Shy’s ability to find and test every boundary thoroughly. Aunt Lori was so very honored to become a trusted adult in the life of this vivacious and intelligent young lady.

Lori’s friendships were enduring, and often instantaneous. Such was the case with Stacey Adkins. She and Lori met when they worked together a few years ago. Stacey tried really hard to maintain some boundaries, and some composure, but her resistance was just no match for Lori’s spirit. The two became fast friends, with each truly seeing the other clearly, and honoring what they saw. Stacey stepped up in a huge way in caring for Lori’s kitty, Simon, both while she was in rehab after the stroke, and when Lori had to leave her home for the last several weeks of her life. Knowing Stacey was there to do the not-so-fun tasks of collecting mail, scooping the litter, and trying to locate a skittish little furball under a bed gave Lori, and all of us, tremendous peace of mind.

We wish to extend a special thank you to the friends who called, corresponded with, and visited Lori and brought her such peace and joy while she was in her final days at Hospice House: Stacey, Kirk, Ernie, Joe, Hans, Shawn, Pat & Tina, Tracey and her team, and Lori’s work family at UpNorthLive.

And, our deepest gratitude goes out to the team at Munson Hospice who cared for Lori; the nurses, CNA’s, social workers, and care coordinators who made certain that her last weeks were as peaceful, dignified, and full of love as they could possibly have been.

There will be a Celebration of Life on Saturday, October 17th, from 2 - 5pm. Please join us at Flat Cap Ventures - 476 US 31 South, Traverse City, MI 49685

You have been my friend. That in itself is a tremendous thing. I wove my webs for you because I liked you. After all, what’s a life, anyway? We’re born, we live a little while, we die. A spider’s life can’t help being something of a mess, with all this trapping and eating flies. By helping you, perhaps I was trying to lift up my life a trifle. Heaven knows anyone’s life can stand a little of that .
- Charlotte to Wilbur, from the novel Charlotte’s Web, by E.B. White

If you are moved to make a donation in Lori’s memory, please consider Munson Hospice House, or Help from my Friends Shelter.

Arrangements were made by Wolfe-O’Neill Funeral Home, our family serving yours.

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Kenneth Lawrence Renaud

December 13, 1939 ~ September 22, 2026

Retired Army Lt. Col. Kenneth Renaud, age 86, of Alden, MI, passed away peacefully in his home with family at his side. It was special that he reached his 63rd wedding anniversary with his wife, Celia (Brigham) Renaud the day before he passed. He had been counting down the days to his anniversary for the entire year. He is survived by his daughter, Susan Renaud, his grandchildren, David Buck (wife, Ashley) and Jennifer (Buck) Schultz (husband, Albertino), and three great-grandchildren, Emily and Kenny Buck, and Alden Schultz, and many other family and friends who loved him.



as a professional soldier. LTC Renaud served with distinction in all assignments which included brigade and division chemical officer and battalion executive officer. He served overseas in Alaska and Vietnam and capped his distinguished career on the Army General Staff as a Staff Officer.

After retiring from the military, Ken's second career included serving as director of Youth Employment & Training Programs (YETP) and later as director of Michigan Works! servicing a 10-county area in Northwestern Michigan. In his spare time, he became an apple farmer and planted and cared for 4000 semi-dwarf Red Delicious and McIntosh apple trees.

He will be remembered for his kindness and generosity, his sense of humor, his love for his family, and above all his gratitude to God for the many blessings in his life. To his children and grandchildren, he was Superman. Throughout the years, his home was a gathering place for family and friends. In his later years, he cherished sitting behind his desk, looking out at his barn and seeing all of the deer, turkeys and wildlife out in the field and feeling blessed.

The funeral will be held on Saturday, October 3, at Reynolds-Jonkhoff Funeral Home in Traverse City, Michigan at 3:00 p.m. following visitation from 2:00 - 3:00. Military Honors will be conducted under the auspices of the U.S. Army, Cherryland V.F.W. Post 2780 and American Legion Post 35.

The family asks that any donations be made in Ken's memory to The American Cancer Society or The Army Emergency Relief.

"ALL THE WAY, SIR!"

Julie Ann Baker

February 19, 1938 ~ September 22, 2026

Julie Ann Baker of Rapid City passed away peacefully in her home September 22, 2026. Born February 19, 1938 in Jackson, Michigan, the daughter of Elwyn and Marie (Axford) Porter.



Julie grew up in Royal Oak, Michigan having graduated from Royal Oak High School in 1956. She went on to Highland Park Junior College, and finished up her degree at Eastern Michigan University. She taught downstate in the Lamphere School District before moving to Rapid City with her family in 1973. She taught Special Education in the Elk Rapids School District until retirement in 1996.

Julie was avid volunteer supporter for many years to the Munson Community Health Center, National Cherry Festival, Vasa ski races and the Traverse City Film Festival. Her hobbies included

photography, kayaking, roller skating, bicycling and hiking. She was especially known for her love of travel, having visited 65 countries across all 7 continents, including much of the United States.

She was preceded in death by her parents E. W. and Marie Axford Porter, and her brother James A. Porter. She is survived by her children James Baker and wife Deborah (Williamsburg, MI), daughter Lori Baker (Frankfort, MI), and sister Susan Becker (Bellingham, WA) along with several nieces and nephews.

Arrangements are being made with Wolfe-O'Neill Funeral Home. No service to follow, per Julie's wishes. Donations to the Grand Traverse Regional Land Conservancy in her name are respectfully suggested.

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Gary Earl "Homer" Abeare

August 25, 1962 ~ September 19, 2026

Gary Earl Abeare, 64, of Fife Lake, Michigan, passed away unexpectedly at his home on September 19, 2026. Gary was born August 25, 1962, in Traverse City, Michigan, to Earl and Dorthy Abeare. On March 30, 1985, Gary married the love of his life, Angela "Angie" Abeare. Together, Gary and Angie shared more than 41 years of marriage, building a life and family that meant everything to him. Gary recently retired from Coding Products in Kalkaska, where he spent the majority of his working career. Retirement gave him more time to enjoy the things he loved and, most importantly, more time with his family. Gary was a stubborn man with a great sense of humor, and you never had to wonder where you stood with him. If Gary liked you, he loved you—and if he didn't, you knew it. Beneath that stubborn streak was a man who loved his family fiercely. He was an exceptional father and an even better grandfather. To his grandchildren, Gary was affectionately known as "Homer," a nickname that stuck and became a special part of who he was to them. Being a grandfather was one of the great joys of his life. He was always finding ways to spend time with his grandchildren, teach them something, or simply make memories together. Gary loved anything with a motor. Some of his favorite times were spent giving Angie and the grandchildren rides on his John Deere Gator. He loved car shows and looked forward to visiting the Midland Antique Festival and the Buckley Old Engine Show. Gary and Angie also enjoyed their casino trips



together. Gary was always willing to learn something new and pass along what he knew. Recently, he had been practicing hard on the guitar, hoping to join his grandson Ethan's band. He also recently taught his grandson Liam how to weld—one of those everyday moments that now carries a little more meaning for the family he left behind. Gary is survived by his loving wife, Angela "Angie" Abeare; his son, Mike Abeare; his daughter, Kelly Abeare, and son-in-law, James Gaultier; his grandchildren, Kaylee Gaultier, Ethan Gaultier, Logan Hotchkiss, Liam Abeare, Baylor Abeare, Luella Abeare, Memphis Abeare, Christian Abeare, and Allen Abeare; his mother, Dorthy Abeare; his father, Earl Abeare; his sister, Yvonne Robinson; many other family members and friends; and his beloved cat and companion, Bubbles. Gary was preceded in death by his granddaughter, Liberty, whose memory remained part of the family he loved so deeply. A Celebration of Life honoring Gary was held Tuesday, September 29, 2026, at 2:00 p.m. at the Hulwick Event Center in Fife Lake, Michigan. Family and friends were invited to gather, share stories and laughter, and celebrate the life of Gary—husband, Dad, Grandpa, friend, and, to his grandchildren, forever "Homer." And in true Gary fashion, we'll leave the last words to him: "I'm not gonna go away mad, I'm just gonna go away."

Arrangements have been entrusted to Kalkaska Funeral Home and Cremation Services.

Additional Obituary on page 8

John 14:2 - In my Father's house, there are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

DEAL ME IN

By Mark Pilarski (reprinted with permission of the author)
Oh, say can you see: I obviously couldn't

9 February 2004

Dear Mark,
A few years ago, you recommended in your column that at least once we should make the pilgrimage to Nevada and watch the Super Bowl in a sportsbook. I had the pleasure of doing that this year in Reno. I never had so much fun watching the game, and I ended up a winner betting Carolina and getting the points (7). Anyhow, one thing I had no idea of was that you could make different types of bets, like, a wager who would win the coin toss. Have you ever made any of these wagers? I didn't make one; but what is the cost (casino take) of such a bet? Ty G.

Ah yes, Ty, I have been known to dabble (squander hard-earned money) on a few "proposition" bets as they're called. With so many proposition bets to choose from — I saw one website offering 618 of the little darlin's — and so little money, I decided this year to make just one wager inspired by a 1931 Act of Congress. I bet that Beyoncé Knowles would sing the National Anthem in under 1:50. And why would I do that?

Well, I found in my local library seven recordings of the National Anthem all timing out at well under 1:50. I also reckoned that they choreographed the aircraft flyover for a precise time: just as Knowles would finish "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!" "Got 'em by the short hairs," I figured, and laid down what looked like the proverbial "lock" bet.

What I did not handicap was that the retractable roof at Reliant Stadium happened to be closed for inclement weather. I also overlooked Jose Feliciano's unorthodox rendition of the Star-Spangled Banner when he strummed a slow, bluesy rendition of the national anthem before

Game 5 of the World Series between Detroit and St. Louis that rambled on for what seemed like 15 minutes. No, he didn't sing all four verses — yep, there are four — but the minor concert was so long that it threw Detroit's starting pitcher Mickey Lolicheh pregame preparations completely off. Miss Knowles, aka Speedy, brought it home in a scorching 2:08:12. Another losing ticket for my collection.

I'll bet if a honed handicapper had gone to the film library and timed preceding Super Bowl National Anthem performers like Diana Ross, Neil Diamond, Billy Joel, Whitney Houston, Harry Connick, Jr., Garth Brooks, Natalie Cole, Vanessa Williams, Luther Vandross, Jewel, Cher, Faith Hill, the Backstreet Boys, Mariah Carey and last year's group the Dixie Chicks, most, if not all of them, would be more than 1:50.

Generally, Ty, when you place a proposition wager, you lay 11 to win 10, though the stretch can be even higher. That means for you to win \$100, you have to wager \$110, no matter which side of the coin toss you are betting on. If you bet tails and it is tails, you collect \$210 — your \$110 initial wager plus your \$100 winnings. This 10% commission, also called a vigorish (aka vig), is the compensation taken by the house on every proposition bet wagered.

My biggest score, i.e. greenbacks moving my way, was when a 300-pound lineman (small by today's standards) named Refrigerator Perry scored a touchdown for the Chicago Bears in Superbowl XX. Yay! though my lifetime record for proposition betting is as follows: I win some, lose more.

Gambling quote of the week :
"When you're in a hole, stop digging." —Anonymous



Sudoku Puzzle
October 2, 2026

2	1	9		3		4	8	
	5				4	9	7	2
6			9		2		3	1
4	2						5	
		7	6	4	3			
	9	1	2	5				
7			4		5	8	1	
1					6	7		4
			3		1			5

Solution on page 15

Additional Obituaries on pages 4, & 5

Patricia "Patty" Moore

March 30, 1954 ~ September 20, 2026

Patricia Lynn "Patty" Moore, 72, of Mancelona, Michigan, passed away on September 20, 2026. She was born on March 30, 1954, in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, the daughter of William and Margery (Schoonmaker) Moore.



and cared for her deeply. Above all, Patty loved her family. She was a devoted mother and grandmother; and she will be deeply missed by her family, her many friends, and the people whose lives she touched throughout the years.

Patty was strong-willed, free-spirited, and adventurous, with a lifelong love of the water. She loved Lake Michigan, the Caribbean, and the ocean, and throughout her life found joy and freedom in windsurfing, scuba diving, and simply being near the water. She was an accomplished windsurfer, and her independent and adventurous spirit remained an important part of who she was throughout her life. She also had a deep appreciation for art, music, dance, and film, and found beauty and meaning in creative expression.

Patty was also a gifted massage therapist and healer who cared deeply for the people she worked with. She touched the lives of many through her work, and although they may have first come to her as clients, many became cherished friends. She had a special ability to connect with people, and she was surrounded by friends and clients who loved

She is lovingly survived by her mother, Margery Shelp; her son, North (Hannah) Moore of Tumwater, Washington; her two grandsons, Whitman and Leland Moore; two brothers, William Moore Jr. of Lady Lake, Florida, and Brian Moore of Bellevue; and four sisters, Laura (Tobin) Sprout of Leland, Linda Bracken of Plymouth, Barbara "Barbie" (Patrick) Marihugh of Westland, and Kelly (Michael) Seehausen of Boston.

Patty was preceded in death by her father, William Moore, and her sister, Peggy Astill.

Her strong spirit, compassion for others, love of the water, and the many friendships she formed throughout her life will be remembered by all who knew and loved her.

Arrangements are in the care of the Mancelona Chapel of Mortensen Funeral Homes.

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