

# One Dock at a Time, Maine to Florida

As told by Mary D. Strain

Casco, Maine

Story Narrative:

Submitted by Mary to the [Women Mind the Water](#) digital stories project, in conjunction with the Smithsonian's Museum on Main Street storytelling website and traveling exhibition "Water/Ways."

"A few years ago, I was with my daughter and I took a dive off of a dock at a beautiful place on Sebago Lake (Maine). It was early June and my daughter said, 'Mom, I am really proud of you. You know this is the third dock you've been off and it's not even mid-June yet.' And, that's when it started. We started counting. I wasn't fond of cold water when I moved to Maine so going in the water in June was an accomplishment and here I was three times in. So, we started counting and looking for docks.

And, I started carrying a thermometer in the car and a towel and a bathing suit. And anybody who had waterfront property I was like, 'Oh, my name is Mary can I jump off your dock?' And now I am up to 251 (laughs) separate docks in a few states and all over the place. And, I have pictures of most of them and stories with all of them. Whether I was alone or with friends and that one couple, it was the day after their 64th wedding anniversary when I went to their house. I have met many people who live at the ends of beautiful lanes along the lake, some of them two and three generations. I went down one dock that you had to climb a great long staircase down to the lake to get there. I have gone off docks in salt water in New York on Long Island in Sag Harbor. The last dock I went off was in North Palm Beach, Florida. On my next trip I hope to go off one in my hometown of Hollywood Florida.

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