



Adams Family Band

Carl Webb Band

Thursday July 21, 2022, 7:00 p.m. – 9:30 p.m.
The 6 Pak Band – 60's Rock n Roll. The Ladies are back in town.

Thursday July 28, 2022, 7:00 p.m. – 9:00 p.m.
The Carl Webb Band is a blend of rock, blues, jazz, country, folk, and Latin, as well as original music influenced by all of these. You will enjoy dancing and listening to this local favorite.



Thursday August 4, 2022, 7:00 p.m. – 9:30ish p.m.
The Sea Cruisers return all the way from Lansing to bring their 50's 60's and 70's rock and roll music to listen and dance to.



Bucket O' Maybe's

Thursday August 11, 2022, 7:00 p.m. – 9:30ish p.m. – New to Dancing into Sunset **Bucket O' Maybe's**.

Thursday August 18, 2022, 7:00p.m. – 9:00 p.m.
Butch Grenell and Unbreakable Pride Band – Country rock



Thursday August 25, 2022, 7:00 p.m. – 9:30ish p.m. Easy listening and dancing music with **Steve Spees**, Saxophonist/Entertainer. Calls were coming in to have Steve back for the 2022 season. He brings his book with over 400 songs to suggest for him to sing and play. This will be our **Wesco Popcorn Night**, so come early.



Scottville Clown Band

photo by Larry Pellet

Tuesday August 30, 2022, 7:00 – 9:00 p.m.
The Scottville Clown Band had so much fun in Fruitport they wanted to come back to close out our season.

And that's a wrap folks. Hope all will look forward to joining the 6th Season of Dancing into Sunset – Fruitport. Make sure to save this schedule and help pass the word the old fashioned way, word of mouth.

JAMES E. "JIM" OSTERMAN 1947 - 2022



Fruitport's James E. Osterman, age 74, passed away Friday, March 25, 2022. He was born April 2, 1947 in Hart, MI. He graduated from Muskegon Catholic Central High School. In his later years, he owned and operated Gayle's Family Video. On

December 17, 1994, he married Gayle L. LaPorta (Anderson) in Muskegon. Jim is survived by his loving wife, Gayle L. Osterman; 2 daughters and 1 son, Nicole (Sean) Way, Maria (Jason) Opolka, and Carl Weaver; 5 grandchildren. Jim was preceded in death by his parents, Frank and Eleanor (DeLong) Osterman.

Published by Muskegon Chronicle from Mar. 27 to Mar. 29, 2022.

My Tribute to Diane Campbell

by Susie Halter Creator of Dancing into Sunset Fruitport

For those that follow Dancing into Sunset Fruitport Dance Party on Facebook, you know that Dancing into Sunset lost a true friend last Thanksgiving. Sadly and suddenly, Diane Campbell went to join the Lord her Savior, to bring him the same joy and laughter she gave all of us here on earth.

Diane became a very special friend, not only to me but to Dancing into Sunset, in just four short years that I had known her. After I told my story to Kate who writes for the Fruitport Area News, she was so touched by listening to me about Diane, she wanted me to share how our friendship came to be.

When I started Dancing into Sunset back in 2017, I thought it would be a good idea to give back to the community. So, I volunteered my time to bring dance and music back to historical Pomona Park like in years past when the dance Pavilion was out on the water's edge of Spring Lake. (See the spring article for a history recap.) At that time, sixteen dates were put together in less than six weeks after we were approved by the Village of Fruitport meeting. (Yes, we started May 10th that first year. Burr, too cold!)

I will never forget the first time I met Diane and the grandkids. It was the second year, in 2018. Dancing into Sunset celebrates Military night on the closest date to the 4th of July each year. I like to decorate the picnic tables with red, white, and blue plastic table clothes. Well, have you ever tried to put those thin plastic table clothes down on a table with a strong wind blowing off the lake so hard? The wind seemed to always win. It must have been quite a site for a woman and her grandchildren, whom I did not know, to watch me put one end down with duct tape only to have the wind be so strong to have it pull it up again before I could get the other end taped down. I was losing to mother nature. That was until three wonderful girls, Kileigha, Nadia, and Paisley, came up to me and said, "Our Grandma said we need to help you." I asked, "Who is your Grandma?" and they pointed to Diane down by the concrete at the edge of the grass. I remember thinking, "Wow! How nice. Sure, I can use the help. I must have looked frustrated." And from that night forward little did I know how much of an impact that "Grandma" Diane and her grandkids would have on me.

Now, I usually get down to the park between four and five to set up my information table with schedules, bands info, sponsor info, and such. I put out my coolers of ice water, put up sponsor signs, and history posters of Pomona Park back in the days of the Big Bands. I have Hula hoops and chalk for the kids who don't want to dance. Oh, and the shredded rubber to put down with a broom each night. Many times, you would see her with a broom in her hand, helping me spread the rubber on the concrete. I never asked Diane and the kids to keep helping. They just kept showing up early and starting. "Amazing!" is all I can say.

Then, Diane took it upon herself to start videoing the night and posting for me, because she knew I was not very good at it and I had no extra time during the evening. Then, she asked if I could make her an editor on the Dancing into Sunset Facebook to post directly online. So much time she would put into posting, but she loved every minute of it. She was the one responsible for over 84,000 views last season, not me.

After every night of music and dancing, who was the first one, when I looked out of the corner of my eye, grabbing a broom to start sweeping up the shredded rubber or starting to put items from the information table away in my container while I was taking down signs or vice versa? And the grandkids, even Paisley who was much younger, would ask, "What can I do too?" Grandma had a huge influence on her grandkids. She was so proud of them, and the respect and caring they gave her in return was wonderful to see from the younger generation. Each week, I'd bring my leaf blower, and the grandsons, Liam and Daiton, would even get in on that one. Once all the shredded rubber is pretty much broomed up, we'd blow the lose rubber into a pile for a final pickup so the concrete was clean if another event were to be held during the week at the bandshell. It was always fun to watch them rush to see who gets to the leaf blower first. Mind you now, Diane had to take her time,

since her breathing was a struggle for her. Try and tell her to sit down and relax—not! She would just say, "I'm okay. I know how to pace myself" with that comforting smile on her face. Others who could stay afterwards from time to time would also help with clean-up, which I am always grateful for. But Diane and the grandkids were by my side 99% of the time.

Each morning, I would rise early to place the yard signs reminding the community that it was Thursday Dancing into Sunset Night. And each evening when I would leave, I'd go back around and pick them all up. But I was not alone. Diane would always make sure and stay with me until all was locked up and follow me through town while I picked up my signs. And after the last one, we would wave goodbye, and we both headed home. When the season was over, I would take her and the grandkids to lunch in Pomona Park as a thank-you to make sure she always knew how much I appreciated all of them. I am so glad she knew I never once took her help for granted. We need to always let those in our lives know how special they are whether they are family or friends, because we never know what tomorrow will bring.

If only those of you reading this could get into my heart right now and know how hard it is for me to write this! Dancing into Sunset will never be the same without having this wonderful, wonderful woman who came into my life with her grandchildren one windy July afternoon. Little did I know what an impact she would have on me. So, if you see an empty chair in front on the grass the first night, you will know I am paying tribute to this amazing woman. I have to look forward and be blessed that in a few short years I was able to get to know this woman, who was a sister, a mom, a grandma, and a great friend to many, this woman named Diane Campbell.

Diane, you will forever be missed and will always hold a special place in my heart.

Randal Halter



Randy & Sue

The once Invincible Randal (Chubs) Halter age 67 passed into Eternity on Tuesday May 3, 2022. He leaves his wife Susan of 43 years; two sons Jason (Lisa), and Nicholas; (4) grandchildren: Brinley, Evan, Sadie, and Branch; Long Time Best Friend/brother-in-law Ken (Rosalie) Covolo; brothers-in-law Michael & Edward; and many nieces and nephews. Randy was Part Owner of A-Team Construction Co., until retirement in 2018.

A celebration of Randy's life will be held Saturday June 25th 2022 at Pomona Park 93 S. Third Ave. Fruitport, Michigan 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

BRAD RICHARDS
 REAL ESTATE
 231-638-0097
 COMMERCIAL | RESIDENTIAL

MIDWEST PROPERTIES of Michigan