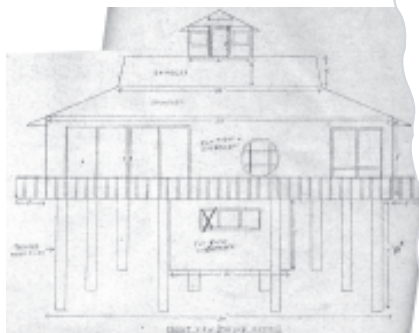




The Rosenello family on the deck.



Painting by Eileen Regan, 1973



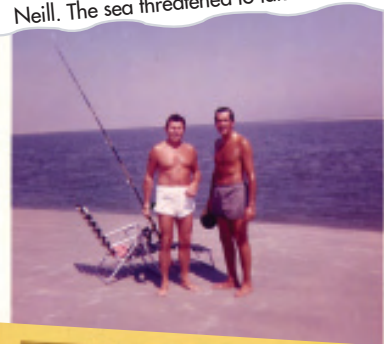
Harriet designed and drew all architectural plans for 233 E. 1st



Photo that appeared in the Press of AC taken by then staff photographer Charles Neill. The sea threatened to take the house for many years until the seawall was built.



Michelle, Peyton, Blake, Gavin & Patrick in the living room



Jack fishing with a friend on North Wildwood beach. Above Right- Jack with Ed Zaberer in Miami 1946



Harriet in front of their home at 301 Surf Ave. Harriet at their Chateau Motel



Once the setting where Harriet & Jack sat together in the morning light.

"The loneliness you get by the sea is personal and alive. It doesn't subdue you and make you feel abject. It's stimulating loneliness." ~ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH (American writer and aviation pioneer, 1906-2001)

BY JACK
They called him LAZARUS,
BY JACK, because he arose
from the dead!
He died twice, BY JACK,
Then God gave his back
to me, BY JACK,
For Fifteen Months and
Twelve Days.
Harriet



The Letter

To Patrick Rosenello,
I respected and loved the Rosenello family. Recently a stranger asked what my relationship was to you, et al, & I said, without hesitation, I'm a member of the family!
Grieve not for me. I am happy I lived in the era I did and had my Jack for 52 years. He was my "good time - before and after were the bad," so I went a complete circle of a long life. I'm dying, I know it, since Jan. 2002. A long time!

Acts of Kindness

Dear Patrick,

On May 8th, 2000, I changed my will and told my attorney I had decided not to tear down my house, but to leave it to Patrick Rosenello, He blurted out, "Why Patrick Rosenello?" I knew he was shocked.

I explained briefly "because he was kind to Jack, when he needed kindness." You were also kind to me Pat, on several occasions, complete unabashed kindness to us both.

In 1992, after the Holidays your mother called. Jack was failing in health and in spite of my pleadings had lost his incentive to live. Mary explained that she knew Jack did not want visitors, however, you were leaving to go back to the University in Washington and you wanted to come over to say "Goodbye" to Jack. My silent gut reaction was "to say Goodbye?" "Why?" "Does Pat think Jack, my Jack, is going to die and he will be saying a final Farewell?"

She did not purvey that at all and went on further to say you would be back during Spring Holidays and would see him again when you returned.

Jack was sitting beside me and I whispered "Pat wants to come over for a visit and I'm going to Okay it." Jack's face lightened up and he said, "Please tell him to come, I'd love to visit with Pat."

And you did come Patrick, for almost an hour. I was so overwhelmed, I left you two alone. I never did find out what you talked about. I never asked. It was a pure Act of Kindness.

Jack later did say he thought it was so kind of you to come and he wished we would do "something" for you.

We had many discussions about the house. Jack never wanted to sell, although he did remark early January, 1993 that if I wanted to find us an apartment, we would move.

Unfortunately, in early February 1993 he did move - to Heaven. You see, Patrick, my Jack was the kindest person I ever knew - he was not only kind to me, but also to my Mother whom he loved and brightened her life and the rest of my family - they thought he was the 'greatest.' He is now pleased that the house will go to you, to do with as you please - no restrictions - to live in - to rent out - or to sell or tear down.

One day, in Summer of 1997, I was limping in my driveway, due to an injured knee and stopped midway in extreme pain. You and a friend had crossed over to our side apparently headed for the seawall. You called to me, "Harriet are you alright? Do you need help?" I was so grateful for that small Act of Kindness, said I was Okay, but to myself, I said "what a nice guy pat is."

Another time, talking to you about selling the house, expressing my great indecisions, What to do? How much to ask? And on and on; you said, "Harriet, I want to help you." Noone else had said that before!

Then there were offers to go with me to look at cars, to mow the lawn, to bring me home from the hospital. Not that all other members of your great family were not kind to me, they all were, especially your Mother and Father. I Loved you all.

Sincerely, dear Pat!

Harriet

p.s. I felt I owed you an explanation of why I left you the House and all.

Farewell, 233 E. 1st

by Robert S. Kulisek

When I was young I used to ask my mom to take the special route out of town, the one that drove down Surf Ave., over to 1st and past my favorite place on the island. There was a mysterious house that sat atop a large and overgrown lot and overlooked 280^o worth of sea. It was my dream house, special in its simplicity.

I was adventurous as a boy. I would ride my bike all over town, examining every nook and cranny and looking for something new and interesting to find. I always seemed to end my escapades where Atlantic meets 1st Avenue. I would leave my bike on the grass and try to find a way up to the bulkhead through the thick beach bramble, where I would play near the lagoon and hop from boulder to boulder looking for pirate loot (imaginatively so).

I often saw an old woman sitting, staring through the window and out into the distance of the Hereford Inlet. I quixotically fantasized that one day I would become friends with the lonely old lady and she would - like out of some fabled story - find me the chosen one to inherit her estate (I had never seen any family or such at this house, and thus thought it perfectly reasonable to think such a thing).

Years went on and I lost those childhood fantasies, yet my attraction to the house still stood. There was something novel about the whole set up. The starkness of the property, the beachwood trees, the traditional nautical design, which all sat on my favorite parcel of land. It reminded me of the Wildwood that I wished I would have been around for, the one where the wilderness met the ocean with nothing in between.

One morning this past summer I was paging through The Press of A.C., seeing nothing of readable interest until a particular photo struck me - it was 'the house.' The photo caption read something like, "Pat Rosenello stands on top of the deck of the house he inherited".

My eyes stopped dead. I needed to know more.

After showing my mom the article, she then contacted Patrick, and the following day we were invited to tour the house. Up until then, the house was so familiar from the outside, yet had been a complete mystery on the inside. I took it all in - the décor, the views, while learning the story of the Bevans' which is one of the most amazing love stories I have ever heard.

The story of 233 East 1st is as romantic as it is sad. Built in 1972 by Philadelphia natives Jack and Harriett Bevans, the house was ahead of its time. With a somewhat clashing interior and exterior, the later kept with the standard wooden beach cottage design, while the inside represented the ultra modern (read: gaudy) chic of the early 70's. Bright yellow shag rugs, metallic silver walls, beveled mirror tables with matching chairs, and rich black leather upholstery, mixed with a few furry pieces as well. It was the dream home for this much-in-love couple, the place at which they both planned to spend the rest of their days together in, (that is, when they weren't off jetsetting in Miami or Waikiki.)

The Bevans' did not become rich by any standard means of wealth. They never had children to spend their money on. They simply worked hard all summer long, Jack as a bartender and Harriett as a cashier at Ben Martin's Bolero, saving their money. Jack worked full time at his own construction company on the off-season, too. The couple eventually became pioneer builders of several motels in North Wildwood, including the Jade East, which still stands today, and the Chateau Motel on East 4th Ave, along with various other residential properties. After selling the Jade East and making a large profit on it, they decided to build their one bedroom beachfront 'bungalow' that has become somewhat of an iconic image on the north end of this island.

Their intense love affair came to an end after 52 years of marriage, when, at the age of 79, Jack passed away on February 5th, 1993. He left a zealous lover behind, who basically gave up living. Harriett couldn't fathom life without him. For 15 years, her heart pined for him deeply. It wasn't until June 24, 2008 that Harriett passed away to be reunited with her Jack in heaven.

Patrick Rosenello, the eighth of nine children who grew up across the street from the Bevans', had "a shock to his system," as he put it, when he learned that he was the only heir to the entire estate of Harriett & Jack. He recalled doing some minor chores here and there since he was a young boy, but hardly thought that any of his doings were worth a reward such as that. A true testament to altruism, Patrick showed the couple sincere and unabashed love that gained worth as Harriett grew older.

After having the home for only a year, Patrick was notified by the state's Open Space Preservation Program regarding the land on which the house sits. Since it is one of two properties that the city has yet to purchase (the other being the Greek Church parking lot) within the view corridor adjacent to the historic Hereford Lighthouse, Patrick looks to sell them the property, which would allow him to pay the steep inheritance tax which he owes, still leaving him with the one lot closest to the street, large enough to build a home of his own for his family, which he plans to do in the near future. Patrick's decision is in the best interest of the lighthouse. It would have been Harriett's as well. The alternative is selling to developers who would most likely build an unwanted mansion there.

Although the house may soon be gone, I am grateful to know Patrick, that in some way I can remain connected to this lot of land, which thanks to him, will be preserved undyingly along with the legacy of Jack and Harriett.



Harriett had quite a flare for decorating.