

# *Creekside*



*Lair of the Golden Bear*

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### **Creekside**

Down to the creekside we'll go  
Along the path and down the hill  
To listen to the water flow

We'll pick out a spot 'neath the trees that  
grow  
Among the rocks, and in the shade  
And listen to the water flow

We'll open our senses to the wind that may  
blow  
Through our mind and in our hearts  
And listen to the water flow

We will leave things we thought we'd never  
know  
Down the path at the creekside  
When we listen to the water flow

Written by Brian Rogers

### **Mad**

The only people for me are the MAD ones,  
the ones who are MAD to LIVE, MAD to  
TALK, MAD to be saved, desirous of  
EVERYTHING at the same time, the ones  
who never yawn or say a commonplace  
thing, but BURN, BURN, BURN, like  
fabulous roman candles in the stars.

Submitted by Mary Hulsy

### **Pooh...**

"Pooh," he whispered.  
"Yes Piglet."  
"Nothing," said Piglet taking Pooh's paw.  
"I just wanted to be sure of you."

Written by A.A. Milne  
Submitted by Craig Davis

### **If I Had My Life to Live Over**

If I had my life to live over  
I'd like to make more mistakes next time.  
I'd relax. I would limber up.  
I would be sillier than I have been on this  
trip.  
I would take fewer things seriously.  
I would take more chances.  
I would climb more mountains and swim  
more rivers.  
I would eat more ice cream and fewer  
beans.  
I would perhaps have 'more actual troubles  
but have fewer imaginary ones.

You see, I'm one of those people who live  
sensibly and sanely  
hour after hour, day after day.  
Oh I've had my moments and if I had it to do  
over again, I'd have more of them.

If fact, I'd try to have nothing else, just  
moments,  
one after another,  
instead of living so many years ahead of  
each day.  
If I had my life to live over,  
I would start barefoot earlier in the spring,  
and stay that way later in the fall.  
I would go to more dances.  
I would ride more merry-go-rounds.  
I would pick more daisies.

Written by Nadine Star, at 85 years old  
Submitted by Kevin Merritt

## **You're OK**

### **Dedicated to Kristin Merritt**

I'll never know what you feel inside  
There is no way for me to understand  
While you lay sleeping I try to find  
something to say

Twisted switchbacks on a trail unknown  
Through the trees the forest in your only  
friend  
Let the sunshine tell you that it's a new  
day

#### **CHORUS:**

You're OK, You're fine  
Gonna make it through,  
Up the mountain you will climb  
And in this whole wide world there ain't  
much that I know,  
But if you listen to my heart it will say,  
You're OK

No words are gonna ease your mind.  
I'm not trying to convince that this world  
is kind.  
No easy answers are gonna cool the  
anger inside.

So cry while you hold my hand.  
I'll dry your tears while we're laughing at  
his eternal plan.  
And in the silence of nighttime when  
you're afraid,

#### **CHORUS**

As time slowly drifts on by,  
Measure the hours by the love that you  
feel inside.  
It can only get greater from where it  
came.

#### **CHORUS**

Written and Submitted by Kevin Merritt

## **Authenticity**

Each time you experience the new, you  
become receptive to inspiration. Each  
time you try something different you  
send a message to the universe that  
you are listening. Trust your instincts.  
Believe your yearnings are blessings.  
Respect your creative urges. If you are  
willing to step out in faith and take a  
leap in the dark, you will discover that  
your choices are as authentic as you  
are.

Author Unknown

Submitted by Jessica Manke  
Summer of 2000

## **One Final Paragraph of Advice**

Do not bum yourself out. Be as I am...a  
reluctant enthusiast...a part time  
crusader, a half-hearted fanatic. Save  
the other half of yourselves and your  
lives for pleasure and adventure. It is  
not enough to fight for the land; it is  
even more important to enjoy it. While  
you can. While it's still here. So get out  
there and hunt and fish and mess  
around with your friends, ramble out  
yonder and explore the forests,  
encounter the grizz, climb the  
mountains, bag the peaks, run the  
rivers, breathe deep of that yet sweet  
and lucid air, sit quietly and contemplate  
the precious stillness, that lovely,  
mysterious and awesome space. Enjoy  
yourselves, keep your brain in your  
head and your head firmly attached to  
your body, the body active and alive,  
and I promise you this much: I promise  
you this one sweet victory over our  
enemies, over those deskbound people  
with their hearts in a safe deposit box  
and their eyes hypnotized by desk  
calculators. I promise you this: you will  
outlive the bastards.

Written by Edward Abbey  
Submitted by Pete Gage, Summer of  
2000

## **Look What I Have Learned- And What I am Still Learning**

I have learned-  
you cannot make someone love you.  
All you can do is be someone who can  
be loved.  
The rest is up to them.

I have learned-  
no matter how much I care, some  
people just do not care back.

I have learned-  
it take years to build up trust, and only  
seconds to destroy it.

I have learned-  
it's not what you have in your life but  
who you have in your life that counts.

I have learned-  
you should not compare yourself to the  
best others can do.

I have learned-  
you can do something in an instant  
which will give you heartache for life.

I have learned-  
it is taking me a long time to become the  
person I want to be.

I have learned-  
you should always leave loved ones  
with loving words.  
It may be the last time you see them.

I have learned-  
you can keep going long after you think  
you cannot.

I have learned-  
we are responsible for what we do, no  
matter how we feel.

I have learned-  
either you control you attitude, or it  
controls you.  
I have learned-

regardless of how hot and steamy a  
relationship is at first,  
the passion fades, and there had better  
be something else to take its place.

I have learned-  
heroes are the people who do what has  
to be done  
when it needs to be done, regardless of  
the consequences.

I have learned-  
money is a lousy way of keeping score.

I have learned-  
my best friend and I can do anything or  
nothing and have the best time.

I have learned-  
sometimes, the people you expect to  
kick you when you are down will be the  
ones to help you get back up.

I have learned-  
when I have the right to be angry, it  
does not give me the right to be cruel.

I have learned-  
true friendship continues to grow, even  
over the longest distance.  
The same is true for true love.

I have learned-  
just because someone does not love  
you the way you want them to  
does not mean they do not love you with  
all they have.

I have learned-  
maturity has more to do with what types  
of experiences you have had and what  
you have done with them, and less to do  
with how many birthdays you have  
celebrated.

I have learned-  
you should never tell a child their  
dreams are unlikely or outlandish.  
Few things are more humiliating, and  
what a tragedy it would be if the child  
believed it.

I have learned-  
your family will not always be there for you.  
It may seem funny, but people you are not related to can take care of you and love you and teach you to trust people again.

I have learned-  
no matter how good a friend is, they are going to hurt you once in a while and you must forgive them for that.

I have learned-  
it is not always enough to be forgiven by others. Sometimes you have to learn to forgive yourself.

I have learned-  
no matter how bad your heart is broken the world does not stop for your grief.

I have learned-  
our background and circumstances may have influenced who we are, but we are responsible for who we become.

I have learned-  
just because two people argue, it does not mean they do not love each other, and just because they do not argue, it does not mean they do love each other.

I have learned-  
we do not have to change friends as long as we understand that friends change.

I have learned-  
you should not be so eager to find out a secret.  
It could change your life forever.

I have learned-  
two people can look at the exact same things and see something totally different.

I have learned-  
no matter how you try to protect your children, they will eventually get hurt, and you will get hurt in the process.

I have learned-  
your life can be changed in a matter of hours by people who do not even know you.

I have learned-  
even when you think you have no more to give, when a friend cries out to you, you will find the strength to help.

I have learned-  
credentials on the wall do not make you a decent human being.

I have learned-  
the people you care about most in life are taken from you too soon.

I have learned-  
it is hard to determine where to draw the line between being nice and not hurting people's feelings and standing up for what you believe.

Life does not consist mainly, or even largely, of facts and happenings. It consists mainly of the storm of thought that is forever flowing through one's head.

Written by Mark Twain  
Submitted by Emily Forbes

## **Validity**

Because something is not long-lasting, let us not fall into a cynic's trap and call it an illusion. Validity need have no relation to time, continuity, or duration. Everything is valid in its own moment and place. "And what is actual is actual for only one moment and only one place." The double sunrise shell (and all short-lived things) has the eternal validity of all beautiful and fleeting things.

Written by Anne Morrow Lindburgh  
Submitted by Lindsey Davis

## **I Shall Be Released**

They say everything can be replaced,  
Yet ev'ry distance is not near.  
So I remember ev'ry face  
Of ev'ry man who put me here.  
I see my light come shining  
From the west unto the east.  
Any day now, any day now,  
I shall be released.

They saw ev'ry man needs protection.  
They say ev'ry man must fall.  
Yet I swear I see my reflection  
Some place so high above this wall.  
I see my light come shining  
From the west unto the east,  
Any day now, any day now,  
I shall be released.

Standing next to me in this lonely crowd,  
Is a man who swears he's not to blame,  
All day long I hear him shout so loud,  
Crying out that he was framed.  
I see my light come shining  
From the west unto the east.  
Any day now, any day now,  
I shall be released.

Written by The Grateful Dead  
Submitted by Randy Kaplan

## **Lost**

Stand still. The trees ahead and bushes  
beside you  
Are not lost. Wherever you are is called  
Here,  
And you must treat it as a powerful  
stranger,  
Must ask permission to know it and be  
known.  
The forest breathes. Listen. It answers,  
I have made this place around you.  
If you leave it, you may come back  
again, saying Here.  
No trees are the same to Raven.  
No two branches are the same to Wren.  
If what a tree or a bush does is lost on  
you,  
You are surely lost. Stand still. The  
forest knows  
Where you are. You must let it find you.

Written by David Wagoner, 1976  
Submitted by Audrey Baker, 2013

## Lifers

Turn the radio off, ignition off,  
exhaust off, exhale the doubt that  
whines,  
Why here, why the hell not France?  
Inhale Sierra Zen that presses,  
Yes here, yes now, seven days here-in-  
the-moment, now, hello.

Swallows to Capistrano, salmon  
upstream, magnets to a summer mother  
lode, patterned, annual, we come.  
Away from bylines, deadlines, skylines,  
off online, picket line, ticket booth, up  
from gas pump, speed bump, boom box,  
unpaged, unlasered, uncalculated,  
we come here to this mountain.

Stripped to sunscreen and trail boots,  
equipped with ball gloves and bandaids,  
we commit our unplugged selves  
to life performed live- no filters,  
dimmers, no remote controls.  
Why are we here? Because we're  
here...

because a morning chorus wakes us-  
black-throated warblers, ruby-crowned  
kinglets,  
and empty-bellied children chirping to  
the beat of early tennis balls  
and urgent feet on the bathroom path.

because in mirrors above communal  
sinks  
abandoned last-year faces wait to take  
up  
dialogues draped summer to summer  
amid

damp towels, make-up, razors, soap.

because a bell is rung and Cal alums  
fit elbow to armpit on skinny benches  
for eggs a la Pavlov or chicken déjà vu.

because on Sunday we think aloud  
and sing in leaf-baffled phrases.  
We bind ourselves with common chords,

unfurrow faces, loosen limbs, flow  
words, and, sun-dappled, creek-  
babbled, float.

because in sandy pits men of iron,  
heavy-waist division, celebrate the  
weightless roll of a skyward horseless  
shoe.

because rumped angels tumble through  
us,  
clean the bathrooms (more or less),  
ring bells, run tournaments, dance and  
sing.  
The uncombed, unslept Generation  
Next,  
afflicted with joy, addicted to chaos and  
dirt,  
inflict upon us laughter and tears as if  
they were our own children. And they  
are.  
Or are they ourselves before they were  
our kids?

because a line of hikers chuffs uphill  
like an untuned engine, with boots and  
hats,  
puffing dust and conversation:  
I think...I can...I am...I must...  
At the top, breathless, earthless,  
they gasp or whisper a Kodak prayer:  
Please, I must remember this.

because the diamond forever calls out  
and softball diehards, maybe tie-dyed  
but never tongue-tied, touch base with  
tendons tried last July.  
Sunstruck, feverpitched, dirtstreaked,  
hamstrung- hey batter-batter,  
can it get any better than this?

because beneath an avalanche of stars  
our ever-ready flashlights fasten us  
to paths, prevent our being swept away,  
stunned into starstudded oblivion.

because as days revolve we learn  
(again)  
that life can be reversible, downright  
rehearsable,  
if only for a week. A moment here



is last year, next year, hello-goodbye-  
hello. We pack our pungent clothes, our  
bites and sprains  
and head for three hundred and fifty-  
eight  
days somewhere-else-in-the-moment,  
for House and Garden, latte, New York  
Times,  
Posturepedic, a peculiar lack of dirt.  
Unwound, rewound, down the mountain  
we go.  
Italy next July? I don't think so.

Written and Submitted by Judy Maher  
4<sup>th</sup> Week, Camp Blue, 2001

**Final Monologue of “Not  
Another Lair Show”- Camp  
Gold 2003**

The spirit of this place transcends  
language: it is in the pine we inhale and  
the creek that calms us, in the stars that  
wink at us, and the dirt in the cracks of  
our feet. The essence of the Lair is  
tradition, is the ringing of the bell, is  
standing like a tree as cars pass you on  
the road, is singing the same songs year  
after year. If I could take the Lair down  
the hill with me, I would take a popsicle  
a day and zero desire to watch TV. I  
would take marshmallows floating in hot  
cocoa and the KK parade, I would take  
Creekside poems and Hoot songs, and  
early morning walks in a familiar forest.  
Because I prefer the stars as my ceiling,  
the pool as my shower, the dining hall  
bell as my wristwatch, and the meadow  
as my backyard.

Written and Submitted by Emily Forbes

**Time**

Time's a flashing line of trust  
Wandering, bellowing minds of lust  
Desperately searching in life's folds for  
the answers  
Coming up short with palms full of  
plaster  
A wet rag to some that puts out their fire  
To others it's not, rather sparks their  
igniter  
A set of circles, a kaleidoscope, ever-  
changing bits of glass  
Reflections, experiences, future dreams,  
hidden pasts

Written and Submitted by Leslie Stern

**Believe**

We do not believe in ourselves until  
someone reveals that deep inside us  
something is valuable, worth listening to,  
worthy of our touch, sacred to our touch.  
Once we believe in ourselves we can  
risk curiosity, wonder, spontaneous  
delight, or any other experience that  
reveals the human spirit.

Written by e.e. cummings  
Found on top of a mountain and  
submitted by Pete Gage, 1999

## **Summerfire**

The fire burned bright for longer than we expected.

Energy and light, heat and moments exploded from the ground up creating and destroying until the flames fell quickly, quietly with only a crackle.

Summer comes quickly to a close just when I find my house is a home it is time to move on.

The cats purr and walk all over my pillow

Dishroom is finished at 7:15

And the flames grow higher...

I know when you are on day off and when you are not.

Orange juice no longer tastes sweet as the days mesh into weeks and numbers don't matter anymore.

Consumed by warmth we are drawn to the light.

By this time I can direct you to therapy where we watch a ball of fire sink behind the mountains, failing in the silence of our breath.

I know what music you will tolerate on headrun and what you will not.

We're all saying "choco taco's too" and spitting water at each other as often as possible.

Quench the fire.

And there are sparks here.

Ashes drift slowly from the sky as the real world edges closer to today.

Thank you's took 45 minutes yesterday but preset only takes 25.

And I am proud to say I worked with you because love, like yawns, is contagious and fire moves too, spreading like lice.

Glowing coals remain in Twain Harte and of course the heat and the warmth stay. And you can see it in the air how quickly the fire consumed us and licked us and made the air thick.

And we forget what it was like before rain clouds didn't shade the stars.

The stars are returning tonight a glowing haze that penetrates your glassy gaze after a few days or a month of smoky shelter and the fire is dying... Slipping away as summer does.

Winter comes like night fall our twilight But my electric blanket is still warm. And when the winter is over the dawn of spring breaks.

Written and Submitted by Kate Lorch,  
1996

## **Mount Analogue**

You cannot stay on the summit forever; you have to come down again.

So why bother in the first place?

Because what is below does not know what is above, but what is above knows what is below. Once climbs, one sees.

One descends, one sees no longer, but one has seen.

There is an art of connecting oneself in the lower regions by the memory of what one saw higher up.

When one can no longer see, one can at least still know.

Written by René Daumal  
Submitted by Ali McLaughlin

## Simple vs. Real

A simple friend has never seen you cry.  
A real friend has shoulders soggy from  
your tears.

A simple friend doesn't know your  
parents' first names.

A real friend has their phone numbers in  
his address book.

A simple friend brings a bottle of wine to  
your party.

A real friend comes early to help you  
cook and stays late to help you clean.

A simple friend hates it when you call  
after he has gone to bed.

A real friend asks you why you took so  
long to call.

A simple friend seeks to talk with you  
about your problems.

A real friend seeks to help you with your  
problems.

A simple friend wonders about your  
romantic history.

A real friend could blackmail you with it.

A simple friend, when visiting, acts like a  
guest.

A real friend opens your refrigerator and  
helps himself.

A simple friend thinks the friendship is  
over when you have an argument.

A real friend knows that it's not  
friendship until after you've had a fight.

A simple friend expects you to always  
be there for them.

A real friend expects to always be there  
for you!

Author Unknown  
Submitted by Unknown

## I Hold Hope

I hold hope to the tennis court,  
a sport I will never master  
a person I will never be  
But that's alright with me.

I sing high to the sky  
or at least I try  
But my voice never seems to get there  
to reach my shining star  
But still it makes the distance less far.

Now,  
How can I write a poem  
about something already as poetic  
as lightening?

I can't.

All I can do is hope and sing  
and sing and hope  
that my ears don't ring  
With the questions and ponderings  
as they sometimes do,  
About things I'm not even sure I want to  
know.

I spend a lot of time trying to let go.

My life has always been more here  
than there, but  
Almost is a word I'm already  
getting sick of...  
And I'm beginning to realize that there is  
no escaping here  
it is  
where ever  
you are.

Written and Submitted by CJ Callaghan

## Verses from the Dao De Jing

12.1 The five colours blind the eye. The  
five tones deafen the ear. The five  
flavours overwhelm the palate.

12.2 Fancy things get in the way of  
one's growth. Racing here and there,  
hunting for this and that - Good ways to  
madden your mind, that's all.

12.3 Relinquish what is without.  
Cultivate what is within. Live for your  
center, not your senses.

Translated by Brian Browne Walker  
Submitted by Bryan Farb, 2013

## **The Sun and The North Wind**

A dispute arose between the North Wind and the Sun, each claiming that he was stronger than the other. At last they agreed to try their powers upon a traveler, to see which could soonest strip him of his cloak. The North Wind had the first try, and, gather up all his force for the attack, he came whirling furiously down upon the man, and caught up his cloak as though he would wrestle it from him by one single effort: but the harder he blew, the more closely the man wrapped it round himself- Then came the turn of the sun. At first he beamed gently upon the traveler, who soon unclasped his cloak and walked on with it hanging loosely about his shoulders: then he shone forth in his full strength, and the man, before he had gone many steps, was glad to throw his cloak right off and complete his journey more lightly clad.

From Aesop's Fables  
Submitted by Mary Hulsey

### **What the LAIR means to me:**

The Lair is a spontaneous love urge

indifferently singing in the shower while  
six others in the bathroom are talking so  
much they can't hear me  
looking at G.J's "Berkeley Freaks" shirt  
and knowing it epitomizes our staff  
hugging someone in the walk-in so hard,  
it hurts  
laughing my ass off at 8:15 in the  
morning at mad cow wake-ups  
listening to Kristin Merritt read a poem  
about ATTITUDE at Creekside  
trying to make Max laugh harder than he  
makes me laugh  
watching everyone on staff dancing on  
my deck to Neil Diamond's "Sweet  
Caroline" during the first week of camp  
Gathering around Mike Baker at a party  
while he plays "Red Molly" on his guitar  
finding Laura Tabet on the dance floor

playing De La Soul during Pool Clean  
bringing camper Nick a birthday cake  
introducing my mother to all my  
awesome female Lair friends and  
hearing her say that she wants to set my  
brother up with each of them  
walking back from the lake discussing  
past relationships with a best friend  
feeling free to show my pot belly at a  
campfire in front of a few hundred  
people  
choosing an incredible experience in  
your life that you never thought you  
would  
looking at that bag full of projects you  
brought up and never touched because  
in your free time you chose to spend it  
with your co-workers

The LAIR is togetherness, freedom,  
beauty, and reassurance.  
Thank you for participating in it.

Written and Submitted by Gabi

## **Kindness**

You must speak to it till your voice  
catches the thread of all sorrows  
and you see the size of the cloth.

Then it is only kindness that makes  
sense anymore,  
only kindness that ties your shoes  
and sends you out into the day to mail  
letters and purchase bread,  
only kindness that raises its head  
from the crowd of the world to say  
it is I you have been looking for,  
and then goes with you everywhere  
like a shadow or a friend.

Written by Naomi Shihab Nye  
Submitted by Audrey Baker, 2013

## Startalk

Have you ever laid down and talked to a star  
It helps when you're not sure who you are  
Try it sometime and you will find  
That a spot of light can help you unwind  
Just get on your back and pick one out  
And tell it all the things you're worried about  
You may feel silly or a bit out of place  
But talk to that star and plead your case  
Tell it what's wrong or what's bugging you  
Tell it why you're feeling oh so blue  
Tell it everything- the things you've missed  
The friends not made, the girls not kissed.  
Just lay out there and talk out loud  
And if you can't wait for night, well pick out a cloud  
And when you're done if you stay there looking up for awhile  
Soon the worries are replaced with a mile wide smile  
Cause that star has answered back in a voice from afar  
"Hey, Don't you know how lucky you are?"

Written and Submitted by Brian Rogers

## Old Fashioned Love

The clothes you wear are old fashion  
Even your hair is old style the words you chose,  
never over-used  
You have an old fashion smile

When we were young you told us stories  
Of our mother at our age  
You were strict of etiquette  
And how we should behave

You told us, always respect your parents  
And work hard for your pay  
Modesty is preferred you'll see  
Over vanity any day

And as I watched and listened  
I learned a lesson from above  
What we thought was out of date  
Was really old fashion love

CHORUS:

Give me old fashion love  
A smile means you're OK  
It's never hard to understand  
There's nothing much to say  
So simple and beautiful  
It fits just like a glove  
I thank you grandpa  
For teaching old fashion love

I was sixteen years old when grandma died  
And learned at length,  
about true strength  
that first time I saw you cry.

It was then I knew I was lucky  
Worth any pain or strife  
Your gentle hand with great command  
Helps to sculpt my life

CHORUS

Written and Submitted by Kevin Merritt

## **Breakin' The Bonds**

CHORUS:

Breakin' the bonds that keep me down  
Facin' the fears that keep me wound  
I'm gonna find the truth inside of me  
Let me know what I can share  
You know I care, I care about you.

When I woke up this morning I was  
nowhere near my home  
Confused and scared on how to find my  
way. But a look into your eyes with  
honesty and grace  
Felt like I had just begun a brand new  
day

People look so different now but yet  
they're all the same.  
The mountains and the trees call out to  
me.  
And who I am is more than just the  
letters in my name.  
And all I had to do was let me be.

Let's take a breath together and sing  
harmony all night.  
Keep crying and laughing at ourselves.  
The Shenandoah Mountain brings its  
wisdom to our souls,  
Your arms around my body give my love  
a place to dwell.

Is it red wine and a nice warm fire  
That make me feel so good  
Or the cool mountain air that dries my  
face  
Is it singing John Denver as we cross  
Sonora Pass  
And lying with my friends on a nice  
warm bed

Maybe all there is to say is just welcome  
to my day welcome to my time to share  
with you.  
Welcome to my song, welcome to my  
prayer  
Welcoming is all we have to do  
Cause Grace will see us through.

Written and Submitted by Kevin Merritt

## **Field of Dreams**

They were five young boys and together  
they played.

In the Innocence of youth they all had it  
made.

Running through the field, with the wind  
blowing west,  
These were the days the boys loved the  
best.

They were friends forever, or so it  
seemed.

Playing together how their mothers had  
dreamed.

Until one day they grew up to be men.  
Joey was now Joseph and Kenny now  
Ken

No more time to play- the wind shifted  
North

Into the so called "real world" they all  
went forth,

The field was moved and the tire swing  
broke.

From the Nap of Immaturity they all had  
awoke

They were not the cowboys and  
astronauts they wanted to be  
Their dreams stayed in the field- fallen  
leaves off the tree.

They grew apart- farther apart each day,  
They were walking the road, but going  
the wrong way

Until that day when they all came back  
Knowing there was only one place to get  
their lives back on track.

Back to the field they ran- even though  
they were old

And stripped off their shirts- even  
though it was cold.

And for one last time they had it made  
Once again they were five young boys  
and together they played.

Written and Submitted by Brian Rogers

## **Risk**

To laugh is to risk appearing the fool.  
To weep is to risk appearing sentimental.  
To reach out is to risk involvement.  
To expose feelings is to risk exposing your true self.  
To place your ideas and dreams before the crowd  
is to risk their love.  
To love is to risk not being loved in return.  
To live is to risk dying.  
To hope is to risk despair.  
To try is to risk failure.  
But the greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing. The one who risks nothing does nothing and has nothing- and finally is nothing.  
She may avoid sufferings and sorrow,  
But she simply cannot learn, feel, change, grow, or love.  
Chained by her certitude, she is a slave; she has forfeited freedom.  
Only one who risks is free!

Author Unknown

Submitted by Mary Hulsy

## **Verses from the Dao De Jing**

8.1 The highest good is like water which benefits all things and contends with none. it flows in low places that others disdain and thus it is close to the Tao.  
8.2 In living, choose your ground well. In thought, stay deep in the heart. In relationships, be generous. In speaking, hold to the truth.  
8.3 In leadership, be organized. In work, do your best. In action, be timely.  
8.4 If you compete with no one, no one can compete with you.

Translated by Brian Browne Walker  
Submitted by Bryan Farb, 2013

## **i thank you Goddess for most this amazing day**

i thank you Goddess for most this amazing day:  
for the leaping greenly spirits of trees and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today, and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth day of life and of love and wings; and of the gay great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing breathing any- lifted from the no of all nothing- human merely being doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

Written by e.e. cummings  
Submitted by Emily Forbes

## **Motherhands**

Smooth skating on my baby smell, cable  
knit striped sweater,  
droopy eyelids, curiously tired comfort  
and soft molding  
into sleep-  
No, don't stop petting me with your  
motherhands.

Wet from drying tears and pasting  
opened knees  
with healing words and your floured  
thumbs of homemade bread  
Hold my bicycle up, let go- I'm riding on  
my own now  
thanks to motherhands.

On wheels of light, holding hands then  
souls, of dirt and rock  
you built beds of dreams, sifted words  
unsure,  
dug metal of pure foundation- so strong  
are your motherhands.

Now mild wrinkles, smudged strawberry  
stains of growing years,  
thin but strong from years of wiping off,  
putting on and  
lifting up with your always there  
motherhands.

So fix the hair, melt the ring of sorry  
gold, only peach  
comfort, smooth tea and those soft  
sounds tell you  
it's time to write the wrongs and soothe  
yourself now  
with those motherhands.

Run them through sand, dip them in  
paint, carve water,  
mix memories, mash marshmallows,  
mold clay, clean frames,  
mark pages and master happiness- you  
can do it ALL  
with your motherhands.

Written and submitted by Laura Tabet

## **Spicy Lake Rat**

When I was 8 I bathed in the creek,  
nowadays I would rather shower.

I used to wonder if the moss on the  
trees glowed in the dark,  
but I always forgot to look when it was  
night.

I would spend my days plotting my  
escape from the KK,  
now I'd love the chance to play all day  
without a care.

I thought the maintenance truck had  
superpowers,  
and now I am amazed they still run.

I used to have a hard time finishing a  
Lair Burger,  
but now I have a hard time even  
ordering one, for philosophical reasons.

I used to dream about the creatures that  
lived at the Lair in the winter,  
I have finally seen them and they are  
spicy lake rats.

Written and Submitted by J. Cohn



### **Thoughts on the Lair by Three Rookies**

Who are all of these people?

There's no way I'm ever going to learn all of these names.

Do they really expect me to sleep outside for the next 2 ½ months?

How does everyone know these songs but me?...No worries, at least I know the GRRR-GRRR RRRR-RAH!

As I lay down to go to bed, I sit up and glance around to see 12 unfamiliar faces... do I really have to sleep this close to all these strange people?

I lay in my bed at night staring at the stars, but I can't look too long, there's too many it makes me dizzy. I've seen so many shooting stars, but only five minutes ago I didn't even know what one was...  
I feel like I'm in a different world.

All of a sudden you begin to talk to and think about your friends and home less and less.

It seems like just yesterday this place was so bizarre to me,-  
but now I couldn't imagine being anywhere else.

All of these strange faces have suddenly become my family.

It becomes easier to change clothes in a tent without walls...  
Now I can run at night...I could even probably do it with my eyes closed.

I can now see a different side of myself in nature after being lost in the woods for a summer.

I can now kiss ten people in the same night without feeling bad about myself... even if one of those guys just kissed my own sister.

I've learned that hugs and kisses never get boring...  
They always feel so good.

I've found that finding random people asleep in your bed is totally normal, and that sleeping alone is close to impossible.

It no longer hurts to hit your head on clearance.

When I think of the Lair 1997, I think: flushing, supercrate 200, bees, the perma and lotto families, the Camp Blue neighborhood, eat my muff wake ups, Topaz, preset, Alice, Alice...who the heck is Alice, DH slumber parties and food fights, hiding sandals, mung.

There is nothing that can express our experience this summer...  
the laughing, the crying, the hugging and kissing.

Together thanks and good luck on the other side.

Written and Submitted by Katie, Alison and Lisa, 1997

### **Underwear**

If you don't believe in Santa Claus, you get underwear.

Author Unknown

## **Wear Sunscreen**

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, sunscreen would be it. The long-term benefits of sunscreen have been proved by scientists, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own meandering experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they've faded. But trust me, in 20 years, you'll look back at photos of yourself and recall in a way you can't grasp now how much possibility lay before you and how fabulous you really looked. You are not as fat as you imagine.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to solve an algebra equation by chewing bubble gum. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that blindsides you at 4pm on some idle Tuesday.

Do one thing every day that scares you.

Sing.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. Don't put up with people who are reckless with yours.

Floss.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind. The race is long and, in the end... it's only with yourself.

Remember compliments you receive. Forget the insults. If you succeed in doing this, tell me how.

Keep your old love letters. Throw away your old bank statements.

Stretch.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. The most interesting people I know didn't know at 22 what they wanted to do with their lives. Some of the most interesting 40 year-olds I know still don't.

Get plenty of calcium.

Be kind to your knees. You'll miss them when they're gone.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll divorce at 40, maybe you'll dance the funky chicken on your 75<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. Whatever you do, don't congratulate yourself too much, or berate yourself either. Your choices are half chance. So are everybody else's.

Enjoy your body. Use it every way you can. Don't be afraid of it or of what other people think of it. It's the greatest instrument you'll ever own.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but your living room.

Read the directions, even if you don't follow them.

Do not read beauty magazines. They will only make you feel ugly.

Get to know your parents. You never know when they'll be gone for good. Be nice to your siblings. They're your best link to your past and the people most likely to stick with you in the future.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle, because the older you get, the more you need the

people who knew you when you were young.

Live in New York City once, but leave before it makes you hard. Live in Northern California once, but leave before it makes you soft. Travel.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Prices will rise. Politicians will philander. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, prices were reasonable, politicians were noble, and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Maybe you have a trust fund. Maybe you'll have a wealthy spouse. But you never know when either one might run out.

Don't mess too much with your hair or by the time you're 40 it will look like 85.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is a form of nostalgia. Dispensing it is a way of fishing the past from the disposal, wiping it off, painting over the ugly parts and recycling it for more than it's worth.

But trust me on the sunscreen.

Written by Mary Schmich  
Submitted by Sirena Tabet

## **I'm Spending my Days Like Honey**

I'm spending my days like honey sliding slowly past now to never. I'm not spending my days like money gone from my pocket forever.

I'm not waiting for anything now. I'm just walking on a fallen tree in the creek. I'm just singing along. I'm just breathing toward the sunset.

And you are giving this to me  
And I am asking for just this.  
Staring into today,  
sucking in water,  
soaking in sun,  
jumping, stepping, slipping from rock to rock.

And I like it that way  
cause it sparkles, its dangerous,  
its endless, and its calm.  
And every little shudder,  
every crevice, every space  
every laugh,  
is who we are now.

Written and Submitted by Kate Lorch

## **It Doesn't Interest Me**

If doesn't interest me what you do for a living...as far as money goes...  
I want to know what you ache for, and if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing...

It doesn't interest me how old or young you are. I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love, for your dreams, for the adventure of being alive...

It doesn't interest me what planets are circling your moon.  
I want to know if you have been touched by the center of your own sorrow, if you have been opened by life's betrayals or have become shriveled and closed from fear of further pain. I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own, without moving to hide or fade it or fix it. I want to know if you can be with joy, mine or your own; if you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes without cautioning us to be careful, be realistic, or to remember the limitations of being human.

It doesn't interest me if the story you're telling me is true.  
I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself, if you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own spirit. I want to know if you can be faithful and therefore trustworthy. I want to know if you can see the beauty even when it's not pretty every day...and if you can source your life from its presence. I want to know if you can live with failure, yours and mine and still stand on the edge of a lake and shout to the silver of the full moon,  
**YES!!!**

It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money you have.  
I want to know if you can get up after a night of grief and despair, weary and

bruised to the bone, and do what needs to be done.

It doesn't interest me where or what or whom you have known.  
I want to know what sustains you from the inside when all else falls away. I want to know if you can be along with yourself and if you truly like the company of your moments day.  
I want to know what makes you tick and what adds laughter to your day.  
I want to know, please let me know...

Adaptation: "The Invitation" by Oriah Mountain Dreamer, Indian Elder  
Submitted by Leslie Stern

## **A Mother's Love**

Something no one else can provide.  
The comfort you feel; the support you need,  
The love you receive.  
Someone who has always been there to listen,  
help, and laugh with your troubles.  
And then in a moment,  
that love and support you may feel-gone  
Yes- the living love has left,  
Yet her love, smile, and sense of family is around.  
Look to your heart, listen to your words,  
watch your children and her friends.  
She is present- I know it.  
When the sun is setting  
and the sky turns its magic blues and purples

she is watching and delighted at what she created-  
-her daughter.

Written and Submitted by Nicole Flynn

### **Comes the Dawn**

After awhile you learn the difference  
between holding a hand and chaining a  
soul.

And you learn that love doesn't mean  
security.

And you begin to learn that kisses aren't  
contracts

And presents are promises.

And you begin to accept your defeats  
with your head up and your eyes open.  
With the grace of a woman, not the grief  
of a child.

And you learn to build your roads on  
today

Because tomorrow's ground is too  
uncertain.

And futures have a way of falling down  
mid-flight.

After awhile you learn that even  
sunshine burns if you get too much.

So you plant your own garden, and  
decorate your own soul,

Instead of waiting for someone to bring  
you flowers,

And you learn you can really endure...

That you really are strong

And you really have worth.

And you live and learn.

With every goodbye, you learn.

Written by Veronica A. Shoffstall

Submitted by Kevin Merritt

### **Some People**

Some people come into our own lives  
and quickly go.

Some people move our souls to dance.

They awaken us to understanding with  
the passing whisper of their wisdom.

Some people make the sky more  
beautiful to gaze upon.

They stay in our lives for a while, leave  
foot prints on our hearts, and we are  
never ever the same.

Author Unknown

Submitted by Jessica Manke

### **Do These Four Things**

I asked for guidance and the wise old  
climber replied:

"Do these four things:"

**BELIEVE IN YOURSELF.** Believe in  
your capacity. Believe in your goodness.

**SEEK ADVENTURE.** Climb high  
mountains. Run wild rivers. Live daily  
with this spirit.

**TAKE CARE.** Follow your dreams, but  
watch your step.

**HAVE FUN.** Sing, dance, laugh and  
spread joy wherever you journey.

Written by Royal Robbins

Submitted by Holly Johnson

### **These are the Days**

These are the days you'll remember.

Never before and never since, I  
promise, will the whole world be as  
warm as this! And you feel lit, you'll  
know, it's true that you are blessed and  
lucky. It's true that you are touched by  
something that will grow and bloom in  
you.

Written by 10,000 Maniacs

Submitted by Mary Hulsy

## Rocky Raccoon

Now somewhere out in the black  
mountain hills of Dakota  
There lived a young boy named Rocky  
Raccoon  
One day his woman ran off with another  
guy  
Hit young Rocky in the eye Rocky didn't  
like that  
He said, "I'm gonna get that boy."  
So one day he walked into town  
Booked himself a room at the local  
saloon

Rocky Raccoon checked into his room  
Only to find Gideon's bible  
Rocky had come equipped with a gun  
To shoot off the legs of his rival  
His rival it seems had broken his  
dreams  
By stealing the girl of his fancy  
Her name was McGill and she called  
herself Lil  
But everyone knew her as Nancy  
Now she and her man who called  
himself Dan  
Were in the next room at the hoe down  
Rocky burst in and grinning a grin  
He said, "Danny boy, this is a  
showdown!"  
But Daniel was hot, he drew his first  
shot,  
And Rocky collapsed in the corner

The doctor came in stinking of gin  
And proceeded to lie on the table  
He said, "Rocky you met your match,"  
Rocky said, "Doc, it's only a scratch.  
And I'll be better, I'll be better as soon  
as I am able."

And now Rocky Raccoon he fell back in  
his room  
Only to find Gideon's bible  
Gideon checked out, and he left it no  
doubt  
To help with good Rocky's revival

Written by John Lennon Paul McCartney  
Submitted by Ian Young

## "Still Waters Run Deep"

What is the Lair?  
For some, it is the creek  
For some, it is creekside  
For some, it is the stage  
For some, it is what goes on there.  
For some, it is the Dining Hall  
For some, it is just eating.  
For some, it is the scenery  
For some, it is just the walking through  
it.  
For some, it is the tournaments  
For some, all it is is exercise.  
For some, it is full of new experiences  
For others, full of great memories.  
For some, it is just "family camp"  
For some, it is just family.  
For me, it is a feeling, deep in my heart  
For me, it is all of you  
Without you, it is just a beautiful place  
Because of you, it is the Lair.

Written and Submitted by Cissy Harris  
2<sup>nd</sup> Week, Camp Blue, 2013

## Hallelujah

I heard there was a secret chord  
That David played and it please the Lord  
But you doesn't really care for music, do  
you?

Well it goes like this:  
The fourth, the fifth, the minor fall and  
the major lift  
That baffled king composing Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah

Well your faith was strong but you  
needed proof  
You saw her bathing on the roof  
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew  
you  
She tied you to her kitchen chair  
She broke your throne and she cut your  
hair  
And from your lips she drew the  
Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah

Well, maybe I've been here before  
I've seen this room and I've walked this  
floor  
I used to live along before I knew you  
I've seen your flag on the marble arch  
But love is not a victory march  
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah

There was a time when you let me know  
What's really going on below  
But now you never show that to me do  
you  
But remember when I moved in you  
And the holy dove was moving too  
And every breath you drew was  
Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah

And maybe there's a God above  
But all I've ever learned from love  
Was how to shoot somebody who  
outdrew you  
Well it's not a cry that you hear at night  
It's not somebody who's seen the light  
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah

And now you've left me all alone  
I've heard you crying on the phone  
You know I hate myself when I do that  
to you  
I want someone right here tonight  
I want you here to hold me tight  
'Cause when you are my heart screams  
Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah

Written by Leonard Cohen  
Last verse by Ryan Cole  
Submitted by Ryan Cole

## It's all Good

A good day is a good day.

A bad day is a good story.

At the end of the day, it's all good.

Written by Glennon Melton  
Submitted by Erin Repp, 2013

## **I Want to be Dirty Again**

It's March in the flatlands and there's six months left to go  
Tent canvas in storage and the campfire's filled with snow  
But I'm glad to say I sent in my reservation dough

### **CHORUS:**

'Cause I want to be dirty again  
I want to be dirty again  
I want to be at the Lair with dust in my hair  
I want to be dirty again

I want to get on that highway and drive up to the Lair  
Past Oakdale, Sonora, Twain Harte, and then I'll be there  
Rattling down the winding road to drink punch in the mountain air

### **CHORUS**

I want to get to the campfire and hear about the week that will unfold  
I want to sing the old songs and walk to the lodge in the cold  
I want to be a camper at Camp Blue 'til I'm a hundred and one years old

### **CHORUS**

I want to get to the dining hall early and grab a front row seat  
For Sunday lunch when they serve those ribs to eat  
And the rest of the week those Blueburgers sure will be neat

### **CHORUS**

All week long I'll play sports at our Camp Blue base  
On Thursday I'll run through Gold in the Bear to Breakers Race  
And on Friday I'll hope we've found ourselves a pitching ace

### **CHORUS**

Like all good things the week must come to an end  
I'll get the sheets for the rookies and water down the dust with a hose  
But when the staff comes to evict me I'll punch them in the nose

Then I'll be dirty all year  
I'll live in the lodge and drink rootbeer  
I'll be at the Lair with dust in my hair  
I'll be dirty all year  
I'll be dirty all year  
I'll be dirty all year  
I'll be dirty all year!

Written by Craig Kubey  
Submitted by years of 8<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup>/11<sup>th</sup> week campers

## **Beauty Tips**

For attractive lips, Speak words of kindness.  
For lovely eyes, Seek out the good in people.  
For a slim figure, share your food with the hungry.  
For beautiful hair, Let a child run his or her fingers through it once a day.  
For poise, Walk with the knowledge that you never walk alone.  
People even more than things, have to be restored, renewed, revived, reclaimed, and redeemed;  
Never throw out anybody.  
Remember, if you need a helping hand, you will find one at the end of your wrist.  
As you grow older you will discover that you have two hands, one for helping yourself and the other for helping others.

Written by Audrey Hepburn  
Submitted by Emily Forbes



## **Matthew**

I had an uncle, name of Matthew, he  
was his father's only boy.  
Born just south of Colby, Kansas, he  
was his mother's pride and joy.  
Yes, and joy was just a thing that he  
was raised on, love was just a way to  
live and die.  
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheat  
field, blue was just the Kansas summer  
sky.

And all the stories that he told me back  
when I was just a land.  
All the memories that he gave me, all  
the good times that he had.  
Growing up a Kansas farm boy, life was  
mostly having fun.  
Riding on his daddy's shoulders behind  
the mule, beneath the sun.  
Yes, and joy was just a thing that he  
was raised on, love was just a way to  
live and die.  
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheat  
field, blue was just the Kansas summer  
sky.

Well, I guess there were some hard  
times, and I'm told some years were  
lean.  
They had a storm in '47, twister came  
and stripped 'em clean.  
He lost the farm, he lost his family, he  
lost the wheat, he lost his home.  
But he found the family bible, his faith as  
solid as a stone.  
Yes, and joy was just a thing that he  
was raised on, love was just a way to  
live and die.  
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheat  
field, blue was just the Kansas summer  
sky.

So he came to live at our house, and he  
came to work the land.  
He came to ease my daddy's burden,  
and he came to be my friend.  
So I wrote this down for Matthew, and  
it's for him this song is sung.

Riding on his daddy's shoulders, behind  
the mule, beneath the sun.  
Yes, and joy was just a thing that he  
was raised on, love was just a way to  
live and die.  
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheat  
field, blue was just the Kansas summer  
sky.

Yes, and joy was just a thing that he  
was raised on, love was just a way to  
live and die.  
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheat  
field, blue was just the Kansas summer  
sky.

Written by John Denver  
Submitted by Ryan Cole in memory of  
Stephen Cole

## **It's In The Trees**

It's in the trees  
it's in the sky  
they're trying to tell you something.  
It's in your heart  
you've got to find it.  
Find what makes you happy  
find why you are sad  
find who you are  
and even why it is you are  
the way you are.  
Listen to Birds  
Speak with God.  
What is it that you are meant to be?

Written and Submitted by Nicole Flynn

## To the Staff of 2002

Because of the summer of 2002 I am forever dwarfed by my own gratitude for such a diligent staff whose energy and enthusiasm proved endless. I dedicate this next excerpt to all the members of that team, who taught me lessons in imagination, respect, compassion, and dedication, lessons countless and invaluable. Here, Dr. Schweitzer describes the phenomenon for which you are the unknowing, powerful catalyst:

Taken from: "The Power of Influence"

One other thing stirs me as I look back at my youthful days: the fact that so many people gave me something or were something to me without knowing it. They entered into my life and became powers within me. Much that I should otherwise not have felt so clearly or done so effectively was felt or done under the sway of these people. Hence, I always think that we all live, spiritually, by what others have given us in the significant hours of our lives. Much that has become ours in gentleness, modesty, kindness, willingness to forgive, in veracity, loyalty, resignation under suffering-- we owe to people in whom we have seen or experienced these virtues at work; sometimes in a great manner, sometimes in a small. Thought that had become act sprang into us like a spark and lighted a new flame within us...If we had before us and could tell them how it came about, they would be amazed to learn what passed over from their lives into ours.

Written and Submitted by Emily Forbes,  
with love.

## Country Road

CHORUS:

Take me to the highway won't you lend me your name.

Your way and my way seem to be one and the same child.

Mama don't understand it, she wants to know where I've been.

I'd have to be some kind of natural born fool to want to pass that way again.

But you know I could feel it child

Walking on a country road.

Sail on home to Jesus won't you good girls and boys.

I'm all in pieces you can have your own choice

But I could be a heavenly band full of angels

and they're coming to set me free

I don't know nothing bout the wild wind

but I can tell you that its bound to be

Cause I could feel it child yeah

On a country road.

I guess my feet know where they want me to go.

Walking on a country road yeah.

CHORUS

Walk on down Walk on down Walk on down

Walk on down a country road.

Lalalalalala Lalalala

Walking on a country road yeah.

Written by James Taylor

Submitted by Ian Young

## **Power of Two**

Now the parking lot is empty everyone's  
gone someplace.  
I pick you up and in the trunk I've  
packed a cooler and two day suitcase.  
Cause there's a place we like to drive  
way out in the country.  
Five out of the city's limits we're singing  
and your hand's upon my knee

### **CHORUS:**

So we're okay we're fine, baby I'm here  
to stop your crying  
Chase all the ghosts from your head  
I'm stronger than the monster beneath  
your bed  
smarter than the tricks played on your  
heart  
We'll look at them together then we'll  
take them apart.  
Adding up the total of the low that's true  
Multiply life by the power of two

You know the things that I am afraid of  
I'm not afraid to tell  
And if we'd ever leave a legacy it's that  
we loved each other so well  
I've seen the shadow of so many people  
trying on the treasures of youth  
A road that lasts and a fatal crash and  
I'm glad we got off to tell you the truth

### **CHORUS**

All the shiny little trinkets of temptation  
Something new instead of something  
old  
All you gotta do is scratch beneath the  
surface and its fools gold  
And now we're talking about a difficult  
thing  
And your eyes are getting wet but I took  
us for better or for worse  
And don't you ever forget it the steel  
bars between me and a promise  
suddenly bend with ease  
And the closer I'm bound in love to you  
The closer I am to free

## **CHORUS**

Written by Emily Saliers  
Submitted by Max Werner and Josh  
Paul

## **Hawaiian Rules**

Never judge a day by the weather.  
The best things in life aren't things.  
Tell the truth- There's less to remember.  
Speak softly and wear a loud shirt.  
Goals are deceptive- The unaimed  
arrow never misses.  
He who dies with the most toys still dies.  
Age is relative- When you're over the hill  
you pick up speed.  
There are two ways to be rich- make  
more or desire less.  
Beauty is internal- Looks mean nothing.

No rain- No rainbows

Found at the Twain Harte Mini-Golf  
Course  
Submitted by Peter Gage

## **Forever Young**

May God bless and keep you always.  
May your visions all come true.  
May you always do for others and have  
others do for you.  
May you build a ladder to the stars and  
climb on every rung.  
And may you stay forever young.

Written by Bob Dylan  
Submitted by Mary Hulsy

## **Success**

To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty, to find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. That is to have succeeded.

Written by Ralph Waldo Emerson  
Submitted by a Blue Staffer

## **Happiness is a Journey**

We convince ourselves that life will be better when we are married, have a baby, then another. That we are frustrated that we have teenagers to deal with. We will certainly be happy when they are out of that stage. We tell ourselves that our life will be complete when our spouse gets his or her act together, when we get a nicer car, are able to go on a nice vacation, when we retire.

The truth is that there is no better time than now to be happy. If not now, when? Your life will always be filled with challenges. It's best to admit this to yourself and decide to be happy anyway. Treasure every moment you have. And treasure it more because you shared it with someone special, special enough to spend your time...and remember that time waits for no one.

So stop waiting until you finish school, until you go back to school, until you lose ten pounds, until you gain ten pounds, until you have kids, until your kids leave the house, until you start work, until you retire, until you get married, until you divorce, until Friday night, until Sunday morning, until you

get a new car or home, until your new car or home is paid off, until spring, until fall, until winter, until summer, until you are off welfare, until the first or fifteenth, until your song comes on, until you have had a drink, until you have sobered up, until you die, until you decide that there is no better time than right now to be happy.

Happiness is a journey, not a destination. Work like you don't need money. Love like you have never been hurt, and dance like no one is watching.

Author Unknown  
Submitted by a Blue Staffer

## **The Optimist**

There is a story of identical twins. One was a hope-filled optimist. "Everything is coming up roses!" he would say. The other was a sad, hopeless pessimist. The worried parents of the boys brought them to the local psychologist. He suggested to the parents a plan to balance the twins' personalities. "On their next birthday, put them in separate rooms to open their gifts. Give the pessimist the best toy you can afford, and give the optimist a box of manure." The parents followed these instructions and carefully observed the results. When they peeked in on the pessimist, they heard him audibly complaining, "I don't like the color of this computer...I'll bet this calculator will break...I don't like this game...I know someone who got a bigger toy car than this..." Tiptoeing across the corridor, the parents peeked in and saw their little optimist gleefully throwing the manure up in the air. "You can't fool me," he giggled, "where there's this much manure, there's got to be a pony!"

Author Unknown  
Submitted by Melissa Luque

## **This is Water**

There are these two young fish swimming along, and they happen to meet an older fish swimming the other way, who nods at them and says, "Morning, boys, how's the water?" And the two young fish swim on for a bit, and then eventually one of them looks over at the other and goes, "What the hell is water?" If at this moment, you're worried that I plan to present myself here as the wise old fish explaining what water is to you younger fish, please don't be. I am not the wise old fish. The immediate point of the fish story is that the most obvious, ubiquitous, important realities are often the ones that are the hardest to see and talk about.

A huge percentage of the stuff that I tend to be automatically certain of is, it turns out, totally wrong and deluded. Here's one example of the utter wrongness of something I tend to be automatically sure of: Everything in my own immediate experience supports my deep belief that I am the absolute center of the universe, the realest, most vivid and important person in existence. We rarely talk about this sort of natural, basic self-centeredness, because it's so socially repulsive, but it's pretty much the same for all of us, deep down. It is our default-setting, hard-wired into our boards at birth. Think about it: There is no experience you've had that you were not at the absolute center of. The world as you experience it is right there in front of you, or behind you, to the left or right of you, on your TV, or your monitor, or whatever. Other people's thoughts and feelings have to be communicated to you somehow, but your own are so immediate, urgent, real — you get the idea. But please don't worry that I'm getting ready to preach to you about compassion or other-directedness or the so-called "virtues." This is not a matter of virtue — it's a matter of my choosing to do the work of somehow altering or

getting free of my natural, hard-wired default-setting, which is to be deeply and literally self-centered, and to see and interpret everything through this lens of self.

Given the triumphant academic setting here, an obvious question is how much of this work of adjusting our default-setting involves actual knowledge or intellect. This question gets tricky. Probably the most dangerous thing about college education, at least in my own case, is that it enables my tendency to over-intellectualize stuff, to get lost in abstract arguments inside my head instead of simply paying attention to what's going on right in front of me. Paying attention to what's going on inside me. As I'm sure you guys know by now, it is extremely difficult to stay alert and attentive instead of getting hypnotized by the constant monologue inside your own head. Twenty years after my own graduation, I have come gradually to understand that the liberal-arts cliché about "teaching you how to think" is actually shorthand for a much deeper, more serious idea: "Learning how to think" really means learning how to exercise some control over how and what you think. It means being conscious and aware enough to choose what you pay attention to and to choose how you construct meaning from experience.

A commencement speech by  
David Foster Wallace  
Submitted by Bryan Farb, 2013

## **When I was Young**

When I was young and free and my imagination had no limits, I dreamed of changing the world. As I grew older and wiser, I discovered the world would not change, so I shortened my sights somewhat and decided to change only my country. But it too seemed immovable. As I grew into my twilight years, in one last desperate attempt, I settled for changing only my family, those closest to me, but alas they would have none of it. And now as I lie on my deathbed I suddenly realize: If I had only changed myself first, then by example I would have changed my family. From their inspiration and encouragement, I would then have been able to better my country and who knows, I may have even changed the world.

Taken from the tomb of an Anglican  
Bishop in Westminster Abbey.  
Author Unknown  
Submitted by Jessica Manke

## **What Can I Say**

What can I say that I have not said  
before?  
So I'll say it again.  
The leaf has a song in it.  
Stone is the face of patience.  
Inside the river there is an unfinishable  
story and you are somewhere in it and it  
will never end until all ends.

Take your busy heart to the art museum  
and the chamber of commerce  
but take it also to the forest.  
The song you heard singing in the leaf  
when you were a child  
is singing still.  
I am of years lived, so far, seventy-four,  
and the leaf is singing still.

Written by Mary Oliver  
Submitted by Audrey Baker, 2013

## **Attitude**

The longer I live, the more I realize the impact of attitude on Life. Attitude to me is more important than facts. It is more important than the past, than education, than money, than circumstances, than failure, than successes, than what other people think or say or do. It is more important that appearance, giftedness or skill. It will make or break a company...a church...a home. The remarkable thing is that we have a choice every day regarding the Attitude we will embrace for that day. We cannot change our past... we cannot change the fact that people will act in a certain way. We cannot change the inevitable. The only thing we can do is play on the one string we have, and that is our attitude... I am convinced that life is 10 percent what happens to me and 90 percent how I react to it. And so it is with you...we are in charge of our attitudes.

By Charles Swindoll  
Submitted by a Blue Staffer, 2000

## **A Toast on the 4 Hinges of the Gates of Hell**

May you lie, swear, steal and drink  
But when you lie, lie in the arms of the  
one you love  
And when you swear, swear by your  
country.  
And when you steal, steal from all that is  
evil.  
And when you drink, may you drink with  
me!

Written by Robert Tuck  
Submitted by Brian Rogers

### **Pigs on the Wing**

If you didn't care what happened to me,  
and I didn't care for you,  
we would zig zag our way through the  
boredom and pain,  
occasionally which of the buggers to  
blame  
and watching for pigs on the wing.

You know that I care what happens to  
you,  
and I know that you care for me,  
so I don't feel alone,  
or the weight of the stone,  
now that I've found somewhere safe  
to bury my bone.  
And any fool knows a dog needs a  
home,  
a shelter from pigs on the wing.

Written by Pink Floyd  
Submitted by Galen Davis

### **Twenty Four Hours**

Every morning you are handed 24  
golden hours. They are one of the few  
things in this world that you can get free  
of charge. If you had all the money in  
the world, you couldn't buy an extra  
hour. What will you do with this priceless  
treasure? Remember, you must use it,  
as it is given only once. Once wasted  
you cannot get it back.

Author Unknown  
Submitted by Holly Johnson

### **You Learn**

After a while you learn the subtle  
difference between holding a hand and  
chaining a soul. And you learn that love  
doesn't mean leaving and company  
doesn't always mean security. And you  
begin to learn that kisses aren't  
contracts and presents aren't promises.  
And you begin to accept your defeats  
with your head up and your eyes ahead,  
with the grace of a woman, not the grief

of a child. And you learn to build all your  
roads on today because tomorrow's  
ground is too uncertain for plans and  
futures have a way of falling down in  
mid-flight. And after a while you learn  
that even sunshine burns if you get too  
much. So you plant your own garden  
and decorate you own soul instead of  
waiting for someone to bring you  
flowers. And you learn that you really  
can endure, that you really are strong,  
and you really do have worth, and you  
learn, and you learn, with each  
goodbye, you learn.

Author Unknown  
Submitted by Jessica Manke, 2000

### **Benedicto:**

May your trails be crooked, winding,  
lonesome, dangerous, leading to the  
most amazing view. May your  
mountains rise into and above the  
clouds. May your rivers flow without  
end, meandering through pastoral  
valleys tinkling with bells, past temples  
and castles and poets' towers into a  
dark primeval forest where tigers belch  
and monkeys howl, through miasmal  
and mysterious swamps and down into  
a desert of red rock, blue mesas, domes  
and pinnacles and grottos of endless  
stone, and down again into a deep vast  
ancient unknown chasm where bars of  
sunlight blaze on profiled cliffs, where  
deer walk across the white sand  
beaches, where storms come and go as  
lightning clangs upon the high crags,  
where something strange and more  
beautiful and more full of wonder than  
you deepest dreams waits for you-  
beyond that next turning of the canyon  
walls.

Written by Edward Abbey  
Submitted by Pete Gage

## **Wrecked**

The Lair is about getting wrecked. Bites and scratches all over your body, bruises from the dinging hall benches and late night encounters with loft ladders, sunburn from softball, swimming, Sunday/Monday day offs, mountain biking. Tangled hair full of tree confetti, excess chlorine, icing from dinner serve.

Dirty cracked feet with sandal tans, hoarse voices from late night Toast and early morning songs and conversation above the dining hall microphone. Hands with blisters from split rail fences, rough spots from Big Sweep, calluses on fingertips from G and C and D.

Chapped lips and squinty eyes from late night laughter and midday sun, in and out of water and chud sinks, coated with dust from a triple to the trees and rinsed clean after the shower takes five minutes longer than usual because of too many toilet flushes.

The Lair is about getting wrecked in your heart one morning through a stairway and celebrating the wreckage six hours later when a breeze lifts the dead still Sunday afternoon and releases you from the pool show to turn right or left at the top of the road and leave it all behind. It is staying awake by the light of a lamp from the back of the woods, one eye closed and on the orange and white striped pillow and the other open to the possibility that perhaps Jennylee will not return tonight and the empty spot in the middle of the loft is filled only with echoes of your cough. And the week you lose your voice while the fiddle goes on you are speechless but have finally found your thoughts- only to wake up and eighth week is gone and starting over is harder than before. Getting wrecked at the Lair means you still have to awaken to techno and eat reruns of meals and find

ways to make this repeat Sunday heal after the last one hurt.

It's your brother meeting his girlfriend and saying goodbye all at once, sending her off to medical school, when all you can think about next is whether or not you left your fleece on the bench at the stage, or if you can find a racket to teach with at the tennis lesson that day.

And it's rebuilding your routine to not include the teen sing-a-long, rebuilding your tent with a deck or a large loft, redoing the birthday cake because the name was wrong, recovering from forgetting the words to a song onstage... reevaluating why you are here, because you know you will save the broken pick you got at this creekside the same way you will move forward into autumn with Melissa. Certain friends are too important and too loved to go on without, too essential to the process of getting wrecked and healing to forget.

And in the end? It's the lingering Pinecrest dirt tan that stretches into September nights at Café Strada where you feel you are masquerading in city clothes on an extended day off, and the feeling of your body healing is like the indistinct spot on the drive home where the weeks end and the days begin. And your wrecked and elated heart? It aches for mornings on the orange chair and the rock at campfire that's not quite flat enough for your butt, Fridays at the Vista and 7:45am on the pool deck when the sun hits your back by the diving board. But it is grateful for the sleep, and the faces down the hill whose whiskers aren't prickly but soft, and where most nights are predictable, and how the sun sets every night with the season of summer tucked away, wrecked and healed before you even knew it was gone.

Written and submitted by Lindsey Davis,  
2000



## For Mollie

Fourth of July, 2002. Friendly conversation and laughter subsided as the sun began to drop behind the mountains and Brian dedicated the sunset. "This ones for Mollie Yaley." For at least twenty minutes, as the sun fell into night, Therapy was full of the most respectful and reflective silence I have ever witnessed. Glasses were raised to the departing sun as tears flowed heavily but quietly. And for some time after that we all cried, inhaling the spectacular view and thinking of our favorite memories of Mollie. There are so many. No words can do justice to the loss that is felt. The greatest difficulty is writing or speaking about Mollie in the past tense, for she remains such a lively presence in our thoughts and hearts. I wrote this for her:

### VENUS

Dare cast your gaze toward that star  
without the hope to lasso that diamond,  
without the impulse to hook it, reel it in  
from space towards earth.

Bold. Bright. Brilliant.

Tugging at your memory, rippling with  
energy and life, fighting with spirit  
Enduring luminescent microscopic  
mermaid

Emitting her aqua haze, surrounded by  
a peaceful lime halo,

Venus is the sapphire center of the sky  
She glows the soft colors of an  
evaporated sea

Sharp and distinct among the  
shimmering millions of pins

Piercing the vast darkening dome more  
fiercely than any other

Shooting flickering winks to admirers  
below

The just set sun is jealous of cooler  
colors

Cold. Light. Distant.

Suspended in the wide open heavenly  
hues of blues

Sparkling with each thought offered up  
in her honor

Begging darkness to blanket her  
backdrop

So she might complete her work  
Illuminating at once with one Soul  
Seas and Skies, other Stars, many Eyes  
Beautifully blinking in the serenity of  
another night

With Love and Respect,  
Emily Forbes

## A Blessing

May you be blessed with the  
discomfort at easy answers,  
half truths, and superficial  
relationships, so that you live  
well deep within your heart.

May you be blessed with anger  
at injustice, oppression, and  
exploitation of people, so that  
you will work for justice,  
equality, and peace.

And may you be blessed with the  
foolishness to think that you can  
make a difference in the world,  
so that you will do the things  
which others tell you cannot be  
done.

Written by Anonymous  
Submitted by Marilyn White, 2013

## Slow Dance

Have you ever watched kids on a merry-go-round,  
or listened to rain slapping the ground?

Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight,  
or gazed at the sun fading into the night?

You better slow down, don't dance so fast,  
time is short, the music won't last.

Do you run through each day on the fly,  
when you ask "How are you?" do you hear the reply?

When the day is done, do you lie in your bed,  
with the next hundred chores running through your head?

You better slow down, don't dance so fast,  
time is short, the music won't last.

Ever told your child, we'll do it tomorrow,  
and in your haste, not see his sorrow?

Ever lost touch, let a friendship die,  
'cause you never had time to call and say hi?

You better slow down, don't dance so fast,  
time is short, the music won't last.

When you run so fast to get somewhere,  
you miss half the fun of getting there.

When you worry and hurry through your day,  
it's like an unopened gift thrown away.

Life isn't a race, so take it slower,  
hear the music before your song is over.

Written by David L. Weatherford  
Submitted by a Blue Staffer

## Prelude

We were a noisy crew, the sun in heaven  
Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours,  
Nor saw a race in happiness and joy  
More worthy of the ground where they were sown.

Written by William Wordsworth in the  
1805 "Prelude"

Submitted by Brendan Lanctot

## Verses from the Dao De Jing

76.1 At birth a person is soft and yielding, at death stiff and hard.

76.2 All beings, the grass, the trees: alive, soft, and yielding; dead, stiff, and hard.

76.3 Therefore the hard and inflexible are friends of death. The soft and yielding are friends of life.

76.4 An unyielding army is destroyed. An unbending tree breaks.

76.5 The hard must humble itself or be otherwise humbled. The soft will ultimately ascend.

Translated by Brian Browne Walker  
Submitted by Bryan Farb, 2013

## **The Fog**

Here in this town they have all got the blues  
as the paper boy takes off without any news  
angels have wings you can feel free to use  
the corner store drugs you can freely abuse

And I'm yelling and screaming 'cause  
baby you're driving me crazy

So life on your own can be vacant and cold  
everyone's getting somewhere and you're getting old  
career opportunities they all have been sold  
along with your body and most of your soul

And I'm yelling and I'm screaming 'cause  
baby you're driving me crazy  
If I could spare more remorse from my emptied out pores  
I would maybe  
'Cause the fog's getting thicker, the world's spinning fast  
the chaos is building, it's going to last  
and it's so hard to see, and you're so hard to find  
there's days when I think I am losing my mind

So keep painting pictures of beautiful scenes  
striking the canvas with deep blues and greens  
the realists are frowning, they think you're obscene  
as you work overtime to make sure they can dream

And I'm yelling and I'm screaming 'cause  
baby you're driving me crazy  
If I could spare more remorse from my emptied  
out pores

I would maybe  
'Cause the fog's getting thicker, the world's spinning fast  
the chaos is building, it's going to last  
and it's so hard to see, and you think you're so hard to find  
there's days when I think I am losing my mind

And we yell and we scream  
as the fog's getting thicker, the world's spinning fast  
the chaos is building, it's going to last  
and it's so hard to see, and you're so hard to find  
there's days when I think I am losing my mind  
and the fog's getting thicker, the world's spinning fast  
the chaos is building, it's going to last  
and it's so hard to see, and you're so hard to find  
there's days when I think I am losing my mind

Written by Kara's Flowers  
Submitted by Ryan Kelly

## **Milkcrates**

We sat upon two milkcrates still warm from the day's sun and wished upon the first star and then the second one. A whisper ran upon her lips and jumped into my ear.  
Her secret now was mine to keep, her secret was her fear. And when the darkness finally came and the milkcrates lost their heat the star came out to guide our way to the future at our feet.

Written and Submitted by CJ Callaghan

## **I Worried**

I worried a lot. Will the garden grow, will  
the rivers flow in the right direction, will  
the earth turn as it was taught, and if  
not, how shall  
I correct it?

Was I right, was I wrong, will I be  
forgiven,  
can I do better?

Will I ever be able to sing, even the  
sparrows can do it and I am, well,  
hopeless.

Is my eyesight fading or am I just  
imagining it, am I going to get  
rheumatism,  
lockjaw, dementia?

Finally I saw that worrying had come to  
nothing.  
And gave it up. And took my old body  
and went out into the morning,  
and sang.

Written by Mary Oliver  
Submitted by Audrey Baker, 2013

## **Ripple**

If my words did glow with the gold of  
sunshine  
And my tunes were played on the harp  
unstrung,  
Would you hear my voice come through  
the music?  
Would you hold it near as it were your  
own?

It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts are  
broken,  
Perhaps they're better left unsung.  
I don't know, don't really care  
Let there be songs to fill the air.

CHORUS:  
Ripple in still water,  
When there is no pebble tossed,  
Nor wind to blow.

Reach out your hand if your cup be  
empty,  
If your cup is full may it be again,  
Let it be known there is a fountain,  
That was not made by the hands of  
men.

There is a road, no simple highway,  
Between the dawn and the dark of night,  
And if you go no one may follow,  
That path is for your steps alone.

## **CHORUS**

You, who choose to lead, must follow  
But if you fall you fall alone.  
If you should stand then who's to guide  
you?  
If I knew the way I would take you  
home.

La dee da da da...  
La da da da da,  
Da da da, da da, da da da da da  
La da da da,  
La da da, da da,  
La da da da,  
La da, da da.

Written by Robert Hunter and Jerry  
Garcia  
Submitted by Ian Young

## **For Long**

For long you live  
And high you fly  
Smiles you give  
And tears you cry  
All you touch and all you see,  
Is all your life with ever be.

Written by Pink Floyd  
Submitted by Kim Grajeda

## **A Kid at the Lair**

Somebody said we're not getting any younger  
Someone else said that life isn't fair  
I forget more now than I remember  
But I still feel like a kid at the Lair

I've got a nose-to-the-grindstone profession  
And the hours at work can be long  
But the years seem to come and go much faster  
Than they ever did when I was young  
Now I mark the time with special birthdays  
Change of season, the Fourth of July  
And when August is here, I send up a cheer  
Because we'll be at the Lair by and by

Yes it's true we're not getting any younger  
And I wish I could say I don't care  
My yesterdays outnumber my tomorrows  
But I still feel like a kid at the Lair

I thank God for my family  
And my life in the land of the free  
I'm determined to always be mindful  
Of the blessings the Lord gave to me  
And I'm grateful for family traditions  
Which bring joy to our lives on this earth  
And so it goes with the Lair and the memories we share  
No song can convey their worth  
So here's to all of us who feel we're getting older  
Watchin' tv from a lazy-boy chair  
Tonight we gather 'round this campfire on benches  
To watch our kids grow up at the Lair  
Oh my baby's growing up at the Lair  
She'll be hanging with the preteens this year  
How great it is to be a kid at the Lair

Written by Steve Boughton  
10<sup>th</sup> week, Camp Blue  
Submitted by Paula Julianel  
4<sup>th</sup> week, Camp Blue, 2013

## **Memories to keep me**

I used to bring home pictures

But now I find my memories all year long

The Lair dust on the Christmas lights when they come out for the December tree.

The tie dyed kitchen towels that rise to the top of the stack as the year goes by, surprising me in October and again in March.

The Daisies by the front door that bloom in the beginning of July, letting me know its time to go back to Pinecrest.

The miles of lanyard string that I still find everywhere, tucked into drawers and long-ago used backpacks.

I used to take so many pictures so I wouldn't forget

But now I take out my memories of Kayaks on the lake, of hikes up the river, of sing-a-longs and wonderful friendships

And memories of Kids who went to KK, who now are staffers taking KK to the Lake, and now are Lair alum who bring their own friends back to Pinecrest to experience to wonder of the woods.

Who would have known that 20 years ago we would all of us still go back every summer to our circle in the forest and our family of friends.

I used to take so many pictures – now I take home memories that will keep me happy

Until next Summer, when I can do it again.

Written and Submitted by  
Lynn King, Camp Oski, Week 5, 2018

**This Must be the Place  
(Naive Melody)**

Home is where I want to be  
Pick me up and turn me round  
I feel numb - burn with a weak heart  
(So I) guess I must be having fun  
The less we say about it the better  
Make it up as we go along  
Feet on the ground  
Head in the sky  
It's ok I know nothing's wrong . . . nothing

Hi yo I got plenty of time  
Hi yo you got light in your eyes  
And you're standing here beside me  
I love the passing of time  
Never for money  
Always for love  
Cover up say goodnight . . . say  
goodnight

Home - is where I want to be  
But I guess I'm already there  
I come home she lifted up her wings  
Guess that this must be the place  
I can't tell one from another  
Did I find you, or you find me?  
There was a time Before we were born  
If someone asks, this where I'll be . . .  
where I'll be

Hi yo We drift in and out  
Hi yo sing into my mouth  
Out of all those kinds of people  
You got a face with a view  
I'm just an animal looking for a home  
Share the same space for a minute or  
two  
And you love me till my heart stops  
Love me till I'm dead  
Eyes that light up, eyes look through  
you  
Cover up the blank spots  
Hit me on the head Ah ooh

Written by Talking Heads  
Submitted by Alex Demenno, 2013

**To Be Mindful**

Something we should all strive to be.  
To clear your mind (of worries), look  
around and see all sides and ways.  
Take a concern, examine it and decide  
with your mind fully open, a solution  
which will work.  
Breathe, Relax, Exhale all your  
stresses, open your mind, look to all  
sides and if needed, an answer will  
enter.

Written and submitted by Nicole Flynn

**Friendships**

There are those who pass like ships in  
the night, Who meet for a moment then  
sail out of sight; With never a backward  
glance of regret, Folks we know briefly  
then quickly forget. Then there are  
friends who sail together Through quiet  
waters and stormy weather, helping  
each other through joy and through  
strife And they are the kind who give  
meaning to life...

Author Unknown  
Submitted by Holly Johnson

## **The Station**

Tucked away in our subconscious is an idyllic vision. We see ourselves on a long trip that spans the continent. We are traveling by train. Out the windows we drink in the passing scene of cars on nearby highways, of children waving at a crossing, of cattle grazing on a distant hillside, of smoke pouring from a power plant, of row upon row of corn and wheat, of flatlands and valleys, of mountains and rolling hillsides, of city skylines and village halls.

But uppermost in our minds is the final destination. Bands will be playing and flags waving. Once we get there our dreams will come true, and the pieces of our lives will fit together like a jigsaw puzzle. How relentlessly we pace the aisles, damning the minutes for loitering-waiting for the station.

"When we reach the station, that will be it" we cry.

"When I am 18."

"When I finish college."

"When I begin my career."

"When I buy a new 450SL Mercedes-Benz!"

"When I put the last kid through college."

"When I have paid off the mortgage!"

"When I get a promotion."

"When I reach the age of retirement, I shall live happily ever after!"

Sooner or later we must realize that there is no station, no place to arrive at once and for all. The true joy of life is the trip. The station is only a dream. It constantly outdistances us.

"Relish the moment," is a good motto. It isn't the burdens of today that drive men and women mad. It is the regrets over yesterday and the fear of tomorrow. Regret and fear are twin thieves who rob us of today.

So stop pacing the aisle and counting the miles. Instead, climb more mountains (Cleo's), eat more ice cream (more smoothies), go barefoot more often, swim more rivers (or lakes), watch more sunsets (Therapy!), laugh more, cry less. Life must be lived as we go along. The station will come soon enough.

Written by Robert J. Hastings  
Submitted by Kevin Merritt and others

## **The Power of One**

The power of one is above all things the power to believe in yourself, often well beyond any latent ability you might have previously demonstrated. The mind is the athlete. The body is simply the means to use it to run faster or longer, jump higher, kick farther, swim faster, or box better. Hoppie's dictum to me, "First with the head and then with the heart" meant more than simply mixing brains and guts. It meant thinking well beyond the power of normal concentration and then daring your courage to follow your thoughts.

Written by Bryce Courtenay  
Submitted by Lindsey Davis

## Are You Leaving?

There must be sixty ways to leave the  
Lair; but I can't think of one.  
It's like a lover you met in the  
backwoods within a time limit, your  
freedom finds an end.  
Time to slip out the back and drop your  
64 key through the hole in the floorboard  
of your tent.  
What else can you leave? In the forest  
where the right thing to do is pack out  
what you packed in  
and for us that's plenty, packed a  
chortling laugh,  
(a guffaw) giggle too.

Are you leaving a camper with tears in  
her eyes because of the love that you  
shared with that child?  
Are you leaving your voice in the deep  
core of a tree ringing out to the air  
Are you leaving?  
Where did you leave that missing  
fleece?  
It's just one more thing that you will  
leave.  
Beyond the sun you let burn hot cheeks  
and rain on a clear tarp dark day.  
Sweet naps  
leaving long thoughts  
and short poems that float away  
quietly between two.  
Are you leaving it all  
you'll drive-- windy through our way  
down the hill and places that are our  
existence  
this week will shrink on the horizon  
my horizon invites you all back.  
Close in on an aching string on your  
heart when you pull it dirt will grind  
between your toes, you will be late to  
serve lunch,  
you will be surrounded by barefoot  
friends on  
wooden benches  
you will allow your body to spasm to  
avoid a bee or just dance,  
when you pull the chord you will hear  
voices

not just "I'm your favorite deputy" but  
familiar voices,  
the sound of your parting friends  
in cool colored drops of water sliding on  
Fridays

closed eyes  
are you leaving? what  
sunset hiking

and watching waterfalls  
painting a little face  
can't find the end of my poem because  
I'm not ready for it to end  
so I'll keep going  
white shadow of a flashlight  
flies light  
night at the Lair  
rounded sky tall trees sway  
where light cannot reach  
I can't reach the glitter,  
I'm stretched in a circle  
and ok I can't sum it up  
except to say that the moment when  
creekside  
makes you cry matches in sweetness  
with the moment you drop the brownies  
and that is how you know the ties  
between love  
and fear.  
If you have loved and then you find  
yourself afraid  
feel strongly fear strongly  
be strongly alone because you never  
are.

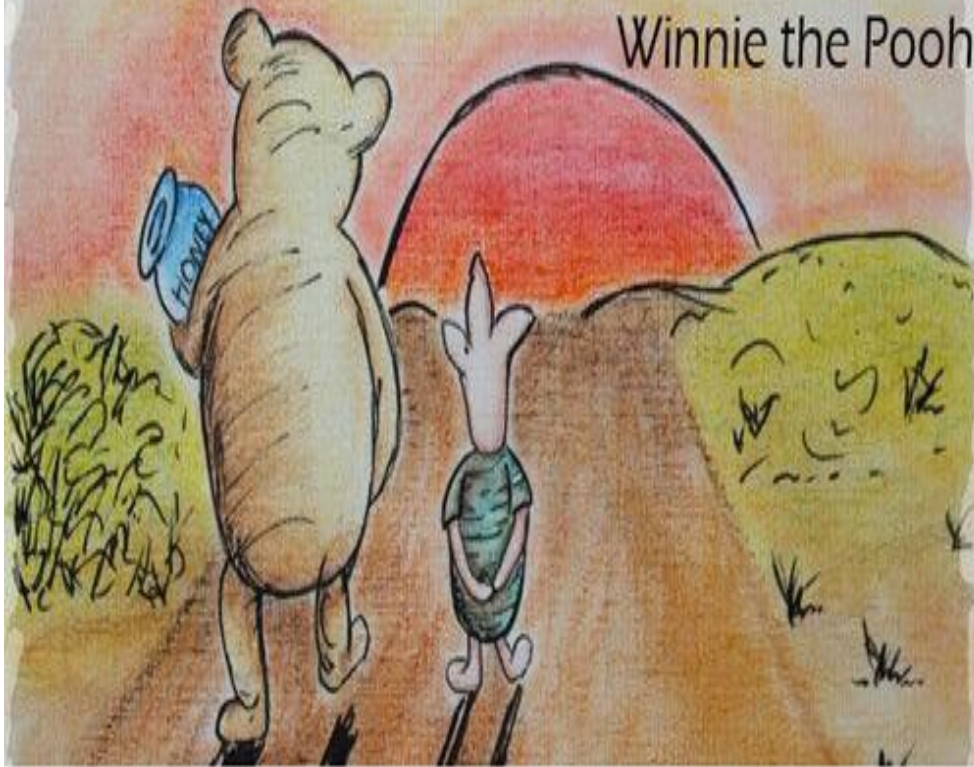
Written and Submitted by Kate Lorch,  
1997



How lucky I am to have something  
that makes saying goodbyes so hard.

-A.A. Milne,

Winnie the Pooh



Submitted by Evan Larson and Alex Demenno, 2013

If you would like to contribute to future Creekside Books, please submit your contribution  
to your Music Director or Camp Manager.

GO BEARS