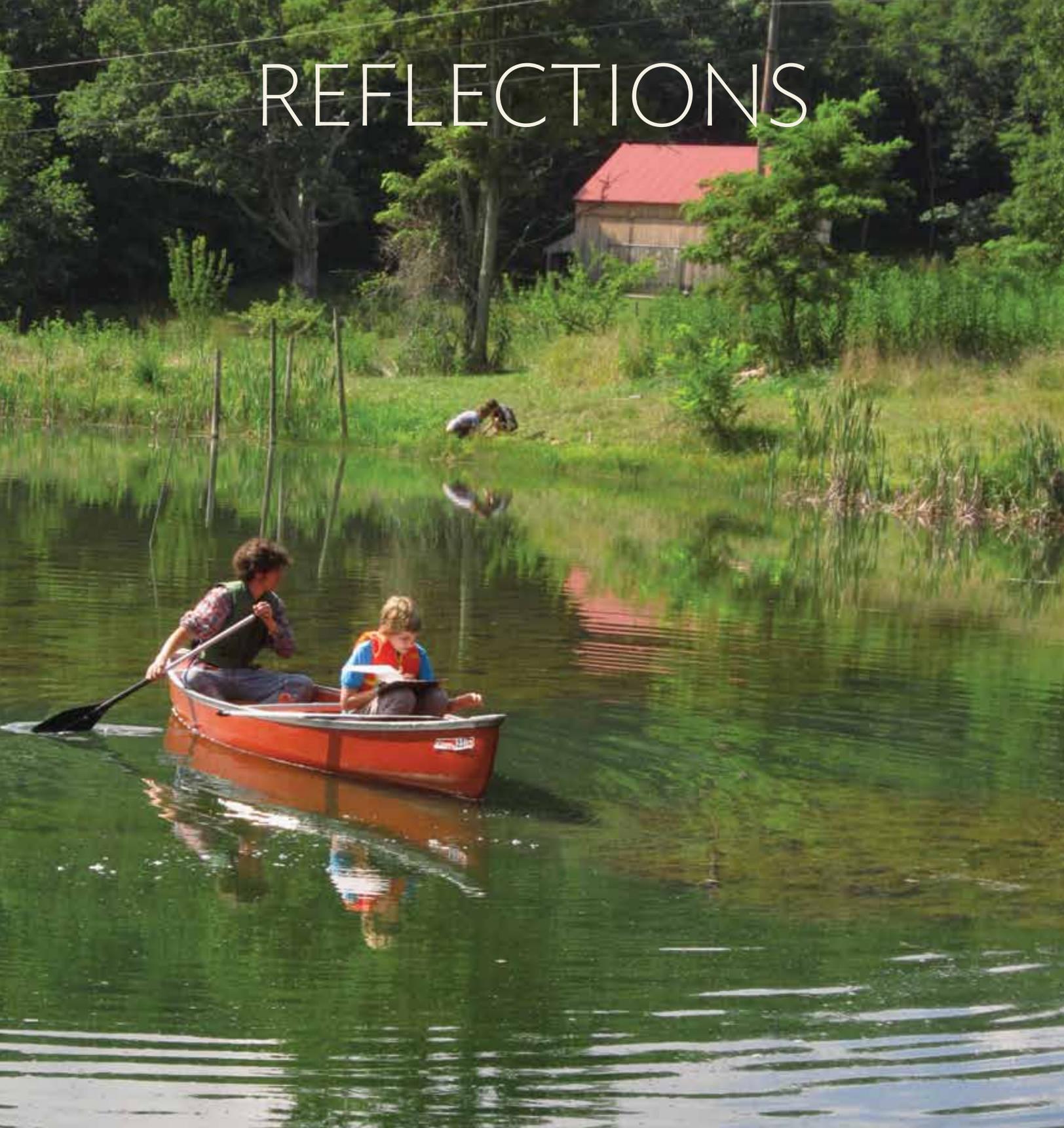


# REFLECTIONS

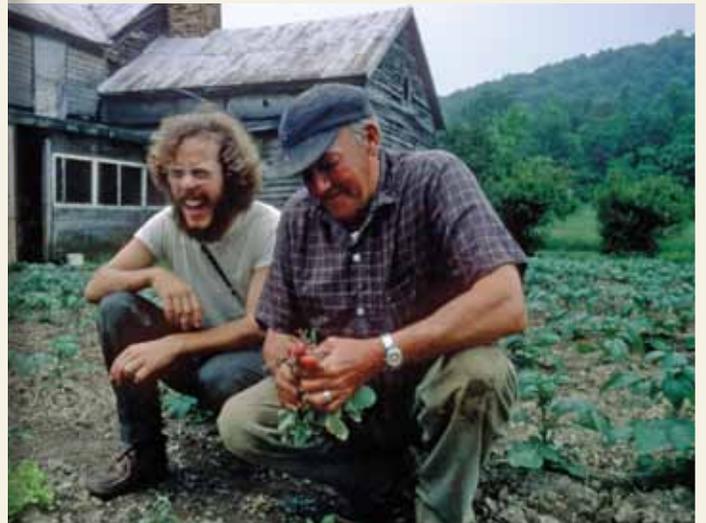
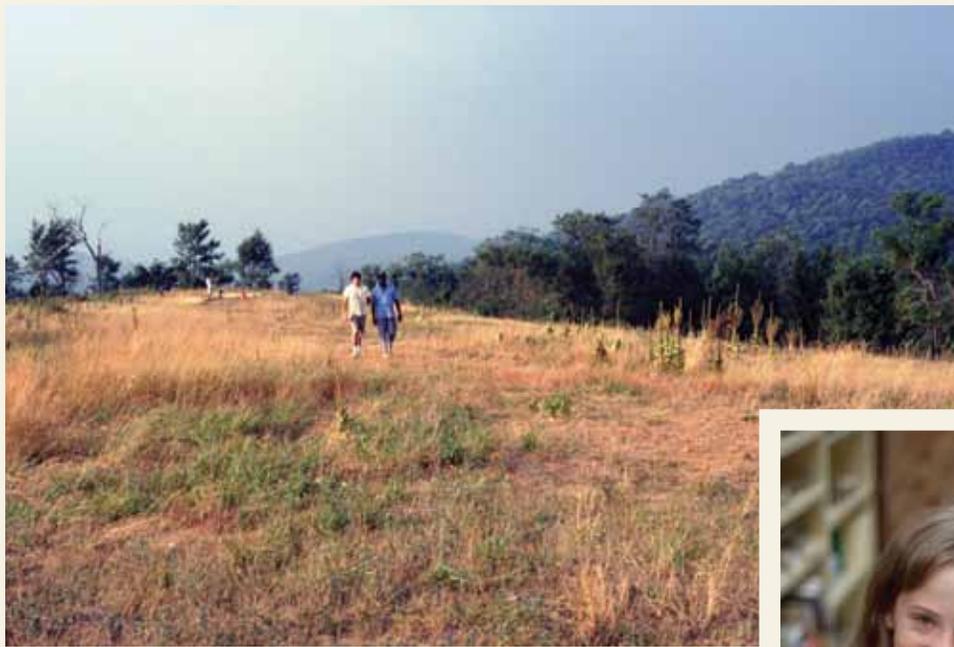


50 Years Honoring the Voice of the Wood Thrush

Burgundy Center for Wildlife Studies

1963-2012





*Clockwise from top left:*  
Jon Ustun and Wally Griffey on the Bald  
Shannon Titus and Adam Jentleson  
Steve Marshall and Raymond Slonaker  
Tubing on the Cacapon

BURGUNDY CENTER FOR  
WILDLIFE STUDIES



50 Years  
honoring the voice of the Wood Thrush

Illustration by Bridget Bradshaw

There are some who can live without wild things, and some who cannot. These essays are the delights and dilemmas of [a few] who cannot...

*Aldo Leopold, 1948*



(Left to right) John Trott, Vini Schoene, Lee Trott, and Nora Ives, 1998

## FOREWORD BY

LAVINIA SCHOENE

In my early years as a professional teacher I often contemplated the simple print of a daffodil that hung in the headmaster's office, for the words there spoke an important truth:

“The groundwork does not show until one day.”

One can never know, in putting effort into a project, or into a particular child, where those efforts might lead: often the results show in remote places and times. In the early 60s, Burgundy Farm Country Day School enlisted John and Lee Trott, and Mary Leta Tolleson to put together a little nature camp. It was such a success that the school board decided to expand on the idea for the sake of the whole school. A cadre of volunteers scabbled together the money and time to make the place a permanent reality, but probably no one could have envisioned how permanent the camp itself would be, or how important a role it would have in the lives of five decades of campers and staff.

Among the strongest memories of my early adolescence is the single “ping” of a tiny bell, at which an entire dining room of teenagers, ravenously hungry from a rigorous afternoon of workshops and hiking, was hushed.

“Listen...” John would urge in a low voice. Floating down the hill and across the stream came the flutelike song of a Wood Thrush. It is a loaded memory. Packed into that simple moment is the essence of the lasting success of the Burgundy Center for Wildlife Studies. Partly it was the magic of the sound itself. Partly it was the power of being able to identify the singer. Partly it was the sense of belonging to a community that held that much respect for a single bird. However it was, a huge percentage of us proceeded into adulthood committed to the inalienable right of that bird to sing.

Tony Lewis once commented to me, “When I think of the responsibility placed on me by John back then, I am terrified.” I know what he means, and yet here the camp still is, relying on high school and college students who maintain the health and serenity of the place while teaching about the natural world through first-hand experiences; they incorporate humor, physical activity, arts and high academic standards just as Tony and his crew did in the 60s—taking it seriously but keeping it light.

This little volume is intended to demonstrate the difference BCWS has made in some of the participants as they head out into the world, carrying with them the influence of a lovely mountain valley, a handful of pole barns and a series of young, dedicated teachers.

*Director, Burgundy Center for Wildlife Studies, 1983-present*





*Clockwise from top right:*  
Valerie Kapos, John Trott  
and Chris Kirby  
The Sheep Barn, 1987.  
Michael Sutton with Indigo  
Bunting  
Bill Wiggins, Holly Wagner,  
and Bill Hoover  
Lee Trott



## TONY LEWIS

Being 63 is at a great distance from being a 9th/10th grader. I remember the first weekend I went to visit Cold Stream Lodge. It was a cold weekend! But I remember the excitement and enthusiasm that visit created as the dream of what might be grew among those of us who were there. That first group of us who were young staff members at Cold Stream — Gay Troth, David Soleau, Robyn Davis Winnick, Sue Parker McIntyre (John's niece), Jackie Jackson (Marion's son) and myself — were part of what I have always believed to have been John and Lee's great experiment. That was in the early 60s, and conventional wisdom said that teenagers were much more interested in themselves than in others or any other thing. But we all had a common love of the natural world and what it could teach people. And John and Lee encouraged us and trusted us without question. I believe that we honored that trust.

We were not all that much older than the first crop of young people who came through. But in those summers (I stayed on until I finished my undergraduate education) we tried things, adapted, made mistakes, learned from those who came to the camp, shared their enthusiasm as we discovered things we had known with them, grew new staff members, and I would think cared for those campers who not only came to learn but also to find in two weeks away a special

type of peace in that community.

The adults in our lives — John and Lee; Marion Jackson; Doug and Fern Adams; Louis and Porge Buck; Les and Meg Schoene; Don and Martha Mills; Roxie Laybourne; the Brays (the list could go on) — were wonderful individuals who entered into our enterprise with enthusiasm and respect for us and for what we were doing.

I think the number of us who were part of that experience who went on to vocations in teaching, especially subjects related to the natural world, is more than sufficient evidence that what we were involved in “worked.” John often spoke of being a young person in North Carolina who had the interests he had in the natural world and how he hoped for a place where others who had that interest could find common ground with others similarly interested. Over the years I remember countless young people who found the summer's experience in West Virginia to be what they had yearned to find. And there it was: an oasis which people returned to with enthusiasm year after year.

Since 1972 my life has been that of being an Episcopal priest and a theologian. Now the baptisms are for real! *[Many staff members remember fondly their initiation to staff, “baptized” by Tony in the icy waters of the stream, including his solemn/smiling incantation of: “...the Father, the Son, and... INTO THE HOLE SHE GOES!”—ed.]* I have taught on a seminary faculty since 1978. Because I was trained as a classicist, I have, besides teaching theology, spent a fair amount of time

teaching people Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Nonetheless I can credit much of my teaching technique and my success at it, such as it has been, to my summers at the Cove. John always used to say, “I rather would stand on my head than bore a student!” And he reminded us over and over again, “What you are teaching might not be new to you, but it is brand new to those you are teaching. Never rob people of their joy of discovery.” Both maxims have influenced me greatly.

I still stand by myself some evenings outside on the grounds of the seminary and watch the meteor showers in August and use Win Coffin's telescope to look at Saturn when it is bright. I used to visit Roxie Laybourne, until she died, at the Smithsonian and prepare bird skins with her. A tree full of Cedar Waxwings made our campus come alive one year. So what those enchanted summers did is down deep inside. I will always carry

Tony Lewis (seated) at Cold Stream Lodge



those experiences with me.

Wildlife Camp was a gift to me: a special part of my life as a young person who was growing up. I am so thankful that I can count that experience as my own.

*Staff member, 1963-9*

## KATHY SCHULTZ

**B**urgundy Wildlife Camp profoundly affected my life and there are few days when I don't think back to my incredible years there as a camper and counselor.

Although I have traveled to many parts of the world, when I imagine my favorite places—those places where I have felt centered and at peace—I think about the Bald and Fern Valley. I recently wrote a book about silence in teaching; I learned about silence sitting in a blind watching a killdeer on her nest.

When I am able to see constellations despite the city lights, I think about the stories Tony Lewis told us about the gods and goddesses in the sky.

And I still remember the moment, as a counselor, when after nearly a session of rain, we took all of the campers up to the Bald. As we stood in the rain trying to decide whether it was dry enough for dinner, the sky cleared and the sun came out. We all stood in awe.

And of course I remember all those evenings listening to John Trott read stories around the fire. I still reread many of those stories and recreate those moments. I learned to pursue my passions as



Kathy Schultz

both a child and a young adult counselor. I came to understand how to share my enthusiasm for learning with others. I was able to send my daughter, Jenna, to BCWS for two years. It was such a delight to hear how the camp had changed to respond to these times, and how it had also stayed the same.

I have been a teacher and teacher educator for years, beginning as an elementary school science teacher. My job included Wednesday bird walks for each grade in succession. As I led the walks, I often tried to recreate the connection to the natural world and the intense interest in learning that we all experienced. Now my focus is urban education, a far cry from my experiences at the Cove. Still, the ethics and values I learned at BCWS shape how I live my life, how I've raised my children, and the frame through which I see and understand the world.

*Camper, 1967-70*

*Staff member, 1971-1974*

## CORINNE CONN

**T**here is this little place on the side of a mountain in West Virginia called Cooper's Cove. The only way to get to it is to travel over bumpy gravel and

dirt roads until you cross a trickling stream. Boy, did I dislike this place when I first went there. I was 14 and all I could think about was how hot, humid, bug-filled, and dirty it was. During the first full week my mum received a flood of mail all trying to convince her that I wanted to leave. I almost convinced myself that that was what I truly wanted. Almost. Unfortunately for the reputation that I'd built up in my first week of disliking almost all of nature's marvelous gifts of the buzzing fly, the biting mosquito, and the slimy pond algae, I started to see them in the way that the others surrounding me saw them. But not before I had proven myself unique in being the only child in all of BCWS history to bring a small tent called a bug hut to sleep in on the overnight trip on the Bald. My first year was the only year that I used that hut, in fact, I don't even know what happened to that little tent, but I do know that I have ever since been more than willing to sleep anywhere on anything. I remember my last year as a camper; I had only had two years of BCWS experience under my belt when I reached the age that I could no longer return as a camper. I remember that last sunset, sitting on the top of the Bald, an almost treeless expanse of grassy field on the top of the mountain. We were given our daily reflection time, where we spread out on our own to just take in the day and our surroundings. As I reflected I thought this would be the last night, the last time I'd get to ever be the care-free child in a care-free

place with the sun setting and the birds cooing, and the stars actually showing up at night. I opened my eyes and looked out off the top of the bald to see not one, not two, but three rainbows streaking across the pinking sky. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. I was content, caught in pure admiration, no thought processes, just the intake of those three rainbows.

Turns out I came back. I got a job as a counselor, and I've been on the other side of that world, still enjoying what I thought I'd miss. I am constantly doing things that I never dreamt that I'd do, stepping out of my comfort zone to only finds that I keep stepping in it. I've conquered my fear of ticks here, pulling them from the elbows of campers, I've climbed mountains in the dark without flashlights while still managing a gaggle of girls, and I've scared children silly by jumping out at them dressed as a fairy-tale lion whose only mission was to judge the cleanliness of their cabins. I can now say with such conviction

*Ava Goodale, below right*



that I love BCWS and now it's my turn to teach the children.

*Camper 2006-7  
Staff member, 2009-10*

## AVA GOODALE

I had never stepped foot at the Cove, let alone West Virginia, before I arrived as a staff member in the summer of 2000 and 2001. Being new afforded me the opportunity to observe the happenings of the camp with a bit of distance.

I noticed two striking things for the first time in my young career, not knowing at that time how rare and special they were.

First, the staff I worked with were not just staff, they were a family—knowing, living, working with each other since their childhood. They expressed such pure passion for their work. And second, the kids—still to this day I have not met kids like those at BCWS! What little wonders they were, so brilliant, so engaged,

spilling over with interest, teeming with enthusiasm. To witness the power of these special kids from around the country all learning together was inspirational. I remember specifically introducing Charles Darwin to a group who had never heard of him before—what an honor to be the one who opened this door for them.

Today, I am completing a position as Outreach Coordinator for a local land trust in my home state of Maine before moving on to teach science at a private elementary school, where I hope to once again see that familiar glint of passion in a child's eye.

*Staff 2000-01*

## ANNIE COHEN

Through the Cove, I learned the importance of place-based education and how unique BCWS is. BCWS is like a second home for me and for many people, and this is because there is an incredible combination of love for a place, good friends, and education about the place that we all love so much. I can run into people who I was a camper with years after the fact, and we will still share a powerful connection to the Cove because of our separate and combined experiences there.

Personally and professionally, working at BCWS has affected my ability to work with others and learn from them as well. I've learned about the importance of being a co-leader, a co-cook, a co-staff member. No one at BCWS operates alone, and we all bring something to the table. Most of

all, I appreciate BCWS for some of the best memories and times of my life. These memories affect who I am today, who I want to be, and what I want to do to help others have amazing experiences and memories as well.

*Camper, 2003-07*  
*Staff member, 2008-11*

## NICK HILL

**M**y memories of BCWS are some of my fondest, and friendships made there continue to be some of my closest. My appreciation for the natural world existed before my first visit to BCWS, but my time there made my connection to it personal. The openness of the BCWS community allowed me to appreciate the people I was with as much as the environment we were within.

I am including some excerpts from the college essay I wrote in 1998:

For the first time in my 2-year counseling career, I led campers on a “nocturnal”. To anyone unfamiliar with these, the idea of hiking through the mountains, well after dark, without a flashlight, seems daunting. And why wouldn’t it? It is not until one sacrifices the use of the most heavily relied-upon sense, that he or she realizes how much it is taken for granted....

After my six years at BCWS, I felt that I knew the area as if I had lived there all of my life. However, I was beginning to realize that all of my landmarks were visual, and that leading a nocturnal is far different from following behind someone

else. Almost immediately, we were engulfed by total darkness, and I found myself completely blind. I was responsible for leading the campers on a fun, challenging hike but most important, for returning them safely. I felt my inner self rise to the occasion. We began working our way down the mountain with surprising ease.... I was in “the zone”....

This feeling was cut short when I realized that I was not sure of our exact location. I knew we were in Stuart Hollow, but it now seemed larger than I had remembered. The babbling of a distant brook provided much insight into our location, and I could follow it until I found the trail. However, finding the stream was not an easy task. Since I lost hearing in one ear four years earlier, the location of the source of sound has become extremely difficult. After much concentration, I was able to determine the location: we worked our way to the running water and followed it until we came to an open field. I was elated to realize that this was the junction

for which I had been looking. I got lucky, but I have been told that luck is experience in the waiting. The huge smile then on my face was not so much for relief: it showed that this was more than just a night hike. Tonight’s nocturnal was my transition from a follower to a leader.

*Camper, 1992-1995*  
*Staff member, 1996-2001*

## JORDAN GLIST

**M**y zeal for working with and caring for young people was kindled at BCWS and has led me back year after year to teach and care for campers. Those experiences have prepared me to a life in immersed in the outdoors dedicated to teaching, counseling and empowering children and youth. BCWS became a second home for me where I grew up and fell in love with the natural world. As a staff member, I gained a practical understanding of the natural world, a love of adventure and

Nick Hill (in white shirt) feeding his snake Ralph



discovery, and experience sharing these things with campers. As Assistant Director, I shared the responsibilities of hiring, training, managing, and evaluating staff and, as infirmary director, was responsible for the medical needs of the whole camp.

Some of my greatest joys have come from the relationships I've forged with campers and staff as I've supported and guided their personal growth and their growing connections to the natural world. These experiences and relationships helped me gain insight into my own love of learning, being outdoors, bettering myself, and my strong desire to teach and empower young people to do the same. These experiences and the invaluable real-world skills I learned as a staff member, have led me to success at outdoor education jobs from coast to coast, to wilderness therapy in rural Utah, and to my current position as Dean of Students and a mental health day treatment school in Colorado. There has been no more formative experience in my

Jordan Glist, right

lifetime than my time at BCWS.

*Camper, 1998-2000*  
*Staff member, 2001-2010*

## JANE SHUTTLEWORTH

Before I went to BCWS I had never been around fellow nature lovers. I did not know something like a nature camp even could exist. I had met Carol and Alex Radin at Goose Cove Lodge in Maine while on vacation there with my family, and noticing my passion for nature, Carol had told me I should apply for a job at BCWS. I did. I was from Iowa and had never been to West Virginia.

Now it is May 14, 2011, and I am writing this quickly before I go warbler watching. Where did I learn about warblers, their colors and their flits? At BCWS, where we got to catch them in mist nets and hold them in our hands.

At BCWS I learned I could be a teacher. Bill put me in charge of insects. I had to learn everything about them. At night I would pore over books of insects and look at pictures. When a camper

nicknamed me Madame Entomology I was proud.

I remember our hikes to the Bald, the lush woods full of salamanders and all kinds of fungus in mysterious shapes and colors—Jaimie knew his edible 'shrooms and we would cook them up at night while the campers

were asleep so we did not have to share.

So when we got to the top of the Bald we found another mystery. Why weren't there trees? Instead we were greeted by sky and grass and wildflowers and the wind reminding me of my home in the prairies of Iowa. There was no answer to our question.

I loved swimming in the pond, and poking around with students in the stream that fed into it. Then there was the river—it was special to go to the river, even though there were Copperhead snakes. I used to crawl up the shale-y banks looking for them. I remember on one trip to the river, a camper was bitten in the behind by a beaver and the story made its way into AP news, and I believe Ted Olson wrote a song about it. We learned so many songs from Ted, and I loved to accompany his banjo and guitar playing on my flute.

Ted and I developed folk studies programs. We would take campers to visit Jack Schaffemaker, an elderly man who lived in a dark, small shack and raised and sold earth worms for a living. He had a sign on the drive to his place that said "No More Worms". But he had plenty of worms. He grew them in garbage cans. When we asked why he did not take his sign down, he said he already had enough customers and did not want to be bothered. Those who knew him knew he always had worms. Jack knew about a lot of things, even though he could barely read or write, and he would share his knowledge with the campers. Sometimes Ted would bring his



banjo and we'd play music.

I remember one time the entire staff got ill with a violent strand of the flu, even the cooks. The flu stalked us one by one. Soon there were only a few staff left to lead camp. Even the cooks were sick and the campers had to fend for themselves and scavenge in the kitchen for eats. I remember lying in my bed looking out the screen window delirious with fever thinking the leaves on the trees were talking to me.

I have so many good memories it is hard to stop writing! Those fun facts from Bill, like if you hang the sheets on a line in the sun that sterilizes them and you do not have to clean them. The crazy wired fiddle music tapes Vini would play really loud to motivate us to sweep and clean camp. I still use that trick to energize myself to clean my own house! And those lovely evenings the last night of camp when we would gather around the pond and Bill would read to us from Loren Easley. I am happy to learn the traditions continue, and hope to cross paths again with my BCWS friends.

*Staff member, 1981-83*



## TED OLSON

I worked at the Burgundy Center for Wildlife Studies as a Staff member, and the experience of being in Cooper's Cove during those summers was truly transformative for me. I arrived at the BCWS as an older teenager looking for a way to better understand life in Appalachia, a region of interest to me since my early years in Washington. Of course, given its longstanding focus on natural history studies, the BCWS provided me with invaluable opportunities to teach others about Appalachia's diverse flora and fauna. Yet from my first summer there, I was also able to explore Appalachian culture from close proximity.

Beginning in 1979, with the blessing of directors Bill Hoover and Mary Lou Guthrie, I taught camp workshops in Appalachian folklore and hosted a "folklore night" each session. Those workshops often meant my transporting groups of campers to visit local Hampshire County folks, especially Jack Schaffenaker. Between 1979 and 1983 Jack's generous contributions—hosting campers at his "worm-farm" and coming to the Cove to perform his own unique interpretation of Appalachian music at offerings of "folklore night" and for square dances—were interesting and entertaining but also effective toward strengthening relations between the camp's urban- and suburban-affiliated community and the rural community near Cooper's Cove.



Ted Olson (in red shirt) on tractor

It seemed to me at the time that such cultural activities complemented—rather than distracted from—the BCWS's natural history emphasis, and I heard over the years that the camp continued to include in its programming some exploration of Appalachian culture. I have continued to study the Appalachian region and to teach people from many backgrounds about the region's complexity, and I greatly value and deeply appreciate my summers in Cooper's Cove. I applaud all of the many people who have worked together over the years to make the BCWS such a vital place for learning and living. *Professor, Dept. of Appalachian Studies, Eastern Tennessee State University*

*Staff member, 1979 – 1983*

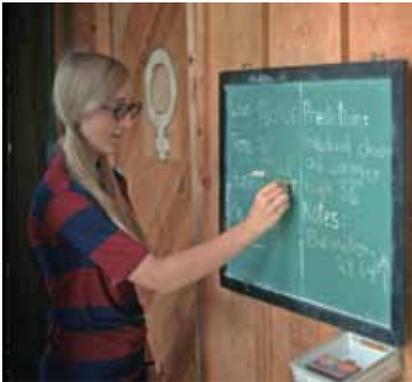
## MEG LOWMAN

Sitting on the Bald with John Trott reading from *The Immense Journey* will forever be foremost in my mind. The smells, the sounds, the sights, and the feel of the grasses all create one of the most special times in my teen-age years.

*Camper, 1968-70*

*Staff member, 1971-4*

*Director, Nature Research Center, North Carolina Museum of Natural Sciences, and Professor, North Carolina State University*



Meg Lowman

## CLAUDIA METHVIN

John Trott was my sister's 8th grade teacher at The Little Langley School in McLean, Virginia in 1978, and he and my mother became great friends on the basis of their shared love of theater and Southern Literature and culture.

When I was 15 years old and looking for something to do for the summer, my mother consulted with John, and he recommended BCWS.

By this time, I was already a die-hard John Trott fan, myself. When I was in first grade, I had the privilege of bringing Mr. Trott a strange sac-

shaped nest we found in our yard.

I was terrified going to the big kids' end of the school, but Mr. Trott accorded me with all the graciousness and hospitality of a naturalist colleague, and I felt terribly important. He immediately identified it as a Red-eyed Vireo's nest.

A few years later, I got to go on a nature walk with him. It was like taking a tour of the woods, but unlike the "hikes" with my father, we stopped every couple of yards to look at something that captured his attention. I was hooked.

So at 15, I attended my first session of summer camp at BCWS; the next year, I returned to teach botany. I also glommed onto herpetology, mycology, and astronomy. It was such a thrill to learn that there was a place where I *fit in*. My identity began to take shape hanging out with others who appreciated that pure beauty of the outdoors and Mother Earth. Nature nerds united!

After years of education and training to become a physician, I found myself craving to get back to the rolling hills of Virginia where I

Red-eyed Vireo nest



Claudia Methvin

learned to love the natural world. I settled in Woodstock, Virginia, just 49 miles from Coopers Cove.

I wish I could say my interest in ecology and the outdoors led me to medicine, but it didn't. In fact, the human organism and all its complexities sometimes seem to be the *opposite* of nature. As such, I often use the outdoors as an escape from the human pathology that I see on a daily basis. It is a comfort and joy to me, as it must surely be for all who have experienced the quietude and knowledge of Coopers Cove.

*Camper, 1984*

*Staff member, 1985-6*

## ALEXANDRA BAEZ

The moment I arrived for the first time at Burgundy Center for Wildlife Studies, I knew I had somehow chanced upon someplace singular. Its self-effacing little gravel parking lot, heavily impinged upon from all directions by teeming wild flora, conveyed the spirit of a spot in which man had deliberately permitted — nay,

beckoned—nature to have the upper hand. This same simple, uninhibited, bounteous spirit, I soon noted, poured equally from all the various staff members who quickly approached my family and me to greet us. That afternoon on my first group hike, which culminated at the top of a grassy mount overlooking some majestic hollow, the “deal was sealed” for me. There, I quaffed an even more powerful draft of that strange elixir of awe and profound comfort that exuded from the whole place and its people. At BCWS, I soon recognized that I had found a group of individuals who clearly held nature to be the most important thing—not popularity quests, not video games, not petty intrigues; and this was a revelation. Meanwhile, my most astonishing perception of all was one that deepened day by day: that nature itself was a conscious, constantly active entity, and the strongest personality here. How much time in my life up to that point had been wasted, comparatively speaking, in inferior atmospheres?

At this camp, such heights of awe were deliciously, continually punctuated by more modest manifestations, together creating a complex, tapestry-like environment of immediacy, peace, inspiration, and enchantment. What can be forgotten? Sitting down to eat a luscious homemade meal, still vibrating with enthusiasm over a recent foray into the wilds? Gathering around in a circle at night to sing folk songs to the simple, soul-filled tones of guitar,

banjo, and fiddle? Inspecting bugs and snakes crawling and sliding around in terrariums lined up in the breezy foyer of the dining hall on some hushed mid afternoon? Or a sublime night on the Bald, laying at the doorstep of heaven, engulfed by a sphere of stars? Those two summers (and the beginning of a third, unfortunately aborted), I was very shy, and I evinced all too covertly my enthusiasm for BCWS. I was not as scientific in temperament as some, either, and I probably absorbed less knowledge of this sort than many. However, my appreciation of this phenomenal place manifested, I hope, in quiet ways, and its broader lessons reached me through often more subtle channels. BCWS’s spoken and unspoken guidance about the best ways one might take one’s place within oneself and the world have clung to me and informed my decisions throughout my ensuing, more compromised paths of workaday existence. Though the lines of cause and effect are often too difficult to trace, and the manners in which this influence manifested doubtless too numerous to mention, I will say this: perhaps partly because of BCWS, today I am a poorly paid but essentially contented horticulturist, rather than a person somewhere in some office doing work that simply does not resonate with me. I think of the words Yeats once penned about the lake water of his favored natural abode, Innisfree, which could be as well spoken by me about the spirit of BCWS: “While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,

I hear it in the deep heart’s core.”

*Camper, 1982-4*  
*Staff member, 1985*

## ALISON FRANE

I t’s hard to really pin down all the reasons Coopers Cove and BCWS are wonderful to me. I love learning, and I love nature, and it was just incredible to have the opportunity to be out in the woods, absorbing information straight from the source, from knowledgeable people who were just as excited about it as I was.

The most important thing about the summer program for me, however, was that it was the most nurturing, supportive environment I have ever been in. Especially in those fragile pre-teen and early teenage years, it was such a relief to have a place where I knew I could be accepted and even cherished for myself.

Going on to work on staff—to become one of those knowledgeable and enthusiastic

*Alison Frane, standing, painting with her toes*



teachers—further developed my confidence and maturity levels. I was addicted for years, and still am.

*Camper 83-87, staff 88-92, 94-95,  
04-05, 07-present*

## KYLE EICHNER

I am writing this from Oxford, where I am spending my junior spring studying history. England is worlds away from the Cove in so many ways, but I find BCWS appearing in my life every way I turn. One of my first purchases when I arrived in January was a bird guide, because I had to make sure that the black and white one was a Magpie, and discover that the red-and-yellow beaked water birds are Moorhens. BCWS prepped me to bring my binoculars with me. I visited fellow staff member Maia Tanner at her university in Wales and spent time recreating times spent in the BCWS kitchen. I then visited her family (full of staff members) in Cambridge, where we walked to see the bluebells and I learned about English forests. While backpacking with friends during my spring break, we sang “Paradise,” and when I helped one friend adjust his pack I thought about all of the times I have done the same for

Kyle Eichner



Toby and Bridget Bradshaw

campers. At the end of a long day in the library I found “Sixteen Tons” translated into Persian at the beginning of a history book—and thus BCWS finds me everywhere.

I have not yet figured out what I am going to do after graduation next year, but my time as a Burgundy student, camper and staff member have shaped how I will evaluate those choices. The excellent teaching I experienced and the opportunity to teach have led me towards education, and will likely continue to do so. I am grateful to BCWS for teaching me not only to value the natural world, but to love it, and to carry with me the skills I have learned, from using Newcomb’s and making pie crust to taking time to Reflect.

*Camper, 2002-5*

*Staff member, 2006-9, 2012*

## TOBY BRADSHAW

My favorite book is Aldo Leopold’s *A Sand County Almanac*. I fell in love with it the first time I heard John Trott read “Sky Dance” one soft summer evening on the Bald, a fleeting forty years ago now. My

experiences as a camper and staff member at BCWS transformed my life, broadening and deepening my interest in the natural world and setting me on a course to becoming a professional biologist. I am now Chair of the Department of Biology at the University of Washington, where Estella Leopold (Aldo’s youngest daughter) is one of my cherished faculty colleagues. It really is a small world.

The power of BCWS transcends generations. A few months from now, my daughter Bridget (finishing her first year at the University of Washington) will spend her 12<sup>th</sup> consecutive summer at BCWS. She recently wrote to me, including a quote from *A Sand County Almanac* that will resonate with all BCWS alumni: “There are some who can live without wild things, and some who cannot. These are the delights and dilemmas of one who cannot.”

The above photo, taken by (wife and mother) Moira Bradshaw, shows me “helping” Bridget collect data during her six-month research project in the Magellanic penguin colony at Punta Tombo, Argentina (2009-10). Cooper’s Cove is a lot

closer to Patagonia than you might guess from looking at a map.

*Camper, 1969-1972*

*Staff member, 1973*

## BECCA BARNES

It is very difficult to choose only one or two things about how the Burgundy Center for Wildlife Studies has affected who I am today—I am not exaggerating when I say that it is one of the biggest forces in shaping my life and my career choices. After all, I spent 12 or 13 summers there as a camper and staff member. In an effort to keep it short I will focus on my professional life—but it is important to note that BCWS did so much more than make me an environmental scientist.

When people ask my mom how I ended up as an environmental scientist, she shrugs and says, “The only thing I can take credit for is sending her to nature camp when she was 7.” I don’t think she realizes how right she is.

Recently, I was asked to summarize my life in one slide, a pretty tricky task to say the least, but a very thought provoking exercise. While doing this I realized just how many links my professional life has to my summers at BCWS. I am a watershed biogeochemist/ecologist and my research focuses on how anthropogenic change impacts nitrogen and carbon cycling in the environment. There are the obvious links—my research examines environmental change and my love and interest in ecology and

geology grew from my summers at BCWS. Then there are the things that I didn’t realize—while working at The Wilderness Society I helped to protect valuable wild areas within the upper stretches of the Potomac River watershed, such as the Cacapon River and Monongahela National Forest, the very land that fostered my love of science as a child. By the time I had finished my slide, I had come to the conclusion that the most valuable lessons I received from BCWS are my interests in (1) the natural world and (2) teaching. Like I said, the first is obvious; anyone who has spent time at BCWS likely realizes that the region’s birds can be just as fascinating as its geology and just as important if you want to understand the ecosystem. The second is something that you are told to never utter aloud while working towards your PhD—after all research is the most important thing, teaching is something you

*Becca Barnes, left*

do because you have to. Well, for better or worse I taught almost every semester of graduate school (much to the chagrin of my advisor) and often tried to figure out how to recreate the enthusiastic atmosphere of those lessons by the pond, at the spring, and along the stream. When I teach, I try to invoke the part of me from way back when that threw herself into each lesson; that taught campers how to ask questions, make observations, and recognize the patterns and processes that form the ecosystems around us. I often think about the fact that as camp staff we did this without thinking—after all it was how we were taught when we were campers. Hopefully the 18-year-old enthusiastic me will come through as I start my new job as an Assistant Professor in Environmental Science this Fall.

*Camper, 1984-92*

*Staff, 1993-96, 2002*



## SAM McKENZIE

Today I work in a neuroscience laboratory, but when I was 10 years old I first attended the Burgundy Center for Wildlife Studies. The philosophy of the camp, then and now, was to provide children with the opportunity to explore the natural world through the avenues that best fit their individual strengths. I have always been a scientist and what I most remember from that summer was my week-long project studying the natural habitat of salamanders. To conduct our experiment, a friend and I picked six habitats, one by the creek, another by the spring, one on a hill slope, one in the field, and so on. We then marked off a 20'x20' box in each habitat and we daily visited each box at the same time and in the same order marking down the weather conditions and any vegetation we observed. Then, we looked for salamanders. When we found a specimen we noted where in the box it was located, the species, and whether it cohabitated with other salamanders. The experiment was a huge success,

Sam McKenzie



launching a lifelong interest in amphibians and the scientific method.

Upon reflection of that summer I am struck by two things: the consistency of my own thought process, and the ability for the staff to create an environment where a 10 year-old boy could enjoy a science project so much. I liked identification and learning about the woods as a system, while my brother (now a professional cook) spent his summers covering ants in chocolate and making jam. Both of us found a home at BCWS and have equally fond memories of our summers there. Play is important, and BCWS creates an environment where play fosters creativity and even skills that carry throughout. Thank you!

*Camper, 1998-2003  
Staff member, 2004-5*

## ALEX KOLKER

Pond Monsters! Pond Monsters were always a sure win at camp. Vini used to cover herself with pond weeds, and tell stories in a creaky

voice. As silly as this sounds, it was captivating.

Plenty of other pond members materialized around the cove. Many staff members, and not a few campers would morph into muddy, yucky, creepy creatures. Monsters were only one of the many ways that the pond was the center of our life at camp. We swam there, and floated for hours as a rest cure between sessions. We sat together next to the pond and talked about everything.

The pond was also the center of education at camp. We stopped there on our workshops to watch swallows come skim insects off the surface or look for turtles hiding beneath the surface. The silliness of the pond had a serious side. That pond weed that Vini used for hair had a technical name, *Chara vulgaris*. If you looked closely at the *Chara*, you could learn something about its relatives and ancestors.

Our conversations beside the pond had substance. Some discussed philosophy, others art and music. For many of us, those times by the pond are among our most beautiful memories. Today, I've found a great job working as a coastal oceanographer in Louisiana. I love the job, but it's nothing like camp. I have to be serious more frequently than I get to be silly. I have to worry about things. I wear a watch because I need to know the time, and how much I have left before I need to be somewhere else.

Camp really wasn't much on my mind as I started a recent scientific expedition on the continental shelf. Our goal was to understand the

impacts of the recent Mississippi River flood on the continental shelf. We had to get results, and an in hurry. There I was, ten miles out to sea, busy worrying about getting my science correct, when what comes up with our instruments, but Chara. In the middle of the ocean, with no land in sight there was a freshwater algae, and apparently quite happy. This was the first sign I had that we were studying an enormous flood, one that was capable of keeping freshwater species alive many miles from land. As I packed the Chara into a sample bag, there it was staring me in the face: Cooper Cove.

For me, the BCWS was the foundation to my education. And like a good education, it's one that has sustained me in so many ways.

*Alex Kolker, seated, right*



My education at camp started me on a course to study biology. When my work required that I know geology, I could pick that up because I had learned about sedimentary rocks, synclines and sinkholes in West Virginia. When life required that I give public talks, I could do that, because I had spoken at the fireplace and on the Bald. When times required that I side beside a pond somewhere and look up at the sky, I could do that too, because of the times I had spent with all of you. Many of my best memories of Coopers Cove are not memories at all, but instead are times when camp has made my adult life so much richer, warmer and fuller.

*Camper, 1983-5  
Staff member, 1988-1993*



*Stephanie Joe, left*

## STEPHANIE JOE

I just want to say that Burgundy is the reason I work in conservation to this day.

Once at a conference, I happened to meet Joan Canfield here in Hawaii. She is the former Secretariat for Conservation Biology, and told me that she is in Hawaiian species conservation because of BCWS (she was there when John Trott was director).

I always dream of Burgundy—I'm not kidding here—at least every third night or so. It is deeply rooted in my unconscious.

*Research Specialist, Oahu Army  
Natural Resource Program*

*Camper, 1986-87  
Staff member, 1988-97*



Victoria Horrock

## VICTORIA HORROCK

**B**CWS possibly has more to do with who I am as a person than my own family...it's my grounding force. While in law school here at Tulane, I often read this poem, I think about camp, and I remember what's important.

*Camper, 1998-1999*

*Staff member, 2000-2007*

## THE PEACE OF WILD THINGS

When despair for the world grows in me  
and I wake in the night at the least sound  
in fear of what my life and my children's lives  
may be,  
I go and lie down where the wood drake  
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great  
heron feeds.

I come into the peace of wild things  
who do not tax their lives with forethought  
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.  
And I feel above me the day-blind stars  
waiting with their light. For a time  
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

— Wendell Berry



## JOHNNY CARRERA

It doesn't make a qualitative statement to say that "I am who I am because of BCWS." But it may help if I explain that I feel my life is richer and more meaningful because of the twelve or so summertimes I spent there. As a staff member I would often lead "that way" hikes with Jason Titus or John Risser, where we would turn around, point in a direction and hike. I came to understand through the writing of Aldo Leopold that having such an intimate understanding of a piece of the earth helps to give me a connection to the planet.

The twelve year span I spent at BCWS is now no longer than half of my lifetime and that many years have passed since I boasted to myself that I could find any location in the Cove with my eyes blindfolded. (I know I could still navigate the Cove blind, but the trees have undoubtedly grown and some of the plants I may have expected to find in a location undoubtedly have also changed.) But the friends I made during those years and that feeling of connection is still powerful. I can safely say I have awakened from more dreams of BCWS than I have any other remembered place and I have talked to many a staff member who also retreats to BCWS in dreams. I was married there and one of my dearest friends from that camp had his ashes scattered there. It will always remain the most sacred place of my teenage years where Winnie-the-Pooh will always have a nothing



Johnny Carrera, left, with future wife Carol Waldmann

sort of day with Christopher Robin and the soft breezes will blow through the grass under a full moon in July. I am so glad it is still thriving and that my eight year old daughter will go to the camp by herself for the first time this year!

*Camper, 1981-1984*

*Staff member, 1986-1994*

## EDDIE BURGESS

Thinking back to my memories at BCWS it's hard choose among favorites. Was it the giant snapping turtle caught from the pond? The wood thrush serenades? The nocturnal hike that got a little lost? Or perhaps identifying the oldest tree in the Cove?

But one experience that stands out is actually my first visit. The occasion was a staff reunion—my mom was a former camp counselor. It was pretty obvious on arrival that there was a certain magic bound up in this place. It was some combination of the peaceful

sanctuary of the setting, the contagious curiosity everyone had for the natural world, and the welcoming community of people the place attracted—all of them equally thrilled about a singular location. I knew I wanted to spend a lot more time there and attended camp there the following summer (and many more since!).

Since that time, there's no question in my mind that BCWS was the beginning of a journey that continues to unfold. I know this because it was the core piece of my cover letter when applying to Environmental Defense Fund and later my application for graduate school. Being accepted to these positions hinged on my ability to demonstrate that I value caring for and understanding the natural world, and all the life it supports. Yet I wouldn't truly be able to claim that deep appreciation without remembering Bald camp-outs, morning bird walks, and river hikes. To this day, BCWS is a fixture in

my heart and imagination; it's the kernel that inspires my passion for a career in building a sustainable future for humanity and the planet we inherited.

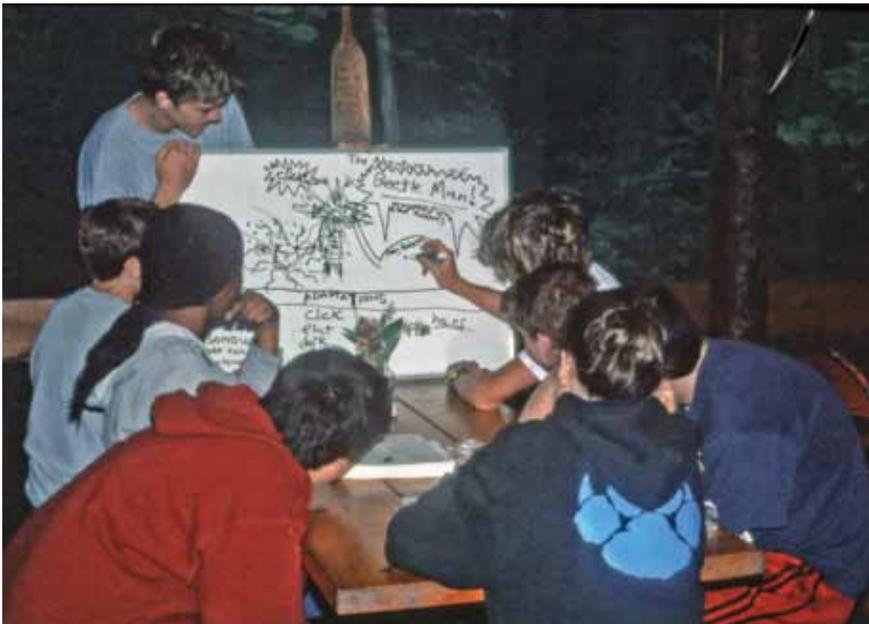
*Graduate Student, School of Sustainability, Arizona State University*

*Camper, 1998-2000  
Staff member, 2001-5*

## JAMES BURGESS

It's impossible to overestimate the impact that my time as a camper and a staff member at BCWS had on me. Both personally and professionally, that place, and the people in it changed me and set me marching down the path that I'm on today. The BCWS family gave me a sense of belonging and being a part of something greater than myself for the first time in my life. The magic that happened when 50 people all agreed to listen silently to an owl or play along with a ridiculous skit about invading snake-head fish

Eddie Burgess, holding white board, with James Burgess writing



is something that I've sought to recreate in life everywhere I go.

At the same time, experiencing and feeling responsible for the Cove and all of its natural treasures led me to feel the same way about the broader natural world.

Out of the same feeling of concern and love for the natural world I've sought a career in developing clean energy, a field I hope will have a meaningful impact on some of the threats currently facing it.

*Camper, 1998 -2002  
Staff member, 2003-6*

## HAL BAKER

Over my eldest son's bed hangs a great horned owl that I mounted 27 years ago after a biology teacher gave it to me from his freezer. I was taught the skills to skin a bird at BCWS, I developed the courage to teach myself taxidermy because of what BCWS taught me about myself.

It was a perfect camp for someone who had "weird" interests in grade school. Who watched birds, studied trees etc. But at BCWS, I could mist net birds and band them, and even earned enough of David Townsend's trust to be allowed to run the nets myself. Earning trust, really earning it, is a lesson that stuck with me.

My father came a day early to pick me up my last summer as a camper, and I remember taking him into the woods to use my cassette recorder to play back a loop of screech owl calls I had made from the record player. I was so proud to show him that I could actually call these secretive birds to me.

My two sons have spent seven sessions there and still long to go back this summer. So little has remained the same in this world from one generation to the next, but BCWS has. It feels the same, looks the same, smells the same. I am so glad that some people had the wisdom and the forethought to create a place with such vision and stability. It remains a pleasure to see my children each find their own relationship with a place that meant so much to me in my life.

*Camper, 1976-77*

## GABE POLLAK

When I first visited the Cove, to drop my sister off at camp, I was more concerned with the Legos I'd brought along for the ride than the Shagbark in the parking lot. When a counselor asked me if I wanted to come to camp, I thought more

about the ticks my Dad had warned me about than the tea-advising Towhee I'd heard from the car. When I reached the main lodge, I looked more to the enticing snack counter than the welcoming faces of the staff and their funny name tags. After relenting to my sister's prodding and finally coming to Cove camp, I remembered better the stars I'd seen on my first pre-turnal, the juice of a lemon ant, and the sunset on the Bald.

As you may have expected, going to the Cove gave me a greater appreciation of nature. An appreciation that goes beyond just knowing bird calls or being able to use a tree finder. An appreciation you can only get from understanding the wise old trees or the comforting trickle of the stream. The best way to describe it, I think, is that small feeling you get from looking up at the vast night sky for a long time. The feeling of something eternal. That is what I have learned and gained from the Cove.

*Camper, 2005-2008*  
*Staff member, 2009-present*

## NICK TOSINI

For my first several years at BCWS, I had only one thing in mind: salamanders. Oh, I enjoyed the hikes and butterfly catching, and I was never bored during activities. But every second of free time I could find was spend down by the creek, where I would flip over every rock and log in reach in order to find my precious amphibians. I was fascinated by their colors, by their slippery skin,



Nick Tosini

by the way they would scamper across land and then dart through water. Salamander catching time was good time.

And then one day in a herps workshop, their skin took on a new meaning as borax and glue. We mixed the two on our plates and got a mess that felt like amphibian skin and smelled like chemicals. It was great fun, and after a few minutes of playing around our counselor showed us how soap could soak right through the "skin" and poison any amphibian unlucky enough to be in soapy water. I was horrified: all I could think about was the soap poisoning my precious salamanders. My salamanders couldn't die! They were how I spent my free time! Nothing that cool could die, right? Right?

Although I had heard time and time again how bad pollution was, I had never realized it until I thought about BCWS without any salamanders. This was the activity that pushed me from knowing about the dangers of pollution to believing.

*Camper, 2002-99*  
*Staff member, 2010-12*

## SASHA KALICKI

BCWS has inspired in me a great love of nature and the outdoors. It's great to be able to go somewhere each year that's far away from the busy and stressful life of the city and take some time to enjoy the world around us. I've always been a big fan of hiking, and the Cove provides a great setting to combine that passion with the ability to learn more about the environment on the way. From visiting twice a year as a student at Burgundy Farm Country Day School to coming back for several summers as a camper and ultimately a staff member, I've really gotten the chance to experience what BCWS has to offer and hope to continue to share that experience with others.

My favorite part about BCWS is probably spending a night sleeping out on the Bald each camp session. Living in an urban setting it's very easy to forget what it's like to lie down on a clear night and simply spend time enjoying and wondering at the incredible sight above us. That's what I love about BCWS—the sense of rediscovery and awe you experience every day as you immerse yourself in a world that's all around, but is unfortunately underrepresented in our daily lives.

*Camper, 2007-9*  
*Staff member, 2010-12*



Jacob Kramer-Duffield, in white shirt

## JACOB KRAMER-DUFFIELD

Last week I sat in Fort Greene Park in Brooklyn, in the chilly sun of a spring day arrived late. I was telling a friend about my childhood — about BCWS, about how it made me a birder for life, about what that means: always looking up. And I looked up, pointing to a scrubby pine where Kestrels had nested the previous year. From just adjacent to the tree I hear a ‘skreeee!’ and saw the tiny, graceful, determined form of a Kestrel — I’ll choose to believe, one of *those* Kestrels — dive-bombing an utterly placid Red-tailed Hawk, massive but near-camouflaged in the sparse leaves of the tree.

A goofy grin on my face, I began to describe the scene to my friend — the power relations among birds, territoriality, predation — when the Red-tailed burst into flight, took three, four flaps and then straight into a killing dive, wings arched and talons outstretched, to strafe a flock of

pigeons flying three feet above the fields of the park. The hawk buzzed an unsuspecting couple in so doing, though the pigeons scattered to safety — while the hawk immediately re-routed, banking up to the left and right through a flock of sparrows.

After chasing them to the other side of the park, also unsuccessfully, the Red-tailed alighted on another bare tree. I laid back on the dirt and grass of the hill cool under my jacket, and thought about the warm crackling grass of summer in the Cove, owls and bluebirds, vireo songs and Wood Thrush echoes, and the piece of my heart, forged in a hollow in West Virginia, that shines through my smile when I look up and see wings.

*Camper, 1988-94*  
*Staff member, 1995-7*

## ASHER WOLF

I worry a lot that in this age of infinite information instantly available with a few keystrokes, we’re actually at risk of losing access to critical knowledge. I worry that we’re losing knowledge about the world that surrounds us and how we fit into it. Most of us up on our hind legs no longer know how to watch the sky for changes in the weather, or even how to recognize the common plants and animals just outside our doors.

We’re forgetting how to smell the wind for rain and how to recognize bird songs. We’re losing the basic, grass roots zoology that gave rise to critical thought such as the Theory of Evolution.

I am grateful that the Cove gave me an awesome dose of that knowledge through amazing opportunities for hands on learning. Along the way, end of session projects also helped me learn a little about the scientific process and helped guide me towards a career in the sciences. And I’m grateful to pay it forward, grateful that my 2 year old recognizes the call of a mourning dove, and grateful to think that as much as the world changes, a little piece of heaven in West Virginia will stay largely the same.

*Camper, 1986-89*  
*Staff 1990-91*



Asher Wolf

## JOHN FELDMAN

**M**y experiences at BCWS—and with John Trott in particular—had a profound and lasting effect on my life. It was through the camp that I developed my appreciation and respect for the natural world as well as my love of teaching about this world. At that time, my interest in filmmaking came not from any particular love of the medium, but through my desire to capture what I felt about nature and share it with others.

As the years passed I moved away from nature films but remained an avid bird watcher and environmentalist. However, after flirting with the “Hollywood thing” and making numerous films in many genres, when I was presented with the opportunity to return to my first love, nature filmmaking, I jumped on it. As I work today on educational films about biology and nature, as I videotape the arrival of spring 2011, I feel I am finally returning to “the things that turned me on as a child.” Sometimes I think I am ONLY really

John Feldman



present when I am alone listening to and watching (usually with a camera) the diverse array of organisms that is life.

*Camper, 1963-1966*  
*Staff member, 1967-70*

## GRETA LYNT BEVIL

**B**urgundy Center for Wildlife Studies is a true retreat in every sense of the word.

As a camper I enjoyed such peace and reflection that I remember it fondly even today, 18 years later. The policy of no electronic devices and the simple ways of living and conserving really taught me to value what we are given in this life.

I will never forget the weekend I came home after spending a session at BCWS in the summer. Everything looked different to me. Things I had never noticed before became illuminated. For example, I had been studying tree identification at BCWS and when I came back to my home in Virginia, I started to notice the different patterns in the leaves in our yard—which I had never really paid attention to before.

I started to appreciate the value of hot water and air conditioning, but also that I could live without them and it wasn't such a big deal.

I got a better understanding of the natural world around me and instead of viewing bees as an annoyance or a threat, I started to understand why they did what they did and it no longer bothered me that they would fly around me and even land on my arm, whereas before it really freaked me out.

I started to value the good things



Laura and David Cunningham

in people and focus more on their strengths than their weaknesses as we did in the “put ups” we would give our friends at camp. The whole atmosphere of BCWS is one of a positive, reflective, interactive, and eye opening way of living that changed my perspective on life and is something I will never forget.

*Camper, 1993-4*

## LAURA CUNNINGHAM

**I**f you want to end war and stuff you've got to SING. LOUD. And SORT your recyclables,” says Arlo Guthrie by way of Vini Schoene. So I spent the summers of my formative years breaking down corrugated cardboard and mindfully scrubbing compost buckets. There are fewer refrigerator-sized cardboard boxes in my life these days, but I can still convince bosses that the office will not be carried away by rats if we compost, and I can still exhort roommates/coworkers/spouses to SORT. If they want to end war and stuff.

*Camper, 1989 – 96*  
*Staff member, 1998 - 2005*

## ALISA PEARSON

Last night in my favorite restaurant here in Vienna, Austria, a friend described his thoughts on addressing the Big Things that haunt us: i.e., the horror and destructiveness of industrialized food, the holocaustian blindness of our culture's gluttonous energy "habit"....

He said you have to take it down piece by piece, place by place in your own life; people may watch and share or even be inspired by your vision and that can improve the world. Those who created BCWS have done that for me.

Before BCWS the worry was there, the seed in my thinking that this can't be the way to live: forced to be part of a great, stupid destructive humanity. But, what to do?

Love the world, said the Cove. Sit on the grass. Feel the air on your skin. Swing on the tire in front of an old chestnut barn and ponder old trees. Watch the goldfinch dip against a blue sky. Marvel at the varied society of wild animals that would appear at dusk to reclaim their field, the day that the children went home from camp: the deer, the barred owls, the groundhog, the field mice, the fox. Embrace humility; sit and be small and safe during Reflections in a big wise world. What a relief, what a source of real sustaining strength that is.

Though I came to BCWS as a staff member and cook in my early 20's, I was a student, a camper for the first time. I drank crisp unchlorinated water, met frogs and salamanders, snapping turtles, red

wing black birds, made peace with ground bees, learned to love the rat snake who replaced the field mice that redecorated my sweaters and embroidery thread. When Johnny and the boys wrote to Kjell Sandved and he miraculously appeared with his mercury lights to illuminate the aforementioned field for us the following summer, uncovering a gorgeous world of night insects--the Cecropia, the Luna moths, and many other smaller but no less spectacular creatures living right there under our noses, miracle of Nature's bounty—I now realize I was forever changed:

I understood then that Nature isn't gone, found only in books and zoos and South America, it's always here, with us.

Artist Anna Hepler's stunning insect art that hung so casually on doors and walls all over camp helped me grasp this world too: realer than real, their close-up beauty helped me to understand why I love this world so.

And crepuscular walks! Genius. (The richest music in our children's opera, *The Bug Opera*, is the "Crepuscular Quartet"—all from BCWS: the [Luna moth] Caterpillar,



Alisa Pearson in *The Bug Opera*

Mosquito, Dung Beetle and Paper Wasp sing in all-out Strauss-ian opulence about the coming night. Crepuscular walks meant going out into a cooling, darkening blue night, when one was otherwise always turning away to go inside, to walk and walk and walk, murmuring, listening, together hearing our footsteps over stone and grass and earth. These long walks across the fields and forests meant feeling that shift into the other wider shape, the night. And the silver-water sound of the wood-thrush ringing around us was more perfect art illuminating the meaning of this world with crystal clarity.

*It all calls out: Love the world. With all your heart. With all your strength. With everything that you have.*

*Staff member, 1990-91*

## THEA MILLS

Cove, carpool, crackers

Crumbs in creases make us giggle.

Will we swim, collect algae, catch newts, write in our journals at the Cove?

Are we there yet?

*Camper 2008-present*



*Clockwise from top left:*

Building the new fishing dock with David Sicree (center, in blue shirt)

Forming the Appalachians with Bob Ward

Jack Schaffener and Jon Ustun  
Nature journaling

Takemi Kawamoto

*Clockwise from right:*

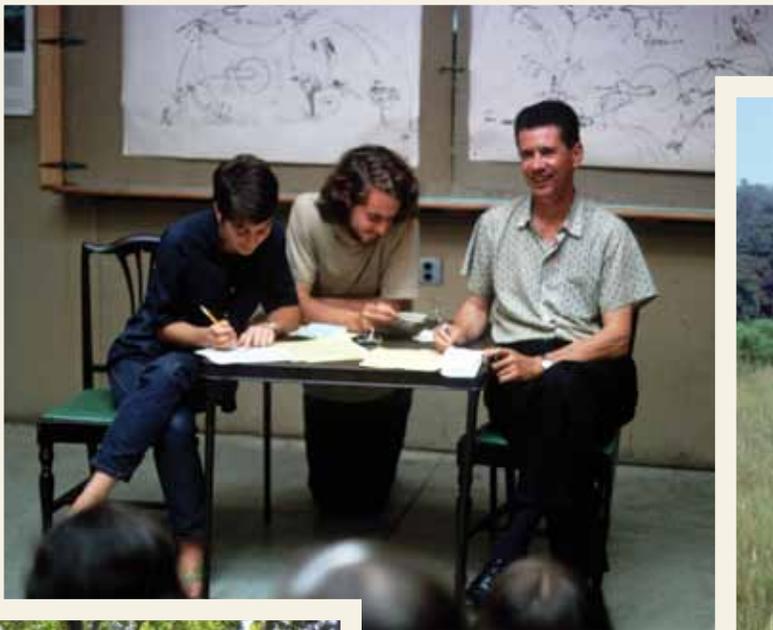
Holly Wagner,  
Jim Shiflett,  
and Chandler S.  
Robbins

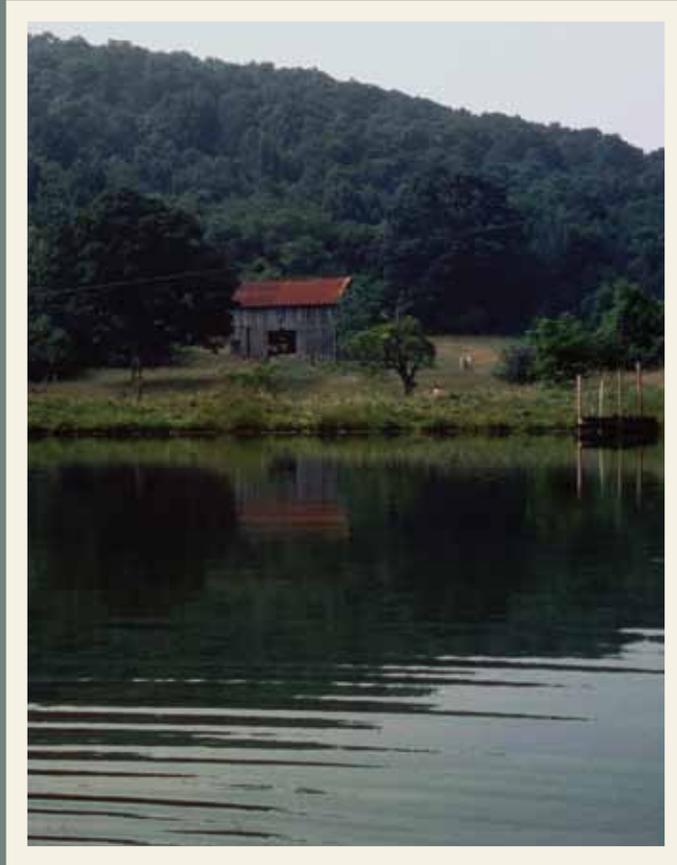
John Trott

Izzy Meredith

Gracie Kroeger  
with campers at  
the lagoon

Shirley Briggs  
leading discussion  
Canopy walkway





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