Volume 05, Issue 5 "Promoting our Divisions " August 10th, 2005

THE GENEVA GEMS

Nostalgia Night Fills Meeting House, Jogs Memories, Warms Hearts

The Meeting House was filled last evening with campers joyfully reviewing the past decades of Winni life. Thanks to an amazingly comprehensive video, compiled from campers' submissions by Charlie and Sheldon Soper, the community was transfixed by visions of years past. The time-travel effect was enhanced by a number of photo albums at the back of the hall. Many thanks to all who contributed images for viewing, and a special set of kudos to the Sopers' monumental effort. (Sheldon reported receiving over 90 gigabytes of material—over 100 hours of actual footage!) Those interested in obtaining a copy should speak with Sheldon.

Dock Road Campfire

Lou Weeks: "Don't Ask Me, I'm Sticking It to the Union"

Special thanks to Lou Weeks for leading a discussion regarding the current split and conflicts in American Union Movement. Previous reports by the GEMS that cited the conflict being centered over "tastes great" versus "less filling" appear to have greatly oversimplified the matter. Apparently the issues are more complex. A strong turnout at the campfire indicates that interest in unions is still strong here at NNESRE despite the fact we have a difficult time even organizing a softball game.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING EVENTS

6:30 Da HOOT! – *Chapel*
8:30 – 10:00 CAMP STORE OPEN
9:00 Dancing in the Barn with Dotti and Barb

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"Montego Bay" Trivia

We all know it—those familiar strains that initiate a line-dancing frenzy in the Barn. But how well do we REALLY know it? What **are** the lyrics? Think you know any of them? Dust off those synaptic pathways, then check your memory with the actual verses printed at the back of this issue. Thanks to Barb Siftar for sharing the words that stir our shoes.

The Watch "Watch" is Over!

Katie Smith Saves Face….

Katie Wilcox-Smith and her birthday watch have been reunited thanks to the keen, eagle eye of Bob Siftar, Jr. Bob's was apparently scouring the green for a lost, favorite bottle cap when he came across the face of Katie's watch. Thanks to all who helped in the search – Katie is once again a very happy little girl!
-- Charlie Smith

REMINDER: Trustees meet tomorrow at 4PM in the Meeting House.

Camping Area Sing-A-Long Rocks

Last night's bonfire in the camping area hosted record crowds as the throng nestled in to hear great music and enjoy the near perfect cool evening weather we have had this week. Lindy Hearne, Lynn Adler, Wes Gundersen, Bill Milford, Chris Peters, Jonathan Turgeon, Paul DiTucci, Ben Hawthorne, Kate Hearne and a multitude of others led the folk song army in pretty much every song ever written. Of particular note, Wes Gundersen's "Space Cowboy" moved the masses (nearly to another campfire, but they were moved nonetheless). Thanks to all who came, sang and played. T'was another glorious night at Winni.

*The GEMS has received several kudos for the campfire sing-a-long from campers who appreciated being lulled to sleep by fine singing. Not a complaint heard yet.

THURSDAY MENU

Breakfast: Quiche squares, hash browns.

Lunch: Chicken chow mein, veggie eggrolls, veggie chow mein, fried rice.

Dinner: Salisbury steak, zucchini, mashed potatoes with gravy, stuffed portabella mushrooms.

Power Lunch

Join the executive director of Geneva Point, Jess Schload, for lunch in the fireside dining room at noon on Thursday to learn more about what's new and improved at GPC and hear about future building projects. Three martini limit.

Who's Playing Cabin Dress-up?

Believe it or not, but there are those among us not satisfied with the rooming décor provided by the Center upon arrival. These intrepid souls, no doubt encouraged by the growing number of home improvement shows ("Garage Takeover" comes most immediately to mind), have taken upon themselves the awesome challenge of converting their camp lodgings into habitable, yea even hospitable living spaces. Curtains on the inside, designer lighting on the outside is only the beginning for these intrepid interpreters of domicile design.

While such examples of accommodation beautification are visible throughout the camp, we take special note of the apparent "clash of the cabins" currently underway between Pennsylvania and New Jersey in State Line. We are impressed by this extraordinary commitment to healing our design differences in the context of unbridled "my stoop is prettier than your stoop" competition. What will they stoop to next, we wonder?

Which leads us to…

THE GEMS TOP TEN LIST OF PREFERRED ACCOMMODATION IMPROVEMENTS

10. Toilets that flush.
9. Showers that shower.
8. Screens that screen.
7. Doors that shut.
6. Doors that open.
5. Leashes for uninvited vermin.
4. Two words: Glade® Plug-ins.
3. Wider variety of mold spores.
2. Wrecking ball swinging along Dock Road.
1. Kevin Smith and a "Habitat for Humanity" crew showing up for work.

And the Nominees are…

Well, the envelopes are empty, and will remain so unless the NNESRE leadership team hears from you! There are lots of jobs to be done here at Winni. Do you have an idea, or a willingness to serve in ANY of the roles, from Ed School staff to chaplain to dean to evening coordinator to trustee? While not all positions come up for filling every year, the process of generating names of willing campers is ongoing and vital to the health of our conference. Please give some thought to the way(s) in which you or someone you know might be able to serve, and reach out to one of the following folks:

Lelly Smith—Chairman, Board of Trustees
Kevin Weston—Program Chair
Robert Campbell—Chair, Nominating Committee
Don Quinlan – Nominating Committee
Chuck Bates—Nominating Committee
Debbie Rowe—Nominating Committee

PROGRAM AND EVALUATIONS MEETING, TOMORROW

Our great selection of this year's classes was brought to you in part by the ideas and suggestions provided by last year's program meeting that occurred during conference week "04." That was when anybody; camper, trustee, (or other), came with ideas and suggestions for us to pursue for adult classes this year. Therefore, our great selection of this year's classes was brought to you in part, by …….YOU!! Sooooooooo…

There will be a program and evaluations meeting tomorrow, Thursday, at 1:30PM on the side porch of the Meeting House. This is open to everybody interested to do again what you help us do so well. So please: attend, suggest, be a part.
-- Kevin Weston

Look to This Day

Here is the lovely grace that Frances Sink treated us to yesterday:

Look to this day!
For it is the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendor of beauty,
For yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow is only a vision;
But today, well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day.

Winni Historical Society

On the 2nd floor of the Meeting House, the Winni Archives has been established and is awaiting your contribution of Winni paraphernalia that will enable generations to come to understand what your Winni experience has been like. Presently, we have flyers, course descriptions, biographical information, GEMS, and photos.

What we would like to have is on-going source of materials that will help us to document our Winni experience. Course instructors – perhaps you could provide a sample outline of your course or materials used; if it is a creative course, perhaps a sample of work created. Pictures of special events, your recollections, etc. all are things that we can use and hopefully duplicate so we can make them available for viewing on the Winni website.

Please bring materials to the 2nd floor of the Meeting House. If you have questions, suggestions, or would like to volunteer to help, please speak with Hesung Chun Koh and/or Barbara Raymond.

Reiki Undercover –Special to the Geneva GEMS

As the GEMS keeps its finger on the pulse of the camp's life blood, rarely have we seen the ire and irony raised to such a skeptical level as the response to the Reiki class being offered by Lisa Coleman and Leslie Dockendorff. The buzz around camp has been deafening as people ask "What is Reiki?", "How is it performed?", "Which of the massage tables came from Al Milford and where is the bleach?", "Does it hurt?" and/or "Does it help with digestional tract problems and can I get an appointment after dinner?"

The GEMS sent its special "60 Seconds" undercover unit to find out. Whilst we understand there have been cult-like ceremonies utilized in the class (A coincidence that we had chicken last night for dinner? We think not….), we were nonetheless able to penetrate the seemingly impervious protective core of the group and get the Reiki experience – first hand(s), if you know what we mean.

Our first job was to scam the scammers, so we sent out our staff all over the campus, armed with skepticism, various physical maladies, and x-rays and medical records to back it up. This was made easy by the fact that one of your GEMS editors is a medical student and can write the jargon and the first and second grade class are doing their "Fun with Medical Devices" theme and the kids had been shooting X-Rays of each other all day.

Whilst strolling the lower campus, I was able to catch the eye of one of the Reikites with a sour attitude and feigned painful posture made believable by the lunch experienced 30 minutes earlier. We bantered back n' forth re: the powers of Reiki in a highly intellectual discourse – "Can too!" "Can not!" etc. But within seconds, I had reeled her in, hook, line, and sinker and was invited to have the Reiki experience. As I prepared myself, I wondered if this GEMS reporter would ever be able to return to the squalor of the GEMS office and breathe its stale air again. But, for the love of a good story and the consistent lack of content for Wednesday's edition, I sallied forth.

I expected to go down Dock Road into a smoked filled opium den of iniquity but was surprised to find myself led to the dollar side of campus, into the main lobby of Gibbes House. "What kind of bourgeois scam is going on here?" I thought to myself. Massage tables were neatly lined up like lambs to the slaughter. I knew if I got on top of one of those things there was no coming back. But I couldn't resist. The smell of clean Egyptian 300 thread count cotton filled the air (this is Gibbes house after all, where sheets are changed every quarter hour and where as a child, I would sneak in to in order to grab the thin mints off the pillows…) and I was lulled by the hypnotic tones of my Reikite.

"You want to hop up there?" she said? I fell. Hook, line, and sinker. She was a striking woman who knew both sides of the street, if you know what I mean. She said her name was "Smith" – I called her "Cathy". I had heard all the Reikites were Smiths or Jones but this one knew my name like we had been friends for years.

I lay on my back looking up to the ceiling fans in Gibbes House and thought "There is no going back now. Sweet mother of Margaret, what have I done?" I closed my eyes and simply repeated "Do it for the readers, do it for the readers."

Well, my friends, truth be told… it was remarkable. No words were spoken, no cash exchanged – yet for a half hour that seemed like three – I felt like a rechargeable Eveready battery back in the charging unit getting its cells slowly energized. She started with putting her hands over my eyes. While I anticipated my wife's standard line of "Who's your momma?", she quietly just focused her attention and energy on me. I felt warmth, heat and started to spin

with questions – "How is this heat being generated?", "What power is she drawing from?" and "Does the Gibbes cable have the Discovery Animal channel?"

She moved her hands to the side of my head over my ears and I started to hear the loud buzz of a 747 engine. While I had heard the dishwasher in Gibbes was exceptional, I couldn't believe it could crank out these decibels. When she covered the other ear, I heard the high-pitched sound of an ancient animal call. And while I had heard that the cloning lab in Gibbes was going strong, I knew it was premature for them to have product.

She continued to cradle my head, my neck, shoulder, and various parts of my body – all of which could have been openly discussed on PBS in the morning. As she moved through each area, a warmth and calm energy resided. By the time she was done, I did not feel energetic -like I was charged up and ready to go. But I did feel like I had experienced an extraordinary internal massage and was basking in the resilient calm that permeates after such an experience.

As I laid there at the conclusion, I heard her move behind me and reach into a sheath. "Sweet father of Bob, I'm done for now" cause even the calming energy of the universe can't knock out a smartly refined paranoia that I've worked hard for years to develop. Expecting the final fury of a blade, I instead heard the swishing of feathers lighting up my person. I felt lighter. I felt complete. Stick a fork in me and call me "done."

I thanked Ms. "Smith" and walked to beach area with an oddly calm assurance like you have after your car gets tuned up at almost any place except Sears. Things seemed in place. I felt no desire to be anyone or anything besides who I am. I sat centered on the beach. My child approached me, wet n' cold. She cradled into my lap and hunkered down. I breathed, she breathed. It was a lovely day at the beach.

Swimmi Spaces Still Available!

Swimmers and Boaters Sign up Now

The ever-popular Winni Swimmi will take place tomorrow morning. Swimmers will flock to the Council Ring Beach at 6:15 and, in a sort of reverse Normandy landing, hit the water at 6: 30 for a one mile swim in the open lake. Ed Cunningham and Din Stevens will probably swim their usual 1.5 mile course due to apparently incurable asymmetry of stroke mechanics.

If you're too late to get a coveted swimmer slot, you may still sign up to be a boater and escort swimmers along the course. Sign-up list is on the Inn Porch. Please indicate whether you will be participating with or without a suit.

More Superheroes of Winni

Sleep Man – Attends each evening event at Winni slumped over in his folding chair in a hypnogogic state, waking occasionally to frantically strum guitar or ask a controversial question before drifting off again.

The Invisible Woman – Disappears for hours at a time, sorely missed by her family, often seen as the sidekick of the Jo Jo Flash, she protects gift shops and outlet malls from harm.

Sensitive Man – This hero has a tee shirt for every sentiment, walks softly and carries no stick.

You@.What?

Please check the Winni email list posted on the Inn Porch and make any necessary corrections/ additions.

31 Flavors of Thank You!

Special thanks to the Scoop Shop folks who helped out last night: Jon Arnold, Susie Hawthorne, Kevin Weston, Derrick Hall, and Katie Rowe. They proved they could really dish it out with the best of them and the Camp Staff really appreciated the time off. Also, special thanks to Beth LeBar, our perennial on-duty safety nurse for her great care of our Winni campers.

A Limerick** From Cynthia Russett

A young evangelical, Binney,
Found joy in the fishes at Winni:
"For they do proclaim
My revivalist's name
*They are wondrous and comely and Finney.**"

*Charles Grandison Finney, famed 19th c. evangelical revivalist
** We don't get it, either.

Reiki Takes Edge off GEMS

GEMS Editor Disabled

We've all seen them by now: blissed-out, dopey campers who are clearly under the influence. (Of Reiki, we mean.) GEMS Editor Bill Milford decided to investigate Reiki for himself and yesterday underwent a 30-minute treatment with Cathy Smith. (See story, p 4-5). While the treatment seems to have been pleasurable for him, it has jeopardized his ability to turn out the kind of hard-hitting journalism GEMS readers have been led to expect. We warn readers not to take Reiki lightly. You should not plan to operate heavy machinery or make cutting wisecracks for several days after treatment. Also, there is a risk that if your aura becomes too energized and expansive, you may spontaneously combust.

What, it's *not* 'Slow, slow, quick-quick, quick?"

While we hate to dispel the mystique of what might be considered the *Louie, Louie* of Dance the Dance, here, courtesy of Barb Siftar, are the honest-to-goodness lyrics of perennial favorite, ***Montego Bay:***

Vernon'll meet me when the Boac lands
Keys to the MG will be in his hands
Adjust to the driving 'n' I'm on my way
It's all on the right side in Montego Bay

Sing out
Whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-whoa-oh, oh-oh, ooooh
Whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-whoa-oh, oh-oh, ooooh
Come sing me La
Come sing me Montego Bay
Whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-whoa-oh, oh-oh, ooooh

'N' Gillian'll meet me like a brother would
I think I remember but it's twice as good
Like how cool the rum is from his silver tray
I thirst to be thirsty in Montego Bay

Sing out
Whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-whoa-oh, oh-oh, ooooh
Whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-whoa-oh, oh-oh, ooooh
Come sing me La
Come sing me Montego Bay
Whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-whoa-oh, oh-oh, ooooh

I'll lay on a lilo till I'm lobster red
I still feel the motion here at home in bed
I tell you it's hard for me to stay away
You ain't been 'till you been high in Montego Bay

Sing out
Whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-whoa-oh, oh-oh, ooooh
Whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-whoa-oh, oh-oh, ooooh
Come sing me La
Come sing me Montego Bay
Whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-whoa-oh, oh-oh, ooooh