Monday, August 4th, 2014 *"Much ado about nothing"* **Vol. 14 Issue 3**

THE GENEVA GEMS

Tonight's Schedule

6:45 Evening watch -- *Chapel*
7:30 Weston Campfire – *Council Ring*
9:00 Dancing in the Barn

The View From the Stage

BarbnBillnChrisnLynnnLindynJoannen ChrisnMaxnTucker 2.0
Young People Kick It Up A Notch

A folk revival with a touch of a blues festival sprung forth last night in the Chapel as the annual Folk Fest was enriched by talented multigenerational musicians in the camp. Barb Siftar, Bill Milford, Chris Peters, Lynn Adler, Lindy Hearne, Chris Ross (on upright bass!) and Max Kaye (guitar) powered up the stage with a River Medley that included *Peace is Flowing Like A River, I've Got Peace Like A River,* and the spiritual newcomer, *Proud Mary.*

Dipping our toes in the river water only made us go from the profound to the absurd with the fanciful, *My Life is Like a River* – which asked the musical question "Don't Ask Me What's the Capital of Idaho". The answer? "I dunno…"

Bill Milford then celebrated all relationships, old and new, and of all types with an original composition called *Blessings of Love.* Chris Peters mused on his own path pondering not only relationships, but caterers, in his composition *Paul and Eddy's Pizza Pipe Dream.* Lynn Adler and Lindy Hearne then commanded the stage with their expert musicianship and harmony in the title tune from their new recording, *Second Nature,* and followed that with a delightful musical trip to the Gulf of Mexico in *Salty Town.*

Then the Regal Ruler of All Things Round – Joanne Hammil – joined Barb Siftar and Chris Peters for a complex and often antagonistic conversation in *I'm Trying to Explain* – where exactly what she was trying to say was: *I'm trying to explain something that you don't seem to get, I'm saying it in many different ways and yet, It doesn't seem to register cause you still don't agree, So I'll write in an email and I'll word it brilliantly! Then you'll know that I am right and stop your vacuous objections; and you'll finally see my logic and feel all my deep affection.* Yep, just like she said…

Barb then wowed the crowd with her poignant, pitch perfect presentation of *And So It Begins*, a brilliant lyrical and melodic composition – born of Winni – written in last year's songwriting class with Lynn and Lindy. Let these lyrics wash upon you: *And so it begins, said the breeze to the trees, Let's dance again, Just you and me… Been waiting for you, Said the stars to the loon, Come fly with me – don't tell the moon…. Let's dance again, Toes in sand, again, Hand in hand again, And so it begins… Welcome home, Said the earth to the child, Here you can grow, Free and wild… Let's dance again, Toes in sand, again, Hand in hand again, And so it begins…* 'Twas brilliant accompaniment by Lindy on nylon string guitar – the perfect jazz hand to hold this song.

Lynn then led the crowd in a lovely and moving composition entitled *Send Them Love* which practiced the art of being musically mindful of those in need. Chris then presented an awesome vocal and guitar performance in articulating the uncertainty of the disciple who just wasn't sure, in the Nickel Creek song, *Doubting Thomas.* The harmonies were as abundant as the skepticism…

Barb then led the crowd in a song that not only reflected the camp theme, but reminded us of the

long legacy of this concert with "Common Ground" – as another generation of young people graced the stage to lead this song that was also performed around 15 years ago by another generation of young people who are now in College and are role models for leading Montego Bay. Special thanks to Celia Nicholson, Sonia Nicholson, and Carmen Siftar for leading and inspiring us in this wonderful song which proclaimed: *Lift up your voice, Rejoice in what we've found, Let every heart take refuge in the sound, Feel the walls around us crumble, We will surely bring them down, And find ourselves on common ground… And find ourselves on common ground.*

Then the crowd was treated to a big ol' heaping of blues in the Adler and Hearne tune, *Soup's On.* Tucker Hemphill took the stage with a Stratocaster and amp and proceeded to shred the closing song with tasty licks that made this soup's recipe extra spicy n' hot. A standing O greeted him once he slayed the tune into submission.

Despite their weariness, the musicians weren't even able to leave the stage because of the demands for an encore which seemed to go for seconds before they enthusiastically agreed – that indeed, we were not done here. So with Tucker and Chris Ross still in tow, Max Kaye joined the onstage guitar army for a rousing version of *This Land is Your Land*, completing the evening as it had begun – in an acoustic folk bliss – with the harmony of hundreds, and a caring community in great voice. Thanks to all for a wonderful show!

For those receiving the GEMS via the electronic Winni intravenous line of the internet – you can preview, enjoy, and purchase (!) Lynn and Lindy's new CD *Second Nature* by clicking: http://adlerandhearne.bandcamp.com/album/second-nature-3 . And Bill has attached, gratis, to your Monday GEMS, a previous recording he has done of *Blessings of Love.* Enjoy!

Wear Your Body Armor

Joel Garrett fails in his gazelle impersonation…

Our GEMS insiders report that Joel Garrett was the recipient of the "other" trip that people take from camp besides the journey to JoJo's… the Lakes Regional Hospital. Some have said that Joel slipped while attempting to impersonate his son Ben and hop from stone to stone on the boulders leading to the parking lot. Whilst Joel believes that he is the first camper to violate Greg Widman's first (and only) rule about not doing anything stupid, we believe that he's just the first one we've heard about.

Hoda Hosts Adler and Hearne

Be there – in New Haven – On Sept 13th

Winni friends are invited to our Coffeehouse on September 13 featuring our own Adler and Hearne? Here's the link: http://events.r20.constantcontact.com/register/event?oeidk=a07e943ikamee8398e2&llr=feobpacab

Déjà vu - All Over Again

The GEMS Have Been Crashing For Years

The GEMS Editors were lovingly notified by Sue Hartley that production problems are a tradition in the GEMS office. She recalled the horror of 1985 when the *mimeograph* machine broke down. In them thar days, you had one chance to type something correctly onto the coveted mimeograph paper – which was then affixed to machine. Toxic fluids were added and then copies were handcranked out into soppy piles. The machine broke down and the GEMS had the humbling experience of having to go to Camp Robindel for print. So remember to bless the editors *and* the machines in the GEMS' office.

Lilliam Pancorbo remembers…. Some of these from 1997
Front row: Andy Arellano, Emily Seaman, Rachel Brady, Ari Poole
Middle row: Ana (Pancorbo) Sanders, unidentified (help us out), Kristen Fellows
Top row: Leslie Hawthorne, Gwen Martins, Jessica Dockendorff

News from The Winni Web
Outsiders Check In

From Jan White and Chris: Bless the internet!! Getting the GEMS this week is the next best thing to being there (nowhere near as good, but a lot better than nothing). I can relive all our trips to Winni with each report on classes or swimming or dancing or even porch potato-ing (glad to know the rockers are being kept oiled, Jon)! Here in SE England we are enjoying uncharacteristic warm, sunny weather—even though it doesn't come close to the warm of the Inn's third floor. I send you all warm thoughts of hot tea and warm crumpets to cool you down (no, I've never bought that mythology, either)!! Thanks so much for all the cheer.

From Ron and Judy Offutt: It's great to read the GEMS!! Thanks for sharing. I guess the Mike Nizzen jabs got old, but the need to flush regularly and often has not. Miss all of you and the fun and fellowship you will share this week. Mary plans to arrive late on Thursday and Adam may be joining her. All four of us have allowed our work to get in the way of Winni Week ... hope to change that in the coming years. Peace and blessings to all.

About Last Night
…and about tonight, and tomorrow night

From your Evening Coordinators…
The show left us in ecstasy from the first river medley to Tucker's smoking guitar finale. The crowd was flowing to the beat and we were amazed that Bill could do it again. Thanks also of course to Lynn Adler, Lindy Hearne, Joanne Hammil, Chris Peters, Chris Ross, Max Kaye and of course the fabulous Barb.

And special appreciation for the sound production from the ever-present and always on call:
Kevin Weston!

Thanks to Barb for leading the Barn dancing last night! She's indispensable, she's omnipresent, and she's light on her feet. Barb was heard uttering praise and thanks to Jon Arnold for spinning the discs and allowing for more time to instruct us on all the latest moves.

Thanks to Laine Harris for sharing his band's documentary "Brasslands". It was artfully done and well received.

Tonight…It's the Weston Campfire at the Council Ring. Though Tom Weston is not available to lead us, Westons are coming out of the woodwork and are determined to honor the family name. And as always, bring your carefully honed marshmallow-toasting stick for the S'moregasbord to follow!

Heads up for tomorrow afternoon…Len Raymond will have a meeting of the minds at 4:00

on the Meeting House porch. Be on the lookout for an informational poster to follow.
At 5:00 tomorrow (just before dinner) we will have a cross-pollination of neighborhoods as we gather near the Inn porch for your favorite games. If you have Corn Hole, Scrabble, Frisbee, checkers, etc. then come on out and recreate with us as we bask in the togetherness of Winni.

Memorial Service on Wednesday

Per Winni tradition, Wednesday's service will be the annual Memorial Service, held at 1:30 at the Council Ring. Interested people can gather at 1:15 to gather pine needles for the service. This year we will remember, in particular, Al Raymond, Peggy Whittmore, Cynthia Russett, and Audrey Manfredi. Transportation to the Council Ring will be provided for those who need it. Please see the Dean if you will need transportation.

Can We Talk?

There will be an open camp-wide conversation about alcohol at camp and our collective values. The discussion for adults over 21 will be on Tuesday at 2 in the barn. The discussion for all ages will be on Thursday at 3.

There was an argument when all of a sudden a softball game broke out

Annual festival of bad sportsmanship set for Wednesday

This year's softball game (for teens and up) will be held on Wednesday at 2:00 (after the memorial service) at the ball field across the street from the main administration building. If you have a glove, bring it. If you have a grudge, bring it. If you have any talent then bring that, too. Believe us; you'll be in select company.

Accu-Winni Weather

Tonight: Low of 60F. Chance of rain 40%.
Tomorrow: Sunny early. Scattered thunderstorms developing later in the day. High 83F. Chance of rain 60%.
Wed: Showers possible. Highs in the mid 70s and lows in the upper 50s.

Tuesday Menu:

Breakfast:
GPC Breakfast Bar
Buttermilk Pancakes
Crispy Bacon
Hard boiled eggs
Fresh Baked Banana Muffins

Lunch:
Soup du Jour
GPC Salad Bar
Grilled Cheese Varieties:
Cheese & Tomato, Ham & Cheese
Three bean salad
Oven Crisp French Fries
Fresh Baked Cookies

Dinner:
Chicken Tikka Masala
Aromatic Brown Rice (you name the aroma!)
Fresh Broccoli and Cauliflower Medley
Fresh Baked Breadstick
Coffee Glazed Gingerbread
Vegetarian Option: Tandoori Tofu

Joke-off Preview

No need to wait for Friday night. Robin Ogden brings us the following:
A 54 year old woman had a heart attack and was taken to the hospital. While on the operating table she had a near death experience.

Seeing God, she asked 'Is my time up?'

God said, 'No, you have another 43 years, 2 months and 8 days to live.'

Upon recovery, the woman decided to stay in the hospital and have a face-lift, liposuction, breast implants and a tummy tuck. She even had someone come in and change her hair color and brighten her teeth! Since she had so much more time to live, she figured she might as well make the most of it.

After her last operation, she was released from the hospital. While crossing the street on her way home, she was killed by an ambulance.

Arriving in front of God, she demanded, 'I thought you said I had another 43 years? Why didn't you pull me from out of the path of the ambulance?'

God replied: 'I didn't recognize you.'

Lock your (Bathroom) Doors at Lakeview Lodge

Housekeeping wants your trash, now!

It can be hard to get a quiet moment to yourself at Winni -- especially in recent mornings down at Lakeview Lodge. We are hearing reports of overzealous housekeeping staff busting in on campers in the middle of their private post-breakfast personal hygiene routines (ahem). The staff wants your trash and they want it *now*, be you indisposed or not. And they have your key. So be forewarned and maybe put your trash can outside the door before you go about your business. And lock the bathroom door - just in case.

Further Doings at Lakeview Lodge

A key, a key, her kingdom for a key

Carolyn Allenby arrived at camp last evening, road weary from a couple of months of hectic travel and glad to settle in one place for a week. She picked up her key, dropped her things in her unlocked room at Lakeview Lodge, locked the door behind her, and went on about her evening. Unfortunately, the key she had picked up was for Lake View Cabin 4 and she is staying in Lake View Lodge 4. When she returned to the Lodge to retire after an evening of dance, she found that her key did not fit the lock in her door.

The simple solution was just to bunk with Ken Cheek in Lake View Cabin 4, but as Carolyn was heading over to Ken's, Cathy Smith happened by on a golf cart valet run, so she drove Carolyn back up to the campus to try to sort the matter out. They conferred with Business Manager Leslie Dockendorff, who had no key to offer. They inquired whether Reinaldo Cruz could carve a new key for them, but he couldn't pick up a key vibe from any of the nearby trees. Eventually they resorted to the on call staff pager and were rescued. Turns out, they should have just dropped by the staff cabins with a hot tip about uncollected trash in LVL4. The door would have been opened pronto!

Welcome, Carolyn. Glad you're here and settled in.

Winni Style Report

Letter beads on the way out?

We've noticed fewer folks wearing beaded name necklaces this year. Don't know if this is because the current bead supply will only spell names like Jcyzna or Fzrgd or whether style marches on leaving letter beads in its wake. We've noticed the punkish tape-tab and marker nametags now showing up, as well as a larger number of people going around unlabelled. One trending idea: henna your name across your neck or forehead. It will last the week and no more forgetting your nametag!

Schedule in Motion

More quick changes from Allie Bruch

Haiku class slot one
Now gathering no longer
Come slot 3 instead

Name The Mascot

Chewy? Bucky?

Diane Soper and Alycia Kauffman pose with "The Beav"

We learned last year of the many mysterious doings of the Campground mascot beaver, who seems to be on the scene of all important goings-on here. GEMS and NNESRE tech hero, Derrick Hall, is looking for a name for the beloved mascot. Please speak up with your suggestions!

Do A Good Deed

Your Reward Will be in the Scoop Shop

Leslie Dockendorff lost her Laramar earring. Please keep your eyes open for it. The person who finds and returns it will receive a Gift Certificate to the Scoop Shop – and Leslie's heartfelt gratitude.

WANTED: Laramar earring. Last seen on earlobe of the Business Manager.

"Old ladies" Attempting Jo-Jo's Run

And they never returned, no they never returned….

Shelly Stackhouse and Deb Gundersen ("old ladies" per Shelly) planned a round-trip run from GPC to Jo-Jo's this afternoon. They weren't sure they were going to make it all the way. Plan B was just to run one way, then split a sub and a six pack in the parking lot. One snag in plan B: they were going to run without cell phones or wallets.

If Deb and Shelly don't appear at dinner, a search party will be organized.

Strange sighting at Sunday morning breakfast

Aliens looking an awful lot like the youth staying at Pasture Line and Chapel Line were spotted at breakfast Sunday morning. Since it is well known that the majority of that crew does not know what a morning at Winni would look like, here are the Vegas odds that the actual humans in which those aliens were impersonating will arrive at a breakfast before camp ends:

Melissa Goldstein: 3-1 but that's because it's her first year at camp. Once she realizes that the food doesn't get any better the odds go up to 30-1.
Collin Morrissey: 1-5. Take my word on this one. He's all about breakfast.
Meredith Smith: 5-2. Has brought a newbie to camp and will feel the need to subject him to as much pain as possible.
Haley Nisson: 7-1. More responsible than her brothers but she's still a Nisson.
Eric Nisson: 99-1. Usually isn't spotted around camp until the crack of noon.

Deanna Finlayson: 8-1. She's fallen in with a bad crowd.
Monica Seaman: 4-1. Used to getting up early to beat the afternoon Mexican sun.
Matt Brady: 12-1. One of the annoying Nisson brothers will probably have to wake him up though.
Kyle McNeil: 50-1: And if he does show, he goes right back to bed until lunchtime.

Linda drops in (and brings fudge)!

Thoughts from the Inn

Limerick:
There once was a girl from BelAire
Who, though not pretty, donned lovely gold hair.
When viewed from behind
Comments were kind.
Then folks called her the Belle from BelAire.

Haiku:
Incessant rain drops
Sing lullabies while I sleep
Nature's melodies

Kid's Corner:

Q: Where do you find good sandwiches in India?

Q: Which months have 28 days?

Q: What are the strongest days of the week?

A: Try New Delhi

A: All of them

A: Saturday and Sunday. All the rest are week (weak) days.

Random observations around camp

Sometimes wandering around aimlessly pays off

A pre-concert concert broke out on the Inn porch yesterday evening after supper. Henry Leap showed his impressive musical bloodline by beginning a solo performance on a stray bongo. Henry was soon joined by camp newcomer Aaron Schwartz in a stirring rendition of the Rolling Stones "Sympathy for the Devil". Not wanting to have the camp impromptu concert end on such a hellish note, the concert was wrapped up by a father and son jam by Travis and Harrison Leap. Between Carrie and Travis is there any doubt that Henry and Harrison will one day be on stage during a Coffee House?

Word has it that a fashion show breaks out daily down in College Row. Names shall remain withheld but rumor has it that the person in question is a relative of Imelda Marcos and has a hat for every occasion.

Old Loves, New Beauty

Reflections from Hamish Blackman

Old loves, remembered, are the polished stones
And sea glass of the heart.
There, the broken bits and pieces of what was,
And even of what might have been,
Here, the fragments of hopes and hurts,
Of fears and dreams.
Some we see but do not touch,
The ragged edges not yet rounded smooth.
Others we will gather up to treasure for
Their form and feel and coloring.
Turning these over in our hands
We wonder at the force that shapes
Such beauty from our brokenness, and
Makes that which was broken
Something wholly new.

Blank Page! Blank Page!

But fear not, Barb comes thru

I praise the dance, for it frees people
from the heaviness of matter and binds the
isolated to community.
I praise the dance, which demands everything:
health and a clear spirit and a buoyant soul.
Dance is a transformation of space, of time, of
people,
who are in constant danger of becoming all brain,
will, or feeling.
Dancing demands a whole person,
one who is firmly anchored in the center of his
life,
who is not obsessed by lust for people and things
and the demon of isolation in his own ego.
Dancing demands a freed person,
one who vibrates with the equipoise of all his
powers.
I praise the dance.
O man, learn to dance,
or else the angels in heaven will not know what to
do with you.
- Saint Augustine

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As Roseanne Rosannadanna would say:

Yes I can!

I'm OK, you're ok

I'm my own best friend

My mother myself

I have no fear of flyin'

I am woman hear me roar

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UBUNTU

Ubuntu is a word describing a particular African worldview:
"A person is a person through other persons", meaning that people can only find fulfillment through interacting with other people.
It represents a spirit of kinship across both race and creed which unites mankind to a common purpose.
Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu says, "Ubuntu is very difficult to render into a Western language.
It is perhaps best described as:
'My humanity is caught up, is inextricably bound up, in what is yours'."

More Haiku

They're babies no more
There they have Winni freedom
Many eyes take care

Piper Williams

And in closing

The Gems acknowledges that there was no mention of College Row in yesterday's article concerning the goings-on at camp. While one resident (who will remain anonymous but his name begins in a *Charlie* and ends in a *Soper*) ~~whined~~ voiced disappointment over the obvious slight, the consensus here is that nothing interesting goes on there. So, don't hide your light under a bushel, College Row. Or was that just your weak campfire we saw? Let us know what's going on (or would you prefer that we make something up like we do for everything else?).