

The Arts Camp of New England at Med-O-Lark



OLYMPIC CEREMONIES AND MEDOLARK COMMUNITY

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As many of you know, I am a bit of a Winter Sports nut. Much of this stems from the fact that I grew up watching both my parents Curl, and I myself Curl for Northwestern University's team. Yes, Curling. That winter sport most people only see every 4 years when the Winter Olympics rolls around, played on ice. Yes, the one with the brooms.

So it's no great surprise that I watched quite a bit of the Vancouver Olympics over the last few weeks. And while I do love the games, it's actually the Opening and Closing Ceremonies that I most enjoy. For the Opening Ceremonies, people from around the world gather and march into the stadium bearing the flags of their respective countries, as all of the delegations are invited into the start of the games. It reminds me so much of arrival day at camp when everyone arrives and one of the first questions we always ask is "where are you from?"

But it is what happens during the Closing Ceremonies that I think is most fascinating. As all of the athletes live, sleep, and eat together a certain kind of community is created. People from all over the world, from countries that are even at war with each other, together—as people—in a singular community. It goes right to the heart of the ideals behind the Olympics, a place where all people could come together in peace. The whole process comes to fruition during the Closing Ceremonies. In those final moments before the torch has been extinguished, after all the events are over, the community really comes together. During the Closing Ceremonies, all of the flags enter at once, followed by the mass of athletes in a mixed, integrated, single whole. Many nations, one community.

In those moments, who you are has triumphed over where you are from. It's a truly inspiring sight to watch, and, it always reminds me of what we do every summer at camp. From Arrival Day when everyone is first "where they are from," to Departure Day when people are "who they are," a magical community gets created. People arrive separately. But once there, people's flags are raised into the roof of the Coliseum, where they remain long after they have gone, as a symbol of integrating everyone into a singular, amazing Medolark Community.

And when it is time to go, friendships have been formed from the farthest reaches of the globe, friendships that transcend the political allegiances the world clings to, friendships that—just maybe—might one day challenge those same commitments in the name of something more, of perhaps even a peace based upon cherishing people as they truly are. It all starts at camp. Won't you join me?

-Jody Moser, editor, iMAGINE



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NEW YORK REUNION PICTURES!!!



NEW YORK REUNION PICTURES!!!



Med-O-Lark Voices—Words from the Community

The Road



By Katie Rank

“If only the world were more like a camp.” Thus reads the pamphlet which moved me to attend Camp Medolark three years ago.

If only the world were more like a camp. A quiet place nestled in the peaceful woods somewhere. Free from hatred. Free from obligations. Simply, free.

My world became more like a camp. I found the door. I stumbled upon it, turning its glowing knob cautiously, and watched the small dark space of my life open into a field of young people. The Woodstock of our generation; the dreams of our souls. The home we refer to as Camp Medolark.

Somewhere amid these nestled woods, the grassy knolls, the placid lake that sits silently in the early mornings of Maine, we Medolarkers loose ourselves. We shed ourselves of any expectations except to become better people. We play, we dance, and we work to Peter Paul and Mary’s hammer of justice, bell of freedom, and song of love. *It is not a person who forces us to work but rather something inside of us tells us that we must add a bit of our own personal selves in order to keep our beloved society running. We must protect its power of love, the very core of its being.*

Every society holds its own problems, Camp Medolark included. Yet, it manages to push past the typical issues of hatred and closed mindedness. In all essence, it’s a young person’s ideal world. But how is it possible to display the perfect world when every person’s ideal world is different?

Imagine this: you come across a small road diverging off the main street. After passing an old, white meeting house and the small wooden horse stables with a large pasture behind it, you walk down a long dirt road that finally expands into a large area of plush green grass, covered with trees, cabins, and people. The office at the end of the road holds a sign on it reading “Welcome Campers,” a subtle reminder of the “open to the new and the different” motto it follows. After that, the possibilities are endless. You follow the planked wooden path and become overcome by what you see, hear, feel, and breathe. Graceful dancing feet gently tap the theatre floor. Students creating various works of art casually labor on the porches of the various little buildings, and the faint sound of a person playing the Beatles song “Let it Be” on the piano seeps from the windows of the dining hall. Walk a bit *farther* and the wooden boardwalk ends, opening up into The Field. There, a few kids play soccer next to one of the outdated nets. Others sit on the grass in the shade, all hugging, laughing and smiling, welcoming any new members who wish to join them. *Then you walk across the field and travel down the slight slope that leads to the lake. There, campers pull out pizzas from the brick oven, the gentle whiffs of warm smells and smoke floating*

Med-O-Lark Voices—Words from the Community

along the lakeside. Other campers are slowly paddling in kayaks, their colorful boats barely skimming the gentle lake, the quiet “sploosh” of the oars not even to be heard.

The trees whisper. The buildings shine in the sun. The lake glistens. But the people...the people dance. It is not the location or activity offerings do not draw people back each summer to this humble area. Rather, it is the people and the community they form. If only the world formed such a community.

If only the world were more like a camp.

If only the world was the kind of place where someone you had never met came up to you and said “I’ve heard a lot about you... this year we’re going to be friends,” and the next day you find yourself hugging and laughing with this person as if you have known him your whole life. If only it was the place where it was OK to wear sparkly clothes with cowboy boots. If only it was the place where every moment turned into a massive dance party. If only it was the place where every single individual could be known as someone talented and powerful.

Yet, each summer the doors close. The field dries up, and the summer of love ends. We all march silently with our heads down, one by one slipping through the door and leaving our home. We take one last glance behind our shoulders, only to realize that no matter how hard we stare, we cannot save every piece. The door closes behind us. The perfection ends. The world is no longer like a camp.

The sad truth, however, is that a very small percent of the world will ever experience our nestled woods in Maine, our home. *Yet maybe people do not need to attend Camp Medolark, for everybody has a camp Medolark inside of them.* Tucked in their inner cores rests such a community. It may take both mental and physical searching, but someday, people will find their own doors. Whether they lead down that trodden dirt road in Maine, nobody can really say. But in all of us a warm open field awaits us. The people sitting in the shade will call you over, eager for your long-awaited presence. You will learn to wear your own form of sparkly clothes and neon leggings. You will learn to laugh, to enjoy the journey. Now you must go search: look high and low because your community is there and because, in all truth...

the world can be more like a camp.

YOU can be in next month’s iMAGINE...

We want to hear from YOU! What have you been doing? Where have you traveled? Did you get together with other Med-O-Larkers somewhere?

Maybe you have a piece that was featured in an art

exhibition at school. Or maybe you performed in a school play or Musical. Maybe you even have formed your own band, or joined a dance company.

Whatever it is, we want to know so we can spread the

good news among the members of the Med-O-Lark Community!

But how do I do this, you ask? It’s easy! Just email Jody at imagine@medolark.com with your news!



We're always looking
for your news!

Guess what I heard?

Sophia Wolbrom has created a new website!!! Check it out at www.kidsascritics.com. It's a

www.kidsascritics.com

place where kids ages 9-17 can critique anything from theater to books to music to food to politics, to whatever. It's a place for kids, by kids, where kids' opinions matter. Please check it out! And for further details, email Sophia at sophia@wolbrom.net!



Also check out our very own Sarah Maibach, shown here on her trip to the Taj Mahal during her recent trip to India!!! Just goes to show you that Medolarkers really do end up on all corners of the globe!

Remember this???

The picture you see is a portion of a picture from last summer. It is up to YOU, to try to figure out what it is, and to tell the story behind the picture. Then, the following month we will announce the true identity of the picture, along with the winning camper who identified it first.

So get thinking about this picture!

When you think you know the answer, drop an email to imagine@medolark.com!



Any Ideas???

Atlanta Reunion Picture!!!



Now THAT is some seriously COSMIC Bowling!!!

MEDOLARK NOW: WINTER WONDERLAND



Each month we'll be bringing you pictures of Camp so you can see what things look like back at your Medolark home. So as the months pass, and the days grow warmer, check out Camp as it slowly comes back to life. And when you see the trees back with leaves, and the flowers in bloom, you'll know that it's almost time to pack you bags and head back to the end of that "dirt road with no trace," for another fantastic summer in Maine!



Picnic Tables on the Field

Dacha Blanketed in Snow

MEDOLARK NOW: WINTER WONDERLAND



The New Waterfront Shed



Yes, that is a truck on the lake



Preparing the Space



Missy, Brody, and Logan Strike a Pose





The Arts Camp of New England at Med-O-Lark

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Arrival Day is Coming...



Only 120 days until First Session...

Only 148 days until Second Session...

Blast from the Past: The "Rec Hall" aka The Theatre



Heading back to 1977 this month, we have pictures to share of the main field area before it was as fully grassy as it is today. In the background you can see the first manifestation of cabin 5, then recently built. What you see is currently the left front portion of the cabin, which has been subsequently expanded. Also check out the high socks and the cut-off shorts, classic. While the field has come a long way, it's good to know how long people have been enjoying this spot on camp!

As to the rather lengthy bonfire, I'm not entirely sure what role it was serving, except that I can tell you that—WAY back in the day—there was indeed firewalking as an occasional activity at Medolark!!!

And next month, keep your eyes peeled, because I have scrounged up yet another BLAST FROM THE PAST picture from the amazing Med-O-Lark Community!

Last Month's Winners!!!

So somehow our latest edition of iMAGINE dropped a page in its final print version! Please accept our apologies, and include this page where it belongs, right between pages 9 and 10!!!

Congratulations go out to Pauline November and Mackensie Gross who were the first to correctly identify last edition's picture. Here's the full pic, where you can see Pauline November's excellent Halloween costume!!! Well done all!



Camp Med O Lark

Now that's an Awesome Clown!!!