



A nonprofit corporation

Spring 2018

THE BIRCH BARK

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Rich Deering '73, Alumni & Community Director • Michael Mattson '83, Camp Director

THE ALUMNI NEWSLETTER OF BIRCH ROCK CAMP

REFLECTIONS FROM THE ROCK

By Rich Deering

Alumni & Community Director '73 –

How can we communicate most effectively with you? In this age of various communication tools and media platforms, we always feel challenged on how best to reach everyone in the Birch Rock Camp community. Is it best to email? Facebook? Snapchat? Blog? Or just write a note?

During the camp season, we continue to hold to our core value of being technology-free for the boys. No computers. No email. We keep it simple: every Sunday a good old-fashioned letter is written by each camper to the folks at home. Letter writing is also encouraged during first rest period on any given day.

Communicating with busy parents and caregivers can be a challenge for equally busy Birch Rock staff members. However, building a community is all about communication. Parents, caregivers AND alumni and friends all benefit from being kept up to date about the Birch Rock experience. It's encouraging to know that campers are learning new skills, building friendships and developing a sense of belonging at camp.

We want to keep our camp community informed, and one of our most valued tools is www.birchrock.org. Thanks to the extraordinary efforts of our webmasters, Birch Rock Camp has launched a new site for alumni, campers, parents, prospects, staff and friends. Take time to visit our site. Send us your thoughts, recollections, and referrals— and be sure to let us know the best way we can continue to communicate with you.

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THIS BIRCH ROCK LIFE: DAVID C. WEEKS

He is widely acclaimed as the embodiment of 'Help the Other Fellow.' He's been dubbed the 'Soul' of camp. He's guided generations of Birch Rock boys to civility in the wild outdoors. And he's one of the original Facilitators of Fun!

Dave first caught the Birch Rock bug as a canoeing trip leader back in 1971. He had just finished his sophomore year at Harvard, and his cousin Nat told him he'd be a natural at the Rock. Chief Brewster clearly agreed, elevating Dave to Head Counselor a mere two years later. Dave took to that position like a loon to Lake McWain, serving from 1973 to 1979.

Next step, Camp Director! For the years 1980 through 1982, with Dave's recruiting skills, enrollment soared. Don Munn and Janice Walker, then owners of Springer's Store, took a shine to Dave and the little camp up the road that needed some help and the rest, as they say, is history.

Dave and Marie Depres, his French Canadian sweetheart, married in 1985 and settled down in Maryland to raise three sons, William, Sebastian and Robert David — all fine Birch Rock gentlemen. And Dave's service to camp continued in a phenomenal way. He is an original member of the Board of Trustees, formed in 1982, and has served every year since then, including a term as Chair.

Dave holds dear the traditions and rituals and esprit de corps of Birch Rock. Each summer he has returned to spend two weeks in the company of Mike 'Don Miguel' Apicelli, to work his magic with the latest crop of campers. Dave's favorite gig is taking our youngest 'Cubs' campers on their first overnight, a canoeing trip on the Crooked River. He knows that the first trip creates an indelible impression, and as one observer puts it: "Dave doesn't like roughing it—he likes smoothing it." So Dave and the Cubs pack a load of gear and set up a cozy campsite. Nothing soothes jittery first time campers like tempting

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Alumnus Profile...

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food cooked over a crackling fire, so Dave and the lads whip up fare like shepherd's pie and baked apple crumble, always followed by S'mores.

He has long cherished the Crooked River, a remarkable resource for camp. Perhaps you've taken a Zen Walk with Dave on the north side of the river for a few hours, followed by a refreshing dip in the water... or you've gone out with a crew he's pulled together to clean up trash on its banks.

Dave is keeper of the flame for our most traditional camp activities, and he delights in imparting skills to boys: writing letters on strips of birch bark, foraging for wintergreen leaves and brewing tea, singing camp songs with theatrical flair, teaching row boat maneuvers around the buoys. Ever the educator, Dave challenges the boys to his 'Word Power' quiz at morning announcements. Campers chant 'Word Power' and form W's with their thumbs and index fingers in anticipation of Dave's tricky word of the day.

One 70's camper recalls Dave demonstrating how to boil spruce sap in a can over a campfire to make a patch for a punctured wooden canoe. Young guys talk about Dave still pitching his diehard blue tent from the 70's with its old-fashioned tent poles without new-fangled elasticity, its waterproofing long gone—and Dave stretching out on a bed of pine needles instead of a sleeping pad.

When summer camp seasons wrapped up in the early years, Dave traveled and studied at Emerson College in the UK, and then earned two masters degrees in Education from Loyola University in Baltimore.

Dave and Marie raised Will, Sebby and RD in Ellicott City, Maryland. A staff member at the Glenelg Country School since 1983, Dave now teaches Islamic Studies, Modern China, Global Leadership and Civic Leadership in the upper school. He is the Global Education and Community Service Director, bringing the 'Help the Other Fellow' ethos to countless

students and families.

Three international development projects have captured Dave's heart, in Ghana, Haiti and Kenya. This summer he'll travel back to Ghana to work with a young African alumnus of Glenelg who founded the Salih Self Development Center. The Center runs a sewing vocational training center for young women, and now plans to establish a recycling business.

Dave is Chair of the Board of the Build Haiti Foundation, and he rallied Glenelg School to help construct a health clinic in the village of Camp Coq.

He is also a partner with the Punyua Cultural Center in Narok, Kenya, where a medical clinic was established. Funds are needed now to add a dental clinic and pharmacy to serve the mostly Maasai patients.

Dave's attachment to camp is as deeply rooted as the sheltering pines in the grove. Keenly interested in our future, Dave was instrumental in establishing our Endowment Fund in 2002. And no doubt, Dave will grace the Hillside with his incomparable presence every summer, teaching campers and staff the Birch Rock way to 'Look Up, Laugh, Love and Lift.'

Written by Francie Campbell



Don Miguel and Dave

WISH LIST

BRC appreciates your contributions to the camp community. Some items we wish for are:

- Framed Backpacks (\$100 each)
- Tennis & Baseballs (\$100)
- Outdoor Basketballs (\$25 each)
- Fiberglass Row Boat
- 3 to 4 Man Tents (\$250)
- Kayak Paddles (\$50 per)
- Swim Safety Buoys (\$500)
- Bike Tools and Repair (\$200)
- Art & Nature Supplies
- Honda 4-Stroke Boat Engine
- Used Pick-Up Truck
- New 2-Way Radio (\$250 each)
- Generator for Lodge
- AED Trainer (\$250)

Birch Rock Camp is a 501c3 nonprofit corporation. All donations received are tax-deductible.

Please contact us at birchrock@birchrock.org if you might be able to accommodate any of those wishes.

**BIRCH ROCK CAMP ACCEPTS
VISA/MASTERCARD**

Thank you!

**SPRING CLEAN-UP
Saturday, May 19**

Come join us in
Raking and Rolling the
BRC campus open for 2018.
Lunch will be served!

RSVP
birchrock@birchrock.org

TRANSFORMATION

By Henry Farnham



I've spent the past eight summers in a small lakeside community in western Maine. At Birch Rock Camp, a residential boys camp, I started as a ten-year old in a small cabin and have progressed to being a counselor in those same four walls. I truly have come full circle there.

When I first arrived at camp, I didn't know how I would fit in; everybody seemed to know the routines. Plus, they tucked their shirts in- which seemed weird to me at the time. I wasn't used to the daily schedule and rest periods. On top of all of this, I hadn't been away from my parents for more than a day, and now I wouldn't see them for weeks.

Despite all of the concerns I had about camp, I was quickly engaged and plugged into the daily routine by the counselors. The counselors were, and are, the lifeblood of Birch Rock. They made Birch Rock into a second family for me, a place where everyone cared for me as my family did at home. Those counselors paved the road for my growth from a camper to a counselor.

As a camper, I learned to thrive in an old, wooden cabin with four strangers, and as we shared responsibilities and fun times together, these strangers became my core group of friends. Together, we cleaned the cabin, made our beds with precise hospital corners, and helped out in the lodge during meals. We also had a lot of great times on the lake, hiking nearby peaks in the White Mountains, and playing all-camp games on the hilltop field at dusk.

In addition to learning how to live cooperatively in a small community, I also developed independence and set ambitious goals for myself. In the summer of 2015, I completed my 'Whale.' The Whale is the ultimate camp swim in a series of four long distance swims. It entails swimming 5.5 miles around Lake McWain. Over the course of the summer, I trained for this swim by perfecting my stroke and working on my endurance. While I was really proud to reach this goal, I could not have completed the Whale without the coaching and support of my counselors.

After a summer of leadership training as a Counselor-In-Training in 2016, I became a full counselor in 2017. Now I was responsible for a cabin full of ten-year olds. For me, this was much different; I had never been in this role before, but I grew into it. I helped my campers get accustomed to camp routines and to being away from home. After becoming more independent as a camper, I

knew my campers needed to have their own freedom, too. To facilitate this, they completed their assigned cabin duties on their own rather than with me keeping a watchful eye over them. However, there were also times when the campers asked me for help which I happily granted to them. They learned that while they can do many things on their own, sometimes instruction and collaboration are necessary.

I personally value the deep relationships and growth that are possible in a small community. While I could choose to attend a large university, Trinity offers a more interconnected community where I can learn and contribute. I can integrate with my peers and get to know my professors in small classes and seminars. I can contribute by being a leader in and out of the classroom while still knowing when others need to lead. Since I haven't lived in a city before, that will be a new experience for me; by seeking out internships and community service in the local area, I will expand my perspective, learning more about myself and those around me. While I can't predict exactly what college will bring, when I dig in as I did at Birch Rock, I know it will be a transformative four years.

Henry will be attending Trinity College in Hartford, CT in the fall of 2018.

MY POLITICAL POWER

By Sebastian Tringale

In our family, we do not talk politics. We read the newspaper religiously, share a shocking headline over the breakfast table, and shake our heads at headlines whenever a political figure is involved in a scandal. But we are a discreet, polite family that never betrays our true political leanings.



Ever since I can remember, my family has had a ritual that begins when a neat package of paper appears on our front porch each dawn. As the Boston Globe thwacks down onto the kitchen table, the various sections are divided among the members of our family. When I was eight, as I dutifully perused Dan Shaughnessy's Celtics coverage, I peeked over to my dad reading the front page. I saw a photo of a powerful man with a gleaming smile. The headline read: "Historic Victory: Obama Elected Nation's First African-American President." I was astounded by the immensity of the changes taking place and wanted to know more. From reading the Globe, I sensed that politics somehow

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My Political Power...
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was the epicenter of dynamic change that affected all levels of life. I knew that eventually I would have to take to the streets and discover where my passions lie.

My summer camp was my idea of utopia where everybody subscribed to the camp motto “Help the Other Fellow.” My earliest understanding of the motto in action was during a game of Sharks and Minnows. I sat on the sidelines weeping and homesick. Surprisingly, a group of counselors locked shoulders and formed a tight-knit phalanx around me. They protectively marched me to safety, refusing to allow me to be tagged by a “shark.” From that moment, I understood that living by “Help the Other Fellow” meant that even if somebody felt powerless, they could be protected by people who cared. I was a person who cared.

Eight years later, my curiosity for politics and drive to help people in need converged. On the day after the presidential election of 2016, my friend, a popular, handsome athlete approached me, pale-faced. He revealed in confidence that he was undocumented, and was terrified of being deported. In all those years of reading the Boston Globe, it hit me for the first time: politics is not just a story in the newspaper. Politics has the power to turn people’s lives upside down, but I had the power to help the other fellow.

I began to plan a student rally for Medford to be deemed a sanctuary city. I wrote and delivered announcements over the school intercom, designed promotional flyers, and painted posters with my classmates. And on that cold January morning, forty like-minded students marched up the hill with me and lined the single driveway leading to the school. The smiles that we brought to people’s faces as they passed were unforgettable. The daily throng of arriving staff and students beeped, waved, and cheered as we asserted that communities must help their members rather than stand by when people are in danger.

But then the inevitable happened. A man with slicked back hair that faded into his black leather jacket angrily jutted his head out of his car, and asked, “What’s all this about?”

Nervously, I replied, “It’s about acceptance sir.”

He scoffed, and retorted, “What, did you just think this up overnight?”

I shocked myself when I replied, “I’ve always believed this, sir.”

In my family, we do not talk about politics because it is impolite. But at some point, in a world where some think it is cool not to vote and where Facebook sculpts the political climate, I had to venture outside of my bubble to discover where my passions lie, and begin to act.

Sebastian will be attending Tufts University in Medford, MA this fall.

PLAYLISTS

By Jack Duggan

I am a big believer that there is a perfect song for every occasion. No matter the situation there is a song that can perfectly capture that moment, and because of this, it has become an obsession of mine to match those with a tune. Whether it is stargazing with Bon Iver, or rowing a 2k to some Kanye West and Kendrick Lamar. Playlist after playlist has been made to satiate my desire to have just the right song to play when the time arises. Categorizing and sorting with the precision of a taxonomist I can leaf through Spotify’s “Daily Mixes” within an hour, putting each new find carefully into its place so when the time arises I can be ready.



My borderline favorite playlist is labeled “Hilton Hotel” and consists of mainly Disney music. Ranging from Hercules to Moana this playlist has every work Walt and his crew of Imagineers cooked up in the cradle of imagination that is Disney Pictures. This playlist spawned from my time working as a counselor in the upper regions of Maine, locked away from the rest of civilization and drama associated with it. Out where campers are stripped of the distracting elements of society such as cell phones and candy, we thrive off of sing-a-longs and the occasional Sundae Sundays. After eight years as a camper I was assigned to the youngest cabin for my daunting CIT year—Hilton B, part of the cabin jokingly known as the Hilton Hotel. For many this task was asking too much, and I saw good men fall to the hive mind that all children under ten are somehow part of. During second rest, when talking was allowed they would beg for music, something to distract them from the constant use of my body as a jungle gym. I flipped through shuffle on my phone, carefully concealing it behind a pillow (Counselors have phones? Whaaaaat?) when suddenly the Tarzan album came on. As Phil Collins belted “Strangers Like Me” the eight-year-olds became entranced with the rhythmic drums and soothing vocals from a music master like Ol’ Phil. There it was, Disney was the key, and for the rest of that summer washing dishes and cleaning canoes I could always rely on Disney to have a peaceful second rest period and sneak in a nap.

I have another playlist simply named “Woah”. Consisting of mostly Hans Zimmer and John Williams, it takes mostly from Interstellar, ET, The Dark Knight, and a few other fantastic film scores that I’ve discovered through my countless hours of movie watching. While hiking in Peru I crested the top of the Inca Trail overlooking Machu Picchu to the main theme of Jurassic Park playing through my headphones. It can only be described as the

most magnificent moment in all my life. The sun shined down as violins and woodwinds not only played, but had the music jump off the sheet music into none other than my own very ears. A similar experience happened in Yosemite as I walked through the Sequoias, one ear bud out to listen to the tour guide, the other playing “No Time For Caution” from Interstellar as I looked around in amazement at the giants surrounding me. The music changed the atmosphere and suddenly the calm forest seemed untamed and dangerous, making the whole venture about twice as fun. Every discovery of a previously foreign plant from the west coast seemed that much more exciting as Harry Potter’s magical score seemed to unfold the world in front of my eyes. I walked around half expecting a broomstick to come flying over my head.

“Sidewalks” by The Weeknd is perfect for walking through campus on a crowded day, head bumping to a tune no one else can hear, and “Spirit in the Sky” by Norman Greenbaum is perfect for checking in the freshman and sophomores when I make my patrols every night. Every moment in life has a song that fits for it. With an estimated 100 million songs in the world right now, it’s become an obsession of mine to find the one that fits for me.

Jack will be attending Colby College in Waterville, ME this fall.

STEPPING INTO MY COMFORT ZONE

By Jack Culver

I never thought being homesick was something I would empathize with, until I found myself comforting a seven-year-old camper and I realized I knew exactly how he felt. Tom was sobbing, and because I, too, had been homesick, I knew how to comfort him. I was able



to relate to Tom because I remembered my own first year at camp, so I shared with him how I pushed through the process of adjusting to all of camp’s rules, such as making your bed, sitting up straight at the table, and tucking in your shirt. Because I pushed through, I ended up having a great time.

This past summer I had the privilege to work at the summer camp that I had been attending since I was eleven. Birch Rock Camp is a boys camp in Waterford, Maine, located on the serene shores of Lake McWain. My parents’ decision to send me from Bellevue, Washington to Waterford set the foundation of who I am today, and although I love it now, coming into Birch Rock was intimidating at first. The atmosphere was very different from anything I was used to; the staff was playful with the boys but stay firm and consistent. Many things the staff did threw me off — the over the top energy, their corny jokes, or even just shaking my hand and introducing themselves to me were all new. The actions and rules they enforced confused me. I vividly remember one night at dinner a counselor told me to sit up straight and bring my food to my face, not my face to my food.

The people at camp made me feel like I was a part of a living, breathing community. As I grew up in this community they really helped push me outside of my comfort zone. Swimming across the lake my first year was something I was nervous to do, but because the staff knew what I was capable of they challenged me to try. This boost brought me out of my shell and inspired me to do things I normally would not do outside of camp, like going on intense three-week backpacking trips. The staff also showed me what a leader should be by letting me be in charge of all the campers during a staff versus camper game of Capture-the-Flag, and how to speak in front of a big audience. This past summer I learned the very valuable lesson of how to be a role model to the boys I lived with.

The most important thing the staff taught me is that I need to have confidence in myself and be comfortable being uncomfortable. Camp has given me tools that I use every

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BIRCH ROCK PROGRAMS

Which exciting Birch Rock program might work for your son and his friends? Also, please let us know of a potential Birch Rocker in your area...

BOYS CAMP

Our residential boys camp program encourages cooperation, self-confidence and a willingness to try new things. We challenge campers to take responsibility for their own lives, and help them appreciate the needs of others in emphasizing our camp motto: HELP THE OTHER FELLOW.

The 2018 Boys Camp offerings:

Full Session	\$8,500	June 24	August 11	49 days
First Session	\$6,700	June 24	July 21	28 days
Second Session	\$5,500	July 22	August 11	21 days

Cubs Camp Programs for NEW campers ages 7-12

Cubs Camp I	\$4,000	June 24	July 7	14 days
Cubs Camp II	\$4,000	July 8	July 21	14 days
Cubs Camp III	\$4,000	July 22	August 4	14 days

FAMILY CAMP

Birch Rock’s Family Camp gives busy families the chance to have fun in the Maine woods on McWain Pond. This program can be a first exposure for a boy to Birch Rock, in preparation for attending the Boys Camp the following summer. It’s also a time for parents to relive their fond experiences as campers, and rediscover their enthusiasm for lifelong learning. Most of all, Birch Rock Family Camp is a time to relax and enjoy!

Family Camp is perfect for all ages to enjoy old-fashioned camp life in group activities or just do one’s own thing! Each family member may sign up for daily activities which are facilitated by Birch Rock’s talented staff. This program is offered in **August 16 – 20, 2018**

For more information on these programs, please visit our website: www.birchrock.org or contact the winter office @ (207) 741-2930.

PLAQUE-MAKING

By Matt Rotman



On my first day at Birch Rock Camp in 2010, I signed up for woodshop. When I smelled the sweet scent of wood shavings, I knew I belonged. That summer I built a storage box and was hooked. On the last day, I discovered how I would make my mark at camp. We

campers gathered in front of a section of wall covered in an American flag and watched as the 2010 plaques were revealed. I was awestruck. I searched for my name and found it in the third row. I decided then I wanted to be the plaque-maker.

Each subsequent summer, I went to woodshop whenever I could. From a simple pencil holder to a crude ukulele, I built whatever I imagined. In 2013, I was selected for a Thos. Moser workshop. The master craftsman himself gave us a tour through his incredible shop, introducing me to tools I had never heard of. I learned to use wedged mortise and tenon joints, wooden peg joinery, and wax to build a Moser tractor-seat stool.

I honed my woodworking skills at camp, telling myself I would make those plaques one day. I built my best project my last year as a camper: a lounge chair made without nails or screws, just wood. I worked furiously to finish the chair, running out of time to test its strength. I would have to sit in the chair in front of everyone to earn my advanced badge. I lowered myself down, fearing it might splinter into pieces, embarrassing me in front of everyone. Fortunately, the chair creaked only a little and still stands (well, sits) to this day.

The next summer, as a CIT, I was tasked with making the CIT Plaques - a real step towards becoming the plaque-maker. I stayed up all night considering different fonts and layouts. I practiced carving for days, building my courage. Finally feeling confident, I picked up the router and carved all seven names in one sitting. My cramping hands and aching back only added to my sense of accomplishment.

This summer, I became a swimming and woodshop counselor. In July, the head-counselor and plaque-maker, Bob, asked me to make the plaques with him. I was ecstatic. We created the layout, selected the font and size, and designed the headers. When the planning was complete, we began carving the names, carrying on a ninety-year tradition.

The work was slow because it required precision and concentration; however, carving plaques was even more rewarding than my ten-year-old self had imagined. Every name

I finished marked a small victory, as I hoped each camper would experience the same feeling I had eight years earlier.

I thought about the campers as I carved their names; one, in particular, was fourteen-year-old Eli. When he arrived, he couldn't tread water. After four weeks of teaching Eli, he learned this survival skill. The campers' stories, both funny and fond, kept me going through the grueling hours of carving that occupied nearly every free waking hour.

As I finished the 140th name, I was absolutely exhausted but knew the finishing touches were key to making the plaques perfect. The staining and sealing process took three days, but the plaques gleamed when we finished. We hung them on the wall, and as is customary, covered them with a flag until the following day. Twenty-four hours had never felt so long. The next night, as every camper gathered around, we removed the tacks and unveiled the plaques to a unified gasp. I had never been more proud in my life.

I hope to build on these skills learned at camp as I have been commissioned to carve a trail map for Minuteman Park in my town. I am excited to see where my woodworking journey will take me. I am grateful I can find comfort in an art form that is virtually as old as humankind itself.

Matt will be attending Worcester Polytech in Worcester, MA this fall.



Stepping Into My Comfort Zone...

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day: leading groups, whether that be young children or my peers; delivering speeches to other students at school; and believing in myself when I am pushing myself to try something new. Camp helped me become a more confident person and because of that I try things I normally would not, like running for Senate in school or buying a banjo to learn how to play. Because of Birch Rock I no longer have a problem being outside my comfort zone. The community has shown me that to grow I need to experience new things and push what I am comfortable with. Camp provided me with the tools to accomplish things such as backpacking trips, student government, and public speaking, and without it I would not have the self-assurance I have today.

Jack will be attending Bates College in Lewiston, ME this fall.

2017 Birch Rock Fund Donors

THANK YOU! THANK YOU!! THANK YOU!!!

Your generous contribution and support have helped us to enhance and sustain Birch Rock's incomparable summer camp experience. We gratefully acknowledge the following 2017 Capital, Endowment, Scholarship and In Kind gifts to the Birch Rock Camp Community!

<p>Anonymous (5) Christian Abajian Amy & Steve Abbott The Aetna Foundation Geoff & Lindsay Alexander Will Alexander Kathleen Apt Michael Apicelli Peter Bamberger The Barrette Family Fund Suzanne Battit Andrew & Katherine Benett Ryck Birch Charles Blaney II Peter Bowser Lisa Bozzelli & Michael Castelli Seth Brewster Toby & Becca Brewster Bruce Brown Phil & Janet Bruen David Bunis Leland Burton Hub Burton Tony & Donna Butterall Jeff & Susan Cahill Francie Campbell & Roger Netzer Joan & Joyce Cannell Chris & Karen Carney Kyoungchi Cheung Rob Christie Bruce Clayton Whitney Clayton Bob Cleaves Tom Clemence Tom Clephane Ann & Roger Cogswell George Collins Jon Cooke & Sarah Volkman Mike & Kathy Coster Joe Curry Doug Dalissandro Ann Deering Rich Deering Ralph Doyle David Doyle Jack & Betsy Drake Nancy Dreyer Gabe Dreyer Dick & Tina Duffy Trit Farley & Price Marlow</p>	<p>Robert Flynn Brad & Jen Foley Polly Foley Doug Francis Jean Fritts & Dan Eskenazi Philip Goodwin Stuart Goodwin Blaine & Charles Grimes Tim & Gretchen Guttman Warren Haas Clare Hannan JJ Hanley Deanna & Bob Hargraves Peter & Sophie Herzig Michael & Jojo Herzig Robert Hewins Melanie & Ed Huycke The Hyman Family Foundation Justin Ingold Anne & Peter Ingraham Woody & Penny Jenkins Adam Joelsson Margaretha Joelsson Virginia Joyce Zach Karabell Hoddy & Alesia Klein Charlie & Courtney Knights Paul Koepke Joseph & Margaret Koerner Michael Konaires Mark Lapointe & Nell Walker John Larned Paul LaViolette & Lucille Rossingol Peter & Kay Leslie Jeff & Krisin Lindquist Eileen Lucey Michael & Becca Mattson Bill & Leci McCrillis David McCrillis Katherine McCrillis Charles MacDonald Suzanne & Cornelius McGinn Mark & Julie McLaughlin Michael McLaughlin Jeremy Mead Marty & Maxine Mendelsohn Tom & Barbara Miller Marcia & Crispin Miller Fisher Morgan Erik Munn</p>	<p>Frank & Dana Musciano Julie Myers Brooks & Laurel Nelson CJ & Jess Nesher David & Meghan Nesher John & Carol Nicholson The Nordblom Family Foundation Ted & Ann Noyes Dennis & Anne O'Donovan James O'Reilly & Wenda Brewster O'Reilly Kerry Peiser Dick & Wendy Penley Henry & Joy Plate Patrick Pilkington & Norma Delaney Duncan Porter-Zuckerman Josh Roy & Sarah Posey Kranthi & Srimi Potluri Josh Protas Rich & Jenn Rotman Susan Robertson Wes & Kristin Schlauder Rich & Eleanor Schwind Curtis & Cornelia Scribner Fred Scribner Marcia Skoglund Win & Allison Smith Betty Spear John Stefanon Jon & Jenny Steingart Bob & Beverly Stone Matthew & Christine Straut Doug Thompson James Townsend Paul & Maria Tringale Bob & Gerry Tuffy Todd Vincentsen Bill & Dee Vincentsen Lyle & Patty Voss Janice Walker John Wargo David & Marie Weeks Will & Mary Weeks Bruce & Arlene Whichard Ken & Judy Whitham Harold Whittemore Steve & Libby Whittier Spencer Wright Peter & Amy Young</p>
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BIRCH ROCK CAMP TRUSTEES

Lisa Bozzelli, P'10s, *Arlington, VA*
Ryck Birch, '70s, S'80s, P'10s, *Natick, MA*
Toby Brewster, '60s, S'80s, P'10s, *Concord, NH*
Becca Brewster, S'90s, P'10s, *Concord, NH*
Seth Brewster, '60s, S'80s, P'00s, *South Portland, ME*
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Michael Herzig, '70s, S'80s, P'10s, *New York, NY*
Fred Howard, '70s, P'00s, *Scarborough, ME*
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Mark McLaughlin, P'00s, *Princeton, NJ*

Jennifer Rotman, P'10s, *Westborough, MA*
Richard Rotman, P'10s, *Westborough, MA*
Bob Stone, '60s, P'90s, *Winchester, MA*
Beverly Stone, P'90s, *Winchester, MA*
Maria Tringale, P'10s, *Medford, MA*
Paul Tringale, P'10s, *Medford, MA*
Bob Tuffy, P'00s, *Hanover, MA*
David Weeks, S'70s, P'00s, *Ellicott City, MD*
Arlene Whichard, P'10s, *Waterford, ME*
Bruce Whichard, P'10s, *Waterford, ME*
Libby Whittier, P'10s, *Cape Elizabeth, ME*
Steve Whittier, P'10s, *Cape Elizabeth, ME*

TRUSTEE EMERITI

Geoffrey Alexander, P'00s, *Cape Elizabeth, ME*
Lindsay Alexander, P'00s, *Cape Elizabeth, ME*
Bob Cleaves, '60s, S'70s, P'00s, *South Portland, ME*