

THE LINEUP

DECEMBER 2020

EBR's Virtual Holiday Get-Together



Join us for the next 'EBR Connects' event from your couch tomorrow, December 22 from 7-8PM. This event will feature family friendly BINGO hosted by Jordan Chaney and Stef Gillman. There will also be surprise camp cameos and awesome prizes like camp merch and special camp experiences! Bring your snacks, your entire family, and your CECBR spirit to this exciting holiday gathering. Check your email for how to RSVP and for the link to download your bingo cards! Get your game face on!

Our favorite thing about the holidays...

Richie & Sheryl



...is spending time with family and knowing that camp is getting closer!!!

Adam



...is extra time with family and friends and a winter trip up to camp to walk around in the snow!

Stef



...is overindulging in sweets!

Jordan



...is enjoying many cups of hot chocolate with marshmallows and whipped cream!

Lori



...is spending time with my family.

Caralyne



...is Christmas lights & music, the joy of giving & being with loved ones!

Eric



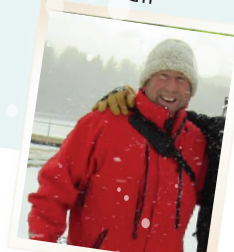
...is watching holiday movies, school break and snowball fights!

Jamie



...is cooking all of my favorite meals!

Gil



...is sharing family traditions!



A WINTER'S SUN FROM THE BRIDGE

Few things at camp last more than a few generations and fewer still mean as much at the close of a century as they did at the beginning. Fortunately, this is not true of the bridge that connects Equinunk to Blue Ridge, and just as importantly is the passage to Union Lake. It's potent, beloved and iconic and still captivates our imagination as we see it in the horizon on Route 191 as we approach our summer home for the first time or forever after. What makes it magical is not only the way it towers, but how it continues to help campers realize the best of their hopes and dreams solving the mystery of taking their first lake test, auditioning at the Amphitheater for a group show, and the anticipation of having fun at their first social followed by Canteen at The Ridge.

On a freezing December morning in 1985, I stood at the bridge's summit, almost touching the clouds and it was pure romance. I imagined its origin as a technological achievement for our camp and all of Wayne County. It was erected by the strong and passionate, not by machines, assembled piece by piece by hand, without the companionship of computers. On that day the process seemed mysterious to me, one that I respected and admired, but one that I never truly understood, wondering why the bridge was built in the first place. It was only months later, during my first summer, that its history unveiled itself to me.

Apparently, in the 1920s during the camp's infancy, Equinunk campers would travel to the lake and Blue Ridge by crossing the road. Their safe passage was secured by counselors serving as traffic guards, who held hand-made Stop signs and blasted screeching whistles that brought all traffic to a halt as campers crossed. It's hard to imagine the stress and congestion of the flow of the continuous back and forth pedestrian flow mingling with vehicle transit. Although most traffic was limited to horse-drawn wagons and a few Model T automobiles, once Ford's assembly line production of the 20s began to roar cars out en masse, campers walking across our Route 191 was no longer possible. Clearly this would never be allowed today!

As one Equinunk folklorist recalled during a Tribe scout report, a Sophomore boy respectfully asked a chicken who was standing on the east side of our 191 why he was crossing the road. Much to the curiosity of campers and counselors seated at the Tribal ring, their interest piqued when learning that the chicken prophetically replied, 'Actually, if there was a bridge here, I'd find that much safer'. The chicken smiled at the Sophomore and added, "You know the end of the riddle.....to get to the other side!!!"

History tells us that necessity and ingenuity are the fathers and mothers of invention, great parents for our brother/sister children's summer camp. In years to come, the bridge became a beacon for winter snowbound vehicles traveling south to Honesdale and north to Hancock and in summertime, for children to experience evening and coed activities at each camp. Providing easy access to the lake, swimming became a passion for the boys and their exuberance was rewarded by the construction of an elaborate wooden dock system that was actually installed in the winter on the ice and lowered into the bed of the lake when the ice melted. Campers felt the rush of hundreds of natural springs that nurtured Union Lake and swimming became elevated to a spiritual realm then and today as it is revered as a hallowed experience by campers and alumni alike.

Although my voyage began in 1986, I return every December to stand at the bridge's summit, clouds still in reach and the romance continues. On this bridge where founding myth makers stood..., followed by generations..., creating their own version of camp's ideals through their dreams and wishes...untainted by 2020. We dream of our next morning, excellent and fair.

As the fog of unfulfilled promises vanishes in the morning light, soft voices of 2021 harmonize, "Whispering hope, sending voices to the sky, Chanting hymns..."

With love and to promises realized,
Richie

I hear other complimentary promises.

"Soft as the voice of an angel,
Breathing a lesson unheard,
Hope with a gentle persuasion
Whispers her comforting word;
Wait 'till the darkness is over,
Wait 'till the darkness is done,
Hope for the sunshine tomorrow,
After the shower is gone"

"Whispering Hope" 1868

"Don't Stop Believin'"

Hold on to that feelin'
Campers, Counselors
It goes on and on and on

"Journey" June 3, 1981 and
GLEEBR July 5, 2018

