## **Letter from Campership Camper**

To the third session Unalayee staff:

I attended camp for the first time this year and it was one of the best experiences I've had. I learned to tolerate people whom I had a difficult time with (even found out I liked some of them). I pushed my body farther then I ever get the chance to in the paved and leveled world I live in and I became more comfortable with myself and others.

I wish I could think of a word that would express how grateful I am that you made those amazing two weeks possible for myself and other campers. My dad picked me up so I didn't get to ride the bus home. On my drive home my friends and I were sitting in the truck in silence (which for a group of four 13/14 year old, talkative girls is unusual, to say the least). And than I began to cry, camp had been everything I wanted and more. I made more friends in two weeks then I normally do in a semester of school.

I learned the value of simplicity. I would miss the staff, my counselors, my friends, the wildlife (aside from the evil squirrel we met on the Girls Getaway hike). I would miss screaming goodnight and good morning to Lake Tribes 1, 3, and 4 and singing and laughing during campfire.

I would miss waiting with other kids for the blue basket and the joy of reaching the top of a ridge even if I was the last one up. I was also crying because, as cheesy as it sounds I felt a definite sense of fulfillment. Then I looked over at the other three girls and saw that they were also crying.

Since we've been back from camp we've discussed how shocking it was that spending two weeks in the woods without flushing toilets would end up being the best part of our year. We all hope to get camperships next year so we can come again (this time drag my younger brother along).

Thank you for all the hard work that makes the camp such an amazing place.

aka Sam 3rd session

