



The View from the Family Camp

From the Publisher

Just over the crest of the hill, Mount Shaw, and a glimpse of Rattlesnake Island and Lake Winnepesaukee come into view. An early morning kayak trip, a cup of coffee by the shore and the sound of loons off of Stamp Act Island occupy my mind. Only ten more minutes to Lake Wentworth and Kenney Shore.

Downtown is not quite busy yet, since it is mid-June. Familiar faces are everywhere. Bly's Farm is open for the season with an abundant offering of seasonal plants and farm-fresh veggies. It is family tradition to stop for one of Cynthia's homemade fruit pies to accompany the first barbecue of the season.

The camp will have a chill in the air - luckily there is still enough firewood for the wood stove to soften the sting of winter's lingering cold. A few puzzle pieces remain scattered over the card table. It was nearly complete when we closed the camp last fall. Classic novels, history books, and Audubon books bought over the years at Huggins Hospital Street Fair line the bookshelves, just as we left them.

The hammock, wicker porch furniture, and flower pots stored away in the shed will soon be back in place. Lying in the hammock, with a glass of cold lemonade on a side table, while finishing the last few chapters of John Adams, will be the only scheduled event for a summer afternoon. Kayaks and canoe will soon return to the beach, ready to be launched into the calm waters of Lake Wentworth.

By early morning, we'll head to Black's for a newspaper and a visit with our favorite clerk, Bun McBride. The screened porch full of morning sunlight is the perfect place to read the morning paper and to work a crossword puzzle before breakfast. An ultralight aircraft glides by the camp, as it does every summer, for an early morning cruise by Lake Wentworth. The Lougees' grandchildren are visiting across the way, fishing off the shore. Students attending the Boat Museum Sailing School sail by and ask, "How're they biting?" The children smile and chuckle. Friends from Hersey Point bike over to welcome us back for the summer. They are on their way to explore the extension of the Cotton Valley Trail, which now leads to College Road.

By the time dusk arrives, the peepers awaken and the campfire is lit at the beach. S'mores are made in the kitchen and ready to be melted over the crackling fire. From a nearby camp a soft pop is heard and the flicker of fireworks light up the sky, a reminder that the fourth of July is almost here. As the moon begins to rise over Stamp Act Island and the stars fill the sky, a loon calls out from across the water. The sound, so familiar, seems to welcome us all home to Wolfeboro for another summer season. And it's great to be back!

Donna Di Casparro