

My daughter Meghan LIVES for slipper!!

I love that slipper feeds her soul and gives her the self confidence to be the best she can be. I feel secure in knowing that she is in a safe and nurturing place being well taken care of. Her first year was horrible, she hated it. She was the world's worst camper, just ask Maureen O'Neill and her bunk a counselors! She almost got sent home a few times. Then, when she got home and we talked about it she realized all the opportunities she had missed to have fun, learn new things, make friends and be a part of something very special. She begged to go back, told everyone at the winter reunion she got a new attitude for Christmas and wanted to go back! Thankfully, they gave her another chance and when she returned she blossomed, she thrived and she came into her own. She got a feather award that year and the next. The counselors of Strauss even gave her the citizenship award before she left that village!

Each year Meg begins packing and planning in April. Each year when she returns home, she is always a bit taller, but stands a bit straighter. She is beginning to show the grace of a woman but at 13 still enjoys being a child - slipper encourages and coaxes that inner child to the surface in everyone. When she comes home or writes her letters I travel back in time to the places she is talking about and the things she is doing to my own childhood and my many summers spent at slipper. Sometimes I really wish I could be a kid again, go to camp and have the most important part of my day would be winning the tug-of-war in Olympics and hoping for an ice cream party to celebrate a big win and eat Goldenberg's peanut chews until I burst.

Thanks for asking...

~Adeline

aka: Cissy Enggasser camper of the 70's!