

Hagan Newsletter October/2019

Hagan | Hagan | noun
a place of comfort,
to play, connect and remember;
where the heart is.



09.10.19
41° 0' 44" N
75° 6' 39" W

Sneak Peak Reunion 2019



Click on the arrow above for a snapshot of
what took place at Reunion 2019.
Music: "Wanting Memories" by Ysaye M. Barnwell

Camper Reflections About Reunion 2019

When I was a camper and planning to come for the next summer, I had an opportunity to get a horse, and I love horses. I told my parents I would rather go to camp; I will get a horse later. Best decision I made. My friends at camp are the best thing that I have experienced.

There just wasn't enough time to do all that I wanted to do, but having that many choices was a great idea.

Where else can I return to a place and time where I grew and changed: met personal challenges of belonging, physical challenges, like swimming the mile, coming to my knees spiritually: meeting God in a new way through ceremonies under the pines, beside the river, through songs shared with campers and counselors who were attached to my heart. The laughter shared illegally after taps and the tears as candles floated away on a song are the memories that I cherish, values that I tried to instill in my children and now in my students: friendships matter and some last a lifetime. My dear friend Andrea, we met only once for 2 weeks at Hagan; she was 15 and I, 13. We have written and visited for 57 years, truly amazing, and for Hagan girls that is not rare. These renewed moments of where did we come from and where are we now are precious indeed. Thank you.

I loved the variety. It was difficult to choose and I wish I could have done it all.

The trip to the winery was excellent; the owner and tour guide was very inspiring.

If you've never attended a Hagan reunion...and there are large number of you, you're missing a nicer time than you imagine. There are a wide variety of activities to choose from during the day, with evening meals/events, "Entertainment" for the entire gang. And lots of singing. And endless laughs. Your fellow campers reminisce about you and REALLY wish you would join us, trust me :)!

I loved finally earning a tie!! and it was on a brown bag lunch....cookies being the best part.

I liked the laid back feel of this reunion and I liked the number of opportunities to just chat and visit with friends, especially on the porch of the Inn. I think the book discussion was a great idea and wish it could have had more time.

Not a dry eye after the video.

Amazing from start to finish. From the moment we arrived to when we left, your energy and the love for all that attended was greatly appreciated.

HEART SWELLING JOY WHEN WE SING OUT

Would have loved a bit more leisure time...maybe some optional quiet veranda activities (hearts, scrabble, or just rocking together on the porch...?)

I liked having lots of options available," including the option to rock on the porch of the inn!





Always so refreshing to visit with old camp friends and catch up, and most wonderful of all, sing together.

I met some wonderful new people and realized that a huge component of the reunion is singing the songs together in harmony. It touched a deep place in me and was very nurturing.

The painting activity brought people together in an amazing way. Lots of relaxed talking while encouraging each other. I think having a creative activity as an ice breaker is an excellent idea.

How can getting together with old and new friends who shared the Camp Hagan experience be anything other than excellent!

The food was very good. Loved the singing. Great memories. And the program you all put together was fabulous! You were all very generous in so many ways Thank you for all you did. I will never forget this wonderful time with such lovely people.

The reunion exceeded my expectations. I was moved to joy by the beauty of the nature around me and the companionship of my fellow campers.

Lots of activities from which to choose.

Peace I ask of thee oh River is my favorite song so loved that presentation. Ending the reunion with Christmas theme was a great idea as well as the ornament activity.

WOW! Bringing so many women of different ages together and making us all know that we share common ground that has contributed to shaping who we are, was energizing.

The Mary Poppins video was outstanding.

I am so grateful for all of the Hagan gals who do the planning and execute the events. You are absolutely awesome!

Getting to reconnect with friends from past years at Hagan, and meeting some new women who shared those camping experiences was just wonderful. I went up a little hesitantly as most of "my group" was unable to attend this year, but thoroughly enjoyed meeting new people and catching up with the others that I knew from my years at Hagan. There were so many activities for all of us to choose from, whether you were very active

or not. The committee did a fantastic job thinking of so many details to make everyone comfortable.

Thank you, everyone, for making the 2019 Hagan Reunion so memorable! I loved every moment!!

Even more moving than I thought it would be; gazing down at the river was a magical, almost mystical experience.



The headwinds were dreadful, but the eagle overhead made it all worthwhile.

Our time together in that setting is precious to me. Connecting with friends old and new who share the Hagan bond is a blessing for which I am deeply grateful.

Outside hearing the quiet sounds of the river, seeing the white heron flying low over the Delaware, and sensing the camaraderie was enough to fill the senses.

Everything great except for the bees.

Gathering on the veranda: I stayed up way later than I usually do. Heard some great comments from the other women and felt true communion with them. Loved it.

Loved the signing and using the song, Peace I Ask of Thee O River, as a theme for quotes. The Christmas activity was perfect. Using ornaments was clever and hearing each person's wish for another was heartwarming.

The food was great-much better than previous years. The video just blew me away. It was perfect. The entertainment was clever, brought people together, was just the right length. I look forward to reading the limericks in a future newsletter.

LOVED the paint and sip!

Thank you to all the Planning Committee for making the reunion so enjoyable with a variety of activities we could choose to participate in. I especially liked the closing ceremony. When I was wondering what to do on Wed. morning, I was fortunate enough to hook up with and get to know some wonderful women who were going to play miniature golf.

.....For you, girls, belong to Hagan, and Hagan belongs to you. We are one.

Much appreciation to the committee who arranged the best reunion yet. Low key and fun!

Singing around the fire is the best reminder of camp. The voices are like angels and the memories tumble over and around me when we sing together.

Joy and gratitude abound. Bless be the tie that binds...HAGAN love forever. 50+ HAGAN Women Strong. Kudos to the Planning Team.

I was very touched by the campers who had attended Hagan in the 1950's and early 60's and found each other at the opening dinner. I don't think they had been singing the Hagan songs at home all of these years, and they jumped right in and really enjoyed themselves. It's amazing how those songs and harmonies stay with you! They reminded me again how significant our days at Hagan were in our lives.

To be with women who are so familiar, comfortable, and connected is special. Living together, summer after summer, made you part of the fabric of my soul.

Evening Entertainment "Limericks"

Created and Facilitated by
Mary Goldsmith Westhuis
and Dotty Watson Westgate



Click on the arrow above to listen to Evening Entertainment at the 2019 Reunion. Mary Goldsmith Westhuis and Dotty Watson Westgate gave us the first line of a limerick to which we had to complete it. Enjoy!

Barb Dando

There once floated bottles of Prell
We all thought Fridays were swell
It was time to get clean

Kathy Ranieri Tanner

Forgetting that flip of a tag
The beginning of the end for a Hag
She could float away

For the Miller dance scene
What happened next? We won't tell!

Betty Witherman Schaffrick

A brown paper bag held our lunch
We love PB&J a bunch
Apple, cookie and a drink
Oh my what do you think?
A hole in my bag – no munch!

Bonnie Reyher Mellor

Our cabin is always a mess
In a hurry we had to dress
We stayed in our beds
And covered our heads
Cause sleeping is what we did best.

Carol Ziegler Croll

A fine place to eat was Great Hall
Where singing was enjoyed by all
We walked through a maze
For food filled brown trays
But what we loved – murals drawn on the wall.

Judy (Binky) Weinmann van Naerssen

There once were 9 jolly JCs
Who were irreverent but still anxious to please
They showed off their skills
With panache and no frills
And love reunions such as these.

Karen East Taylor

Our canoe we managed to flip
Our bathing suits we did rip
Our paddles we lost
Our cookies we tossed
What a "revealing" trip.

To Port Jervis for a day
Or wind up at Miller in drag.

Lynne Weitzmann Friedel

There once were 12 girls on a bunk
Looking through everyone's trunk
Where was the dress for the dance?
That would guarantee hot romance
With the perfect Miller hunk.

Molly LeVan

Through the rafters, there once flew a bat
It did its best to land on a hat
Through the cabin it flew
Till the campers cried boo hoo
At last on the counselor's bed it sat.

Nancy Rosenquest Reeves

We once folded towels towards the door,
Til we thought we could stand it no more.
Oy vey, what the hell....
Where's Cinderella?!
These rules are quite frankly a bore!

Rosemary Wenzler Milgate

There once was a girl from Camp Hagan
Who grew much older than dragons
She played in the sun
And had lots of fun
But her heart belongs always to Hagan

Susan Davit Maxwell

Our cabin is always a mess
For the dances we all had to dress
When the truck had no top
Our hair was a mop
And the Miller boys couldn't care less.

Just Saying! 🙄

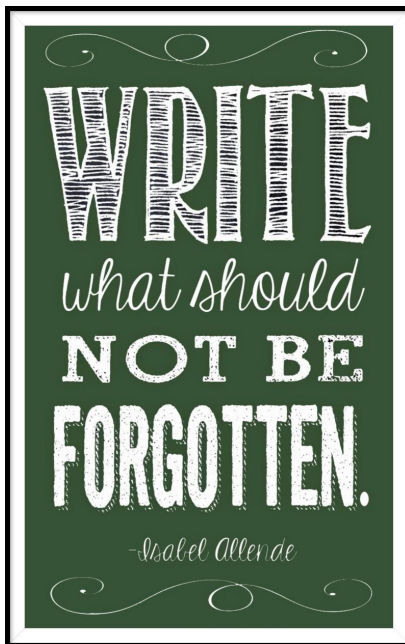


Pre-Camp Work Group - Shawnee



Post-Camp Work Group - B&B

Camper Memoir



Ice Cream Is a Cultural Universal ...And Other Odd Travel Memories

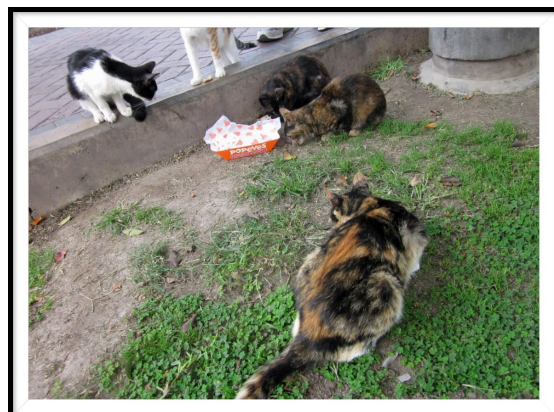
**Karen Beatty
(Hagan 1960-1968)**

As long as I can remember I have been interested in the cultures of the world - how people live and what they believe. As a child, the farthest I remember going from home (Bethlehem, PA) was a trip to Fort Lauderdale to visit my grandparents. So, my "cultural adventures" did not really begin until my senior year in college when I participated in a Jan Plan to Corpus Christi, Texas and Monterrey, Mexico. (Sue Nelson Elliott was in the same Jan Plan!)

and I am afraid we caused a minor international incident by leaving some on our plates.

If you have traveled much, you have probably seen them. The village dogs. I experienced this in Puerto Rico, in Bali, Indonesia in 2015 and in Peru in 2016. They are bands of non-descript, mangy mutts weighing about 20 to 50 pounds. They wander the streets scavenging for handouts until homeowners and shopkeepers send them scattering. People tolerate them, although they do not seem to belong to anybody.

On the other hand, cat lovers in Lima, Peru only need to go to El Parque Kennedy in the center of a business district to be surrounded by domestic stray cats that have been rounded up by volunteers and dropped off at the park. Peruvian cat lovers (and tourists) bring them food and take ill cats to a vet, and folks looking for a pet just take one home. It's an informal Adopt-a-Cat program!



Living so far away from home was a useful experience for someone about to graduate from college. What I remember about Corpus Christi is flat, dry land, wide-open space, and Mexican-inspired architecture. How very different from Eastern Pennsylvania! I also remember having an easy time crossing the border from Brownsville, Texas into Mexico and back again. I don't even think we had passports. Hmm...

Walking on the left side of the sidewalk with people walking past me on the right was very disconcerting while I was in London in 1970 (I did have a passport this time!). I experienced the same discomfort in Bermuda, a British colony, in 1976 while riding on the back of a motorbike driven by my husband (former). It actually became dangerous in 1981, on a return trip to Bermuda, when I drove my own motorbike (Equal Rights Protest!). As I turned a corner, I forgot to stay on the left side of the street and wiped out when I saw a car coming toward me in the right lane. Piña coladas became my pain medication for the rest of that trip!

If it doesn't kill them, it probably won't kill you! During a 1971 summer trip to Cameroon, Africa to visit my Peace Corps boyfriend, I ate several types of meat (monkey, bush baby) that I would never dream of eating at home. I didn't want to seem the snobbish American so I ate what was served. When we were on our own in Yokadouma, a small town on the edge of the rain forest, we ate beef that we bought at the open-air market in the town center. Cattle that have walked about 600 miles to get from their grazing land to market in Yokadouma become very muscular and their meat is rather tough, to say the least. I, literally, had to pound it with a hammer to make it edible!

My attempt to become fluent in Spanish has taken me to several locations. In Puerto Rico, in 1986 and 1987, and in Mexico in 1990 and 1992, I experienced the Latin topsy-turvy meal schedules, where the main meal is at midday and the evening meal is little more than a snack. Although this arrangement includes the afternoon siesta, which is a nice break, I found that I prefer our American meal schedule. I have a friend who is Mexican and has lived in the states for many years, and she prefers the Latin schedule. Just a case of double ethno-centricity I suppose!

El Parque Kennedy, Lima, Peru

I was in Peru in 2015, mainly to experience Machu Picchu. There are no words to describe the grandeur and wonder of this place.



Machu Picchu

Did you know that ice cream is a cultural universal? On my most recent adventure I tested the ice cream in Prague and in Germany.

However, I still believe that the best ice cream I have ever eaten was in Lima, Peru. And speaking of cultural universals, I experienced another one, the starving university student, in Germany. Viking River Cruises arranged an opportunity to have lunch in a hotel in Heidelberg with local university students.



Ice Cream in Trier, Germany

My traveling companions and I enjoyed the company of Sigmund, who finished all of his food and the rest of what one of my friends could not finish. He admitted that his goal, in participating in the program, besides the opportunity to practice English, was to get a free meal. College students the world over can relate!

Reprise to "...it probably won't kill you..." - Don't eat the fry bread (white flour, water, & lard) in Navajo country. It is sure to kill you! It was a cruel thing the US government did to the Navajo people on the Long Walk (1864-66) by giving them only white flour for food. The Navajos have continued making and eating fry bread, which is neither healthy nor tasty, to this day. I tried it on a 2014 trip to Canyon de Chelly (on the Navajo Reservation) in Arizona, a very beautiful place.



**Me, 2nd from left and
Sigmund, 3rd from left**

Another food adventure awaited me in Germany this past April, when I was on a riverboat cruise. Springtime in Germany is "spargel" (asparagus) season when every restaurant serves their version of this delicacy. They prefer their asparagus to be white, and they go to great lengths to keep the sprouts covered with dirt so that they do not develop chlorophyll. A friend and I went into the town of Rudesheim one evening for dinner and we both tried the white spargel. Neither of us liked it,

When I retired in 2007, I thought that I needed a goal. So I decided that I was going to travel to all seven continents. If you were counting, I have five down. Australia and Antarctica remain. I pledge to continue the search for the best ice cream in the world! (Although, it may be difficult to find ice cream in Antarctica!) Who wants to join me?!

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