

Hagan Newsletter December 24, 2019

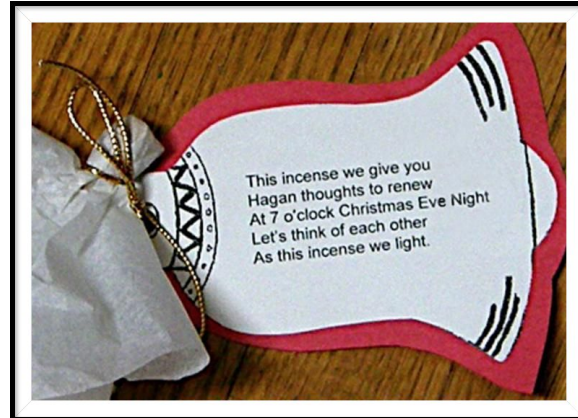
Hagan | Hagan | noun
a place of comfort,
to play, connect and remember;
where the heart is.



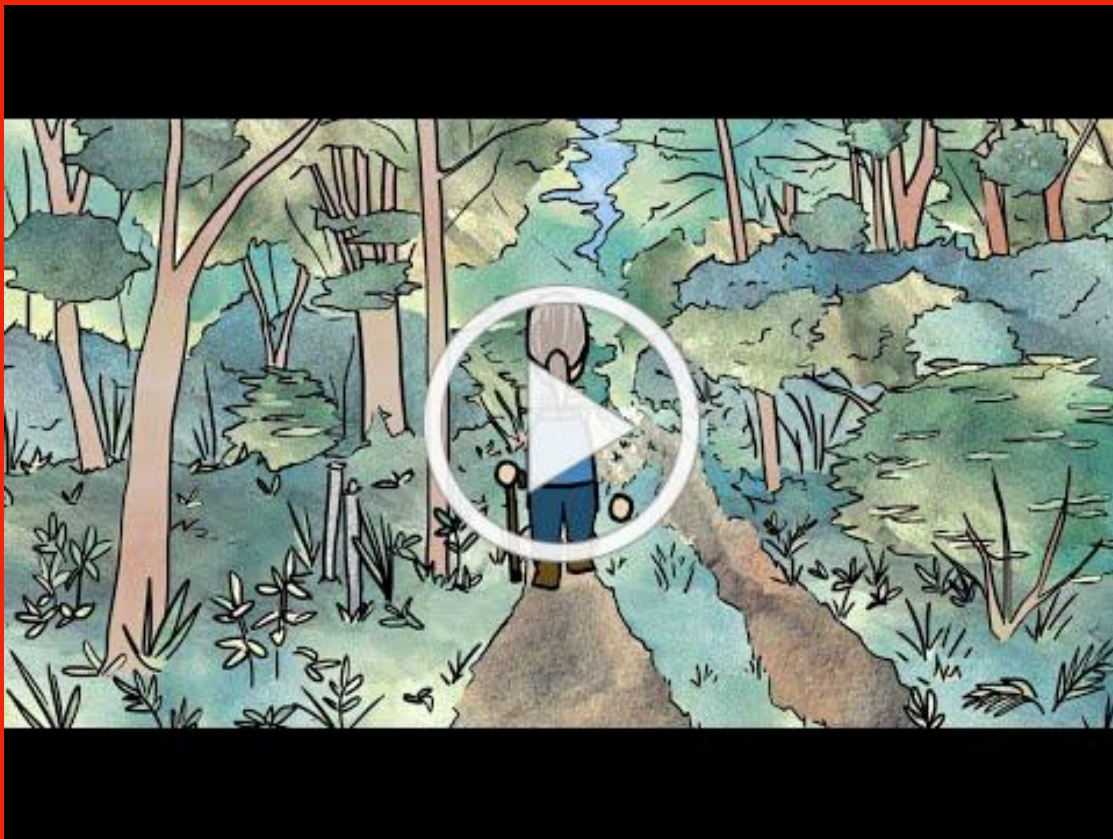
09.10.19
41° 0' 44" N
75° 6' 39" W

About The Next Hagan Reunion

The next Hagan reunion will take place on September 14-16, 2021. We will start the Hagan Newsletters again on January 1, 2021. Until then, Merry Hagan Christmas. May good health, joy and protection surround you until we meet again.



Farewell Until 2021



The song, "The Place Where Lost Things Go,"
is from *Mary Poppins Returns*, which was
playing in theatres in 2019. In 1965,
the Hagan JCs performed the original
Mary Poppins for their play that summer.
At the 2019 reunion, six of the nine 1965
JC's sang this song along with the above video.

Do you ever lie awake at night
Just between the dark and the morning light
Searching for the things you used to know
Looking for the place where the lost things go
Do you ever dream or reminisce
Wondering where to find what you truly miss
Well maybe all those things that you love so
Are waiting in the place where the lost things go
Memories you've shared, gone for good, you feared
They're all around you still, though they've disappeared
Nothing's really left or lost without a trace
Nothing's gone forever, only out of place
So maybe now the dish and my best spoon
Are playing hide and seek just behind the moon
Waiting there until it's time to show
Spring is like that now, far beneath the snow
Hiding in the place where the lost things go
Time to close your eyes, so sleep can come around
For when you dream you'll find all that's lost is found
Maybe on the moon, or maybe somewhere new
Maybe all you're missing lives inside of you
So when you need her touch and loving gaze
Gone but not forgotten is the perfect phrase
Smiling from a star that she makes glow
Trust she's always there, watching as you grow
Find her in the place where the lost things go



1965 JCs - Top Row: Ann Mapes (JC Head); Judy/Binky Weinmann van Naerssen;
Nancy Hartman; Debbie Bartleson Lee; Linda Gundleshimer Krapish

The Birth of a Poem Carole Ziegler Croll



The Hagan Reunion of 2019 was special. There was a beauty and magic to it that I had not expected. When I returned home I wanted to capture that beauty and magic in a poem, but when I tried to write, nothing happened. A day or so later, out of nowhere, came the word, "Rise". I liked the word; it was a good word, a good, title word, so I tried to write again. Again, nothing. A day or so passed and I was on a

morning walk when, out of that same nowhere came the words, "And the river said to me, rise from your bed as I rise from mine". It was the beginning, the first line of the poem, and when I began to write, the entire poem came. from your bed as I rise from mine".

I will tell you this about my writing experiences. Some poems come from the mind. They are intellectual exercises and I labor over them. Some poems come from the heart so they are personal, very emotional. This poem is not a mind poem; it is not a heart poem. This poem is a spirit poem. I say this because it came from beyond. It came when I could not find the words in my mind or heart to say what I wanted to say, to share what I needed to share. It was truly a gift of spirit.

Rise a song

And the river said to me, "Rise from your bed as I rise from mine.
Flow with intention, brisk and clear. Rise and salute the spangled shore."

And the mountain said to me, "Rise to the challenge of flood or drought,
heat of day or chill of night. Rise in beauty, strength, and wisdom."

And the altar said to me, "Rise in the world as a testament,
strong as stone and firm as faith. Rise and embrace the changing landscape."

And the treetops said to me, "Rise like a forest, for we all rise,
spreading shelter, shade and seed. Branches ripe with happiness."

*So we came together to sing our strength,
sing our beauty, faith, and wisdom.
We came together to sing with joy
around the sacred firelight.*

And the fire said to me, "Rise in the dark as I always rise, bright, and warm,
and full of hope. Rise like a spark for all to see."

Higher than the silent river. Higher than the sleepy shore.
Higher than the nodding treetops. Higher than the mountain floor.
Higher than the gathering rain clouds. Higher than the gibbous moon.
High as stars, and sky, and heaven.

Rise Rise Rise

-Carole Ziegler Croll

Not a Creature Was Stirring.....



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