

DID YOU MISS OUR LAST TWO ISSUES?

If so, we need your
e-mail address!

Whispers from the Preserve Summer and Autumn newsletters were sent by e-mail and are available on our website. Staying in touch with our GRP family is important to us. We will continue to send out print newsletters as well as electronic newsletters a couple of times a year. If you would like to receive upcoming e-newsletters please sign up on our Newsletter page online or send us an email, info@greenriverpreserve.org.

TOP STORIES FROM THE LAST 2 ISSUES:

✧ **NEW MINI CAMP FOR RISING 2ND-4TH GRADERS** – a 5 day starter session to introduce younger campers to GRP **Saturday, June 7 - Wednesday, June 11, 2008**. A child you know who loves nature and learning would love GRP – tell them about it!

✧ **NEW CAMP VIDEO RELEASED** – you should have received yours by mail already (let us know if we missed you or would like additional copies to share). The full video is also available online. We feel the video truly captures the spirit of GRP with incredible footage of the preserve, and interviews with our amazing campers and parents.

✧ **GRAND SLAM**

SUMMER – a Grad Slam is a sighting of turkey, bear, deer, and a venomous snake in one session. Not since 2004 have we had a Grad Slam and this past summer we had two! We also have a new Grand Slam T-Shirt available, designed by Laura Davis.

✧ **EXTRA EXPEDITIONS** – an 18 day Blue Ridge session and a 3rd Outer Banks expedition have been added to meet the demand!



WILDERNESS EXPEDITION SCHOOL

Did you know that GRP hosts many schools during the fall after camp is over? Many mentors from the summer and even some new mentors welcome hundreds of upper elementary & middle school students from all over the southeast. They spend their days traversing the property and exploring Uncle's Falls, the Cave, and the Balds... to name a few. They try their skills at the climbing tower and at the Pioneer Cabin making fire with flint and steel.

Lower Council Fires, Variety Shows and Night Exploration hikes round out the program. *Is your school looking for a fun, beautiful, and educational field trip?* If so, tell them all about GRP and have them give us a call!



The Green River Preserve
301 Green River Rd
Cedar Mountain, NC 28718





Whispers from the Preserve



The Green River Preserve

Winter 2007



“Be Kind, do at least one act of unbargaining service a day.”

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This past summer camper Rachel Kupferman of Mt. Pleasant, SC had an experience that not only touched her heart, but inspired her. Rachel learned that one of her cabin mates was a scholarship camper. She was not aware that some campers received financial assistance to attend Green River. While riding home from camp she told this story to her parents. She wanted to be able to offer the wonderful experiences which she has gained from GRP to campers who may not be able to afford it.



In late November, a check for \$1,270 towards the scholarship fund arrived from Rachel. For the last four months, she has spent her Saturdays at malls, shopping centers, and about town handing out flyers about Green River and collecting money for campers to go to camp. The Woodcraft Law, *Love*, reminds us “be kind, do at least one act of unbargaining service a day.” Rachel’s love for Green River epitomizes this act of kindness on her part. We are very proud of her accomplishments! Thank you Rachel for “seeking the joy” for others.

“Thank you so much for the scholarship to camp. I love camp. I learned all about trees, flowers, and plants. I also loved the upper council fire. I love my counselors. They were amazing. They were always helping me. This camp is wonderful. It was a great experience for me. I hope I can come back next year. Thank you so much.” - 2007 scholarship recipient

“Thank you for giving me the chance to experience (the) Green River Preserve. ...Everyone at your camp was very kind. They all had so much knowledge to share with all of us. I will take all of my experiences and learning, and use them in my life. This is definitely a chapter in my book that will always be remembered.”
- 2007 scholarship recipient

Gift giving can be a form of unbargaining service if you expect nothing in return. Thank you to all the staff, campers, parents and friends that have shared their gifts with us this past year! May gifts of all types flow to you and from you this holiday season!

Peace, love and “seek the joy”!! ~ GRP Staff



There is still time to consider a gift to the Green River Preserve Annual Fund. Your tax deductible donations to this unrestricted fund help provide scholarships and camp improvements. Please send donations to: The Green River Preserve Annual Fund -301 Green River Road, Cedar Mtn., N.C. 28718



Do you have an older truck or 4 wheel drive vehicle to donate? We are looking for vehicles that are in good working order and have a little life left in them. Donating a vehicle is easy, and your donation may be eligible for tax deduction purposes.



Many thanks to our recent donors (friends, staff, parents, & campers) Carroll Belser and Dr. Sidney Gauthreaux, Berne Chisolm, David Dethero, Robert Goodin, Rachel Kupferman, L. B. Lane Family Foundation, Andrew Roe, & Scotty Scott.



Blue Ridge Expeditions ~ For all who wander, are not lost. J.R.R. Tolkien.

Is it time for you to wander? Then come wander in the woods with us on GRP’s Blue Ridge Expeditions. BRX is an adventure based, community building, low-impact living, music infused program for rising 9th through 12th graders. Whether you are ready to graduate from base camp progressing in leadership and responsibility, or joining us for the first time, BRX will offer a chance to explore some new skills (fire making, climbing, orienteering, canoeing, backpacking) and a chance to meet new friends. Want to learn more? Explore Expeditions on our website or give us a call, 828-698-8828!





Chatter from the trees... Buzzin' with the bees...



This past summer marked a milestone in GRP history with our 20th Anniversary Celebration. Over 150 alumni, campers, and friends descended upon the Preserve for a reunion celebration filled with laughter and tears. We loved seeing everyone and hearing stories from the past. Bob's old roommates had especially funny stories to tell. We had a great picnic and Council Fire complete with a little liquid sunshine. Our master of ceremonies, **Bob Davis**, hosted the evening along with the GRP musicians, and several alumni. Many who were not able to attend wrote or called with GRP stories and news.



Thank you all for making our 20th Anniversary so memorable. We're looking forward to the next 20 years!!!

Former summer camp program director, **Courtney Brown**, visited this summer. Courtney lives in New Zealand where she and her husband run a retreat center, Keewaydin Retreat. She has invited all the friends and family of GRP to (visit www.keewaydin.co.nz). You can learn more about what past staff and friends have been up to on our website blog where

we have recently entered some of the news from the reunion, a dispatch from Courtney, and some of the other "chatter and buzz" we receive through the GRP grapevine.

Cassidy Shaffer was in a car accident this fall. She is a long time camper, was a co-counselor this past summer and was on the fall school programs staff. While she remains hospitalized she continues to make steady progress. Keep Cassidy in your thoughts and prayers as she continues to travel towards recovery.



We've loved seeing lots of campers and staff at our fall reunions and look forward to seeing more of you during our Winter Road Show. It is not too late to schedule us to visit your home and town, we are always looking for chance to meet your friends and share the story of GRP in person. We would also be grateful if you would tell folks about GRP. You certainly know children and families that would be a great fit for our community and do not know about us. We can make it easy by sending information to them directly or we would be glad to send you brochures, videos to share, or even a poster to post in a good location.

Camper and staff applications are coming in and ***we are so excited!!!*** Has yours been mailed? In October, Summer Program Coordinator, Pam Ritchie attended the Earth Skills Rendezvous in Georgia and gained lots of great news skills and knowledge to share with us back here at camp. During Thanksgiving she was in Idaho leading a three week expedition for SUWS of Idaho.

On January 2nd, Bob, Laura, and India Davis leave for Grenada where Laura will attend Veterinary School. They have been living at the Preserve this fall and it has been such fun having them here. Former staff member Molly Waffle gave her 10 chickens to GRP when she headed to Colorado and Bob has totally adopted them. One of them has taken to living with the bunnies. We will all miss the Davis Family when they leave, but are very, very excited that they are planning to return to GRP next summer. Let's see, when can we schedule a trip to Grenada now that we have friends there!



"How Can You Buy or Sell the Land?"

What would you do if you owned 3400 acres of beautiful mountain land? Particularly, if the land has been in your family for generations. On top of that, hundreds of children come to this property to play and make friends. Like magic, this land and its' creatures make the children happy, thoughtful, and kind. Suppose that people from far away want to come and live there. ***Would you sell them the land?***



"The idea is strange to us..." Just like Chief Seattle, *we couldn't either*. Recently, we placed a conservation easement on the Green River Preserve which permanently protects from development over 2600 acres of our best and most beautiful wildlife habitat. This will allow the GRP Family to continue to share our vision of this magic for years to come. The critters are happy. The camp family is happy... and so are we.

PLANT OF THE SEASON -

CHRISTMAS FERN (*POLYSTICHUM ACROSTICHOIDES*)
- Don't you love scientific names? Just say it loud and with conviction and no one will argue. Who says there isn't anything green and growing during the winter. The Christmas Fern stays green all winter, hence the name. This native fern occurs in both dry and moist wooded slopes, moist banks, ravines, and maybe your own backyard. It typically grows in a fountain-like clump to 2' tall and features leathery, lance-shaped, evergreen fronds. The stocking shape of the pinnae (leaflets) remind us of stockings hung by the chimney with care, and the leaves also look like little sleighs. In the spring, you will see crosiers (young fiddleheads) all silvery and scaled. And yum, yum, I hear they are good to eat!



EARLY WINTER SOLITUDE -- a page from Bob's Journals

It was late November. I found myself staying in "the big house" at GRP all alone. My family was out of town, as was everyone else who worked here. All I had to do was keep track of everyone's animals: the dogs - Sunny and Tober, four cats, 11 chickens and three rabbits. Just me, the animals, and the vast silence of the wilderness. It should have been perfect.

At first all was well. Every morning I let the dogs out, threw the cats out (cats must be "thrown" out), opened the chicken coop and let the little cluckies run free, and threw some radish plants in to the bunny cages. At night I let the dogs and cats in, rounded up the chicks and corralled them into their coop and sang little songs to the rabbits. The dogs lounged about on the couches watching prime time TV. The cats, each claimed their own room and god help the cat that dared step into the territory of another (hissing and other-worldly devil-cat screams were heard through out the night).



Then things started going bad. First a chicken went missing in the back field. Nothing left but a handful of feathers. Since the campers left, the wildlife crept back into camp and was hungry for some KFC. I now felt compelled to stand out with the chickens all day and guard them like a shepherd (chickherd?). With Sunny and Tober by my side we were ready to fend off any would be chicken eatin' varmint. Of course the dogs weren't really of much use, as Tober was constantly on the edge of eating a chicken herself and Sunny was often seen staring intently at a tree contemplating the word "bark".



The situation soon worsened. The outside temperatures started to drop, followed by days of torrential downpours. I could no longer stay out with the chickens. I had nightmares of cooped up hens crammed together like clowns in a VW beetle. I was also worried that the rabbits would get drenched in the rains and freeze at night. Visions of horror stricken bunny sickles filled my head. I was failing as an animal keeper. Gripped by anxiety attacks, I had to come up with a plan.

While lying on the couch, watching jeopardy with the dogs - I was winning - it hit me. This is a big house. The chickens and rabbits can run around in here for the week! So in the middle of the night while everyone was asleep, I carefully carried the chickens and rabbits into the house and placed them in chairs and on blankets throughout the place. I then joined them in a sweet untroubled sleep.

The next morning reality raised its ugly head. The rabbits were leaving little piles of raisins here and there on the floor, while the chicks were dispersing chicken scat all over everything. The house was quickly donning a cloak of the barnyard. Obviously we had a problem. A bathroom problem. But of course, the bathroom! I could keep the animal farm in the upstairs bathroom where they would be left undisturbed! So I started herding the rabbits and hens up the stairs and down the hall. The dogs were so excited about this new game that they joined in too. I went in to shoo them out and the chickens kept escaping. So I grabbed them and brought them back in and it was all so exhausting that I finally just slammed the door and shut us all in the bathroom. There were chickens, rabbits, and dogs all running, hopping and flapping about the tiny room, when I look up at the towel shelf and I notice the cats. Little did I know, the cats, all avid bird killers, were just a little freaked out by the very large chickens, and so they had already taken to the bathroom as a last form of refuge. The four cats that hated each other were joined together by a common enemy. Now the cats could hold out no longer. They began hissing, screaming, scratching, bouncing, flying, and actually cussing (in cat talk). I was in the midst of pure chaos. Then in a moment of unparalleled brilliance, Sunny the dog reaches up to the door knob, grabs it in his mouth, and pulls it clean off the door.

There is no way out. It is a long way down from the second story window. I have been tearing off little squares of toilet paper, writing SOS messages on them, and throwing them out into the wind. I can only hope one of those little squares finds someone.

