



Camp Marist Alumni Newsletter - February, 2015

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Bro. Kenneth Robert, FMS

Tom Lee & Vinny Gschlecht

Brother Kenneth Robert has been an important part of the Camp Marist family for 50 years. If you have been to camp since 1963, you know Bro. Ken. His first year at Camp was in 1963 as Assistant Prefect in Cabin 2 with important duties like cleaning the bathroom and sweeping the floors. Bro. Ray, the Prefect was a perfect model and the next year, Bro. Ken became the Prefect of Cabin 5 for six years, from 1964 to 1969 where he had an average of 30 campers each summer along with many rabbits, chickens, ducks and a pet goat!



Bro. Kenneth and Bro. Louis Richard

Camp was going through tough times in the late sixties and Bro. Ken was appointed Director in 1970, a position he would hold until 1983. He started a very ambitious program to increase enrollment, improve and expand the facilities and invigorate the camp program. This is when the tradition of campers traveling in groups to

activities to the current system of individual choice was introduced.



Bro Francis and Bro. Kenneth

New activities such as go-karts, BB guns, tennis, soccer, lacrosse and fishing were introduced. Weekend trips to New York, Montreal and Boston were available as well as Deep Sea Fishing and the reintroduction of Horseback Riding. Many buildings were renovated, tennis courts and a Gym were built, and porches added to the large cabins. Under Bro. Ken's leadership and enthusiasm, Camp Marist was reinvigorated and large numbers of Campers from around the globe enjoyed, "**the BEST summers of their lives**".

As Director, Bro. Ken organized the CIT program and currently serves as the CIT Director for boys. He also has taken over running the Canteen, a position his great friend, Bro. Louie Richard held for many years. On the 60th anniversary of Camp, Bro. Ken was honored by

the entire camp and many former CIT's came to visit and salute him. This year marks Bro. Ken's 50th year at Camp. He loves returning to camp each summer and is probably already packed as this article is written. Bro. Ken is an icon of Camp Marist and we thank him for his many years of service and for the many staff, parents and campers he has touched with his love and kindness.

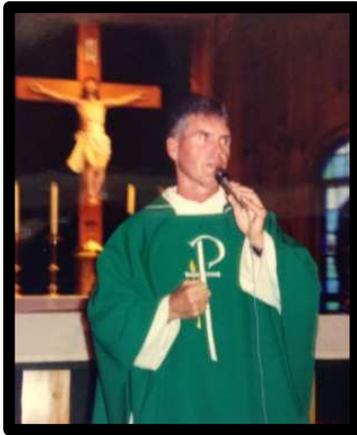
Chaplain Memories

Msgr. Dermot Brennan

It was in July of 1965 that I arrived at Camp Marist for the first time. As I told you previously, it was at the invitation of Msgr. Deno that I had come and spent my first summer at the Camp. It also meant a reunion with many of the Brothers with whom I had taught at Bishop Dubois HS in Manhattan and Cardinal Hayes HS in the Bronx. Little did I think that I would return to the camp every summer for the next fifty years!

About ten days into my stay, this young good looking and very athletic New York priest arrived at Camp. He was on the way to Maine to see a priest friend but stopped off at the Camp to visit with some of the Brothers who had taught him at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx.

Like me, he fell in love with the Camp and returned for the next thirty-five years as co-chaplain.



An excellent swimmer, baseball and tennis player, with an ability to find the good restaurants in the area, he became a Camp favorite among the staff and campers, and beloved by many of the people who attended Mass at the camp on weekends. They enjoyed his casual style and his excellent homilies which challenged them as well as the Campers to discover their giftedness and use it for spreading their Catholic Faith.

At the end of his stay in July of 1998, when he was leaving Camp to return to his parish in Dobbs Ferry, NY, one of the nurses pointed out to him that there was a black uneven scab on his back and suggested that he see a doctor as soon as he got home. Fr. Terry did that and was diagnosed as having a malignant melanoma. He began immediate cancer treatments and even returned to Camp the next summer, but he was steadily losing the battle at it went first to his liver, then to his brain. It was on Holy Thursday of 2000 (the Feast of the Priesthood) that Fr. Terry was called home to God. His Funeral Mass, at which I had the difficult but treasured privilege of preaching, was one of the largest I have ever concelebrated. That July, in his honor a tree was planted outside the Camp chapel and it has grown tall and strong in his memory. We have also established a Fr. Terry Attridge Scholarship Fund which provides at least two scholarships for campers each summer.

“The Best Summers of my Life”

Hannah Anderson

At the age of eleven, my two siblings and myself finally convinced our mom it was time to let us go away. And so in 2008, I was introduced to a place I would shortly learn to call home. That first summer was so great that to this day I still struggle to find words to adequately describe it. Two weeks didn't seem long. The following summer I returned yet again, just as excited. Fortunately, this time I learned of a special place called the main office where you could

call home and stay for TWO more weeks. My siblings and I pulled this trick just about every summer after that.

Concluding season 2012 and my final summer as a camper, a great bit of uncertainty wound its way into my life. I was not ready to leave my Marist family and couldn't help but wish to provide more kids with the great experiences I had over the years. So in January 2013, I sent in my application for the CIT program and along with it many prayers to St. Marcellin Champagnat.

Season 2014 marked my 7th summer at camp and 2nd year as a CIT. And let me tell you, it was just as great as the first! (Maybe even a little better). As many of us know, the memories and bonds made on Lake Ossipee



are the ones that can outshine any gloomy day at home. Nothing beats sprinting to the mound to enjoy all the laughter and smiles on the kids' faces as they join in

on Br. Jim's madness. I can't help but be a little jealous of the boys in the Lodge and the girls of La Petite, as they've only just begun their life at Camp Marist. I was privileged to spend five summers as a camper and live in three of the four girls cabins. I almost feel cheated in not getting the proper start at the ripe old age of 5 or 6. Nevertheless, I didn't completely miss out on the small cabin experience as I did get to live in Girls' CIT for two summers.

Camp Marist has grown to be a big part of my life. There are few days that go by where I am able to talk about an experience other than one at camp. But hey, if some of my friends at home had friends that lived just about everywhere on the globe, they'd probably talk about it nonstop too. I'm so grateful to be a part of this community. I feel welcomed and can be myself. My Marist experience is something I will truly cherish for years and look to share with many others.

Reflections by Nick Martino

Over 60 years ago the Marist Brothers decided to buy a piece of land in rural New Hampshire and make it into a summer camp for boys. That purchase improved the lives of thousands of boys and now girls for years to come. I was one of those lucky children whose mother in 1958 happened on a small advertisement in the

Catholic News about a Catholic camp in New Hampshire. My life was about to change forever.



As I get older the memory fades but I can still remember my early days growing up on the lower east side of Manhattan in the projects that were called Stuyvesant Town, built for lower income, returning WWII veterans by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

There were thousands of us baby boomers living on top of one another but lucky enough to have playgrounds to hang out in and play punch ball and touch football. There were some trees but it definitely was not the country. Con Edison, the energy company, had a power plant across the street and we were all treated to daily doses of billowing black smoke. I was the oldest of three boys and at eight years old I had never been away from home other than the occasional trip to Paramus, New Jersey to see my grandparents. As the school year ended in late June 1958, I was looking forward to another hot summer in the city in an apartment with no air conditioning, sleeping in a small room with my two brothers.



My mother, always good at keeping secrets from us, had already made arrangements for me to spend the next two months in a place I thought was on another planet- New Hampshire. Was that in America? I couldn't even spell New Hampshire. Two months away from my friends in New York with people I had never met. What was my mother thinking? On July 1st my mother dressed me in a white tee shirt with a Camp Marist logo, blue shorts with gold trim, sneakers and a blue baseball cap with the letters CM imprinted on it. I would be remiss if I forgot the blue jacket with the gold Camp Marist patch. In this outfit she took me

to Grand Central Station and along with about two hundred identically dressed boys of all ages I began a day long journey, using trains and buses, that lasted into the early evening hours. Around 7:00PM the buses rolled to a stop in a large, dusty open area and I got my first glimpse of Camp Marist. The incredibly tall pine trees, the overwhelming pine scent and the lake in the distance told me that I was no longer in New York City.

That first day turned into ten years as a camper and a kitchen worker that were the best times of my life. Every summer I looked forward to going back to camp, being careful not to fail any school subjects, the "new math" especially, that would require me to attend summer school. We were kept busy everyday with sports and activities that I never thought I would try. We played plenty of softball, I learned to ride a horse, shoot a rifle and use a bow and arrow (maybe not that smart for a kid from the lower eastside of New York City) and improved my ability to swim and became an altar boy learning Latin at the age of 10. As the years passed, I learned how to save lives by becoming a junior lifesaver, learned to water ski, which came in handy later when I took up snow skiing and learned how to paddle a canoe.



Those wonderful summers at Camp would not have been possible without the influence of the Marist Brothers. I would not be telling the truth if I said that all my interactions with the Brothers were positive, but I will say that they had their hands full with me. I can still recall the Brothers who made a lasting impression on me. In my early days there was: Brother Simeone who taught us how to be altar boys and still managed to pitch a softball game in the "grove" with a rambunctious bunch of eight and nine year olds from the New York City streets; Brother Alphonse, who never had a boring day and always had a story and a smile; Brother Tim, who took me under his wing and called me "little Marty" and taught me how to hit a

fastball; Brother Godfrey, who always managed to make the color war a tie at the end of a long grueling week of competition and taught me a lasting respect for the water. At the 50th anniversary of the Camp, I repeated to him the words that I can still hear in my head "ones on deck twos in the water". Father Terry Attridge, who we all swore was brought to Camp to help the Brothers beat the kitchen boys in softball, counseled us when we had difficulties in his non-threatening manner. There are so many others I would love to mention but that would take a novel. Thanks to all of them, growing up was made immeasurably easier and a whole lot of fun.

I have been fortunate to have stayed in touch with the Camp over these many years. As I become Medicare eligible this year (I refuse to say 65 years old) I am still involved with the Camp as a member of the Board of Directors. My family and I spend at least two weeks in the summer in a cabin across the lake from the Camp and still hear the announcements being made at the Camp by Brother Francis Thomas. The Camp has grown and changed over the years, the buildings have been updated, activities expanded and improved, but the Marist spirit still remains the same as it was for me over 50 years ago. The Camp has evolved into a wonderful place for boys and girls to spend carefree weeks during the summer. Some of the friendships that I made at Camp Marist continue to this day and we still share our life experiences then and now and are constantly reminiscing about the old days at Camp.

In my thoughts I have never left Camp Marist. In times of stress all I have to do is close my eyes, take a deep breath and remember the smell of the pine trees, the wind in those tall trees, the statue of our Blessed Mother Mary, Our Lady of Fatima, on the top of the hill by the dining hall and the calmness that comes over you in times when you didn't have a worry in the world. "Let all the sons of Marist stand."

The Camp Marist Scholarship Program

Joe Bouchard

The goal and mission of Camp Marist "is to provide positive, life-enhancing experiences for all participants in our programs and for members of our surrounding communities, including those less fortunate. Camp Marist strives to offer a stimulating fun-filled environment, which fosters personal growth in faith, mind, body and friendship through challenging and educational activities." (from the Camp Marist Mission Statement) Marcellan Champagnat, founder of the Marist Brothers, had a vision in the early 19th century when he experienced the lack of spiritual education among the poor children of France. His mission and vision was to create a group of Brothers that would

provide for the educational and religious needs of the "less fortunate" children of France.

The Marist Brothers have continued Champagnat's mission within their ministries throughout the world. Camp Marist will be celebrating its 66th season this coming summer and the mission of the Marist Brothers still remains focused on the "less fortunate" among us. Last summer Camp Marist gave out \$120,000 in full or partial scholarships/camperships to over 60 children in need...campers who came from the inner city of Lawrence, Massachusetts, New York City, Brownsville, Texas, and even those in our own community of Effingham, New Hampshire. Yes, we do receive donations from a number of people, but those contributions hardly cover the cost of the total



amount of financial aid that is given out.

Families that request financial aid in the form of scholarships/camperships must show economic need by providing us with valid, verifiable information regarding salary, living expenses, school tuitions, etc., and clearly state their reason for need of assistance. A committee is set up to review the applications and a final determination is made in April.

Can you imagine a world where every child benefits



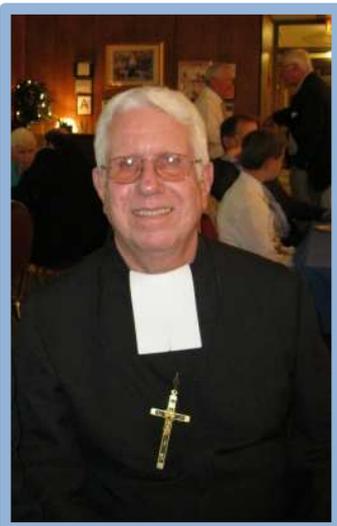
from the Camp Marist experience? We believe that this experience is essential to every child's growth and

education and this is why we rarely refuse any parent's request for financial aid. We believe that Camp Marist is a special place for all children to learn, grow, and thrive in positive and unique ways that will enhance their lives forever. Camp Marist helps children grow into committed, responsible citizens by teaching them to appreciate, respect, and care for the community and world in which they live. Camp Marist is proud of its commitment to the belief that all children should have the opportunity to experience the benefits of what camp has to offer.

Funds for Scholarships/Camperships are raised through donations. Please support our commitment to provide children in need with the experience of summer camp. **There is no greater gift than the gift of a Camp Marist experience!** Every child deserves to benefit from the powerful experience we call Camp.

Congratulations Bro. Henry!

Kevin King



Brother Henry was honored at the official Marist Jubilee ceremony a few weeks prior to the beginning of the camp season with his fellow Marist Brothers, family members and friends in attendance. Serving 50 years as a Marist Brother is a remarkable achievement and we at Camp Marist were more than happy to help Brother Henry continue to celebrate this milestone.

During the camp season, Brother Henry was honored in front of his Camp Marist family at a Mass in July. A speech given by his Grand Nephew, Kevin Winter, who is also one of our prefects at Camp Marist, brought smiles to our faces and maybe a few tears when he spoke about the impact his Uncle Henry had on his life.

Teaching Science and holding administrative positions in different Marist schools over the years have highlighted only a few of the many skills Brother Henry possesses. As much as he loves working with the students at Our Lady of Lourdes High School in Poughkeepsie, New York, Brother Henry loves and enjoys returning to the waterfront and those Sunfish sailboats at Camp Marist.

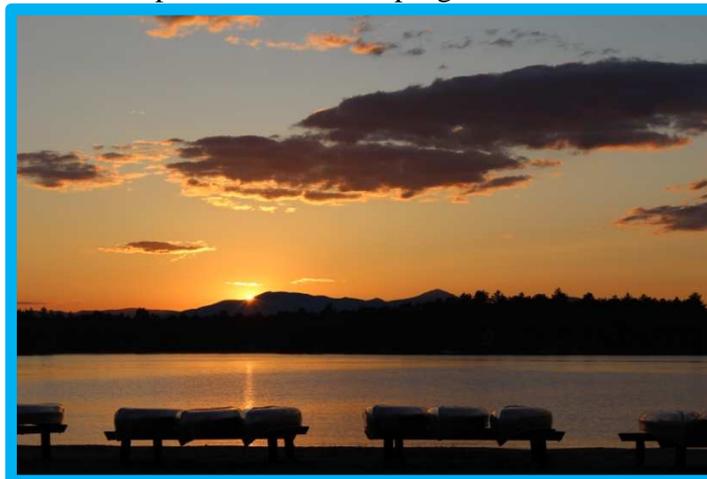
For over 47 years, he has instructed campers in the art of sailing and the rules of the lake. Aside from lessons that include his homemade posters and visual aids, he

maintains his "fleet" and does all necessary repairs when possible. Brother Henry is an amazing man, teacher, Marist Brother and friend. As the current Waterfront Director, I am so lucky to have this man working at the beach.

Introducing... the Wolf Pack

Chris Krueger

The 2015 season brings with it a new development in camp programming for our youngest campers. While the camp experience is wholly exciting, we know that for first time campers, especially those who are 8 years old and younger, it can also be a little overwhelming. The activities offered are spread throughout our large campus, and the rotating schedule can be confusing initially. In order to provide a bit more support to these campers, to ensure that they have extra guidance between activities as well as supervised access to the cabins to change or get equipment, and to create an atmosphere within each scheduled activity tailored to the unique dynamics of these youngest participants, we have developed the Wolf Pack program.



To meet the goals of the program, the activity schedule for these campers will be uniform, and they will travel as a "pack" to each of their activities, supervised and directed by staff pack leaders. The selection and sequence of activities is thoughtful and intentional, highlighting the most popular activities for the age group (go-karts, arts and crafts, soccer, basketball, tennis, low ropes) and including an initial encounter with many of our other great activities like fishing, nature hikes, yoga, martial arts, floor hockey, volleyball, and more! The activity periods will provide age-appropriate instruction and games, creating a fun and rewarding experience while establishing a foundation of skills for years of further participation and enjoyment. In addition, the Wolf Pack will also have a daily period of swim instruction and of course participate in the afternoon all-camp general swim! We are very excited to see this program in action! We



believe the group scheduling and additional staff supervision will be reassuring to parents, and we know that the tailored design of the schedule and

the experience at each activity will make for a perfect summer, and lead to many more “best summers” to come!

Camp Marist has many needs. If you are able to make a Donation, please go to CampMarist.org and on any page at the bottom, you will see our Donation Icon. You can specify where your Donation should go.

All Donors will receive a letter for Tax Deductions

We also ask that you update your information and request a Login if you do not have one. Go to the Alumni Dropdown and you can see the options.

Questions, Comments, Ideas, Photos? Contact us at:
[Alumni @CampMarist.org](mailto:Alumni@CampMarist.org)

Congratulations, Msgr. Dermot Brennan

Congratulations to Msgr Dermot Brennan, who has been a chaplain at Camp Marist for 50 years. In July, we celebrated this milestone with Mass in the Chapel, a poem about Msgr. Brennan was read for the special occasion, and a huge party in the Dining Hall with all the campers and staff. What better way to celebrate 50 years, than with 350 people standing on the tables and doing the Macarena!



Joe Bouchard, Msgr. Brennan & Vinny Gschlecht



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