

Subj: RE: Waupaca Yearbook Solicitation for Articles
Date: 11/1/00 11:07:55 AM EST
From: Kenneth.Lapins@xpedior.com (Lapins, Kenneth)
To: WarshauerP@aol.com (WarshauerP@aol.com)

#22
A

Sorry, I was on Vacation in Walt Disney World for a week. I had to get demoused before I could get back to this assignment. Please consider the following short prosaic piece as my entry. Thanks.

The Secret Corner
by Kenneth Lapins

The bus makes a turn onto a road that is walled by a row of trees. I remember that row of trees, I think. And, yes, in fact I think I see an archery target. We are here! Another beautiful summer at Camp Waupaca is about to begin. One last turn onto the gravelly in-road to camp, and there it is...the teepee, the mess hall, the near diamond. And there is Mike Euer and Manny and other counselors, some whom I recognize, some not. Oh the smell of camp, the soupy verdancy that enters the nose and ends in the heart.

The horseshoe!! Oh how I longed to sit on the wooden planks and inhale the fiery fumes of a storytelling session with Wayne Towne. It is all happening again, just as it has for years before, eight long summers...but this one, surely will be my last!

to look deeper at everything hoping that the images will be permanently etched in some recess of my mind that I can call upon when I need it: escape back into the Nature Center, hear the gritty shuffling of shoes in the Craft Shop, feel the tickle of long grass on my shins during a timeout on the Far Field. Oh please let these sensations never end, oh please let these emotions never fade, when are we happier than in the Rec Hall dodging errant air hockey pucks or in the Mess Hall singing, "Evening has come, the board is spread..."?

My cabin assignment delivered, my bunk chosen, I hastily make a bed and beat a path to a secret corner that means so much to me yet is unremarkable to many others. It is a dream that I am even here: how fortunate am I to be in the one place where I feel more at home than any place on Earth. Something about this place! That secret corner comes into view, I am almost there, my breath catches. I even remember the tree root that sticks up out of the beige ground! It is still there! This magical place does not change, it is a sanctuary, a temple to the good things in life.

I pass Cabin 11, CIT Village, head toward 14/15. Oh, here it is! The place where no sounds reach but the slapping of the Mess Hall door—a sound that can be heard anywhere in camp, I have discovered, how irksome but oh how missed—the path where the wild berries grow.

How many can even say they have been to this sweet spot? How many have tasted the sugar of this place? I pick a ripe berry and it squinches, squirts in my mouth and the juice is a savory nectar like no other.

I have other secret corners in camp, the place in the trees opposite the

Tennis Courts where I hide when it is time for Swimming during 3rd Hour, the Big Dip in the path from the Rifery Range to the Far Fields, the hill between the Rec Hall and Water Ski Boats, the steps to Cabin 7, the stoop in front of the Office, the Mess Hall when it is empty. I could spend hours in any of these little Heavens. But this spot, the Berry Path to Cabin 14/15, sweet, quiet, hidden...secret.

I am here for the last time, I know. This must be my last summer, college and the rest of my life awaits. I will never forget even the tiniest detail of this place, I know. Look deeply, feel intensely, smell strongly, listen to every sound! Never let these sensations go. I will forever remember, I will forever be here. I will never leave Camp Waupaca or the Secret Corner.

—Original Message—

From: WarshauerP@aol.com [mailto:WarshauerP@aol.com]
Sent: Saturday, October 28, 2000 1:20 PM
To: Kenneth.Lapins@xpedior.com
Cc: MrMikeL@aol.com
Subject: Re: Waupaca Yearbook Solicitation for Articles

Kenny:

Have you written anything for the Yearbook yet? Just start with memories and stories. I will help you codify when you get something on paper. Thanks.

Paul

Headers

Return-Path: <Kenneth.Lapins@xpedior.com>
Received: from rly-zb03.mx.aol.com (rly-zb03.mail.aol.com [172.31.41.3]) by air-zb04.mail.aol.com (v76_r1.23) with ESMTP; Wed, 01 Nov 2000 11:07:55 -0500
Received: from irvex02.dal.xpedior.com (mailout.xpedior.com [63.100.161.17]) by rly-zb03.mx.aol.com (v76_r1.19) with ESMTP; Wed, 01 Nov 2000 11:07:33 -0400
Received: from SMTP (irvex02.dal.xpedior.com [10.193.1.8]) by irvex02.dal.xpedior.com with SMTP (Microsoft Exchange Internet Mail Service Version 5.5.2650.21)
id 44QPKKWC; Wed, 1 Nov 2000 10:07:34 -0600
Received: from irvex01.xpedior.com ([10.193.1.6]) by 10.193.1.8
(Norton AntiVirus for Internet Email Gateways 1.0) ;
Wed, 01 Nov 2000 16:07:33 0000 (GMT)
Received: by IRVEX01 with Internet Mail Service (5.5.2650.21)
id <4KARCQRR>; Wed, 1 Nov 2000 10:13:53 -0600
Message-ID: <B9B05D483D15D411AEC000D0B769556001654C7C@chiex00.chi.xpedior.com>
From: "Lapins, Kenneth" <Kenneth.Lapins@xpedior.com>
To: "WarshauerP@aol.com" <WarshauerP@aol.com>
Subject: RE: Waupaca Yearbook Solicitation for Articles
Date: Wed, 1 Nov 2000 10:07:30 -0600
MIME-Version: 1.0
X-Mailer: Internet Mail Service (5.5.2650.21)
Content-Type: text/plain;
charset="iso-8859-1"

Subj: The Lapins Waupaca Poem Series
Date: 12/19/00 9:05:14 PM EST
From: lapinsk1@excite.com (Kenneth Lapins)
To: WarshauerP@aol.com

#21

Intermingling

As I sit on my porch in Illinois
throwing bits of bread on the grass
to attract the birds swirling above me
like the ones four years ago in Wisconsin
when I rowed the gold of Lake Stratton
drifting in the shallows near Old Beach
chestnut velvet reeds and willow catkins
scraping and thudding the boat bottom
as fish dash in and out of a sunken tree
swollen blackened and green with algae
a tree that some time past stood home to birds
like the ones now fighting over the
bits of bread I've thrown on the grass
as I sit on my porch in Illinois

The shadowy bend

In a shadowy bend of Lake Stratton
on lake-edge grasses smooth the transition
from green lake water to greener tree leaves
swaying observers' notions that the scene
itself is good without our saying so
that the whole world is one flawless green work
A path leads up from this shadowy bend
where it ends can't be seen from the water
but it's easy to imagine it leads
to a soft green spot where the only sound
is the whisper of the breeze's green song
a hint an ode a rustling narration
and we could lie on this green bed alone
but for the peeks from the green-making sun

Send a cool gift with your E-Card
<http://www.bluemountain.com/giftcenter/>

Return-Path: <lapinsk1@excite.com>