

I remember one special night in summer camp at YMCA Camp Echo.

It was the closing campfire, the whole camp crowded around a large campfire in a small amphitheater. The stars peeked through clouds above and a half moon shone atop the many blue faces, including mine and my cabin's. To so many people who had created so many memories here, this was their home.

This is my home.

Living abroad, I had never knew that this was my true home until I came here for the first time. Now my second year, two weeks of happy memories and true acceptance had come to a tearful end. The night before, I remembered crying and laughing with my cabin mates, all squeezed into two bunks. I remember holding an eighth grade girl who was softly sniffing, putting my dark green fuzzy blanket over her.

Why is this place such a home in so many people's hearts? Maybe the legacy of acceptance. This is the place you can truly be yourself. I could wake up, not care to brush my hair, throw on a plaid jacket and bunny slippers and people would smile and compliment my eyes. It's almost like a different world, the world you visit for two weeks a year and live in more happiness than all throughout the year for some people.

This is a home.

So on the night where we all gather together to sing all the camp songs we learned. Live in camp for the last time, underneath the stars. We always ended by the head counselor singing the song that awakens something deeper inside you.

*Yesterday a child came out to wonder
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder
And tearful at the falling of a star
Then the child moved ten times round the
seasons
Skated over ten clear frozen streams
Words like, when you're older, must
appease him
And promises of someday make his
dreams*

*And the seasons, they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down
We're captive on the carousel of time
We can't return we can only look behind
From where we came
And go round and round and round
In the circle game*



At this point, a kind boy who had been here for five summers in front of our cabin starts sobbing. His counselor comes over and puts his arm around him. It is just so moving for me, and then I remember I am leaving my home once again and I slowly fall into silent sniffles, trying to join the chorus with the rest, but it is not as loud. Too many people are crying to sing. The song ends and we stare up into the sky, framed by the pine trees.

Our cabin is sobbing now, all hugging and whispering good-bye.

This moment in my summer was just so moving and special. It felt like something from above. It nearly made me cry to write this, and remember all the happy memories.