

# Camp Nubar Hye-Lights

Issue Two

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## Dear Mom & Dad,

It was great to see you at Open House. What did you think of that three-headed Dev? The weather has been much better. We have had beautiful balmy weather for the last few days. Today I swam across Lake Arax during general swim – it is ¼ of a mile. Everyone is holding their breath for Color War to begin. I hope that I am on the gold team. Next week we will be going to the Walton Fair. I'll try not to use all of my canteen money. You will be pleased to know that I have been attending church on Sundays. We were so happy that His Holiness Khajag Barsamian came on Open House Weekend. Last Sunday Reverend Mikael Devejian came from Binghamton and performed *Badathak*, and this Sunday Father Simeon Odabashian from St. Nersees will come and perform the Feast of the Assumption. Well, I have to go now, because my cabin is preparing our skit for campfire tonight.

Love, Your Happy Camper

P.S. Send packages! Send emails!

Click on our website:

[www.campnubar.org](http://www.campnubar.org)

## As Sweet as Glass

Last week a bunch of campers took a short walk to Sweetwater Glass, a glass-sculpting studio down the street. Campers watched Art Reed, a glass sculptor, who has been an artisan for over 30 years, pull a molten piece of glass from a 2000-degree oven and shape it into the pedestal of a candlestick that was worth \$1200. Art has been welcoming campers into his studio for years, and he invites parents to drop by his gallery on their next visit to camp.



## Facelifts

Everyone is commenting on how great camp looks. On the hill B3 has been renovated. The boys report that the bathroom floors are much easier to clean. In addition the boys' head building is brand smacking new. It is hard to believe that the porch sports pots of begonias. Rumor has it that Saro, the waterfront director, is watering them daily. Behind the boys' cabin is a state-of-the-art dark room out of which comes the likes of Lange and Weston. However, in the valley the girls don't need architects and contractors. They have picked up nails and pails and cleaned out the dusty, dirty room next to the Girls' head building. This room of their own will be christened, the most appropriate name, *Soorjaran*.



## A Poet's Present

Campers received a treat when acclaimed writer, Peter Balakian, spent the afternoon at camp. Campers put on an encore performance of a *Weave of Words*, a dramatic adaptation of the traditional Armenian folktale, which was directed by Karen Proudian, Gracie Loshkajian, and Peter's daughter, Sophia. In return Peter read from his world-renown memoir, *Black Dog of Fate*. "Writing a book, performing a play or weaving a rug, each is an art, each is about creating a richer reality," said Mr. Balakian. After reading his grandmother's folktale about the black dog, he opened up the discussion, weaving in campers' questions about his growing up as an Armenian American, his writing career and the significance of the Armenian genocide in the 21<sup>st</sup> century. Afterwards, Mr. Balakian spent the beautiful twilight evening, as a true poet, roaming the surrounding hills and valley.

