



The Huronda Hobbit

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Camp Huronda Celebrates 35 Years!

Helping you stay in touch with the Camp Huronda community!

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Uncle Don and Auntie Jane enjoy opening ceremonies on the hill.



Friends reunite on shores of Waseosa

On September 24 and 25, past staff and campers of Huronda reunited for 24 hours of celebration and reminiscence. The event was attended by an estimated 375 people. The reunion kicked off with opening ceremonies on the hill which documented the rich history of camp. The opening ceremonies concluded with Uncle Don and Auntie Jane being presented with a brand new cedar-strip canoe paddled in by their grandchildren.

A silent auction was held in the dining hall, and over \$10,000 was raised as bids were placed on items that included artwork, gift certificates, and Huronda memorabilia.

A barbecue dinner followed, with everyone gathering later for a campfire around the Wishing Well. Songs and stories from every era were enjoyed, and many people stood to express what Camp Huronda has meant to them over the years. After the formal proceedings broke up, many stayed up late around the fire playing guitar and singing old favourites.

A popular gathering spot during the weekend was the Rec Hall, which displayed hundreds of pic-

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Lessons Learned at Camp

by Coralee McCleary

Standing on the shores of Lake Waseosa at Camp Huronda's 35th Reunion brought so many memories flooding back to me - memories of the place that changed my life in so many ways.

I remember my first thoughts of Camp Huronda back in 1980. All I wanted to do was turn around and go back home. However, in a simple matter of days I realized just how magical this place called Camp Huronda really was. The only tears I shed at Camp after that were the ones shed when I had to go home.

My four years at Camp were four of the best years of my life; memories fill my mind day after day of what I learned there in



that special place on Lake Waseosa. No matter how much Camp Huronda may change over the years, in my heart it will always be the magical place I remember from the early 1980's; the place that changed my life and my outlook on my diabetes; the place that taught me that I wasn't alone or different and that it was okay to be diabetic. I figured that if all these cool people at Camp Huronda had diabetes then it was okay to be diabetic too.

I learned many lessons at Camp Huronda. Camp taught me that it's okay to be yourself as long as you are always kind. Camp taught me that it's okay to be scared because there are many others like you and that you are not alone. Camp taught me to always think of others and to remember to treat people as you'd like to be treated.

I also learned many lessons from the people at Camp. The people mentioned below left huge impressions on my life. Even though we may have lost touch over the years they are never far from my heart.

- * Tracey Pirso, who taught me that friendship has no bounds and survives across the miles.
- * Caroline Gee, who taught me that it was cool just to be myself.
- * Jeff Yolleck and Peter Kertes, who taught me that kindness and caring are precious gifts to give.
- * Marna Morgan, who taught me to find my creative side and to always shoot for the moon.
- * Rob Provenzano taught me that it was cool to be diabetic (even in a goofy fedora).

Some of you may not know the names I've mentioned, but you will have your own special memories of friends from Camp Huronda who left impressions on you as well.

Inside those wooden chalets and buildings and on the grounds surrounding them, lives are changed and memories are built that withstand the test of time. Friendships made through a common bond, like our diabetes, are friendships that are unbreakable. The years may pass by without word between us, but the friendships and bonds remain strong and true.

I simply want to say thanks for everything Camp Huronda; I look forward to sharing many, many more memories with you in the years to come. And some day I hope to give back to you, what you have given to me, hope, inspiration, never-ending friendships and wonderful memories to last a lifetime.

Coralee attended Camp Huronda as a camper in "C" period from 1980-1983. Camp Huronda has held a special spot in her heart for the past 27 years.

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tures from past years.

A steady drizzle Sunday morning forced the chapel ceremony into the Dining Hall, but that did not dampen the spirits of those who sang songs and read poems and stories. Perhaps the highlight of the morning was Marna Morgan's classic rendition of "The Warm Fuzzy Story." As the reunion broke up, many people were reluctant to leave. Tearful goodbyes were exchanged, along with promises to keep in touch.

Meanderings, Musings & Memories

The Doctors of Insul Inn (the 70's)

by Don Anderson

The fall of 2005 was full to overflowing with excitement and surprises for Uncle Don and Auntie Jane. The very fact that Camp Huronda was celebrating its 35th summer was excitement enough. "Dr Bob" was there. He and his wife Ruth have a cottage across the lake from the camp.

In the "Beginning" of the idea for a camp for children with diabetes "Dr. Bob" Ehrlich was there too - an integral part of the original Camp Committee. I wonder if we realize what a debt of gratitude and thanks we owe to this original Camp Committee. Dr. Bob, in addition to being Chief of Endocrinology at the Hospital for Sick Children, took on the responsibility to shape and form the very beginnings of *Camp Hur - On - Da* from a medical perspective and philosophy. Without the support and backing of the H.S.C., the camp could not have existed.

Institutions such as hospitals and universities are granted Endowment Chairs – financial resources to be used for further research in worthwhile endeavors. Dr. Bob has a chair in his honour at Camp Huronda in the Insul Inn. There is no financial connection. It is a brightly painted kitchen chair with "The Bob" painted on it. Nevertheless it recognizes the contribution that he has made over the years of the camp's existence. Thanks Dr. Bob for following through with a dream that became a reality.

In those early years - the 70's – Doctors came and stayed at the camp for a full session and sometimes longer. Working along side Dr. Bob was "Dr. Neville" Howard. His home base was Australia. He and his family came to camp for a number of summers. Dr. Neville loved to hike and explore the trails and overgrown tracts around the camp.

"Dr. Mo" Jenner and his family arrived at the camp in the first summer of its operation. They had traveled all the way from California with all of their possessions towed in a trailer behind their car. Dr. Mo was - and still is - very musical. He played the flute and banjo and was famous for his "watermelon" song.

"Dr. Ted" Monchesky from Oshawa was a long time medical adherent. Each summer on the hill side overlooking Lake Waseosa a family picture was taken to note the sprouting up of both his family – two boys and two girls – and the spruce trees.

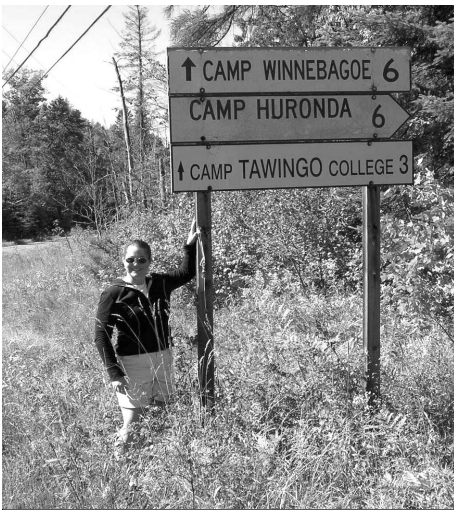
Another pediatrician, who spent many summers with his family at camp was "Dr. Ricardo" Olivares. He loved to sail and wind surf. He passed away in the fall of 2005.

Thinking back about these doctors and their families brings back warm, wonderful memories. A secret for keeping the Doctors returning to camp was to capture the interests of their children. It is difficult to ignore the entreaties of your children to return to camp for just one more summer! I think Heather would agree that this is a sound strategy for maintaining medical consistency and continuity.



Dr. Bob at the reunion

How to Attend a Camp Reunion



Try to remember how to get there.



Find someone to tell you where to



Register.



Find some old friends.



Get recognized for your many years of service.



Reflect on summers past.

Top 10 Things overheard at the Camp Reunion

10. "These canoes sure ride a lot lower in the water than they used to."
9. "It says on that wall that Chalet 4 loves Daddy."
8. "I just bid \$50 on a gimp bracelet made by Frodo!"
7. "Give me that flashlight, Dave. You're not doing Night Patrol."
6. "One of my campers from 3B is president of Research in Motion."
5. "Honey, come down from the flag pole, we have to go home."
4. "In my day, we got our insulin from animals we caught on the Ridge."
3. "Bye! See you at the 36th reunion!"
2. "Everything's so different!"

And the number one thing overheard at the camp reunion...

1. "Ah, nothing's changed."

We Are Family (I got all my brothers and sisters with me)

by Heather Anderson

Paddling a canoe across a lake, leisurely hiking along wooded trails, climbing 35-foot towers, horseback riding along trails, making dream catchers, singing campfire songs, fishing, touring a lake on a pontoon boat and problem solving initiative tasks - not just for campers anymore! Ten families did just that during Camp Huronda's first Family Camp. Each and every family member had an exciting *and* educational time.

Family Camp was held from Monday August 29th to Thursday September 1st, 2005. Ten families participated in our program. The whole family can attend this camp - parents, siblings and of course, one of the family members has to have diabetes. The campers with diabetes ranged in age from 4 years to 13 years. The siblings ranged in age from 2 years to 18 years. We'll just say the parents were older than that on the whole...

The four day program was amazing! Seven of Huronda's summer program staff contributed to the success of the family camp due to their organization, energy and enthusiasm. A special thanks to Jennifer Boeckner, Jennifer Hanson, Sarah Ketcheson, Meghan Sauve, Kailee Novikoff, Amber Anderson and William Anderson.

The family camp also offered educational sessions aimed at all family members. We were very fortunate to have Barb Pasternak, Janet Rushton, Margo Small, Kelly McCammon, David Anderson, Perry Monaco and Sean Shepherd present these sessions. These speakers were all very dynamic and inspired exchanges of information among the parents. The families shared information and coping strategies with each other throughout the four days, and many are still keeping in contact.

It was wonderful to watch parents belaying their children up the climbing tower, and even better watching the children then belay their nervous parents up the same wall. Families went on a trail ride on our five horses and hiked for hours on the Huronda ridge. A group of families enjoyed canoeing across Lake Waseosa and a couple of families tested out the water temperature during that adventure. Everyone was up in the dining room singing songs time and time again. One family may go into the recording business since they created a new Huronda hit while at camp.

The Huronda Staff would like to thank the ten families who participated in our First Family Camp! All of you made it an enjoyable experience for everyone who attended the camp. This will be a hard act to follow!!

Note: THE PUZZLES WILL HAVE TO BE BIGGER AND HARDER! (*only a few will understand this secret code*).

We Were a Family (I brought my husband and daughter with me)

My name is Cathy McDonald and I'm married to Geoff Fong. We live in Waterloo, Ontario, and our eight-year-old daughter, Alexandra, was diagnosed with Type I diabetes when she was three years old. We were one of the lucky families who attended the first family camp held at Camp Huronda last August.

We had known about Camp Huronda from the staff at Grand River Hospital in Kitchener where I work, and looked forward to the time when Alexandra would be old enough to go. But when I saw the description on the Camp Huronda website for the first-ever Family Camp, I thought that this would be a great way to introduce Alexandra to the camp and a way for us to be more comfortable letting her go. I was looking forward to doing some fun family activities in a beautiful setting. I certainly didn't expect to learn anything new about managing diabetes or about myself because we had had a good five years to read and think about diabetes (and to cry a lot of tears). So as we approached the time, I didn't think Camp Huronda would change my life.

Sure enough, Camp Huronda is located in a beautiful setting. It's nicely nestled on a small lake with a sand beach and lots and lots of trees with many summer activities. Alexandra was delighted; she didn't know what she wanted to do first. There were sessions for the parents, which were very valuable for sharing stories about diabetes and for learning about management issues. After the first day, I began to relax and feel comfortable in a way that I hadn't felt in a long time. I realized that I was with a group of people who understood completely what it's like to love and care for a child with diabetes—all the highs and lows, tears and fears, and triumphs. Suddenly, I felt my emotional battery being recharged.

The camp counselors, many of whom were also diabetic, were amazing. They were models for kids and parents alike to understand that diabetes doesn't have to consume your life. The genuine affection and camaraderie among the staff spilled over into the way they interacted with us. The staff, camp counselors, and the cooks couldn't have been more kind, understanding, or fun. We felt so lucky that our daughter had a chance to meet other kids and adults with diabetes. We had great fun as a family—learning songs (Bruce Donaldson, one of the

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You Can Row Your Own Way

by Susanne Ruder

Have you ever dreamed of becoming a sports hero? A musician on world tour? An astronaut? Whatever your dream is, perhaps someone has hinted that your diabetes would stop you from chasing it. Well, Olympic rower Chris Jarvis has an important message for you: Dare to dream.

Jarvis rowed for Canada in the 2004 Summer Olympics in Athens. To get there, it took more dedication and determination than he ever imagined, and the strength to persevere despite what others believed about diabetes.

Now aged 26, the native of St. Catharines, Ont. was diagnosed with Type I diabetes when he was 14. "It was Thanksgiving," he recalls. "I was eating a lot and getting really thirsty, and I was drinking regular pop, which wasn't much help." Thankfully, his mom recognized the signs, because his younger sister Jennifer was also a diabetic. He went to the hospital the very next day. "As a big brother, I felt like I had to be the tough guy, and I thought if my sister could do it, why can't I?" he says. "I gave myself the first needle, and my whole family was there to support me. I felt like I'd done really well."

Throughout high school, Jarvis played football, soccer, and hockey, but it was rowing that earned him an athletic scholarship to Northeastern University in Boston.

When he let his new rowing coaches know about his diabetes, unfortunately "their reaction wasn't one of friendly 'OK, what can I do to help'," he says. With little support, he found it increasingly hard to balance diabetes, classes and intense rowing practices. "As a chemical engineer I had a very heavy class load, and I was sometimes practicing six or seven hours of the day," he says. Unlike other rowers, "I had to remember all these other things like my insulin and blood test kit. Sometimes I would forget them completely, or other times I would just forget to test or take my insulin when I ate, and all of those things add up," he says. "I'd never stop at practice [to take care of myself] when there were other people in the boat, which isn't really healthy for a diabetic. But I'd put the team first." His health began to suffer. "I was really stressed out. My blood sugars were really hard to control, and I was feeling dehydrated all the time," he says. "But I stayed competitive on the team, which was the amazing part."



The crisis came one day at a winter training session. "I remember the pressure [the coach] was putting on us as a team to perform at a certain level, along with all the pressures of school and everything that was building up," says Jarvis. When he stopped during a team workout to treat a reaction, his coach pulled him aside and told him that he'd never put him on the varsity boat. "He said, 'If you have a bad blood sugar now and can't train through this, what happens on race day when the same thing happens?'" recalls Jarvis. "I wasn't confident enough to answer, because at that point I was really scared." But inside, he refused to accept what the coach said. He decided to earn back his seat in the varsity eight-man boat.

He now realized that pushing diabetes into the background was the wrong approach, so he sought help from exercise experts at Joslin Diabetes Centre in Boston. He switched insulins (from NPH to Lantus), making it easier to cope with his unpredictable schedule. He learned that to manage blood sugars, "it's the patterns that count, not so much the individual highs and lows," he says. But the most positive change was that, "I took it a lot more serious than I was doing before, when my focus was rowing, and then school, then trying to deal with my diabetes on the side," he says.

The changes worked. He not only regained his seat in the varsity boat, but won an award for most improved rower. And he won the respect of his teammates, who voted him team captain in his senior year. More accomplishments and medals followed, including silver at the world championships on the Canadian under-23 National team.

In September 2003, with one year of school to go, he went to Victoria, B.C., to train for Olympic gold.

When he and his pairs teammate Dave Calder got to Athens, they were medal favourites. But disaster struck in the semi-finals when their boat was disqualified for entering a neighboring lane – just six strokes away from the finish line. Despite the devastating result, Jarvis looks on the bright side. "Racing for Canada was an incredible experience. I knew that when the Germans were looking over at me, and the U.S. was looking over at me, they were intimidated by me and Canada because of how much work we put into it. That was really exciting. After the disqualification, a couple of teams told me that they respected me and that they'd like to have seen us in the [final] race. That makes it a lot easier to walk away from the experience," he says. But there's unfinished business: "We never got to see how we finally stacked up on that last day," he says. "In that regard I have to look to the future, and I'm planning on training for [the 2008 Olympics in] Beijing."

Now, Jarvis is also training to run the Boston Marathon, and is preparing for his debut in adventure racing, a grueling combination of orienteering, canoeing and mountain biking. He's also completing his fifth and final year in chemical engineering. After graduation, he'd like to enter either the environmental or diabetic industry, and he wants to serve as a role model for young diabetics.

If you've got a dream, don't push diabetes aside; make it a priority, says Jarvis. "You've got to stay on the ball, keep it on your mind so you're always aware of what you're up against," he says. "Other people might not encourage you, but just keep looking for someone that's going to help. There are people out there." And believe in yourself, he says. "Hope can transcend all barriers and setbacks."

Editor's note: Chris attended camp as a fallowhide in 1995. His sister, Jen was also a long-time camper and staff member.

Team Huronda

What do you get when you combine the energy of sixty diabetics, pledges of \$10,000, and pink team shirts? Well the Huronda Walk for the Cure team, of course! Last May, sixty staff, campers, friends, and families of Camp Huronda got together on a bright and sunny Sunday at Mel Lastman Square in Toronto and completed a 5 kilometre walk to raise money for the Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation. The team raised over \$10,000, more than triple what we had raised the year before! We walked the route singing and cheering, decked out in our custom-designed hot pink t-shirts, while catching up with the members of our second family, Camp Huronda.

This year we hope to do better. Our hope is to complete the Canadian Diabetes Association fundraiser as a team from Huronda. Plans are in the works to have a portion of the funds we raise donated directly to Camp! What better reason to get out there and raise money!?

If you, or anyone you know would like to get involved with Team Huronda and raise some money for a great cause, send an email to team_huronda@hotmail.com and we'll be sure to get back to you soon. Hope to see you there!



If only you could see the colour of these t-shirts....

Jen Hanson, Team Captain

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parents, conspired with the staff to write a NEW song for Camp Huronda that was an instant classic - "Camp Huronda" set to the music of "Help Me Rhonda"), horseback riding, canoeing, crafts, climbing the climbing wall, casino night (the staff put together an amazing array of games and prizes!), skits, putting together puzzles, and learning about diabetes, learning about ourselves, and meeting new friends.

When we left camp, I felt different about my daughter's future and my own. I felt like I had more tools to use and I was comforted by the thought that by attending Camp Huronda in the future, my daughter would have opportunities to make life-long friends and to learn about coping from other kids with diabetes. And I was wrong about my feeling that Camp Huronda wouldn't change my life. Our family camp experience did change our lives for the better—it gave all of us strength to face the present and future together, and we now look forward with greater confidence and lowered anxiety as Alexandra goes to Camp Huronda alone this summer. We—and the other nine sets of parents who participated in the first-ever family camp—only wish that we could return to family camp year after year. But all of us feel privileged to have been together for that precious time.



Family Camp kids and staff.

Layout and editing by Sean McCammon. Thanks to all who contributed to this issue. If you would like to share any memories about Huronda, we would like to hear from you. Send your Huronda Hobbit contributions to Sean at: kands@golden.net, or call him at: (519) 579-8274. Changes in address can also be forwarded to Sean. Over 2000 satisfied readers!

As I toured Camp Huronda during the 35th reunion, it was great to see that some things never change. The Lord of the Rings mural in the staff lounge was still there. My old cabin, The Swamp, looked ready for me to move into for another summer... When I took my three-year old son into the Adventures Hut, it was clear that some things *really* never change. There was my wooden tennis racket I brought to camp in 1988. There was the baseball glove I saw on the Antiques Roadshow. Very nostalgic items, but ones that had perhaps out-lived their usefulness.

Did you see something that camp needs? Have you got something lying around (a tennis racket?) that camp could use? Why not consider making contribution to Camp Huronda. Donations received last year helped pay for a new climbing wall, and new docks. The wish list for 2006 includes new life jackets, new windows in camper cabins, a new freighter (war) canoe, trip hut equipment such as tents and tarps, powered smoke detectors and new furniture for the camper lounge.

YES, I CAN HELP!

- 1) _____ I would like to donate \$_____ to *Camp Huronda*. My cheque payable to ***Camp Huronda*** is enclosed. (A charitable donation receipt will be issued)
- 2) _____ I would like to volunteer my services to *Camp Huronda*.
- 3) _____ I can donate products, equipment or services to *Camp Huronda* (or I know someone who can).

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY – and mail to address below.

Mr. Mrs. Ms. Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Province: _____ Postal Code: _____

Home Telephone: _____ Work Telephone: _____

Fax: _____ Email: _____

Please forward to: Camp Huronda, 40-1110 Finch Avenue West, Box 1097, North York, Ontario, M3J 3M2. Thanks!