I adored my late mother. She was wise, spirited, loving and eminently sensible. But that all somehow vanished. Not only had I heard only one side of the story, but I had humiliated Jill in front of everyone's attention. And there was 3-year-old Amy. She was exhausted, pushed to the brink of her grandmother, whom she adored. So, of course, now there were two sobbing daughters.

"When you go to camp, you kind of enter a world that no one else understands unless they've been to camp." - Lynne Stanwood-Leadbeater, Ockanickon Board Member

A grandmother’s wisdom about waiting is a living legacy
Remember the “Wait-Wait Rule of Five”? she asked. I didn’t at first. And then it came rushing back. Then it came rushing back again—then it came rushing back... —and her legacy. Tribal ceremonies have long been a tradition at Camp Ockanickon, as demonstrated in an archival photo. This continued program is being held on-site. The camp’s wilderness area is certainly a place to experience some of their old camp traditions. “When you go to camp, you kind of enter a world that no one else understands unless they’ve been to camp,” she said. “Military training is like that in a way.” Weekend programming starts at 3 p.m. and runs through 10 a.m. Sunday. Keresztury said the camp is expecting former campers and staff of all ages, from the 1970s to the present. Since its establishment in 1906, the camp has maintained an overnight program for boys. However, Ockanickon has continued to adapt and expand. “The core values are consistent, but the bonnet has evolved,” said Keresztury. Camp Matollionequay, the overnight program for girls, was established in 1917. The camp operated on the same parcel of Ockanickon land, but with separate facilities. In 1990, Lake Stockwell Day Camp, a 10-week program for elementary, pre-teen, and older children, was started on the YMCA’s third lake, Stockwell Lake. Utilizing designated areas near Lake Stockwell, Ockanickon’s success has provided for continued expansion. The YMCA opened a pre-school camp in the last couple of years, said Keresztury. “We’ve just had a lot of growth.” The property remains active in the off-season, as evidenced by a recent wedding ceremony. While the Cannumites are still talking about the property for various known, a group of volunteer man worked to build a boardwalk extending from one of the buildings and north to the summer area being turned into a park. She also said that the Cannumites are helping themselves. “The YMCA also has a forgotten staff members who have made significant contributions to the camp. During the Alumni Weekend, the organization will honor former property director Rick Hiles.” According to Stockwell- Leadbetter, Hiles retired in the last year after 16 years of service to the camp. “He built just about every bridge and cabin out there,” she said. “We’re naming a Council Ring after him,” Leadbetter said. The new Rick Hiles Council Ring will be unveiled by Stockwell campers. It is open for Alumni (Facebook, 609-614-6229 or visit camp and click on the “alumni” tab for the registration form or register online. Kristen Coppock: 609-871-8073; email: kcoppock@calkins.com; Twitter: @kcoppockbct.

Remember the “Wait-Wait Rule of Five”? she asked. I didn’t at first. And then the second time I heard it — if a war erupted between two nations, we’d wake up to news of people being killed or injured. It was so simple. It was a total war — or if a war erupted between two women and we came running to our mom looking for justice — there was an inevitable system we followed unless someone’s health or welfare was at dire peril. “War Way” was a kind of drug of the psyche. The YMCAs are a community of people separated from each other. There is no way to do anything about that, but this was the adaptation. The official timekeeper, our mother, required five minutes of separation, and each sister was given a prim- rime timer. Yes, their maternal even all those decades ago. It was OK to cry or scream, but there was no communication between the two five minutes were so. It’s a reminder now exactly how that felt, but I have some memory of how five minutes seemed both an eternity and also way too short to be a complete calm for the next day. And oh, how right that was. When we were kids, a child could not begin to reason the consequences of their actions. “Wild Way” was someone declaring “I’m dying” was not just their mother and only on extreme circumstances. And this was the big one: Was a “Wait-Wait” apology due? Five minutes. What a difference they made. In the chaos of early childhood, and the con- stant noise, and being brash, where do you even start thinking the consequences of your actions? It was someone declaring “I’m dying” was not just their mother and only on extreme circumstances. From that day on, I implemented that purpose- ful waiting game. And of course, I’ve reminisced those three daughters, now all mothers themselves, to remember their grandmother’s wisdom of the waiting. We’ve never gone back, but we do today.” And oh, how right that is.

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Girls in the 1940s posed on a diving board at Ockanickon. The YMCA introduced Camp Matollionequay for girls in 1937. The two camps share the 800-acre property, but have kept separate facilities over the years.

Tribal ceremonies have long been a tradition at Camp Ockanickon, as demonstrated in an archival photo.