

Pilgrim Lodge  
“Wilderness Awakenings”

Moosehead Lake

July 20 - 26, 2008



“Handle With Care”



Corie, Alex, Tim, Hannah, Andrew, Josh, Chris, Teresa, Erica, Jason and Mike

At the Attean and Holeb Ponds lookout in Jackman: Is that rain cloud over the ponds heading towards Moosehead? An FYI: Holeb Pond was named after Aholiab Nichols a Great-Great-Grandfather on my wife’s father side, his wife Almeda was a Native American; a side note, Aholiab was with a mule team that arrived at Custer’s Last Stand after the battle. The Holeb and Attean Ponds are part of the “Bow Trip” canoe trip; a 34 mile trip usually done in 3 days.

**Trip Leaders:**

Corie McCarthy  
Mike Seavey

**The Boats:**

Heron by Harry Sylvester  
Loon by Ron Young

**Campers:**

Hannah Blatchford  
Jason Cooney  
Joshua Dill  
Teresa Hawkes  
Andrew Hunter  
Alex McLeod  
Christian Mead  
Tim Strain  
Erica Wagner

**The Log Book**

*Sunday, July 20*

We arrived at camp  
It was raining  
Our stuff got quite wet

We took the boats out  
And set up tents in the rain  
It was a fun night

~ Alex ~



Erica and Josh tending the Heron and the Loon at the Rockwood boat landing



Chris, Erica, Teresa and Jason on their first row



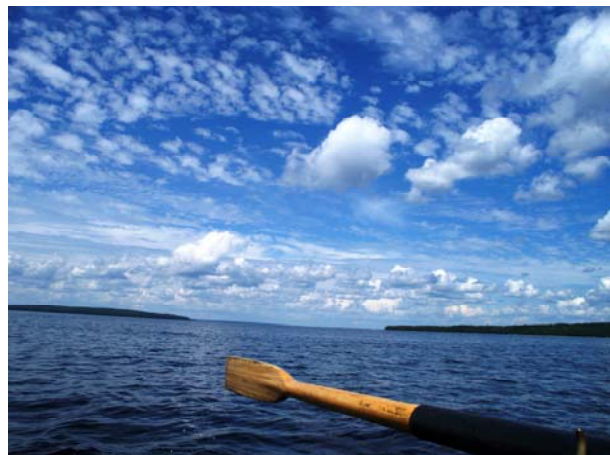
Hannah's tent takes the "cake" for tarp set-up

### *Monday, July 21*

It started out innocently enough we arose late in the morning to be greeted by the warm sun on our cheek. Some of us joined our eggs, bacon and bagels together to make a delicious breakfast sandwiches, brought to us by cooks Jason and Christian. Next Alex, Andrew and I took to the water for the Gentlemen's Club's morning bathing session. We proceeded to lay out our wet clothes, sleeping bags, towels; etc on a tarp, and many of us laid out for a brief time. Alex and I led the morning watch service and then camp packed up gear and lunch to row to the traditional Monday trip to Pebble Beach, a 45 minute row. We anchored the boat on the beach, ate a lunch of sandwiches and juice and went swimming. Then we walked to the golf course for our annual failure at the pyramid picture, and then to Girl Scout Rock to dive in. We returned to camp around six hopeful that we could be able to quickly set up tarps to cover our tents. Four hours later we were wet, freezing, demoralized and close to homicidal insanity The Gentleman's Club sustained mortal wounds, being knocked around by the rain and wind, no matter how many stakes we pounded into the ground. All the other tents were able to fortify their positions, though, Hannah taking the cake for the best tarp set-up. ~ Tim ~



Rowing to Pebble Beach



With blue skies and white puffy clouds as far as the eye can see



The Pyramid



Pebble Beach look-out rock



Chris leaps from Girl Scout Rock



Our Fathers



Our Angels



Tim and Andrew at Girl Scout Rock



Corie and Mike at Girl Scout Rock on the Carriage Trail



Andrew, Tim and Alex following sun bathing with a roll of duct tape. The ‘tan lines’ were able to be seen from the right angle; the tan line were a gender sign, T and A.

A thank you to Alex for bring his guitar and to all the others that provided music and song during our Wilderness Awakening week.

Alex and Andrew prepare the rudder as we leave Pebble Beach following our first outing.



*Tuesday, July 22*

The second full day of camp began with an unwanted wake up call from Erica. I had not slept well and I groaned loudly and voiced my displeasure as my tent-mates and I made our way to breakfast. We had moved our tent the previous evening so I didn't have to drag my body far for the morning meal. I slouched on the picnic table, still asleep and got myself some hot cocoa. The day began slowly after breakfast the French toast was very filling. I stayed in my PJ's for a while as I sat in stupor at the picnic table near the water. I watched as wind whipped waves up from the lake and pushed the billowing clouds around the gray sky. The waters in the distance stood like dark sentinels on the hazy morning. Rising from my seat I was compelled to pause a moment and just gaze at the primordial extremes in front of me.

I bathed quickly with Alex and Tim, the water was cold like the air and comfort was reached only after dry clothes were obtained. I grabbed Alex's knife carved out a sign for this years gentlemen's club. It turned out well, but I was rushed a little by Jason who was anxious to plan chapel. I had done vespers the night before, I had a plan in mind for chapel, we planned quickly and Jason asked us all some interesting questions from a book. Chapel proceeded and I was stoked when Alex said he was thankful for the day and that waking up every morning was a blessing. I reflected on my own morning and how forbearing the weather had seemed and I concluded that no matter the conditions I was in the most beautiful land on earth. I came to camp hoping to escape the complications of regular life. The simplicity that marks everyday here is what brought me back.

After morning watch the wiffle ball game began the camp was divided; everyone was on a team. The wiffle ball scored, us campers soared, the opposite was bored, because my team won, it was real fun.

After wiffle ball Alex, Tim and I went swimming and then we all had lunch.

~ Andrew ~

*Tuesday, July 22 night*

After our lunch of PB&J, talk of whether or not to go rowing was brought up. In the end, the consensus was not to row but to hike the 2 or so miles to the old quarry. The weather for our hike out there was more or less agreeable; cloudy, but no rain. We arrived at the quarry and immediately began our ascent. The rocks were jagged and cut our fleshy bodies as if they were formed of warm butter. Even though the climb proved to be a harrowing task we marched on. Each and every one of us determined to get to the top. We climbed higher than we ever had and enjoyed the cloudy view. We thought back to the previous night's vespers service and made some group echoes. At that point, we knew it was time to leave...the rain had begun and it changed our moods from one of reflections to one of urgency. Backpacks were collected and we started to slide down the slippery slope. These minutes we spent hiking down really made me aware of nature's power. We were exposed to the elements in a situation that could have harmed us, but returned to the bottom safely. The hike back to camp was one accompanied by rain, but it wasn't minded. We spent some time in the kitchen talking with each other and then ate some delicious pudding and skittles. That has been my account of Tuesday afternoon and night.

~ Hannah ~



Drying day



Loon and Heron jackstaff flags



A canoe trip camp paddles North



Carriage Trail Hiking



Climbing the quarry of mine tailings from ages ago

*Wednesday , July 23*

We started out with a breakfast of oatmeal, followed with dishes and filtering water. After we were all done, we began to play wiffle ball. The teams were picked, I was up at bat. The pitch and smack! Hit right into the trees on the right side of the island. As play continued through out the morning, my team slowly collected points. My team eventually won and we settled down for a lunch of PB&J. ~ Jason ~



On the Moose River with Kineo in the background, the island behind us is a nameless island, shall we name it, "Bird Nest Island"

*Wednesday, July 23 afternoon*

After lunch we go in the boat and rowed down to the Moose River Store. We ate ice cream. Tim, Andrew, Josh, Jason and Teresa all finished their pints of ice cream. Teresa and I nearly got sick and I couldn't finish mine. We rowed back and on the way Tim and Andrew decided to swim to shore but it started to thunder and we go them back in the boat. We had Mac and Cheese and ham. The ham was gross though. ~ Chris ~

*Thursday, July 24*

After sleeping poorly the night before, I awoke slowly and crawled out of my broken-zipper tent. As I went to sleep the night before I decided to snack on some gummy bears. I ate a handful and decided to put them away; as I did I thought I felt a stray bear near my leg on the floor of the tent, to my surprise, it was no bear, it was a fat slug! I silently freaked out and threw it out of the tent. My broken-zipper tent was certainly to blame. I crawled out and opened my eyes to a cloudy morning. Pancakes were served to me and while they were a little burnt, I ate without complaint.

The morning went smoothly and we stayed at camp until the decision was made to row to Little Duck. Lunch was packed and we all had hopes that the sky would clear by the time we reached our destination.

Well, it cleared up for about 5 minutes at a time, but these sunny patches were breaks between huge expanses of black sky. The rain came down at an angle with the help of a strong wind. We harnessed the power of the wind and for a short time with the help of a trap-sail. This sped us along at an alarming speed until the winds changed. Then it was back to a full crew of rowers. We decided to stop at Big Duck for a lunch of fruit, cookies and PB&J sandwiches. It rained hard directly after lunch, so we hunkered down under a tarp until the weather let up a bit.

So ends my account of Thursday morning. I will definitely miss this trip. The bad weather makes the sunny days on Moosehead Lake that much better and more appreciated.  
~ Hannah ~

*Thursday July 23 afternoon*

After the rain let up we began the row from Big Duck to Little Duck. It was raining off and on but the wind had died down. In about a half hour we were at Little Duck. We had good weather and some of us went swimming. The rain and wind came back as we were rowing back to camp. The rain came down like buckets and the waves were almost going up over the sides. We constantly had to pump water out of the boat. Just when it looks like row back would entirely in the rain we saw sun light across the lake and the rain stopped. This lasted for about an hour. Then the rain and the wind came back. It was looking like we would make it back before dark even with the wind and the rain. We were making good time until we got in between Kineo and a point of land. It was hard rowing but we were moving. Then we saw the sheets rain coming towards us. Bullet like rain started to hit us in waves. That was a few minutes apart. We foolishly thought it couldn't get any worse. Then it did. The wind with rain picked up and came so hard it would sting your hands. Moosehead was hitting us with some of the worst weather it had. We were experiencing Moosehead at it worst. The waves tossed the Heron around like a toy. We were fighting a losing battle with the lake. We were moving farther away from Kineo with every wave that hit. The rain eventually stopped but the wind didn't. It took at least an hour to get back to Kineo but before we did the lake took one of our oars. It was past nine when we got back. We had a supper of rice, corn, green beans, cheese and hot chocolate and went to bed. ~ Josh ~

*Friday, July 25*

All we really did was sleep kind of late around 10:00 ish. We got up and Erica cooked pancakes. They were so good!! We chilled for awhile before chapel. Chapel was all about Thursday event. (That was scary and fun) we sang some songs and then had a prayer at the end. After chapel we hung around for awhile longer and then ate some lunch and took off to jump off a cliff.  
~ Teresa ~

After a lunch of chicken salad and PB&J on pitas we all climbed in the Heron and rowed to “The Cliff” where everybody but Corie, Teresa and Erica jumped 20-30 feet down to the lake below. It took Josh at least a half hour to muster the courage but we were all glad he did it in the end. Mean while in the Heron the non jumpers were busy taking photos. After we had rowed back we had a quick dimmer of spaghetti then left to climb Mount Kineo before the sun set. We started out fast and were forced to wait up for our deans. Once we got to the steeper part people slowed due to back problems and asthmas. We stopped to take pictures at the look out point before reaching the fire tower just as the sun dipped below the horizon. We stayed up there snapping photos of everything then paused to listen to the birdsong before climbing down to another clearing to have vespers by starlight. We sang the longest kum ba yah song I had ever heard and got another picture of all of us together. We saw at least three shooting stars making our way down to the Carriage trail. We lost the trail once but were quickly straightened. Once we reached the flat trail we turned off our lights and walked with partners in the dark. We were ambushed by the other after 10 minutes. That was freaky! We walked on and split into two main groups. The slow one formed a conga line and had classes to define “slipperies”. We all made it back and enjoyed chips and s’mores before bed.  
 ~ Erica ~



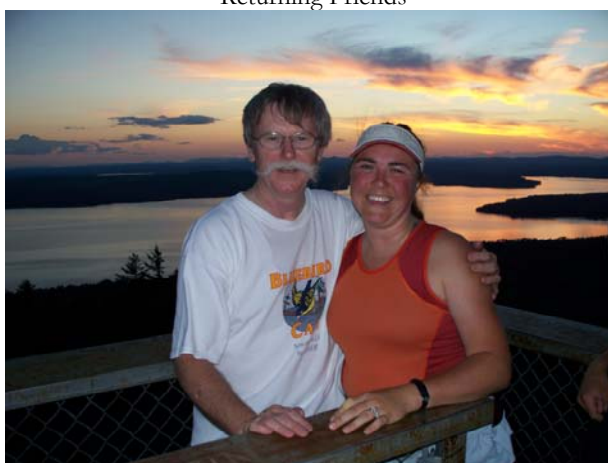
New Friends



Returning Friends



Many Friends



‘Old’ Friends



Rowing Friends



Kineo Friends



Kum-ba-yah Friends



“Hands That Row”



Sunset on Kineo - Memories