

Noyes Rhythm

Spring

Newsletter

2013

From our President:

Dear Noyes Friends,

As the natural world leaps into its springtime frenzy of growth and bloom, we are all reminded that our annual summer ritual of gathering at Shepherd's Nine and immersing ourselves in the joy of Noyes, nature and each other is almost upon us. It is time to begin the imagining and invite all the pent up creative urgings to stir again. New opportunities abound in our Rhythm program as well as another season of great offerings from our Artists-in Residence. Register early; bring a friend. Join us on Memorial Day for Work Weekend and discover another side of Noyes fun and camaraderie. Patty Flynn will be with us again overseeing all things that keep us humming; Emily-Arwin, tending the Rhythm Program will keep us growing and moving, and newly retired Sidni Jones has been snatched up to entertain you in the office as you check in and check-out. Chris Johnson has gotten an internship in Rhode Island in his chosen profession but has offered to help us on weekends. There's so much other news about different Noyes gatherings and what our fellow Noyesians have been up to but it will be better in their words, so do read on.

If you're looking for a good pre-camp book, I am finishing up, **When Women Were Birds**, *Fifty-Four Variations on Voice* by Terry Tempest Williams. It's a perfect prelude to camp concerned as it is about our relationship to nature, our own wildness and how we emerge with our authentic voice. "Earth, Mother. Goddess. In every culture the voice of the Feminine emerges from the land itself. We clothe her as Eve or Isis or Demeter. In the desert, she appears as Changing Woman. She can shift shapes like the wind and cut through stone with her voice like water..."

Let us shift shapes together—
and in Rhythm

Linda

We appreciate the hard work of our Board of Directors:

Linda Rapauno, President
Martha Mott-Gale
Emily Mott
Meg Brooker, Secretary
Ann Parlow, Treasurer

Patricia Collins
Sue Bayley
Skeeter Scheid
June Roche

Calendar of Events:

Noyes Boston School 2013

Relax and refresh through joyful movement in historic New England. Unstiffen and thaw out with good friends. Enlighten your body and spirit in Beauty. Each Sunday workshop includes classes from two teachers, live music, and great company. (And good snacks too!)

Register for the class **\$35** at Emerson Umbrella, Concord, MA. Gift someone the classes you can't attend.

To register: www.emersonumbrella.org

Sunday at 1:30-4:00 pm: May 19th

Work weekend: Memorial Day weekend May 25, 26.

Help get camp ready for the summer season

Please check with Sue Bayley about the details

Annual Meeting Sunday July 14th.

Please join us for a recreation class, meeting and banquet.

As of now the auction is planned for July Tuesday 16th. If someone else would like to do it later in the summer that is fine with me. Sarah

Shepherd's Nine

Week 1 June 30-July 7

Co-ed Week

The Masks We Wear

Sue and Skeeter Scheid



Explore creative mask-making and writing as an active inquiry of your own journeys through myths and archetypes.

Week 2 July 7-14

Collage with hand-made paper, paint, and natural objects

Bobbi Bailin



Collage with beautiful torn hand-made paper, pressed/dried plants taken from our wild environment, pictures, and paint, blended with Rhythm.

Noyes School of Rhythm

Artists In Residence

Week 3 July 14-21

Noyes Rhythm Technique and Creativity

(MASQUE WEEK)

Patricia Carhart Collins



Invoke art, poetry, song and dance in this Rhythm-intensive and collaborative approach to

creating a group production.

Week 4 July 21-28

Have Clay, Will Play and An Adventure a Day

Evelyn Foster, Arline Terrell, Sidni Foster



Clay play, hand-built or on the wheel; mixed with

nature-inspired poetry, watercolor and adventures to the lake, gardens and woods.

245 Penfield Hill Road, Portland CT 06480

Summer 2013

Week 5 July 28-August 4

Hildegard Von Bingen: Noyes, Nature, & Healing

Linda Rapuano

Barbara Lachman



Healing, wholeness and holiness are themes of this week. Quiet walks, writing,

hands-on healing, group movement and chanting invite us to connect to deeper wisdom.

Week 6 August 5-11

The Dances of Isadora Duncan

Duncan Lori Belilove



Learn unique and beautiful choreographies guided by Lori Belilove, internationally

recognized interpreter and ambassador of the dance of Isadora Duncan.

www.noyesrhythm.org 860.342.0328

A Note from our Registrar:

Hello all Campers! I am your pre-season registrar ready to hear about your plans to come to Camp. You can register easily on the Noyes Rhythm website and use Paypal for your \$25 deposit or you can send your registration to me:

Martha Mott-Gale

1502 E. Palmer St.

Philadelphia PA 19125

marthamottgale@gmail.com

Call me at 215-370-2403 with any questions and make your dreams of Camp a reality by registering now!

NOYES REGISTRATION 2013

Summer Season at Shepherd's Nine: June 30th-August 11th

Please print and fill out this registration form to reserve your spot. You can also register on-line at <http://www.noyesrhythm.org/summer-program/registration/>. Everyone must fill out a registration form, including Onion Scholarship students, Staff, and Teachers.

We advise a minimum stay of at least one week. Arrival time: Sunday 3:00pm. Departure Time: Sunday by 11:00am. Please give us advance notice if you need to make adjustments to this schedule. Additional fees may apply.

Please include a check for the \$25 nonrefundable registration fee (applicable to tuition) made payable to Noyes School of Rhythm. Mail the completed form and fee to: Noyes Registrar 1502 E. Palmer St. Philadelphia, PA 19125. Upon receipt of your registration, we will send you a guest guide with more detailed information about camp life and what to bring, as well as driving directions.

For questions or information regarding Summer Season 2013 or the Registration process, please email noyesrhythmregistration@hotmail.com or call our registrar at 215-370-2403.

Name: _____

Email: _____ **Phone Number:** _____

Address: _____

Check In and Check Out Dates: _____

Tents:

I would like a single tent.

I would like to share a tent and choose my tent mate. Tent Mate: _____

I would like to share a tent with whoever the camp chooses for me.

I would like a cabin.

Linens:

I will bring my own linens.

I would like to rent linens (\$15/week).

Diet:

We can accommodate basic vegetarian diets that include dairy and eggs. We cannot accommodate extreme dietary restrictions. Let us know in advance if you have any dietary restrictions.

I have no dietary restrictions.

I am a vegetarian.

Transportation:

Please call ahead to confirm your transportation. Transportation fee varies based on pickup location. No pick up available on Wednesdays.

I am providing my own transportation and do not need pick up.

I need transportation to Noyes from Bradley Airport.

I need transportation to Noyes from Hartford / New Britain Bus Station (circle one).

I need transportation to Noyes from Meridan Train Station.

Additional Comments

CALLING all ONIONS past and present and future

that means you

Baby

SPRING

Greeeeeen

Rouge (oh so French)

Minced, Sliced, Diced

(YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE! DON'T MAKE ME CRY NOW AND SAY YOU'RE NOT COMING!!!)

AFTERALL, WHAT IS NOYES CAMP WITHOUT ADDING ONIONS????

BLAND!!!!

Add to the **B**eauty and **C**ome

Let us help each other make this the best summer yet. Let's make 6 weeks run as smooth as silk, as beautiful as our garden, as magical as the notes that float from the page, through the fingers to the keys and out to our hearts and soul to create.....

NOYES RHYTHM

Contact: Patricia M. Flynn at pmflyer@gmail.com. Patricia

Note from the Rhythm Director (Emily ‘Pegasus’ Mott) on Teacher Development:

Have you ever wondered how to become a Noyes Rhythm teacher? Even after having taught years of classes I continue to be in a state of wonder, though I have taken the formal steps required to be certified. It is such rich work that we can, happily, take all of our lives to improve and get deeper. However, we *do* have a written process and a teacher training program, both evolving to be as supportive and thorough as possible given the short time we have each summer.



The first step is to apply to the apprentice teacher program. A short note to the Rhythm Director --that's me!--requesting your inclusion in our teacher training program will suffice. At this point, we use the 11:00am class as well as 4:30pm Tuesday and Thursday teacher training sessions, private mentoring, private lessons, and ongoing study and practice for teacher development time. And of course, all classes attended as a student, summer and year-round are central to the development of a teacher.

If you don't see yourself as a full teacher in the future or would like to share some Noyes Rhythm in a setting where you already teach, you may be interested in another option. New this year, we will try designating individuals to teach specific techniques. For example, perhaps you are very comfortable with the Caterpillar and would like to teach it in your yoga class or at a work retreat. The accreditation committee and/or teachers would work with you to help you gain a good understanding of the mechanics and Rhythm of the technique. You will gain confidence by practicing with a teacher and, finally, teaching the technique on the weekly schedule in the summer. Then you can get designated and take it away!

Below are the requirements to which we currently refer for each level of teacher:

Noyes Rhythm Teacher Certification Requirements

1. Apply in writing:

“ I would like certification at the.....level.”
(apprentice teacher, teacher, or master teacher)
and tell why.

or

“I would like to be designated to teach thetechnique” and tell why.

2. A total of 4 weeks of Noyes Rhythm at Shepherd's Nine or equivalent classes, including 2 consecutive weeks in one summer.

3. Election by the certification committee.



Teacher Certification Levels

1. Apprentice Teacher
 - A. A confident answer to “ What is Noyes Rhythm?”
 - B. Demonstrate the ability to teach from the Technique Book (Rhythm for Dance and Art, ed. Ladd) with an understanding of Noyes principles.
 - C. Have put together a basic 3-part Recreation class and taught it.
2. Teacher
 - A. Have demonstrated an ability at level 1, and have made an ongoing commitment to Noyes Rhythm
 - B. Have taught at least 6 Recreation classes at which at least 1 Master teacher and one other teacher are present.
 - C. A conversation with the committee.
3. Master Teacher
 - A. Demonstrated ability at all levels of Noyes Rhythm teaching: Recreation class, Technique class, Normal class, Private lessons.
 - B. Familiarity with the school music.
 - C. Created and directed group productions (Masques).
 - D. Demonstrated ability to discuss: Noyes Rhythm system of movement as well as Florence Fleming Noyes’ theories and their present day of application.
- E. Demonstrated a year round commitment to the school and its principles





With great revelry of spirit, we announce the **donation to the Noyes School of Rhythm a beautiful.....**

Baldwin Grand Piano! It is a 7' Model F in very good condition.



This fine instrument was given to us by a generous family (students of Emily 'Pegasus') and even now awaits our talented musicians at class and playtime this summer. Currently, it is being stored in Middletown and will most likely live at the Russell library in the off-season, where they will use it for their annual concert series. This being a delicate instrument, it will need special care and handling, especially in our unconventional concert hall. It is of enormous value and thus we can be glad to only have relatively small costs for it's upkeep. That said, we do need to raise some funds for a couple of items. Our longtime tuner Bruce McLeod will continue to work with us and help us find the best deals possible.

Can you help us to dress and equip our piano? A donation of any amount would help to protect the Baldwin against the ELEMENTAL forces. Here are the immediate needs:



1. We are in great need of a form-fitting waterproof piano cover to protect against rain, dirt, and other debris. **The cost is of the cover is \$200.**

2. Also, our piano tuner will install a climate-control system to stabilize the humidity--the single most important variable in the health of the

instrument. This includes several parts and helps to keep the wood, strings and other mechanisms happy. **The cost of this system is \$600.**



Please consider supporting the Noyes program in this way. You can send a check to **Emily Mott at 1271 Massachusetts Avenue Arlington, MA 02476** (make it out to **Noyes School of Rhythm**) or go online and donate at <http://www.noyesrhythm.org/support-noyes-rhythm/>. You can use the paypal button under "general operating fund" and then, once you've decided your amount, paypal has a field for **special instructions to the seller** where you can write "for piano needs." Email me emilyarwen@hotmail.com with questions.

A Personal Invitation

Colors In Motion® has unfolded beyond my imagination since its launch in 2009. The unique talents of the **Colors In Motion** Creative Team have come together to expand our Art Form to include live performance ! I am excited to share this invitation with you, hoping that you will take this opportunity to have a Friday afternoon North Shore Spring outing. Inspire yourself with culture and beauty !

Colors In Motion Creative Team is honored to be selected as a featured presentation of the Fifth Annual Massachusetts Poetry Festival. Come and experience our multi dimensional audio visual art projected in grand scale and woven together with live music, dance, watercolors, aurora photography and interactive performance poetry.

We promise you a unique engaging experience you will never forget.

Mark your calendars for our first live performance:

"POETRY IN MOTION : Flowing Through Time"

May 3, 2013 from 2 - 3:30pm
at the Peabody Essex Museum Salem, MA
Mass Poetry Festival - masspoetry2013.crowdvine.com
www.ColorsInMotion.com

Wishing you creative inspirations,
Linda

Colors In Motion is giving it's first live performance (90 minutes long) at the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, MA, as a part of the Massachusetts Poetry Festival. **Please come if you can!**.

Linda DeHart

A piece from Martha Mott Gale:

I hiked with Dad before I could walk. As with the other four siblings who came after me, I rode high on his shoulders, chubby legs around his neck, clutching his curly hair.

When my parents first met in Chicago, my mother was a city girl, studying voice and performing, going to concerts, walking crowded streets and riding the El, while he was a displaced Ohio farm boy stationed at the Navy base before being shipped to the Pacific in WW II. In spite of the differences in their lives, they were very attracted to each other, but Dad always said he saw her true beauty after a soaking walk in the rain washed away all traces of glamour. Their honeymoon in 1946 was at his family's cottage on Lake Erie, and I have pictures of them climbing onto a big log that had washed up onto the beach. Mother's first summer of marriage was spent at his family farm where she gamely joined Dad in hikes over the fields and grew to love nature as much as he did.

Dad always had to "get out", especially at the end of a tough week of teaching science and English to reluctant adolescents. There were two sorts of walks he took: what I thought of as "man" hikes and family hikes. On some Saturdays, he and a few friends, usually fellow teachers, took off to go "swamp-hopping" in the marshes and bogs near our home in southeastern Michigan. This meant jumping from one clump of grassy sod to another, over water and muck. The chance of the next tussock, as they are called, being free-floating rather than rooted just added to the desired danger. Other times they did what he called "bush-whacking", which simply meant plunging into thick brush with no idea where they were going. I never had the privilege of joining these adventures.

The family hikes were generally after Sunday dinner had been cleared away. All but the littlest were expected to keep up, even when Dad left the trail (often) and took us through thorny bushes and rough terrain. Sometimes we went to state parks or the farmland of friends, but our most frequent destination was Hidden Lake Gardens.

Once a large estate and then donated to Michigan State University as a horticulture center, part of this park was formally planted with gardens and exotic trees. A twisting one lane road wound around the small lake and through woods and over hills that were high, by Midwest standards. The area, called the Irish Hills, was a tourist destination for people from the sea-flat land of northern Ohio.

Most visitors stayed in the gardens and by the lake, but we would walk into the woods, leaving road and paths behind. If we were lucky, there would be a vine to swing on over a ravine, or a newly fallen tree to balance on and climb. Dad taught us to recognize and avoid poison ivy, told us the names of trees and wildflowers. We sometimes found fossils and we learned the names of the pretty rocks weighing down our pockets. An ornithology professor friend that sometimes came along identified bird calls. We imagined the glaciers that had inched over this area and left behind the kettleholes that we climbed down into. Even though I don't remember all of the information I was told, my curiosity remains: I want to know what I am seeing, what bird I am hearing, to notice what rock formations are beneath my feet when I am hiking.

A few years after I left home, my parents moved from town to a farm, fulfilling Dad's dream. It was our heart's home, the place we brought our families over the years, a place that stayed the same through changes and moves in our own lives.

We practically lived outdoors when we visited, tramping the fields and down the road, swinging on the tire swing, picking cherries from the trees and sweet corn from the garden in summer, and building snow forts and sledding in the winter. Especially precious to me were the times Dad and I hiked alone along the creek and into the woods.

It was usually late fall or winter: in summer the nettles were too thick and in spring the creek flooded. Our walks were mostly in companionable silence, pushing aside the twigs of the summer's saplings, jumping over damp places. It wasn't a dramatic landscape, brown stubble on the field, woods of second and third growth, trees scraggly and half fallen. But it was ours, and we moved in crisp air and felt the loamy earth and smelled the oak leaves we scuffed up. At some point he'd ask me how I was doing: did I have enough money, or how was the job or the children or my marriage? Not long discussions, as with my mother, but fatherly concern. He said more in his letters to me.

It was cruel that Dad, so active and physical, would be diagnosed with Parkinson's disease at age 64. He tried to believe that this was an opportunity for spiritual growth, that he had been too dependent on the simple joys of his body. He studied the Bible and kept active as long as he could with volunteer work and writing a column for the local paper. We took him to Hidden Lake, still a ritual family place to visit, pushing him on the roads in his wheelchair and picnicking. But as he declined, his worst symptom was an unbearable restlessness. The urge to move that he had always felt was trapped in his rigid body. We'd take his hands and walk him around the house for a few minutes until his strength gave out and he'd sit, only to call out again in five minutes to get up, over and over again.

In her widowhood, Mother communed with Dad by driving herself to Hidden Lake and around the countryside, even from her senior residence. The predictable square mile layout of roads helped her find her way back when her mind was fading. When her car was retired (to our relief and her sad loss), we drove her to Hidden Lake, around the roads so deep with family memories.

Even from her room she was comforted by the view from her window of a field, a tree, the birds. One of the trees, a variant of silver maple, had a shaggy bark, and she never failed to comment, "Did you ever see a tree with that kind of bark?"-- Dad's curiosity instilled. A dead tree with a poison ivy vine climbing on it, outside her last room, was fascinating to her. "That tree looks upside down-- the leaves are on the bottom!"

As a musician with a musician husband, I have to live in a big city. But like breathing itself, I need the outdoors. I have to "get out." I drive through traffic at least three times a week to nearby parks: the open fields of Valley Forge, the wide Delaware River at Washington Crossing, the glittering schist on the trails along the Wissahickon Creek. None of it is wild enough and I lose some of the healing by driving back again.

Still, there is always a moment when Dad is hiking with me, when I forget the city and feel my body on an uphill climb, when the first wood thrush echoes in Valley Green, when I notice the first fresh leaves of spring.

The Acorn

Within its shell is the seed
that can send a tree
sixty feet into the air
and produce enough seeds
for an army of trees,
like a hovering force
connecting heaven and earth.
How can we not honor
such an endeavor, seeds
patiently waiting for the feel
of earth, the darkness,
the holiness, the realm
of transformation?
Never mind the pollen, the debris,
the ever falling leaves.
We all have baggage,
and with courage, we too
can leave it behind
and learn to soar.

Arline Terrell

Hello Noyesians!

Here are some of my newsy nuggets:

I have been exhibiting my art work widely this year, with big solo shows at Carroll College in Westminster MD and Levine School of Music in midtown Washington DC. I seem to be getting what I asked for, at least in part, as I had a goal to show work locally and nearby. I also had shows at James Madison University in Harrisonburg Virginia, and one called "Earth in Bloom" at a gorgeous arboretum gallery in Maryland. I am working now on paintings inspired by oceans and dunes.

In the fall I moved out of my huge studio, to force myself to get my work in order and accounted for. I have begun! I have had the help of two graduate students, as I was awarded their help via a special project to document the work of "aging artists" of accomplishment. It is such a boon to have help - just someone standing there not caught up in the "overwhelm" feeling I get around so many years of work.

My husband and I have started a new chamber music series here in our Takoma Park house, which has a large music room with gallery lighting and nice white walls. Carl has been programming/performing monthly trio concerts and we can seat about 35 people. Every house concert so far has sold out, and of course some people end up wanting to purchase my paintings. The best part though is having a bunch of interesting art/music loving people in our home, and getting to know them.

That's it for now. I hope to get to camp this summer, as I find I am trying to "flow" around my house and the rooms are too small!

love, Marilyn (Bannerman)

From Arline Terrell: Here is a bit of news -- or what's happening here.

By the time you read this the sunflowers should be knee high -- pretty good for transplants from the birds' foraging. We have been enjoying fresh lettuce and herbs from my tiny garden. We have also been enjoying, sometimes vicariously (I excell at babysitting) , Kate's performing in the band, "Wolverton," where she is queen of the keyboard and creator of many songs. In addition this month she has been the subject of a solo show at one of our galleries featuring a lot of her music and creations.

Perhaps because it is "poetry month," the muse keeps knocking at my door, or maybe it's because nature is so blatant and provocative.

"Forest Breathing" rings in my ears as my little seedlings open their arms to the sun.

Sue Bayley's new email: susanabayley@icloud.com

From Emma Silverman:

Dear Noyesians: I hope everyone is well and having a wonderful 2013 so far! I am still happily living in Oakland California and studying at UC Berkeley. In March one of my classes took a field trip to Robert Smithson's giant artwork "Spiral Jetty" and it made me think of our Noyesian dance spirals. I hope to make it out to camp for a longer amount of time this summer, and see many of you there.

thanks,
Emma

Hello dear fellow Noyseians,

As the weather starts to turn and our spirits yearn for the pavalon, I am sending warm, welcoming greetings to all.

Some new changes that I am delighted to share with you today. I am engaged to Paul, a wonderful man that I have been seeing for the past five years. We are best friends and now are planning a future together!

Laura is completing her Junior year at Boston College and Katherine will be entering Johnson & Whales University in their business equestrian/riding program. Next year, two in college at once...maybe three if Andreas decides to return to school.

My niece is having a destination wedding at the Outer Banks in North Carolina on July 20th!

Life is Good and I look forward to seeing you at the start of camp!

Peace, Joy, Happiness to you!
Love,
Patty Curcio

Hi: Big changes coming up for me. I decided to retire at the end of May 2013 instead of 2014. It is good, but as with all change, scary. I will be moving to a brand new apartment in a suburb of Rochester, NY very near Lake Ontario. I need to move from my current apartment at the end of June and the opening of my new apartment has been delayed until August. I will need to have my belongings moved into a storage unit and spend the month of July in an extended-stay motel. It's a little inconvenient, but I think it will be worth it. My cousins live in the town I will be moving to and the new apartment is very close to my grandfather's farm which I visited as a little girl.

Much love to all at Noyes. May you dance beautifully through the camp season.

Carolyn Knight.

FROM CHRIS SPARKS...

In September of 2012 I published an e-reader in Amazon, about my career in animal welfare. Initially it did no sales and I just chalked it up to a great experience. In the last 3 months I have sold 2 thousand copies, and received really nice reviews.

So, now I am being approached by literary agents and furiously working on Volume 2.

"The Animals and Me", by Chris Sparks.

.99 cent e-reader, or a little paperback for \$5.63.

Hi All:

I have been spending way too much time playing competitive bridge but it keeps me out of trouble. I have managed to visit with Sue Bayley and Tig when I have gone to tournaments near their homes so that has been a big plus. Our first grandchild Declan just celebrated his first birthday surrounded by 9 adoring relatives. He is so much fun! Dick and I are looking forward to the first week of camp with Sue and Skeeter as artists in residence. They were great last year. Dick and I never laughed so much as well as doing a lot of Noyes work of course. Hoping to seeing many of you this summer.

Sarah Widhu

From Sidni Jones:

I have soooooo enjoyed being retired and love every single minute of freedom!

I've been fortunate to be able to travel a little. First, I spent a week in January touring pyramids in Mexico with some of my oldest friends. Then a week or so later I brushed three feet of snow off my car, packed it up and headed to New Orleans. I'd never driven that far by myself before but I found that as long as I had an audio book to listen to, I was fine. I detoured to San Antonio and visited Arline, Kate and Lucy! As luck would have it, Meg was in town and we all met for a quick lunch. As you can imagine, it was wonderful to see them all!

While I was in New Orleans, I stayed with my sister, Patti, and spent a lot of time with my niece, Bobbie, and her fiancée, Kristina, and Kristina's four year old curly headed blonde boy, Caleb. It was lovely for me to be able to pick him up from his French preschool and to babysit, periodically. One day we took a swamp tour and I have cute pictures of Caleb holding a baby alligator.

Because I was in New Orleans during Mardi Gras season, we enjoyed going to parades some of which were rescheduled around the Super Bowl. I took the opportunity to volunteer with the Super Bowl Host Committee. In our spare time we hung out downtown enjoying the Super Bowl festivities/craziness. The weather was great (read NO SNOW) and I had many new adventures.

I met with the Fiction Writers' Group at the local library on Mondays and my new friends gave me good feedback on a piece I shared.

I'd never gone to a St. Patrick's Parade in New Orleans before. In addition to throwing beads and things from the floats like they do at Mardi Gras, they throw cabbages, potatoes, onions, carrots and such. It seems that I went out to lunch and/or dinner almost every day and, believe it or not, got tired of eating food!! I also got to visit other friends and family while I was there but, somehow, I didn't get to spend enough time with any of them. Nevertheless, the weather was great and we appreciated our time together. Finally, after two months, I was sad to leave but it was time to head home. My friends in Utah seemed to have missed me. Go figure! On the way back I drove through Oklahoma so that I could visit my birthplace at Ft. Sill since I'd never been back. My dad was stationed there for a short time during the Korean War. Now I'm home having fun going to lunch with friends, sleeping in, reading, planning more trips and avoiding any sort of house cleaning. It looks like I'll be at camp for the whole summer so I will probably drive to Connecticut. It will be the first time I'll be driving across the country. I'm getting brave in my old age!

from Linda DeHart:

With new left hip, moving easier, I will be at camp this year July 28, allowing for a longer recovery. I want to feel "my old" Rhythm on the Pavalon floor.

from Clio:

Quelle damage!!! I am 3 weeks into a torn and then return (thanks to a canine catastrophe) Achilles' Tendon. Anyway, June and I have some splendidly Noyesian pictures to show some Wed. evening next summer of our recent trip to New Zealand: Fern trees and lush rainforests, glaciers, birds - even the "extinct" crested Australian grebe on her nest on the one and only Alpine lake, where she lives, near Arthur's Pass, herds of domesticated deer, and 12,000' showy peaks running down the spine of South Island.....and this was in their late August.

We stayed with Muffy(June's daughter) 's house. She is one of a group of geo-tech. engineers employed to assess the feasibility of rebuilding the Crist Church area of New Zealand after the '10 earthquake. It is an endless building by building, house by house, project as the subsoil has been so disrupted. Most properties must be destroyed and often the land cannot be rebuilt upon.

After 48hours of airport travel coming home and the headder over a dog, my life is seriously curtailed. At least another three weeks the DR.says. It is bookclub, Athena (our investment gang), and my early music bunch. I can still play the recorder and treble gamba - nap- and make stunnung lemon cake and keepmy foot up and iced and go to PT.Fortuneately I live in a very beautiful place and have wonderful care! I plan to be at Camp most of the season and will see you all there.

PLEASE LEAVE MODERN DAY RACKET ON THE DOORSTEP! Love, CLIO

From Mara Bennett in Atlanta, GA

I expect to get to camp the last 3 weeks. My granddaughter and my cat are the center of my world. Tweed, the granddaughter, will be 2 in July. I have so much fun with her. I want to bring her to camp, but not quite yet. I am belly dancing and doing yoga. We have a lovely park across the street for Paneurhythmy. I am teaching it to some Bulgarians who have heard about it, but never found anyone who knew it. They had to come to Atlanta.

It is the time for the neighborhood festivals. Our big one where I live is this weekend. We are excited. It is bigger than Christmas.

From Charlotte,

I will not be coming to camp this year. I am retiring from the Army at the end of the year and am saving all of my leave to use towards the end so I can stop working earlier. Can you tell I'm ready to be out of there?!?!?

I will plan for sure to be at camp next year, maybe even two weeks!

From Laura Lutton

I have a wonderful picture of Ms. Noyes on my computer desktop at work. Great place for, as it's a frequent reminder to keep my balance throughout the busy work day. Also, related to Ms. Noyes, I recently read a great book titled "Nothing Daunted. The book is a narrative non-fiction about two young women from Ms. Noyes' generation who move to Colorado to teach children of the homesteaders in the Rockies. Anyway, there is reference to "barefoot" dance movement similar to Rhythm. Here is the author's link to the history of these two women and their journey: <http://www.nothingdaunted.com>

Shenandoah Noyes South





from Martha Mathews

Noyes Shenandoah was a grand success. Skeeter, Trudi, and Martha worked and planned together to cover all bases. Most of the time was spent really getting to talk, unwind, relax, eat, sleep, and dance. We tried to sing some camp songs. We needed our song leaders and musicians, which brought on some good laughs.

Skeeter Scheid, Trudi Van Dyke, Martha Mathews, Sue Scheid, Sue Baker, Elinor Burg, Evelyn Foster, Mary Graham, Mary Beth Guild, Linda Rapuano, Sidni Jones, Ellie Blank, and Barbara Lachman (friend of Evelyn Foster) were all there. Val and I had three people, Evelyn, Barbara, and Mary Beth sleep in beds at our house. On Saturday night, we had a pre-dinner gathering at the house, then walked to the church social hall for a Southern barbecue dinner. We had 17 people for dinner including the husbands, Val, George VanDyke and Jim Weaver. We could not have had such a great success if our husbands had not helped us in so many ways. It seemed so much like camp, except we were not sitting on the beautiful benches in the Farm House in CT. After dinner, we returned to Trudi's for a Poet Signing Party for Sue Scheid's "After Enchantment" book. Wish you all could have been there with us.