

Trail To The Rock, Facebook Comments



Cynthia Hockman-Chupp I still go on the trail in my head when I need a peaceful moment. And remember the view in the same way...

BUT...

I also remember feeling abject terror that one of the campers with me would take a plunge off the rock!!!! ;) Good practice for motherhood???

Lawrence Eby I remember the last sanctioned hike to the rock, or at least onto it. In one of Mary Jane and my early weeks as camp directors, during the outdoor electives for

summer camp, I overheard that someone had "fallen off the "Rock". I had never been there, so asked the summer camp program director if it was dangerous. The reply was "sort of" to the effect that "Yes, it could be depending on which side you fell off."

So about 30 minutes before the next hike was to occur, I went up to observe first hand. By myself I carefully made my way across the ridge of the rock to the small flat area beyond and back, breathing a sigh of relief at being back safely. (No I am not afraid of heights: I was a high bridge painter in younger days).

But I did share Cynthia's abject terror and for the same reasons as I watched the next group of shaky adolescents cross the rock ridge. I do not pray a lot but in that case until the last one was back to safety was an exception.

So an unpopular executive action was taken. No more hikes to the rock. Even after sharing the event with an adult who had grown up going to DCC and to the rock who when I indicated my fears said, "Oh, but we have had a pretty good record to now." My silent response was, "Thank God, because anything less than 100% could easily have been serious injury or death; something difficult to handle or explain to a parent".

That week we opened the trail to Echo Mountain, A much safer hike and with a great view to the north; but in this case the rapid heart beats of the campers was due to the exercise of the longer hike rather than the adrenaline rush of teetering on The Rock.

