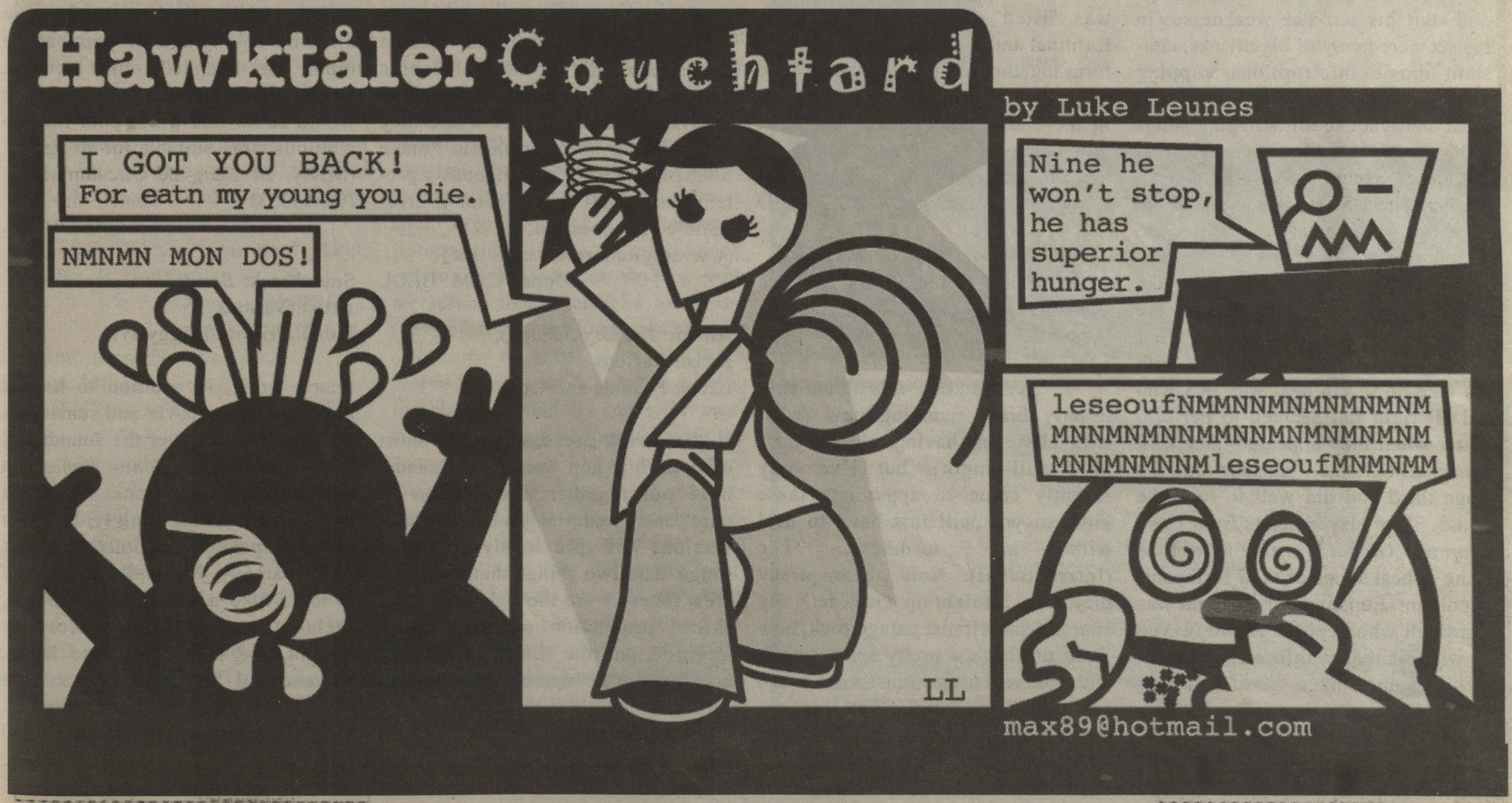
wrestling. One hot summer day, the front lawn was converted into a huge water slide covered with soap and water (I think this was an ingenious plot to make the kids actually take a bath). I had decided to sit that activity out. But once my kids saw me on the sidelines nice and dry, they couldn't resist coming over and giving me great big hugs.

For a one-week period Jack Acker (a former New York Yankee) came and led a baseball program. There were also biking trips, excursions to Maine and Montreal, and trips to water parks.

By the end of the summer I was on the verge of physical and mental exhaustion. Imagine a job where you are on duty 24 hours a day, and waking up at 7:45 a.m. is considered sleeping in; Counsellors would take naps during rest period (we swore rest period were for us, not the kids); our only connection to the real world was through one computer that screwed up most of the time; our only form of TV is recorded *Simpsons* re-runs; having to eat meals called "Week in Review" (I never knew you could mess up spaghetti); missing things like Smarties and ketchup chips because they don't exist in the States; and getting mad at friends because they never write!

In the end there were tons of tears and hugs as I watched my kids leave, knowing that I would probably never see them again. A mere hour later, the few of us who had flights to catch had to deal with a similar experience. Camp is very intense; in a short eight-week period we enter another world where everything is just a little bit different. As I say goodbye to my co-workers, I suddenly realize that I wouldn't be waking up to them every morning. We promise to keep in touch, but we know it won't be the same. Living with someone in a room no larger than a study room bonds you together (if you don't kill each other first).

On the way home, I stared out the window watching the clouds fly by. Finally, I watch as we fly over the sandbars and I get my first glimpse of home.