THE GULL ROCK GAZETTE

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THE INFLUENCE OF KILCOO CAMP IS CHANGING LIVES IN ECUADOR

The story of Dos Corrientes is one of dedication, ignited by the indomitable spirit of John Latimer and the enduring impact of Kilcoo Camp. It embodies a shared vision that gave birth to Amici and represents the convergence of two individuals who believe in a world where equality can thrive and change can be achieved.

Nestled along the Pacific coast of Ecuador, amidst semi-arid landscapes and sprawling wilderness, lies the remote village of Liguiqui. Here, the fundamental necessities of life, such as nourishing food and clean water, are luxuries. Sufficient education and employment are often unattainable. In this place, the dream of a better future seems as distant as the horizon, shadowed by the spectre of crime.

Liguiqui mirrors countless places globally where the average monthly income is meager. The average income is between





$125 and $150 per month and 25% of the villagers make do with even less. The notion of escaping to a world like ours is a daydream. There is nothing to airlift them to the safety and opportunities that exist for us in Canada. Thousands of Ecuadorians undertake perilous journeys north, seeking illegal entry into the United States, with untold numbers losing their lives in the process.

Liguiqui presented the ideal canvas for my wife, Heather Rose, and me to embark on a mission to create a blueprint that can be duplicated elsewhere and capable of alleviating poverty and strengthening communities. Our vision knows no borders or boundaries; it is a model designed to empower individuals to foster positive change. In many ways, Dos Corrientes is the story of how a group of individuals, many with Kilcoo backgrounds, were propelled by compassion and determination to illuminate a path toward a brighter future. We stand at the outset of an extraordinary community transformation, driven by the cultivation of values and the enduring influence of Kilcoo in the heart of Ecuador.

After visiting Ecuador several times, in 2007 Heather and I purchased a piece of land overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Our initial thought was to develop the land as a sanctuary and health facility. But yearly visits brought us into contact with Liguiqui's residents and other coastal communities, revealing the profound impact of poverty on individuals and their villages. In the early days, we dedicated ourselves to extensive research. This led to a huge breakthrough in our understanding of poverty and how it is defined by people who feel they are up against it. For people in the north, we tend to think of poverty as the lack of material things such as healthcare, food, water, clothes, and inadequate housing to name a few. In impoverished countries however, their feeling is not so much a lack of possessions but a sense of inferiority, despair, helplessness and that the system is set up against them. They have no voice.

We discovered if we could create a circumstance whereby on their own and with outside guidance, individuals could enhance their formal education and with skill-based training, they would be very capable of overcoming the obstacles presented by the lack of employment, education and food. The villagers, especially the young, could have dreams about their lives and communities could be transformed. As a result, Dos Corrientes utilizes a multidimensional education platform and the traction has been exceptional. Our

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progress has exceeded our expectations as class size has tripled over the past year.

We are still in the early days, however, and Dos Corrientes is now addressing critical challenges in a number of communities in coastal Ecuador. Our programs encompass sustainable agriculture and food security where we teach local residents organic farming techniques and promote and teach the cultivation of nutritious crops. Entrepreneurial business is initiated through training and mentorship and English is a foundational aspect of the education process. Because less that 50% of children finish high school and have no means to access education beyond that, Dos Corrientes is inspiring young adults to value and complete their secondary school education and are helping students access post secondary education at a university 40 km away. These programs provide the basic criteria for a brighter future for Ecuadorian children and communities.



When we looked into the eyes of over 30 children receiving their certificates at the September semester graduation, we saw the same joy and spark that was felt by all of us at camp. That moment of recognition acknowledges that their dreams, like ours as young people, are important.

Pictures and videos of Dos Corrientes can be found on the website, www.doscorrientes.com. If you would like continuing updates, please feel free to email me at don@doscorrientes.com to receive the quarterly issues of the Dos Corrientes Journal.

DON WILSON
1958-1967

EDITOR'S MUSINGS

The summer of 2023, Kilcoo's 91st year of operation, was certainly unique, but beyond the obvious it was also different right from precamp when air quality was dangerously compromised by smoke and dry conditions which meant no campfires would be possible for campers on their first night.

However, things eventually settled and it was again a most successful summer. The staff worked hard and during my visits to work with the LIT's I saw the same energy and enthusiasm that has been key to the camp's success every summer.



In August, Buzz Primaylon took the reins of leading the camp and with the support of his staff everything went well. The Kilcoo Olympics were once again the highlight of the month and before you knew it camp was over for another year. Don Wilson's article about his project in Ecuador headlines this issue and serves as one more example of Kilcoo leaders contributing in important ways to their communities.



Kilcoo in the fall

PAUL CHAMBERLAIN
(1967)

IDEAS ALWAYS WELCOME & NEEDED!

The Gull Rock Gazette is always looking for your favourite Kilcoo memories and stories. For the next issue I am short articles and need help. If you want suggestions to help you develop your ideas, please contact me by email at pchamp@sympatico.ca, and I will help you. We can only keep the Gazette going if alumni contribute.

SUMMER REPORT BY BUZZ

WOW! What an August!

The Kilcoo spirit was alive and well this August thanks to an incredible group of campers and the amazing Kilcoo staff. From the moment campers came through the Kilcoo gates, they were welcomed with cheers, songs, and dancing. Staff assisted parents with luggage as campers moved into their new "home away from home". Cozy nooks and crannies were created in bunks by adding special blankets, pillows, and stuffies and then campers settled into where they would live for their two weeks or month.

Our days were filled with beautiful weather, and fun activities, where campers learned new skills and were challenged to achieve levels and badges at activities. Following lunch, we had epic sing songs that turned into dance parties thanks to TJ our House DJ. Following evening activities, campfires would begin with classic skits like "The Sound of Music" being performed, and favourite songs like "A Pizza Man" were sung. Of course, campfires would end with section cheers echoing across our beloved Gull Lake.



Always a highlight in our August session is the Kilcoo Olympics. At our opening ceremonies, we were blessed with celebrity guests Scott Russell and Paul Chamberlain. This three-day event was filled with hard work, determination, and the Kilcoo Olympic spirit. After an exhausting three days, we were excited to learn that Great Britain broke its losing streak as they took home the Gold!

The days following the Olympics flew by as camp began to wind down and campers began to pack up to head home. At the end of the month, we are proud to say that we were blessed with another amazing summer at Kilcoo Camp. A huge thank you goes out to our LITs, staff and Senior Staff. They brought "sunshine and happiness" to all campers as everyone ventured out on epic canoe trips, took part in exciting camp games, and of course, gave their all throughout the month.

And now, the countdown begins for what promises to be another amazing summer in 2024!

BUZZ PRIMAYLON

MAINTAINING KILCOO'S FLEET

Fifteen years ago this fall, Kilcoo made the decision to renew its aged wooden canoe fleet. With the aid of alumnus Scott Walker and retired master builder Ron Frenette, I started Gull Lake Boat Works to facilitate the goal of producing and maintaining new Cedar-canvas canoes for the camp. This venture led to the reincarnation of the legendary and locally-made Minto 16' canoe (the original mould for which was long ago lost), which made up the bulk of Kilcoo's fleet – and the fleets of most camps in the Haliburton area. Kilcoo now has 26 new Mintos, some modified for solo paddling or heavier use. GLBW also looks after the stock of 16 vintage wood canoes (including some very rare specimens), and the 37 plastic and Kevlar canoes. With Kilcoo's fleet back in action, GLBW has gravitated to private work over the years. We've done thousands of repairs on hundreds of different canoes and small boats, I've been happy to spread the gospel of wood canoes through private repairs and custom commissions, and by working with other Southern Ontario camps, Toronto boat clubs, and Novacraft canoes (who send us their repairs east of Guelph).



I'd like to thank Kilcoo Camp for the opportunity, and especially the Gull Rock Gazette and the Kilcoo community for following and supporting Gull Lake Boat Works materially and spiritually. Working with my camp friends and comrades to resurrect a loved heirloom or to build a dream is really a key part of this pursuit. GLBW has done work for too many Kilcoo and Gay Venture alumni to list here, but I believe reviving Mike Jack's family Chestnut was one of our first huge jobs, and we have Dave Minnes' Minto on the floor now. The first custom Minto went to Steve Peacock, and in June one of the latest was delivered by Jeff Setterington to Jeremy Andrews. Andrew Short and Gord Cruess have two of the nicest customs that I can recall. If you have a project you want to talk about, or just want to know of what we're doing, check us out on social media and the internet. We're located in the Old Stockyards area of Toronto. Humbly I give you thanks, friends.



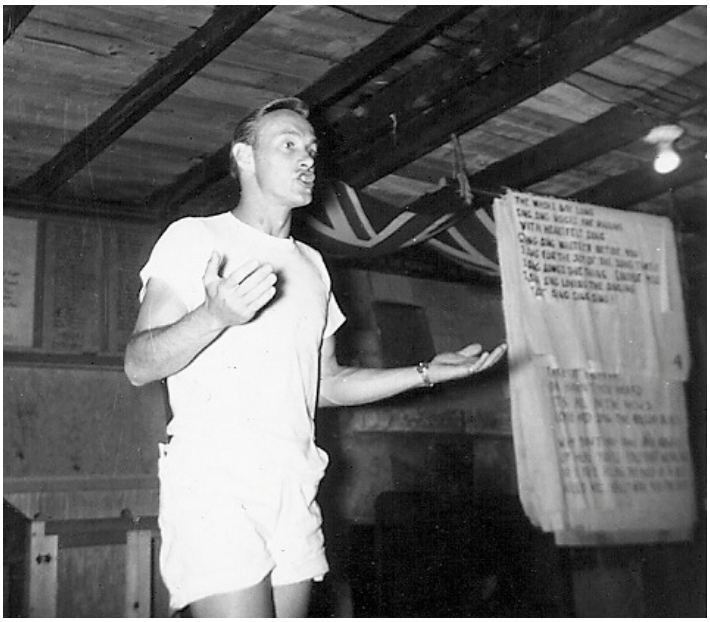
MARC RUSSELL
(1993-2009)
WWW.GLBW.CA

SAVED BY KILCOO MEMORIES AND MUSIC

I attended Kilcoo from 1962 to 1967 as a camper, CIT and staff member and returned several times while my brother was there until 1971. Although I passed by the camp gate every time I drove to my nearby family cottage, I thought Kilcoo was no longer part of my life except in my memory. I did not realize how wrong that thought was.

Everything was fine until 1982. I was married, a father of 2 which would become 3 in April of that year and I enjoyed my work. Everything was great. Then in the third Monday in January I felt sick and missed work. On the Tuesday I returned to work, but at about 9p.m. that evening I began to shake and what followed was three days of being bedridden after which I went to the hospital emergency whose doctors sent me home with meds telling me I had a virus. Three days later I saw my family doctor who sent me to Sunnybrook Hospital where I was admitted.

I have a phobia about hospitals and soon after I was admitted the fear set in and then panic. To me music is always soothing and as the panic level increased that first night, Kilcoo came into my thoughts with images of Ken Jones on the piano and Chief with his arm raised conducting the campers in "When You Walk Through a Storm" and I drifted off to sleep.

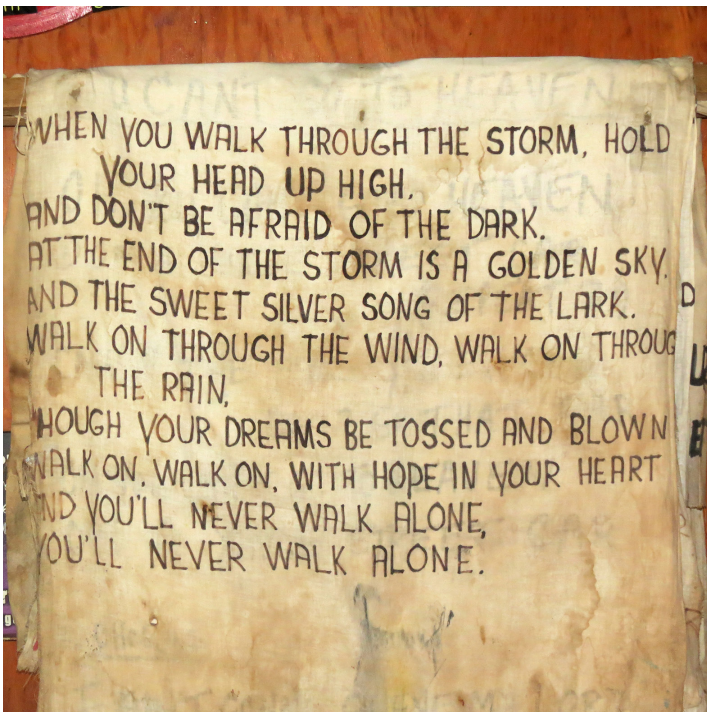


Over the next few days I underwent a battery of tests and while doctors confirmed the viral infection I was told I was to remain in hospital for further investigation into my heart problems. At this point the panic came rushing back. However, Kilcoo got me through this: singsongs going through my mind and thoughts of activities such as canoeing with Paul Chamberlain, shooting with Tom Richmond, archery with Art Lyon; and then many favourite spots in camp, fellow campers and staff members and my cabin mates Gord McGiverin and my cousin Bill Bobier. There was a throng letting me know they had my back and they had helped me overcome my fear of being in the hospital.

A week later doctors told me my infection had settled on my aortic valve. They planned to treat it, but I would have to come back in 6 to 12 months for open heart surgery. I was upset and angry, but after the doctors left I could hear Chief telling me that losing my temper would not help. It felt like we talked for quite a while and he got me focused on dealing with the infection and then accepting the need for the surgery. That chat with Chief, if only in my mind, set me up for what lay ahead. I went home for a week, but on the seventh day I was back in the hospital and diagnosed with heart failure. I would not be leaving the hospital until after the surgery.

My father, Chief and all my Kilcoo comrades had shown me that when you encountered trouble you faced it head on and did your best. This cemented my decision to move ahead and I embraced the need for surgery. I heard my father say, "way to go Bucko", there was a tremendous "How How" from my Kilcoo friends and a rousing "All for One".

Three weeks later I left the hospital, my daughter had been born just four hours before. As I walked to the car with my father I swear I heard a lark's silver song and there was a golden sky. Kilcoo surely strode with me.



If you think the Kilcoo affect was just in my mind, the strength derived from the positivity that Chief and Kilcoo stood for has carried me through 41 years when the life expectancy following my operation was sixteen years. I have known a dozen others who have had the same surgery and all but one has passed away. The difference was qualities shared by my parents and by Kilcoo.

Thank you Kilcoo for seeing me through my journey and a big How How to everyone at Kilcoo past and present. You may never know the affect you have had on people, but as with me it might be life changing.

BILL KILNER
1962-1967

EMBRACING MOMENTS AND ENJOYING LITTLE THINGS

I thought for a long time what I'd write about for this article. The options seemed limitless – important life lessons learned at Kilcoo, exciting moments from canoe trips with old friends, favourite activities, influential people we met, or what camp means to any of us are all good ideas. But I thought that today I'd write about how camp has taught me to embrace the moment and to appreciate the little things while we can. Of course, this is always easier said than done. When I was young, I'd look forward to Kilcoo all year (like all of us did). The end of June seemed like it would never arrive, and the next thing I knew, I was packing my bags and driving up to Gull Lake. The summer went by like a happy hurricane, leaving good times and even better memories in its wake, along with a few new names written on the walls of each cabin.

Camp is an entirely unique experience that you won't get anywhere else. For a few weeks every year, each boy at Kilcoo (staff and LITs included) gets to be his true self, no strings attached, and just have fun. There's no better time to learn how to properly embrace the moment. When you're on a canoe trip, you're not thinking about your favourite class in school. When you're sitting at Chapel Point, you're not worried about your friends at home. And when we're singing a Bon Jovi song in the Lodge, you're not wondering what your parents are doing. It's a time to just be yourself and learn, all while living entirely in the moment.

I remember when I was a first year LIT in 2016. My island group was doing our paddleback and it was the middle of the night. We were crossing a lake (Boshkung, I think) watching the stars above, looking at the reflection of the sky in the dark lake below, seeing countless shooting stars, the only sound the occasional ripple from a paddle. I'll never forget that night. This is embracing the moment. This was a time when we were fully immersed in our surroundings. We weren't thinking about anything but the lake and the trip and how we were partaking in something that was special, like Kilcoo itself.

When I was counsellor of Cabin 1, all I could do was live in the moment. But if you're not careful, it will pass you by. If I had spent all my time thinking about how to keep the cabin cleaner, or improve the efficiency of my sunscreen routine with the boys each morning, or constantly making sure that each boy had his water bottle, I'd miss everything that I loved most about Cabin 1. The jokes the boys would make. Racing them to activities. Them asking me about camp. Them asking me about the world. Telling them funny stories. Teaching them how to pitch a tent or paddle properly. Letting them be kids in the best place on earth.

In our daily lives, it's often challenging to live in the moment. It's easy to get caught up in the planning of what comes next or think about something that has nothing to do with the here and now. There's so much going on, some of it relevant to us, lots of it not, and being able to fully appreciate what you're doing is challenging. But at Kilcoo, it's so easy, I think because everyone is doing the same thing – everybody is trying to have the best time possible, and we always help each other to do that, no matter what.



Camp is also about appreciating the little things. These are the things that matter most and when I think back to my time at Kilcoo, it's not the things like Bushpede or entire canoe trips that I remember. Of course, I remember those things, but my mind goes to specific moments, like how I felt right before the start of a Gull Rock Paddle or the serenity of a quiet lake on a canoe trip. Watching a storm approach from across the lake. Listening to a story at Chapel Point that really made me think. Giving someone a hug because you haven't seen them since breakfast. Sunny days. Rainy days, too. Friends helping you accomplish your goals. Loving an activity more than anything else (canoeing and sailing, for me).

I wanted to include a list of simple things that make me think of Kilcoo in the hopes that it may spark some distant and potentially forgotten memories for some of you: The smell of sunscreen. Rain on the roof of a cabin or fly of a tent. The slamming of the screen door of your cabin. A perfect log split. The sound the docks make on a windy day. The smell of a campfire. A group of children laughing. Clean air in the middle of the forest. A faraway boat engine. The dull roar of a meal in the Lodge. And my favourite, voices singing Maker of Men at the end of a perfect day at Kilcoo.

I've been thinking a lot about Kilcoo recently, and what it meant to me. These memories and lessons learned come back to me at unexpected times, and I always smile a bit when I have one of these memories. It's sad to think that some of the best times of our lives happened at Kilcoo and that those days have come and gone. However, I prefer to look at it the other way: we're more fortunate than most to have been able to have had those days and made those memories, for they made us who we are as men. By embracing the moment and appreciating the little things in life, we can strive for the best and keep this aim before us, all while enjoying our daily life (almost, but not quite) as much as our time on Gull Lake. Rip Ram.

BLAKE MORTON
(2010-2019)

BUILDINGS CHANGE - BUT KILCOO DOESN'T

When I report on Kilcoo in conversations with alumni I often emphasize that while the buildings at camp have changed (in some cases more than once) the spirit and what defines Kilcoo Camp has not.

The passage of decades have seen tents in Mohawk Park replaced by cabins - twice, and three cabins by the waterfront named for First Nations "tribes" replaced in 1946 by The Kremlin and more recently by Kremlin A and B.

However, there are two buildings that have stood the test of time.



The Sail Cabin as best I can determine from early camp pictures and brochures was constructed around 1946 and for a long time accommodated the youngest campers in the oldest camper section (Seniors, now Voyageurs) though presently it appears the oldest Voyageurs reside there. Underneath the cabin is the Sail Locker where sailing equipment is stored, and there once was a "trap door" from the upper level where campers snuck down to the locker. The story goes that at one time during staff dances with girls from nearby camps (Gay Venture, Calumet) campers would sneak down and out to get a glimpse of the sordid goings on at the lodge, all the while avoiding the watchful eyes of section patrol. The Sail Cabin has been stained many times, and a new floor put an end to the trap door long ago. It is my hope this heritage site will see many more years of use.

Possibly the oldest remaining cabin in camp is now called The Ritz, located opposite the office/tuck shop. This cabin originated as a storage shed used by the Department of Highways when they paved the Bobcaygeon Road (now Highway 35) in 1930 and was purchased by Charlie Plewman along with others he needed when he started Kilcoo. For a time the building served as the mail room and tuck shop in Apache Park across from the lodge and in the 1950's was moved up the hill against the tennis court fence where it housed girls who worked in the kitchen. Finally in the early 60's it was moved to its present location. Like the Sail Cabin it has been painted or stained many times and the exterior walls and floor have been redone more than once.



In future Gazette issues I will look at the evolving of other camp buildings and would welcome any precise data (years) that any alumni might have to help me pin down details.

PAUL CHAMBERLAIN

THE "SMOOTHIE" GOLF TOURNAMENT

For many years now a small group of alumni from the 1970's era has been getting together once a year to play golf, catch up with each other, and donate some money to AMICI. It was a great way to stay in touch more often than the reunion afforded every 3 years, while at the same time raising money for a great cause. On the 6th of April, 2019, we were all shocked and saddened by the death of a good friend, and Kilcoo legend, Bob Slingerland, affectionately known as "Smoothie". That year, the 70's guys talked about the idea of expanding the tournament to include a broader range of alumni, and honouring Bob by renaming the tournament the "Smoothie" invitational AMICI golf tournament, which subsequently became known as just the "Smoothie". So, in June of 2019, we held the first "Smoothie", and Jeff Lloyd, a loyal supporter of the tournament, created a beautiful new trophy in honour of Bob.



Unfortunately, just 4 years later, in January of 2023, we said goodbye to Jeff after he succumbed to lung cancer. Once again the boys got together and decided to honour our dear friend Jeff by introducing the "Jeff Lloyd Memorial Longest Drive" trophy for the tournament. Tim Stanley and Bob Dameron took the lead and delivered a truly spectacular piece of hardware at the June 2023 tournament that was not only a memorial to Jeff, but also a symbol of his incredible artistic ability. Tim and Bob presented the trophy this year to Todd Yates, whose name will be inscribed as the first winner. Since expanding the tournament in 2019, our numbers have grown to over 30 guys, and we're raising close to $2,000 for AMICI. This tournament will always be a symbol of friendship and charity, and an opportunity to raise a glass to the people we've lost, who mean so much to our Kilcoo community. Note for the 2nd year in a row the oldest golfers had the best score. Cheers!

RANDY KLINE
(1964-1977)



Macnaughton, Linton, Kiel, Oyler

REMEMBERING MAGGIE REYNOLDS (1974-86)

I'm not certain when I first met Maggie but it would have had to have been in the mid 70's, let's just say that it was a little while ago. I remember that she had an amazing smile and a full throttle laugh. Both her smile and the laugh were infectious. You couldn't spend time talking with Maggie and not have your mood significantly improved! I also remember that Maggie did not 'suffer fools lightly', which is a polite way of saying that she had no time for BS. We had lots of conversations back then about many topics and whenever I wandered too far from the truth Maggie would politely but firmly pull me back. Thanks to Dave Minnes, a number of us were able to reconnect with Maggie this spring and she and I exchanged a few emails. It was evident that her sense of humour was still there as was her no nonsense approach to life. Despite all of the challenges Maggie faced, in her own words she was in a good place and that allowed me to smile again.

ALAN LEAL
(1968-74)



My friendship with Maggie began at Kilcoo in 1980 during my third summer at camp. Having recently graduated from university in the UK, I was keen to remain in Canada and find work in Toronto once camp finished. Bob Slingerland very kindly offered me a room in his house on Queen Street East where I stayed for 6 months. Bob shared the ground floor of his house with Dave Minnes and the first floor of the house was converted into a separate apartment where Maggie lived. During that time, I really valued the friendship and support of my Kilcoo housemates, and Maggie helped me find some work until I returned to the UK in February 1981. Maggie and I kept in touch until just before her death earlier this year, mainly through letters, emails and occasional phone calls. However, a trip to Canada that I made with Jenny, my wife, in 1987 and the time Maggie spent working in England, as well as a subsequent vacation in the UK, provided opportunities to meet up in person. Maggie stayed with us on several occasions and got to know our growing family. Then in 2014, she and her husband, John, visited Jenny and me for a few days and we had a really good time 'catching up' with each other. Maggie had a great sense of humour; she was good fun to be with and always expressed her views openly and honestly. She was kind and generous, and an excellent listener who was compassionate and genuine in her concern for other people. Maggie showed such determination in coping with her illness over many years and with her passing I have lost a courageous and very faithful friend.

COLIN WILLIAMS
(1978-)



Maggie with Gary Kline 1975

I met Maggie at Kilcoo when she was a Camp nurse. We had three summers together as staff members. Later, we both lived at Bob Slingerland's house on Queen St. in Toronto and I got to know her better. She was like a sister to me and we could talk about anything. We enjoyed many long chats. Maggie continued her nursing career in different parts of Ontario, England and then moved to B.C. where she met John, her husband to be. When she told me about John I could tell that she had met the Love of her life. They shared a lot of values, an interest in nature and together they lived a fulfilling happy life. She and John gathered a community of friends around them in Comox, on Vancouver Island. When you were with Maggie she made you feel like family. She was kind and supportive and was also not afraid of being frank and honest with you when needed. During her long illness, Maggie always seemed to live in the moment and tried to get the most out of each day. The people around Maggie were always her focus. I miss her very much.

DAVE MINNES
(1969-79)

It was the Kilcoo grapevine that alerted Maggie and myself to the fact that we would find ourselves both living in Cambridge, England in the early 1980s. Maggie had already settled there by the time Jill and I arrived as a newly married couple. She welcomed us warmly. Among her many invitations was one for us to spend time with her and her friends on our first Christmas in England. We were all living on a shoestring budget. Maggie generously requested that Jill take one item from her Christmas tree as a keepsake. Naturally, Jill did not want to take a special ornament that Maggie held dear. However Maggie refused to reveal any sentiments around any of her decorations. Eyeing all of them, Jill selected one that was in the shape of a boxing glove, hoping whatever sentiment there was would be on the lighter side. Maggie never revealed how the "glove" came to be on her tree. That keepsake made it back to Canada and adorns our tree every Christmas: a fitting memory to Maggie's warm and generous spirit. This generous spirit carried on in her career dealing with mental health for seniors. This spirit was evident still when she described her 15 years with myeloma not as a battle but as a "journey with the condition." A fitting statement for someone who worked through and with the many challenges that life put in her path.

BILL BOBIER
(1960-73)

REMEMBERING KEVIN DEVINE (1981-1993)

On September 11, 2023, we lost my brother Kevin Devine to a long, hard fought battle with cancer. Many Kilcoo alumni may recall Kevin as a camper (in the 1980s) or later as he ran Kilcoo's tennis program. Kevin was an outgoing person who easily made friends, and as such, Kilcoo was an ideal environment for him. He loved camp, and always made a point to maintain the relationships he made through Kilcoo.

Over the years Kevin would attend many alumni events hosted at the camp and fundraisers for Amici. He never missed an opportunity to drop in on Kilcoo if he was cottaging nearby, or to expose his two daughters, Reghan and Layla, to the camp he had such a proud connection to. The lasting impact Kilcoo had on my brother was immense.

In late August, when Kevin checked into the hospital for the last time, it was truly astounding to see the sheer number of people who came to his bedside in a show of love and support. This was attributable to the wonderful man my brother was. The Kilcoo alumni who were among these visitors, was also remarkable. A testament to the men that Kilcoo camp has positively affected over the years.

MICHAEL DEVINE
(1983-87)



I met Kevin in 1981 in Cabin 7, and the two things I remember from way back then were that he was a great athlete, and he was always funny. Several years later we were in Cabin 23 together, and by then he was a great tennis player, pretty good at every sport, and still loved to joke around. It was hard to be in a bad mood when KD was in the same room, or if you were, he'd find a way to change that. He was such a great all round athlete that he was athlete of the year at Lawrence Park High School, and an article about him likened him to the Triple Crown winner, Secretariat. That made for some easy jokes around camp, not that he had a horse face or anything! Kevin was one of those guys that, even as all of our lives went in many different directions, he was always one step away, and connected to so many different groups. The man just loved a crowd and the fun that ensued. Jon Purdy, another camper and staff member, shared with me that "the more the merrier" was a regular refrain that came out of Kev's mouth whenever we were contemplating doing something we shouldn't be doing. For the record, we never jumped off the tower at midnight, paddled to Long Island to smoke, or raided the kitchen for Froot Loops!

Over the years, Kev was like glue, keeping the Kilcoo guys of our years together for a regular recurrence of lunches downtown. It was always a mystery to see who would turn up. Some of these "lunches" turned into evenings (oops, got carried away again, I blame KD!). On one occasion, he organized a lunch at a pub and nobody showed up. The kind ladies working at the pub felt bad for him so they brought him a piece of cake to go with his lonely beers. We never lived that one down, but made up for it many times over. I remember going to visit him at Mount Sinai several years ago when he was doing rounds of cancer treatment. Every time I went I met someone new from his giant group of friends, and the nurses always said he was their favourite - he helped pass time by giving them free financial advice! And I'll always remember the never ending positivity that I saw from him no matter how bad things were.

We really miss you KD, and your love of life and never ending smile. You'll forever be a Kilcoo buddy. Purds and I have already sent our vote in to get something named after you at camp! Rip Ram old friend.

TIM HESTER
(1979-94)