

Good morning. I'm going to ask you to close your eyes for a second. I want you to think of someone who has changed your summer for the better. Maybe they taught you something new, maybe you were down on yourself and they pulled you from the depths, maybe they got you into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Perhaps they've just been a sincere, honest, caring, and enduring friend. Whatever it is, I would like for you, by the end of the day today, to let that person know they made your summer better.

Camp is 100 years old. Four generations of boys in green and grey have sat where you sit today. They were riflemen, sailors, and archers. They were talented musicians, skilled fire tenders, and gifted cooks. They were bookworms and master storytellers. They raced each other across the lanes at Main Dock, they hit home runs in Twilite League, they charged down the hill toward the flag. They sang together, they ate meals together, they saluted the flag together. But most of all, they had a kind of genuine friendship rarely seen in the outside world. One built on a spirit of caring, inclusiveness, and love. They laughed together, they cried together, they grew up together. They were just like you.

As the generations passed, their minds and bodies aged. Their eyesight weakened and their bodies could no longer do what they used to. They went on to raise families, work their dream jobs, and explore the world. But even as their minds and bodies aged and the world around them changed, they never forgot about that spirit. That spirit of friendship and love they had as boys in green and grey. For 100 years, they took that spirit from here, shared it with each other, and spread it across the world. They were just like you.

II. Song: Forever Young by Bob Dylan

"A great big bang and dinosaurs,
Fiery rain and meteors,
It all ends unfortunately,
But you're gonna live forever in me.
I guarantee, just wait and see.
Parts of me were made by you
Funny, kind, sincere, and true,
You cared for me as I grew,
And you're gonna live forever in me,
I guarantee, it's your destiny."

How does camp live 100 years? How do you live 100 years? People always talk about living forever. Some want their name in lights, they want books written about them, they want statues erected in their name. But lights go out, books gather dust, and statues eventually crumble. Others amass riches and fame only to forget about their families and friends. To me, that's not living forever.

If you want to live forever, all you need to do is give the best parts of your spirit to everyone around you. Care for them, include them, love them. They will, in turn, learn the importance of care, inclusion, and love. And weeks or years later, they will care, include, and love someone else. And that person will teach that spirit to ten people. And those ten people will teach it thousands of others. And in a few generations, the spirit that started with you will have changed the lives of hundreds of thousands if not millions of other people. Suddenly, the world is set on fire with your spirit. Minds and bodies age, the world changes, but spirits never die. You live forever by living in someone else.

I have a story to prove it. It was a Friday afternoon in mid-July. I was an impressionable Heron walking up the bunkline in my oversized chapel shorts, thinking about what soda I would choose once I got to Friday Candy. As I came upon the canoe docks, about twenty upper bunkliners ran past me. *That's twenty more people in front of me*, I thought. I kept walking, suddenly nervous that my soda of choice, Mug Root Beer, would be all gone by the time I got there. As I turned the corner near Eagles' bubbler, I saw the line stretched down to the end of Infirmary Hill. *Oh no*, I thought, *I think I'm the last one here*. It turned out, I was.

I noticed, standing near the very back of the line, his arms held in their usual position, was Sandy. He was looking right at me as I made my way past Eagles. Anytime he looked at me, I always thought, *am I doing something right or wrong? I think I'm doing something right*, I thought. *But wait a minute, all I'm doing is walking*.

I finally got to the end of the line and saw the entire camp was ahead of me. I looked over to my left, and now Sandy was very deliberately walking toward me. Oh man, I did something wrong, I thought. He came right up next to me, looked down, and said, "You were the only one who didn't run to the candy line today. Thank you for being patient. Come with me." I followed him and he took me to the front of line. He stopped, turned around, and started to giggle, "Good things happen to patient people."

During his 53 years at camp, Sandy did little things like this every day. They were small acts of friendship that influenced you for a lifetime. Now, every time I'm feeling impatient or rushed, I remember that moment at Friday Candy, and I slow down. In that moment he shared a piece of his spirit with me. I took it in as part of my own spirit, and now I can

give that spirit of patience to others. And so something that started with Sandy, will continue to live on forever.

That spirit that started at Timanous 100 years ago, the spirit of caring, inclusiveness, and love remains here. It is carried through every action you take and it changes the lives of your friends every day. It's in half the bunkline cheering on Daniel Beccan, Shane Espinoza, and Elliot Ornstein as they swim their final lap across main dock to pass Level 2. It's in Henry Smith restarting a card game so a latecomer could join. It's in the whole camp cheering on Henry Baldic's capturing of the flag. It's in Cayden McGuire's bravery, as he sings in front of the entire camp. It's in George Lanchoney's selflessness, as he stokes a fire so the Crows can be comfortable as they listen to Brooks tell a story. It's in Evan Cummings willingness to unload his emotional baggage. In Beamers ability to cause perfect laughter. It's in the honesty of Jimmi Poulin -- who will tell you with tough love when you're doing something wrong. It's in Leo Figge's self-deprecating storytelling. In Cullum Twiss' modesty. In Jacob Hedbavny showing everyone that it's cool to care. Hundreds of these things happen every day.

My point is, you don't need to have millions of followers on social media, or make a blockbuster movie, or write a bestseller to change the world -- you just need to be a good friend. A friend who shares the best parts of his spirit with others.

SONG: You've Got a Friend

Soon, you will wake up in your own bed. You'll have access to your computer and your phone. You'll have more possessions, more access to information, more contacts and acquaintances. You'll be more connected than ever before. But being connected to everyone doesn't mean you'll feel connected to everyone. You'll be thrown into a world that judges your success in the number of likes and followers you have -- a world fueled by narcissism and contempt. A world that judges your character based on how much attention you can get.

And soon, you will go back to school. Suddenly, there will be a tension between what is right, and what is cool. It might seem cool to tease another boy, to blow off your homework, or to act as if you "don't really care" about anything.

It's in these times when your Timanous spirit will feel distant or broken. But remember that it's always there. You just need to make the decision to use it. Don't let it dim and burn out. Choose to stay compassionate in the face of cruelty, sincere in the face of sarcasm, and hopeful in the face of cynicism. Express gratitude for little things, say 'I

love you' and mean it, go out of your way to help someone even though you know it'd be much easier not to. Choose to remain caring, inclusive, and loving.

Most importantly, never forget who you've shared that spirit with throughout your childhood summers. Your Timanous friends will be your friends forever. They share the same values and experiences as you. They knew you as a boy. Stay in contact, visit them, share your life with them. When your down, they will pull you from the depths and when you're at your best, they will raise you even higher.

There is a spirit here. This is not a place that people come to get a degree or earn a salary. You're not here for riches or fame. Timanous doesn't promise these things. What it does promise is that you will be known and loved. Here, you can be vulnerable and weird and excited and scared all at the same time. Here, we judge you by what you do, not by who your parents are. Here, you can be the best version of yourself. Here, your spirit has a home.

I'd now like you to link up with your row like we do at the end of council fire, and we'll say the Timanous Prayer together.

Timanous Prayer

We thank thee, O Lord for the joy of fellowship
For the beauty of our surroundings:
The tall pine trees, and sparkling lake,
The life which teems around us in the woods.
The skies and clear waters.
We thank thee for the love of doing things,
For active bodies and minds alert.
For the excitement of something new
And the comfort of things which are old.
For all these we give thanks;
For the cool and quiet of evening,
The restfulness of night,
The glory of starry skies,
The new life which comes with showers,
For our mothers and fathers who have given us our homes,
And for the trials which help us to know ourselves.
For all these, we give thanks.

Camp is 100 years old. Right now, all of you sit here, and the Timanous spirit is concentrated in this space. In a few minutes, it will be scattered all across camp. And in a few weeks, it will be scattered across the world. A Timanous boy chooses to live with that spirit burning with a deep and intense fire for his entire life. Come into this day, and every day after this, sharing that spirit with your friends. If you do, Timanous will live another 100 years, and so will you.

Song: Wooded Path

Salutation of the Dawn

Look to this day!

For it is life, the very life of life.

In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your existence:

The bliss of growth; the glory of action; the splendor of beauty,

For yesterday is already a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision.

But today well lived makes every yesterday

A dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

Look well, therefore, to this day! Such is the salutation of the dawn.