Ogontz Quintet

These poems were written by a group of teenage campers after attending Family Week at Ogontz 2001. "Someone wrote a poem about her experience there," said Alison Fanning. "Soon the poems built up until almost everybody had written one."

1.
Ogontz
Once a year we drop out of time and space
to a world that's neverending;
a world that frowns on technology,
and welcomes music.

Ogontz.
Once a year we return to a place
where too many things can happen,
too many things can be done,
and yet everything is too good to be real.

Ogontz.
Once a year we fill up a week with sounds;
fiddles playing in the Jr. Playhouse,
swords clashing in the Dining Hall,
and the laughter of young and old alike.

Ogontz.
Once a year we come together,
renewing friendships,
making new ones,
and dancing together.

by Nathaniel Smith

2.
The sound of singing on the wind
And even faint laughter is jostled together
With the sound of a piano
With surprises to come and talents to share
With piggy back rides and stories
Even a couple of peanut butter sandwiches here and there
As the sun sets and dusk falls
Alpine horns can be heard
Echoing from mountain top to mountain top over the still lake
And as the years pass
And the memories fade
Nothing can break the bonds of friendship
That have been created in only one week's time.

by Alison Fanning

3.
Once a year we come together.
Old friendships are strengthened,
New ones are made.
Music binds us,

Dancing brings us together.
Some friends are gone,
But their memory remains,
And hope for a year yet to come.

by Gretchen Pfau

4.
Is that music on the wind?
Come inside and join the dance.
Give yourself up to whirling swings,
Floorshaking balances, and the elegance of 3/4 time.
Can't you feel the magic?
It burgeons and blooms
In gnome villages and fairy houses,
Storytime, and clouds that blur the outline of the moon.
It's here
In violin duets and mummer's plays,
In Abbot's Bromley and the Pied Piper's song.
Friendships made and strengthened in a week are not lost
When we are parted —
The spell binding us together is too strong
To be broken with goodbye.

by Katie Sauvain

5.
For seven days our world
Is steeped in music
Floating on the wind
Drums beat out the rhythm of the world
Dancing feet stamp and twirl in shifting patterns
Flying ribbons swirl the air in a hundred silent songs
Accordions, pipes, flutes, violins
An orchestra wherever you look
Laughter carries its own song through the mountain air
The passing cars are quickly gone, not disturbing the rhythm
Even the wood sings the quiet song of settling earth
Splashing water and shouts form a harmony of fun
Piggybacks create a raucous symphony, a balanced percussion section
Storytelling weaves a magic spell of notes you can almost see
And on the last morning, there is a delicate descant rising above sadness
In children's feet pounding the road, chasing friends through the dust
For seven days our world
Is steeped in music.

by Lucie Stein-Cartford

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