

# The Beech Tree



Friends of Bluestone

## Friendship for a Lifetime... Really.

*by Meghan Arnold*

Almost every Thursday, you can find me battling lunchtime traffic on I-40 East at approximately 11:53 a.m. I promise, I wouldn't be doing it without a good reason.

Once I arrive at my destination, I scan the sea of suburbanites in the Whole Foods and am almost instantly rewarded for my labors.

***There they are. Two of my close friends from Bluestone.***

Instantly, my day is exponentially better. We each grab a tray from the salad bar, talk about the week, and reminisce about the ridiculous things we did at camp. We dissolve into fits of giggles, just like we did when we were 16. It is absolute perfection.

I'm extremely fortunate to live so close to these two people that shared my CIT year, since I left West Virginia several years ago and people tend to scatter. While I don't get to see my other friends from Bluestone as often, social media has allowed them to occupy a spot in my heart that looms just as large. Even if we don't talk, we can meet on the mountain and it's as if no time has passed at all.

People from high school and college have come and gone. However, Bluestone gives you a kind of sticky-person-glue, the likes of which are so permanent that I'm surprised NASA scientists and government officials aren't sneaking around the mountain trying to figure it out and patent it.



That is the magic of camp. You earn a family that you cannot believe you deserve and are beyond lucky to have.

**I write this for those of you who might forget, as summer wanes and the rigors of daily life resume. Connect with an old friend from camp, if only for an afternoon coffee date.**

**And when the time comes, send your kids off to camp without reservation and know that you are, in fact, changing their lives forever.**