THE POWER OF CAMP
Cheers to a Milestone

Each of us also knows that camp—as a camper once so eloquently put it—is the light. It’s that tunnel of light that allows us all to be a part of magical, joy-filled, transforming experiences for children with serious illnesses and their families that is always free of charge. It is why I do what I do, and it’s why we all do what we do. It is our highest honor.

I hope that within this page, you see the power of your gift, be it of time, talent or treasure. Because your gift is, indeed, powerful.

Thank you for helping us reach a benchmark worth celebrating. Four thousand is a really big number. We have plans to grow it even more. But for the moment, let’s celebrate this milestone. Here’s to 4,000.

Cheers,
From a pizza oven to a life-sized flying horse, new toys have brought new joys. Here’s a look at a handful of new items that donates generously gifted.

**Pegasus**
What it is: Life-sized, white-winged horse sculpture
Where it is: Halted in the woods beneath the soaring zip line near the teepees at Outpost
Why it rocks: In the words of nice Angel’s Why it rocks: It’s a hulking 20-foot king to help campers explore nature while learning concepts that build logical thinking and spark curiosity.
Gifted by: Washington Industries and Consolidated Electric Foundation
(42-43)

**Boat Dock**
What it is: Fully adaptable floating boat dock, slip and ADA transfer system
Where it is: Waterfront of camp
Why it rocks: It allows staff to safely load and unload campers— including those with mobility issues or water-sensitive medical devices—out of and into water vessels.
Gifted by: Niagara Bottling, LLC through a corporate partnership with SeriousFun Children’s Network

**Little Library**
What it is: A miniature replica of the Big Red Barn that serves as camp’s very own little library, where kids and adults alike can share books.
Where it is: At the Four Corners intersection
Why it rocks: The images it produces are incredible, and as different flowers are planted inside each camp, campers will always see something fresh. It also includes viewfinders at two different heights, making the living art accessible to all campers.
Gifted by: Facilities Director David Hermanoway, who built it and gifted it to Camp CEO Freds Dane for her five-year anniversary at Flying Horse Farms.

**Kaleidoscope Planter**
What it is: Inside the WallBench in front of the herb garden
Why it rocks: The images it produces are incredible, and as different flowers are planted inside each camp, campers will always see something fresh. It also includes viewfinders at two different heights, making the living art accessible to all campers.
Gifted by: Mark Galavizcon, in celebration of his wife Dr. Beals’ birthday.

**Wood-fired Mobile Oven**
Where it is: The oven, which is mounted to a tractor, allows flexibility to offer cooking programming anywhere at camp. It is outside the dining hall, at the amphitheater or even at Outpost.
Why it rocks: This Maste Wood Fire pizza oven was delivered in spring 2016 and has been cooking camp pizza parties ever since.
Gifted by: The Chut and Chuck Fisler Family Foundation.

**Camp Newlyweds**
Summer love! Yes. But for these two couples, camp sparked something much deeper. Meet two newlyweds who met at Flying Horse Farms.

**Amanda & Steven Lehner**
Longtime volunteers Amanda Young and Steven Lehner met at family camp in 2012 and married on April 22, 2016.

On first impressions: Steven: I have never known someone as kind as her. Steven is just the kind of guy you don’t mind spending an entire non-nil, chilly family camp weekend with.

Amanda: Steven takes a fishing pole in the pond. That’s the reason for our first real interaction.

On a campy wedding: Amanda & Steven: We asked a wildlife donate to tear down cliffs, and our couple at trinity. The wedding party, many of our friends and family came to enter our reception dancing to “Ice Cream and Cake.”

**Tess & David Brackett**
Two Gailiankos and David Brackett met at Flying Horse Farms summer staff in 2015 and married on May 28, 2016.

On true colors: David: Two were so funny, happy and fearless. She really pushed me to be a better version of myself.

Tess: I had never met anyone as hard working or who acted with such high character. After every meal, I would find David in the dish depot helping the kitchen crew.

On a campy wedding: Tess & David: Everything was lawn. From the setting to the ceremony. And for our guest list, we asked people to vote, verses flowers. On an accept, like camp’s wedding sticks.

**Erin Radley**
Age: 25
A&F Specialty Merchandising
Favorite camp activity: Arts & Crafts
Favorite time of day at camp: Meals Because of all the singing and dancing!
Best moment at camp: At night, we would have a “s Sew chat,” a time to reflect on past day or discuss a project. When asked where they would most like to get “stuck” for an extended period of time, my cabin unanimously decided that they would want to be stuck at camp because this is the week of the year that they look forward to most.
Camp has taught me: Patience and understanding when handling conflict.
Fun fact: To me, camp is... Inspiring.

**Jonathan Williams**
Age: 25
A&F Specialty Finance
Favorite camp activity: Fighting!
Best moment at camp: Being given a “kindness heart” for helping a camper improve his basketball shot during free play.
Camp has taught me: Take a risk on yourself every now and again. Don’t take yourself too seriously. For a week, I forgot about my life outside of FHF. I was all in. In short, camp taught me how to be a kid again.

**Luke Griffiths**
Age: 25
A&F Specialty Finance
Favorite camp activity: Fishing!
Best moment at camp: I can’t narrow it down to one. Watching how much fun my family had performing on stage at the closing campfire. The constant singing and dancing during meal times. Dressing up as Robin Hood one evening for a camper who lost her tooth earlier that day (long and pink dress included).
Camp has taught me: Take a risk on yourself every now and again. Don’t take yourself too seriously. For a week, I forgot about my life outside of FHF. I was all in. In short, camp taught me how to be a kid again.

To me, camp is: A home away from home.

**A&F: Meet the Counselors**
After years of supporting Flying Horse Farms, Abercrombie & Fitch Co. upped the ante. This spring, the international fashion giant announced a five-year, $15 million partnership with SeriousFun Children’s Network that will include $7.5 million in financial contributions and $7.5 million in in-kind goods and services over the next five years. A key component to the partnership is the A&F Camp Counselor program, which sent 68 associates to SeriousFun camps worldwide to serve as weeklong camp counselors. Of those, 23 spent a week of their summer at Flying Horse Farms. Here, meet a trio of Abercrombie & Fitch Co. associates—turned-counselors.
Nobody wanted Flying Horse Farms to open its gates more than Emily Lewis, a Cleveland girl who battled cancer. She didn’t live to see it happen. But her legacy still thrives at camp.

It’s a Wednesday night after Taekwondo, two days into the fourth grade. Emily Lewis—a kid with genius-level IQ who taught herself to read at 3 but is equal parts curious intellect and zany goofball—walks down the stairs of her suburban Cleveland, Ohio, home. The 9-year-old Harry Potter fanatic looks at her mom. “There’s blood in the toilet,” she says. Debbie Lewis((wants to her)-self. “What a shame,” Debbie thinks. “You’re menstruating and you’re not even 10 years old.” But Emily isn’t menstruating. A Stage 4 Wilms Tumor, about the size and shape of a long piece of bread, has spread across her abdomen and crept its way into her lungs. Emily has cancer.

Cure rates for Wilms tumor—a rare form of kidney cancer—are high. Doctors were confident that surgery, chemotherapy and radiation would offer Emily a good prognosis.

They were wrong.

But Emily Lewis still beat cancer. Because her spirit conquered what her body couldn’t.

Ten years after her diagnosis, Emily Lewis, it seems, is everywhere. There’s a plaque in a reading room at the Porter Public Library near Cleveland that bears her name. There’s a statue and garden area at UH Rainbow Babies and Children’s Hospital that honor her life. There’s an annual Westlake road race called “Emily’s Rainbow Run” that has raised more than $140,000 for pediatric cancer research in her memory. And when the morning sun rises above the water at Flying Horse Farms, it shines on Emily’s Boat House.

This is the story of a girl our campers never knew whose ripples are still making waves for them to ride.

This is the story of Emily.

Emily weathered her treatments with her sense of silly fully intact. A couple weeks into chemo, she walks downstairs and begins to fake cough, mimicking a cat vomiting its fur. “Look,” she proclaims, revealing two handfuls of her own hair that have fallen out. “Hairball!”

The nurses at UH Rainbow Babies and Children’s Hospital in Cleveland called Emily “The CEO” —a nickname that clearly didn’t surprise her family. “She would listen to you, and then tell you that you were absolutely wrong,” said Pat Peterson, Emily’s grandmother, chuckling. “That was her beauty.” And God help you if you stepped on a bug in Emily’s presence. “They have a right to live also!” she would say. Emily weathered months of treatments that didn’t work. Hundreds of cancerous nodules, from pebble-small to gumball-large, were living in her lungs. But they didn’t stop her from using her IV stand as a skateboard and racing wheelchairs with her brother. Or taking Taekwondo. Or speaking at cancer-research fundraisers, where she always won fans.

At Relay for Life, an American Cancer Society event, Emily took the microphone without a script. “If this speech sounds like I’m making it up as I go,” she said, “it’s because I am.” The crowd roared—and Emily thrived.
Emily through doctor’s appointments. A week to focus on her cousin, Alanna Lizun, now 19 and a Flying Horse Farms volunteer. “She got to experience all this fun stuff and talk to kids with the same illness. I think that was a really big thing they could relate to."

The second summer Emily went to camp, while she sat bedside at The Hole in the Wall Gang Camp, John, Debbie and Andrew vacationed. They all reconnected, returning to a daunting medical schedule, yes, but at least returning for a week. They shot arrows and craft masterpieces. Emily’s miniature wooden basketball game even won her the Wood Shop Award. They catch fish and perform on stage in the roar of an applause. They giggle into the afternoon and whisper into the nights.

Until the week Emily went to camp, Debbie, an avid runner, had long been relegated to the treadmill or local track. She never could be more than a sprint away from her car, just in case. But that week, she was free of cancer’s tight leash. John was, too. They relished a week without appointments. A week to focus on Emily’s brother, Andrew. A week to breathe.

“We expected all of the benefits to be for her,” John said. “It was a gift they gave us, truly. All of us.”

They were awed when Emily walked off the plane in Columbus and hardly noticed her family standing there waiting. She was so wrapped up in her friends. Dreaming, she shared stories and sang camp songs the whole drive home. “Seeing her that happy after everything she was going through—it just made us feel so good,” John said. “It just outdid of her, how excited she was.”

The Lewis family soon celebrated the end of Emily’s chemo in grand style, with a trip to sun-soaked Sanibel Island to boat and scuba dive and drink sugar-filled pink lemonade.

Three months later, however, the nodules in Emily’s lungs were back. Every night, John laid on the floor beside his daughter’s bed. She would reach down and hold his hand. Sometimes, they dreamed up tall tales and laughed. Other times, she told him she was scared.

Doctors harvest Emily’s stem cells, hoping to nearly kill her with chemotherapy—then, with whatever it took—except for one stretch. The schedule was grueling, with whatever it took—except for one constraint: Camp was a non-negotiable.

As summer neared, doctors were confident that Emily was almost healed. They saw only one final hurdle before releasing her to The Hole in the Wall Gang Camp and, for that matter, a new, healthy world. There was fluid in her lungs, and they wanted it out.

In the days before camp, Emily packed her bag with a smile and a plan. She and her parents would travel from Cleveland to Cincinnati, where doctors would drain the fluid from her lungs. Then, they would drive to Mt. Gilead to speak at the groundbreaking for Flying Horse Farms. Meanwhile, they would head to Columbus’ airport, where Emily would fly to her second home—camp.

This was supposed to be a quick procedure. Come in, drain the pesky fluid, leave. The red suitcase Emily so carefully packed is in the car, her camp gear folded neatly inside. But Emily’s pain is worsening by the hour. Doctors have drawn a line and a half of fluid from her lungs, but something isn’t right. There’s still fluid filling her left lung. At last: that’s what the X-ray shows. Confounded doctors order another one-up. And then another. Meanwhile, the Flying Horse Farms groundbreaking is nearing. “I’m not going,” John says. Emily rejects the idea. “What are you talking about, Dad?” Emily counters, with the same forceful nature she’s exuded since exiting the womb screaming. “You have to go to camp. You have to do the groundbreaking. You have to get camp open.”

John helped camp break ground, but he didn’t step there. He became president of the board at Flying Horse Farms and continues serving on the board today. He spearheads a corporate partnership with PPG Industries, where he works. He raises money. He and Debbie give money, too.

But all of that, he said, is nothing compared to volunteering at camp, which he does every year—with all-in, byline-dancing, blue-paint-caked-on-his-face gusto.

“Today is a gift. That’s why it’s called the present.”


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“Today is a gift. That’s why it’s called the present.”
at camp with all the kids, because I hurt,” he said. “But there is so much joy, I can balance that.”

Debbie—who now works fulltime raising money for UH Rainbow Babies and Children’s Hospital—knows it’s not easy to leave the camp, but it is for the best. “It’s a bittersweet time,” Debbie said. “There is always a part of me that’s excited to see the kids again.”

And it’s Emily that continues driving a smooth, fast talker trips.

“Cancer can make you better or bitter, and Em embraced that. We wake up every day and make the choice to be better. That’s a really great way to live.”

—DEBBIE LEWIS

Emily often raved about camp. In fact, Laura said, they talked about camp the last time Laura saw her alive.

While Emily never made it to Flying Horse Farms, Laura promised she would. This year, she spent the summer working at camp. “I’ve kind of been waiting to come here,” said Laura, sitting at a picnic table outside of the Big Red Barn after spending the morning dosing little ones with paint at Color Olympics. “I’ve always wanted to come and give kids the same opportunity Emily had.”

Emily will not carry her suitcase onto an airplane. She will not spend another week at camp. She will go home. And within a few short weeks, she will be gone. As her days on Earth wind down, Emily is confined to a wheelchair and breathing only with the help of the oxygen to which she is hooked. Her family is obviously devastated. "Through weak and in certain pain, Emily nonetheless walks into the room one evening with all the enthusiasm the can muster. "We’re going out for ice cream!" she declares. This is not for her, she can hardly eat. It is for everyone else. And they know it. But this is Emily’s way, Emily’s compassion. Emily’s gift. To ice cream they eat. Days later, on August 8, 2009, Emily dies.

Emily’s grandmother—who spends a week at camp each summer as an arts and crafts specialist but is famous for her 2009 stage night performance of the whip and nae nae—walked into Flying Horse Farms this summer and gasped. “And back we go.”

There was Laura McDiarmid, the girl she still calls Emily’s best bud. Pat Peterson was equal parts thrilled and saddened. "The minute I saw her, I was happy, but then—wow," Pat said. "I still envision Emily as part of the whip and nae nae—walked into Flying Horse Farms this summer and gasped. "And back we go."

As John breaks ground at camp, back in Cincinnati, doctors realize they had been wrong. The shadow on the X-rays is not fluid. It is cancer. And it is everywhere. "Does this mean I’m going to die?" Emily asks her mother. Debbie looks her 12-year-old daughter in the eyes. "Yes," she says. "It does." Emily pauses. "Well, I wish they had gotten her scan mixed up with someone else’s," she says. Then, she immediately corrects herself. "So I don’t. Because then someone else would be getting this news."

When Emily’s class graduated from high school, they included her name on their Class of 2009 T-shirt. They asked John to be the keynote speaker at their Rascalareate. They reserved a front-row graduation seat in Emily’s name.

To them, Emily was just a fun, feisty friend, said Laura McDiarmid, now 19. "We were old enough to know she was sick," Laura said, "but not old enough to understand how sick." So they treated her like every other kid—just one they knew occasionally missed school. They watched TV, played Nintendo, jumped on trampolines, fiddled with Emily’s hammur.

Top: Andrea Lewis, center, who has his sister’s name tattooed on his heart, at Flying Horse Farms in 2015. Middle: Emily, center, with friend Laura McDiarmid, left, and cousin Alanna Lewis, right, at Emily’s Rainbow Run in Westlake in 2009. Bottom: John Lewis and Emily McDiarmid at Flying Horse Farms in 2016. As left, Emily, with a photo inset of her parents at Flying Horse Farms in 2016.

"Cancer can make you better or bitter, and Em embraced that. We wake up every day and make the choice to be better. That’s a really great way to live.”

—DEBBIE LEWIS
Good morning, sunshine // 6:24 a.m.

A golden sun peeks through the trees beyond the pond as the campers sleep snugly in their bunks. Soon, a group of them will stand on the dock, baiting hooks and catching fish. But for now, there is still more time to dream.

It’s song-singing, High-ropes conquering, Post-dinner dancing. But there’s so much more, too. What all happens in a day at camp? We had a team of journalists capture one 24-hour period. Here’s a peek inside the gates—from one sunrise to the next.

24 Hours of Flying Horse Farms
Chief Program Officer Ryan Brownfield—who is rarely without his leather journal—guides about a dozen camp leaders through their daily morning meeting. There are 64 campers here this week. And to make it magical, this crew must be on its game, from adjusting activities based on the weather forecast to assuring that the girl who was homesick is now all smiles.

"Heeeyyyyy, heyyyyy, baby!" Cabin counselor Eryn Powell sings along with her campers during a post-breakfast dance party. A former camper, Eryn wasn’t sure what to expect as a first-year counselor. She was wowed. “There’s so much more to camp than I realized. It’s like going from 2D to 3D,” she said. “I love it.”

Camper Quinn, 8, sits at an improvised infusion center at a table in the dining hall, tightens a band around his arm, squeezes a small red ball to make his veins pop and slides a needle into his arm. The medical team surrounding the table applauds. “You’re awesome,” says longtime camp volunteer Dr. Meg Jackson. She’s gently talking Quinn through the process, which Quinn has been doing on his own for about two weeks. Last summer, Flying Horse Farms, in partnership with nurses nationwide, began teaching campers with hemophilia how to self-infuse their medication—something to empower kids at camp and beyond. When his infusion is complete, Quinn slides the needle from his arm, zips up his Darth Vader hoodie, and heads out for fun. “All right Quinn,” Dr. Meg smiles. “You’re a rock star.”

Camper Madeline, 9, paddles her canoe across camp’s 12-acre pond while sporting a Pink Smiley Face on her cheek for Tattoo Tuesday.
I SCREAM, YOU SCREAM //
1:16 P.M.  ♦
Yes, please. Much to the delight of campers, the team from Culver’s is on site dishing out custard, as they do once a week all summer. Culver’s is one of many generous organizations or individuals who give camp in-kind gifts that, combined, total more than $500,000 a year.

ANTICIPATION... //
11:28 A.M.
The boys of Cabin 10—who have dubbed themselves The Wolf Pack—huddled in celebration after making it safely across the first high ropes obstacle. Now, camper Nathan, 13, center, waits with excited nerves on the platform while cabin mates Daron, 13, at left, and Charles, 12, at right, leap onto the “Broken Bridge.”

SIESTA... OOOH, SIESTA... //
1:49 P.M.  ♦
Camper Destiny, 12, draws quietly in her bunk during post-lunch siesta, covered gently by her camp quilt, which she will take home at week’s end. This year, Snuggled in Hope—a group that makes a handmade quilt for every summer camper—donated about 600 quilts to gift as mementos for campers like Destiny. Once the mid-day break is over, she and the other campers will once again have their pick among a variety of camp activities before the dinner bell rings.

ELEVATED EFFORT //
2:18 P.M.  ♦
As freshly-rested campers cannonballed into the pool, volunteer Dave Beck painted the Wellnest, one of four buildings that will be transformed courtesy of paint from PPG Industries and a dedicated facilities team whose behind-the-scenes work is extraordinary. Beck is one of roughly 1,800 volunteers who donated a combined roughly 41,000 hours to make magic this year at Flying Horse Farms.

...AND SUCCESS //
1:42 P.M.  ♦
With onlookers hosting and hollering from below and his cabin mates offering congratulatory high fives and helmet slaps, Nathan officially conquers the course. “Let’s hear it for Nathan!” camper Daniel, 12, yells. “Give him a howl!” One, two, conner-wow.

...and success...
Camper Daniel, 12, guides his designated dog through an obstacle course designed to give campers a sense of control that illness often steals. This summer, the canine program is at camp fulltime—meaning the dogs and trainers live at camp—thanks to the generosity of Joel Slaven. Slaven owns Joel Slaven’s Professional Animals and trains animals for performances at places like SeaWorld, Busch Gardens, the Columbus Zoo and Radio City Music Hall. The bonus? All of the canines are rescue animals.

Even while in the throes of an intensely busy week, 14 camp leaders—including Ceo Mimi Dane and those who oversee camp programming, medical care, psycho-social care, food services, facilities, marketing and more—meet to discuss the next week-long camp. It will include 70 campers, 11 Rangers and 55 volunteers as well as full-time and summer staffs. Total head count? One hundred eighty seven. The team reviews logistics from food allergies to who will celebrate birthdays to psycho-social challenges (13 of these incoming campers live with anxiety, 10 with ADD/ADHD, six with depression and four with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder). “Biggest camp ever,” Chief Program Officer Ryan Brownfield says. “Maybe our most complex camp ever.” Bring it, this group says. Then, they reach their hands toward the middle of the table: “Go big or go home!”

Dressed in butterfly wings and metallic tattoos, camper Lily, 12, paints in Angie’s Arts and Crafts—her favorite haven at camp. Today, Mary Davis, a Mount Sterling artist whose daughter is a former Flying Horse Farms camper, is on site volunteering and teaching a special acrylics class for camp’s art lovers.

Chief Development Officer Lucy Godman and CEO Mimi Dane walk and talk about upcoming fundraising projects. Inside the Big Red Barn, Lucy’s team is working a well-strategized plan to save the $4.8 million needed this year to keep camp operating. On today’s agenda? Drafting letters to potential event sponsors. Organizing a CharityBuzz auction. Coordinating upcoming tours. And securing enough beef and bacon donations to last throughout the summer—a bevy of other tasks.

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WHO WANTS A PIZZA PIE? // 5:28 P.M.  
Chief Program Officer Ryan Brownfield lifts a steaming camper-made pizza from the outdoor wood-fired oven, a new gift from The Char and Chuck Fowler Family Foundation.

BIRTHDAY DELIGHT! // 5:45 P.M.  
Camper Harmony, 12, is surprised at dinner by The Order of The Horse, a group that performs a giggle-inducing camp tradition before leading all of camp in a rousing rendition of Happy Birthday.

SOUL SISTERS // 8:30 P.M.  
The girls of Cabin 5 and their counselors circle up for their nightly cabin chat. Tonight, they are doing something unique. One will start with a blue ball of string and share something special about herself. Then, she will choose someone to say something special about and toss the string to her. The cycle repeats until the whole group is all connected in a maze of love. “I think I’m special because I survived cancer…And if it weren’t for cancer, I wouldn’t have gotten to be here,” says Molly, 8, shown here to the right of the girl with the giant hat. Just minutes from now, she will swallow a spoonful of medicine with applesauce before bed. “I’m grateful that I’m here at camp and I’ve made so many friends.”

A NEW DAWN // 6:13 A.M.  
On a gray, cloudy morning, steam rises from the water as nature’s best sing a symphony. Birds chirp, frogs croak, grasshoppers buzz. Suddenly, rays of pink and orange emerge—a glorious gift for those who opened their eyes in time to enjoy it, and a fitting metaphor for precisely what camp brings to the world. Yes, the clouds may return. But right here, in this moment, there is beauty. There is light. And there is hope.
Dear Staff:

We wanted to thank you all, from the bottom of our hearts, for showing Braedon the time of his life. As you know, Braedon is a boy of few words, but the entire drive home and all this week, he talked nonstop about camp. He told us all about Zack Patton, his friend for life, and his cabin mates. He loved the food and songs and swimming. He was excited to try canoeing even though he prayed the entire time it would not tip over. We were so happy he tried something outside of his wheelchair, and because of the confidence it gave him, yesterday he tried a rollercoaster for the first time ever! Thank you so much for all that you do. We are so grateful to everyone at Flying Horse Farms for giving Braedon wonderful memories and building his confidence in so many ways. He has changed for the better since camp.

The Pollman Family

Yale researchers have proven that campers leave Flying Horse Farms with more independence, higher self-esteem, increased confidence and greater maturity—among other attributes. And we know the benefits don’t stop there. Rangers—teen campers who participate in a weeklong servant-leadership program—transform. Camper families transform. Staff and volunteers transform, too. From unsolicited letters to a journal entry to a Ranger’s reflections, here’s proof of camp’s life-changing power.

RANGER REFLECTION

Megan Barnes, 17, is a music lover and adventurer. She lives with Ehlers-Danlos Syndrome and Postural Orthostatic Tachycardia Syndrome and relishes high ropes, ziplining and post-meal dance parties. Here, she reflects on her time at Flying Horse Farms.

SONG THAT ALWAYS REMINDS ME OF CAMP: Caledonia by Dougie MacLean

FLYING HORSE FARMS IS SPECIAL BECAUSE: It’s a place I get to go and be more than just my diagnosis. It’s a place with no limits and just pure, utter happiness, and to me that’s extraordinary.

WHAT DO PEOPLE AT CAMP UNDERSTAND THAT PEOPLE ON THE OUTSIDE DO NOT? That I’m not the girl who has to use a walker or misses a lot of school, but that I’m the girl who wears Hawaiian print shirts and sings excessively and plays the ukulele and loves life.

WHAT ONE MOMENT YOU’VE EXPERIENCED AT CAMP BEST CAPTURES CAMP’S ESSENCE? When the Rangers were facing the Ranger wall and we were developing our plan on how to get over the wall safely and soundly. And one of the Rangers spoke up and said, “Alright, let’s go around in a circle and just share what we have going on so we can be careful when getting you over the wall.” To me, this was amazing, to embrace our differences and care about everyone.

AS A RANGER, YOU WASHED DISHES, PAINTED SIGNS, CONQUERED THE WALL AND MORE. WHAT HAS THE PROGRAM TAUGHT YOU ABOUT LEADERSHIP? It showed me that being a leader isn’t just about being the boss, but a good example, someone who is a great team player and includes everyone and helps everyone work together to reach a common end goal.

HOW HAS CAMP CHANGED YOU? Camp showed me that I can trust others. That it’s OK to sing loudly and dance silly. That it’s OK to not be OK all the time. That it’s OK to not be OK all the time. That I CAN do anything I set my mind too, and to never let life or my disease stand in my way.

TO ME, CAMP IS: The definition of pure joy.
DEAR FLYING HORSE FARMS,

Thank you so much for allowing me to return one last time as a Ranger. I wanted to write a letter to explain how much this week has impacted me. This past school year, my health limited me so much, I felt like I could not perform any achievements. I had to drop student council and had no strength to participate in after-school activities. I could not attend any homecomings. The last two weeks of school, I was bring down in the nurse’s office every day to rest so I could try and last the entire school day. I had countless doctor’s appointments and blood draws to figure out the cause of my unsteady health. I felt powerless.

Thankfully, two weeks before coming, my docs switched some meds. I began to feel energized.

I was ready to give back to camp. But I was not ready for the Ranger program to give back to me. (Being able to serve fresh, clean the dining hall, and paint the “kindness currency” and canes). I began not to feel powerless. I felt empowered.

The Ranger program gave me the special push and confidence to know that I will and can handle anything that is thrown at me. I realized that I do not need to participate in after-school activities to know that I am capable of achieving something.

As a Ranger, I achieved so much more in one week than any student on council did in one year.

My health is not the only reason I wanted to return. I hope to spread the word of the magic of Flying Horse Farms and become a strong camp advocate.

—NAOMIE POZUELO

DEAR FLYING HORSE FARMS,

One year for the books. Ivory had the most amazing time. She woke up this morning and the first thing out of her mouth was, “Mom, I miss camp.” She started crying and saying, “I have only a couple more years to go. Mom, what will I do?” This means so much to us. Every year that she goes to camp, I know that the child I dropped off is not the same child I will pick up. I know I will pick up a child who has grown in many ways in a short time. I can never thank you guys enough for that. I will be honest, when I first signed Ivory up, I thought, “How can I do this? Send my sick kid to camp?” But I was told you guys were amazing. Then we came to family camp. I know that camp was for Ivory.

Last year was amazing. That love stayed with Ivory all year. I can see that love being with her for the rest of her life.

—JULIE GRAY-BACQ

DEAR COUNSELOR’S SOUL

It’s the last night of my first ever session of camp as a cabin counselor.

We had a touching cabin chat where everyone talked about their favorite memories from the week, challenges they faced, and what they will take from camp. Answers ranged from trying chicken salad (and still not liking it) to making new friends that will last for years to come.

We wrapped up cabin chat and began to make our goodnight rounds. I thought back to the beginning of camp, when every camper chose the fluid shake option rather than a hug. As I made my way around the room, I realized that every single camper was out of his bed and giving hugs to all of the counselors.

A few of the boys had tears in their eyes, and it took everything I had not to burst out crying. I gave my final hug to a camper who needed a little more attention throughout the week and told him one last time that if he needed anything, all he has to do is wake me up.

As I lay in bed writing this, I can’t help but to think back to my wish. That I put down on my wish stick at closing campfire, “For every child who needs FHF to be able to experience it.” I realize once again how true that is, and I know, even after my first week, that Flying Horse Farms will always be in my heart, and I will always be willing to do my part to make sure that wish comes true.

—ZACK PATTON,
CABIN COUNSELOR ’16

DEAR CAMP,

First, we love you all there at FHF! You have meant so much to our family. We talked about our blessings last night at dinner, how things are turning around for the family, and especially how Trinity’s illness is all but gone. We are blessed beyond measure. That being said, we would like to give our camp spot to another family that is more in need. You guys were there for us in the worst of times, and we want another family to have that experience. Thank you for helping our family. God’s hand is on you and the gang. You are truly saving families.

—THE CLAESSENS CRUZ FAMILY

DEAR JOURNAL:

A FOND FAREWEL

There is a quote: “You get a strange feeling when you’re about to leave a place. Like you’re not only miss the people you, but you’ll miss the person you are now at this time and at this place, because you’ll never be this way ever again.” Thank you for the best summer of my life, FHF!

—MADDIE KINZEL, CABIN COUNSELOR ’16

THANKS FH

I am not red, violents are blue.
Now Flying Horse Farms, they know what to do!
They give us a rest.
Archery, dancing, earn in the sun.
New friends and cool counselors, that’s SeriousFun.
Sometimes life gets tricky
But you’re not all alone,
Because at Flying Horse Farms
You’re always at home.
—MAX MORE, AGE 13

DEAR CAMP,

I just wanted to share this little story about camp with you.

As Christopher rode along in the car to school on this morning, he told his father, “I hope that I never get rid of my asthma.” My husband asked him to repeat himself, and he did.

My husband asked, “Why would you say that?”

Christopher, “If I don’t have asthma, I don’t get to go to Flying Horse Farms for camp, and I always want to go to camp.” My husband tried to explain that there are other camps out there and you don’t have to have asthma. Christopher loves FHF so much, he did not want to entertain the thought. The conversation made my heart break. Let the staff know at FHF that they truly impact the lives of little boys and girls and their parents!

—ANGELA DINKINS

DA

New friends and cool counselors, that’s SeriousFun.
Sometimes life gets tricky
But you’re not all alone,
Because at Flying Horse Farms
You’re always at home.
—MAX MORE, AGE 13

TAKE ME HOME

Somewhere in Ohio, tucked in between the corn fields, is a gravel path that we called home. When we left, they told us to go back to the city, back to the mountains; they said to go back and turn the world around. We promise that we will try, but for now, we just want to go back to the gravel path called home.

—ERIN POWELL, CABIN COUNSELOR ’16

FARM FOR KIDS, FLYING HORSE FARMS 2016
IMPRESS YOUR GUESTS WITH A TASTE OF CAMP

BBQ BEEF & APPLE SLAW

THE MEAT
Makes about 2 pounds

INGREDIENTS
- 2 pounds beef shoulder
- Meat rub of choice

INSTRUCTIONS
- Rub beef with meat rub or spices of choice.
- Wrap beef in foil and place in baking dish.
- Bake at 200 degrees for eight hours (we bake ours overnight).
- Allow meat to rest for 40 minutes after pulling it from oven.
- Pull meat apart and serve with buns.

THE SAUCE
Makes about 2 cups

INGREDIENTS
- 1 onion, diced
- Butter for sautéing
- 2 cups ketchup
- Just under 1/2 cup cider vinegar
- Just under 1/4 cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tablespoon mustard
- 1/2 tablespoon chili powder
- 1/2 tablespoon garlic powder
- Cayenne and black pepper to taste

INSTRUCTIONS
- Butter a large saucepan and cook onion until lightly browned.
- Combine remaining ingredients into pan and cook uncovered, stirring frequently, for about 20 minutes.

THE SLAW
Makes about 3 cups

INGREDIENTS
- 1 1/2 cups chopped cabbage (both green and purple)
- 1/2 unpeeled Granny Smith apple cut into matchsticks (and tossed in lemon water to avoid browning)
- 1/2 unpeeled red apple cut into matchsticks (and tossed in lemon water to avoid browning)
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1/8 cup honey
- 1/2 tablespoon lime juice
- Salt and pepper to taste

INSTRUCTIONS
- Place cabbage, apples, carrots, and red pepper in bowl.
- Combine remaining ingredients into pan and cook uncovered during the first 10 minutes.
- Allow mixture to cool down, then mix again and add green onions.
- Enjoy atop BBQ beef sandwiches or as a side.
**Mexican Sweet Potato Salad**

**Ingredients**
- 4 sweet potatoes, peeled and cut
- 1/2 cup olive oil
- 2 jalapeno peppers, seeded and chopped
- 1 clove garlic
- 2 limes, juiced
- salt and pepper to taste
- 1 red onion
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 can black beans, rinsed and drained
- 1/3 cup cilantro

**Instructions**
- Preheat oven to 400 degrees.
- Toss sweet potatoes in 1/4 cup olive oil.
- Spread potatoes evenly on a baking sheet.
- Bake for 30 to 40 minutes, until lightly browned on the edges.
- Remove from oven and allow to cool to room temperature.
- Meanwhile, make the dressing by placing jalapenos and garlic in the food processor to finely mince and then add 1/4 cup olive oil, lime juice, salt and pepper.
- Pour potatoes into large bowl and add beans, onions and peppers.
- Mix in the jalapeno dressing.
- Garnish with tomatoes and cilantro.

---

**Blueberry Sour Cream Pie**

**Crust Ingredients**
- 1 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup (1 stick) chilled unsalted butter, cut into pieces
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 4 tablespoons ice water

**Instructions**
- Preheat oven to 400 degrees.
- Blend flour, butter, sugar and salt in processor until coarse.
- With machine running, add water by tablespoonfuls until clumps form. Do not over-process.
- Gather into ball and flatten to disk.
- Wrap in plastic and chill until firm, at least 30 minutes.
- Roll out dough on floured surface to 13-inch round.
- Transfer to 9-inch pie plate and trim edge to 1/2-inch overhang, then fold edge under and crimp.
- Freeze 10 minutes.
- Line crust with foil or parchment and fill with beans or pie weights.
- Bake until sides are set, about 12 minutes.
- Remove foil and beans.

**Filling Ingredients**
- 1 cup sour cream
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 1/2 Tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 1 egg, beaten to blend
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 1/2 cups fresh blueberries

**Instructions**
- Mix sour cream, sugar, flour, egg, salt and vanilla in medium bowl.
- Mix in blueberries.
- Spoon into crust, bake until filling is just set, about 25 minutes.

---

**Topping Ingredients**
- 6 Tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 1/4 cup (1/2 stick) chilled unsalted butter, cut into pieces
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar

**Instructions**
- While pie is baking, using fingertips, mix flour and butter in medium bowl until crumbly.
- Mix in brown sugar.
- Spoon topping over pie.
- Bake until lightly browned, about 15 minutes. Serve, and enjoy!
Thank you to the corporations and foundations that have contributed in the Rock Star, Champion, Partner, and Confidant friendship circles.

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<tr>
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YES! YES! YES! You are our change agents. Our backers. Our joy makers. You transform our campers every day by providing funding that allows their experiences to be free of charge. Thanks to each one of the Individuals, corporations, foundations, and organizations that fuel our work each and every year.

The following list reflects cumulative giving of $250 or more (cash, pledge payments, gifts-in-kind, and soft-credits) received between January 1, 2016 and June 30, 2016. This list has been carefully prepared. If we’ve accidentally omitted the name of one of our friends, we apologize and promise to correct the error. To report discrepancies, please contact Stella Lava at 614.357.0777. (Please note: A complete fiscal year donor listing reflecting gifts (including pledges) received January 1 through December 31, 2016, will appear in the 2016 Impact Report. Don’t see your name? We are happy to widen our friendship circles and make room for you! Please make your donation before December 31.)
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Rae and Justin Taylor
Deborah and Jack Thompson
Anne Preston and Ken Talley
Cowie and Craig Tisdale
UBS
Universal Consumer Travel Council
Vanguard Charitable
Sandra Water
Wells Fargo Community Support
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**Buddy** 2020

Athena Foundation
Joey Castiglione
Dwayne and Dawn Anderson
Lori and Rich Taylor
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WORKPLACE CONTRIBUTIONS

We would like to recognize the corporate donors who not only contribute to Flying Horse Farms, but also help camps across the globe.

D DONORS

Not all donors listed below are included in this year’s program for workplace giving. We are grateful to the following partners who offer workplace gifts and matching gift options.

Family Solicitors – Ages 19 & up – Partner with a family for an entire weekend camp. Support the entire family as campers feel welcome and supported while exploring group and individual activities. These volunteers are hosts who focus on creating a wonderful weekend for the entire family.

Cabin Counselors – Ages 19 & up – Volunteer during a weekend, 10-day summer camp. Counselors participate in activities, eat with their cabins during meals and provide support and supervision to campers. These volunteers are energetic, positive, patient and ready to make magic happen.

Activity Counselors – Ages 19 & up – Volunteer as the leader of a specific activity for an entire weekend family camp or weeklong summer camp. Areas include waterfront, nature & discovery, Angies Arts & Crafts, archery and spotlight.

KITCHEN VOLUNTEERS – Ages 18 & up or 16 & up with parental permission. Volunteer at Flying Horse Farms as a kitchen volunteer and work alongside our kitchen staff to prepare meals.

CAMP CREATORS – Interested? Email Jenny Bergman at jenny@flyinghorsefarms.org. Help create a unforgettable experience for our campers.

Our campers’ safety is our top priority. These medical volunteers include: physicians, nurses, respiratory therapists and pharmacists (for camper arrival). These medical volunteers serve under the scope of their professional practice. You will be interviewed by our staff and asked to provide proof of license and other documentation.

In addition, our Camp Volunteers also serve as leaders and help to coordinate camp, provide support and contribute to the overall  camp experience.

VOLUNTEERS

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LIFEGUARDS – Ages 16 & up – must be certified. Ensure that our campers are safe while swimming, boating and fishing. Certified Lifeguards are needed throughout the year when waterfront activities are open. Scheduling is flexible.

INTERESTED? Email Jenny Bergman at jenny@flyinghorsefarms.org.
I'd like to thank Camp for showing me who I am.

-Megan Barnes
FLYING HORSE FARMS RANGER
“CAMP HAS SHOWED ME THAT WE CAN FACE OUR FEARS.”
-FLYING HORSE FARMS CAMPER