

Hey, shouldn't rsk send out a raft trip letter soon?

And you may find yourself living in one of Ray's cabins  
You may find yourself duct-taped to a picnic table  
You may find yourself in another part of the campground

As I mentioned to one of you the other day, in 1983 I ran what was arguably the most over-organized, hyper-arranged raft trip ever. I decided to take the opposite approach this time. I believe based on group reaction that this has been wildly successful, and furthermore, I think that the NEXT raft trip organizer is going to benefit greatly from this.

Now some of you might ask "How about something in the middle, rsk?"

You might. Go ahead. It's alright. Ask.

(pauses for effect)

How long have we known each other?

Look, if you people don't know where to go and what to do after 35 YEARS, then I can't help you. (Okay, CAK hasn't been in a long time, so he and his guest get a pass. But the rest of you...)

So yes, this has been a low-energy approach, but on the other hand: so far, I've fronted all the money. Which is why I have engaged the services of a lovely but ruthless enforcer, who might use weapons such as...sarcasm.

Thank-yous go to many people, of course, but Jeff and Debby have been insolub...insolen...inconce...invaluable.

We're camping at Ray's.

Mon, Tue, Wed, Thu we will do things. All events will run on GSP standard time, which means that they will be planned (the night before at the campfire) for 9 AM, people will start getting ready at 10, someone will need to take shower and eat lunch at 11, and cars will roll out at noon. This is the traditional way of our people. And I'm proud to have carried it on in the noblest fashion by sending this letter as late as I possibly can.

There will be hikes, swimming, paddling, and coed naked flaming volleyball.

Alright, I made that last one up, but wouldn't volleyball be much more exciting if everyone was naked and the net was \*on fire\*?

There will be music. Alright, alright, "music". Geez. Everyone's a critic.

Pam willing, Thursday night will be Fajita night.

Friday some of us will raft.

I tried to book a raftless raft trip (just put on a PFD and helmet and go) but they refused.

Friday some of us will golf.

I also tried to book a golf outing on the river, but they refused that too. (First tee: Whale Rock, Upper Keeney.) Ingrates.

Friday night we will have a tasting of wonderful and horrible things.

I tried to book a drinking outing on the river, but...you know.

Saturday night we will have a pot luck dinner, and anyone who did not survive Friday night's tasting may find themselves on the menu. Sorry.

It's a tough world. Evolution marches on.

Many of us are bringing extra gear for the folks flying in. If you haven't packed yet, throw in an extra camp chair or two, or whatever else you think might be useful.

Beer is often useful, incidentally.

We have six people currently rafting and it might go higher: Annie, Peter, Jef, Atiyah, Chris, Eszter. Maybe Sheba, maybe rsk. If your name isn't here because I screwed up then (a) text me (see below) and (b) I will fetch you a beer.

This year, in celebration of #35, I actually washed my paddling clothes so if you wind up wearing my stuff on the river on Friday you will have that just-out-of-the-dryer spring fresh scent. You're welcome.

If your name is Mark Bruak, Kim Strang, Greg Treece, Don, Roberta, CAK, Cathy, Jim, Eileen, or Dan, please send a text to 410-812-4195 so that I have your number. And don't claim to be someone else, because I know where you live and I have duct tape, sharpies, the Oxford comma, and accomplices.

If your name is Steve, we're camping at Mountain Manor Campground just south of Summersville. Ask them to point out the church group.

Five minutes from now I'm starting the car, so text (better, since I'll be driving) (and I SUCK as a driver even without trying to yammer on the phone at the same time) or call instead of sending email if it's important/urgent.

And you may find yourself behind the wheel of a rental automobile

(with an excessive amount of beer and ice in the trunk)

And you may ask yourself, well, how did I get here?

---rsk