

Founded in 1949, Luethi-Peterson Camps promote understanding through international summer camps where young people of diverse backgrounds build community and lasting friendships.

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LUETHI-PETERSON CAMPS

LPC-US, Inc.



PINK SUNSETS Piechowice, Poland

PHOTO: BETH MOORHOUSE

IT'S AROUND 8 PM, AND THE sun is setting over Piechowice. After a long day of scrubbing shower floors, packing bags, mopping the kitchen a few times, and putting all furniture back in its original place, the house is back to the way it was before. Before 28 campers came and made this site an LPC home for the first time. Now, they are taking photos of the pink sunset over the valley. A sunset as beautiful as any of the past 30 sunsets here in Poland, now representing those memories in a few pictures to take home.

The final week was eventful. On August 1st, we celebrated LPC's birthday with a camper-organized themed party. Everyone dressed up as their "swaggiest" self, using any clothing and props they could find or borrow. We ate homemade popcorn, sweet and salty, cake, and we danced all together to the songs campers collected. The next day, we welcomed many guests for Open Day. We shared a big, barbecued meal, connected over LPC memories, and showed families what happens on a camp day with folk dancing, singing, creative courses, a short walk, and sports. Then, right after our guests leave, the campers prepared swiftly for our talent show.

During the past month, we befriended a theatre company who live and create in a 17th century house five minutes uphill. They kindly invited us to their largest room, where we watched the diverse talents of Piechowice 2025. Singing, dancing, Kendama, guitar,

skits, rap, breakdancing, and more. Three of our very own judges (Barry Montana, The Inspector, and Baba Jaga) proclaimed that everyone had won, and the evening is complete. Later in the week, campers were woken up in the evening to solve the mystery of an abducted princess. They met trolls and witches, complete quests, and finally confronted the villain in the castle (the attic), and released the princess by singing in harmony. This success was celebrated with hot chocolate before everyone returns to deep slumber.

It's now 8:30 pm. After the last day of cleaning, the campers are tired but make their way outside as the clouds turn purple and the blue sky darkens. For one last time, they bring all their enthusiasm to a few incredible folk dances. Their cries of excitement reach the valley and the neighbouring dogs bark.



PHOTO: BETH MOORHOUSE

Later, during the final goodnight circle, a camper reminds us of the memories we made here. We remember dancing the rain dance (Mayem Mayem) in the pouring rain. We remember picking cherries, blueberries, raspberries. We remember games played, bracelets made, lemon and chocolate cakes eaten. We remember the many meals we shared under the Polish sun outside, sharing stories, laughter, and food.

We remember our three-day hikes. Two groups climbed nearby Sniezka, hiking along the Czech-Polish border, cooking over campfire, sleeping in tents and huts. The group supported each other, and they shared their success by folk dancing on top of the mountain. One group even swam in the river Elbe that evening. Another group biked over 50 km through forests and along rivers. They camped through heavy rain and pushed themselves up a big mountain on the last day before coming home. Meanwhile, another group stayed home to explore the nearby castle and thermal baths, play games, and eat homemade pizza.

The last night, all campers wrote in each other's goodbye books in our cozy room, where they slept on the carpet of mattresses. It's 9:45 pm, "Lights out." In the morning, everyone will take their packed bags, say their goodbyes, cry a little, read the messages their peers wrote, and tell their families all about what it was like here in the Polish mountains.

**- Pelle van Dam (Netherlands)
Piechowice 2025 Counselor**



PHOTO: HELENA PILERI

THE CLOSEST COMMUNITY Heggnes, Norway

THIS YEAR AT LPC HEGGNES, THE COMMUNITY OF CAMPERS AND COUNSELORS formed very quickly, and everyone was willing and excited to jump into all of the LPC activities and traditions, such as showering in the chilly fjord, folk dancing, and cooking meals together. Our tight-knit community of 22 campers formed close friendships and connected with the wonderful counselors.

We were lucky enough to enjoy the Norwegian sun during the first week of camp, when the weather was quite sunny before two weeks of rain (which unfortunately led to the second hike being cancelled). It was so much fun to participate in making Swedish chocolate balls, dressing up “Italian” for the homemade tagliatelle, participating in (or watching) a Love Island course, enjoying music made by our talented musicians, and performing at Fabeldag, a festival held yearly in Dale.

On one of the last days of camp, we were told we were going to be hiking to a mussel farm to harvest mussels, which ended up being a cover-up for the fact that a trip to the waterpark had been planned for us just two days before Big Putz. We got to enjoy the wonderful sauna, which brought warmth after many days of rainy weather and showering in the fjord for the past three weeks.

We were very grateful for the many upgrades made to the site by members of the LPC community during the work week leading up to camp, such as a newly insulated barn and upgraded basement. Many campers I spoke with agreed that this was the closest community they had been in during their LPC camps. We had so many incredible memories together in the three-week camp that felt much too short.

- **Luciana Ladue (USA)**
Heggnes 2025 Camper



PHOTO: HELENA PILERI



PHOTO: MIRIAM ARCH



PHOTO: MIRIAM ARCH

MEMORIES MADE Birch Point, Maine, USA

ARRIVING AT BIRCH POINT FOR the first time was quite an experience. The sun was gently setting over the river, painting the sky in soft oranges and pinks and a golden glow shone through the trees. We were immediately swarmed by mosquitos, and the old house welcomed us with its open doors in the last rays of sunshine.

Without the campers the house was rather empty and quiet but once they had arrived the quietness of the charming old house was soon filled with the creaking of the stairs, the footsteps on the loose floorboards, giggles, conversation and the rattling of pots and pans in the kitchen.

Because there is neither electricity nor running water, Birch Point is a rather challenging site. Nevertheless, we, like so many others before us, made it work with thought-through systems, a ton of help from Tim and Gail (the owners of the Birch Point site), a hardworking staff and an ambitious camper group. Three meals were prepared every day, a fire needed to be lit and kept going several times a day, so we had warm water for dishes, showers and cleaning. And even though the schedule was full of important every day chores we also spent a lot of time singing, playing games outside, folk dancing, doing fun courses in and around the house like canoeing, football, running, baking, visible mending, bracelet making, doll crafting and so many

more, swimming in the river and occasionally saunaing in the sauna the campers had fixed in courses with Tim.

One of the highlights for many was definitely the Nash Island excursion where we spent an entire day on an island inhabited only by sheep helping the owners of the island Alfie and Eleni to collect trash that washed up on the shore throughout the year. We piled up huge amounts of trash and were rewarded with a lobster boil on the beach.

We spent the overnight hike backpacking to Donell Pond, camping at Schoodic Beach, swimming in the lake and hiking up Schoodic Mountain on the second day. There also were a couple of excursions with smaller groups, one of them visiting the most eastern point of the US: West Quoddy Head Lighthouse and another volunteering at a local community garden.

We also had several guests come and visit throughout camp who offered courses, brought and made us food and therefore joined in camp life for a bit.

In these four and a half weeks, like in most LPC camps, special friendships were made, new skills were learned, delicious food was made and eaten, there was a lot of laughter, LPC magic did its thing, 22 strangers became a community, and hundreds of memories were made.

- **Miriam Arch (Austria)**
Birch Point 2025 Counselor

THE SHOWCASE Hasliberg-Goldern, Switzerland

ONE HIGHLIGHT OF OUR CAMP IN THE ECOLE WAS THE set courses and the showcase afterwards. We split up the counselors, and the campers split up into five groups. We spent two days' worth of course hours on these courses. There was acro yoga, band, newspaper, musical and fancy dinner. The acro yoga focused on trusting partner yoga poses and presented at the showcase to the catchy theme song of Pirates of the Caribbean, while being dressed as pirates.

The band named the Off Keys, made up of very musically talented campers and counselors, rewrote songs to have LPC lyrics. They rewrote "Englishman in New York" to "Sneaking Out" (lyrics are attached). They also challenged themselves further by making a mash-up of the song "Hate It or Love It" and "Empire State of Mind" to create "Hate It or New York."

Furthermore, the newspaper group created a 20-page newspaper ranging from recipes, quotes and food reviews. At the end of camp, each person had the newspaper printed at the beginning of their Goodbye books. The musical group presented two very different choreographies, starting with a French Cancan, a very traditional dance and ending the showcase with an adaptation of the Grease "You're the One that I Want."

Before the showcase, the camp was presented with a four-course meal in a transformed dining hall, and everyone sat at one big table. The meal consisted of delicious fancy food such as Ratatouille and Tiramisu. These set courses and especially the showcase truly showed how remarkable the camper group was and how accommodating the site of the Ecole was. By the end of the showcase during Good Night Circle, the vibe changed, and the whole group felt accomplished and more connected than before.

- Rosalie Stauffacher (Germany)
Ecole 2025 Counselor



PHOTO: MAAIKE VAN DER RHEE



PHOTO: HÉLIA DUPUY

LYRICS: SNEAKING OUT

Em A Bm A
Laying waiting for the perfect time
Wondering how I'm sneaking out tonight
I'm listen for footsteps outside my door
I'm gonna get caught for sure
See me walking 'cross the lawn outside
Always looking for a place to hide
See Samir at the door
I'm gonna get caught for sure

Em A Bm A
Oh, I'm a sneaking out, sneaking out to kathryn house
I'm gonna get caught for sure
Oh, I'm a sneaking out, sneaking out to kathryn house
I'm gonna get caught for sure

Em A Bm A
You can talk together in the day
Gossip in the afternoon they say
Theres no need to stay up late at night
But it's nicer in twilight

Em A Bm A
Oh, I'm a sneaking out, sneaking out to kathryn house
I'm gonna get caught for sure
Oh, I'm a sneaking out, sneaking out to kathryn house
I'm gonna get caught for sure

D A
It gives us anxiety, it's bad for our society
Bm F#
We understand we were once young
G A
Excuses with no variety, we can't take this lightly
A#dim7 Bm
We gotta put safely before your fun

MUSICAL
I couldn't wait to go and have some fun
But I got caught so now I'm done
Pauls saying he will call my dad
I hope he's kidding, he'll be really mad

Em A Bm A
You can talk together in the day
Gossip in the afternoon they say
Theres no need to stay up late at night
But it's nicer in twilight
But it's nicer in twilight
But it's nicer in twilight

Em A Bm A
But it's nicer in twilight (I'm a sneaking out...)
But it's nicer in twilight (I'm gonna get caught for sure)
But it's nicer in twilight (I'm a sneaking out...)
But it's nicer in twilight (I'm gonna get caught for sure)
But it's nicer in twilight (I'm a sneaking out...)
But it's nicer in twilight (I'm gonna get caught for sure)
But it's nicer in twilight (I'm a sneaking out...)
But it's nicer in twilight (I'm gonna get caught for sure)
But it's nicer in twilight

Songwriters:
Arno, Eliette, Nell, Alina, David (Campers)
Niki, Pietro, Samir (Counselors)

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A PLACE OF GOOD Sundhammar, Sweden

On Sweden's rugged western shore,
Where ancient rocks meet forest floor,
A house called Sundhammar stood—
A summer camp, a place of good.

From thirteen lands, we came as one,
Thirty-three beneath the Swedish sun.
We made that house a joyful base,
A wild, warm, wondrous kind of place.

Then came the hike, we packed our gear,
Mustard, cucumbers, boots, and cheer.
Some groaned, some raced, but all would go,
Through Swedish woods, both fast and slow.

Through soggy socks and forest trails,
Came jokes and songs and windy gales.
We sang, we laughed, we found surprise
In friendships formed beneath wide skies.

We reached the lake, the skies broke wide,
As rain poured down from every side.
We shrieked, we splashed, we found our place
In shelters made of wood and grace.
With beans for dinner, fires aglow,
Came s'mores, and warmth began to grow.

Voices rang in every tongue
From Estonian to Polish sung.
Beans were many, nights were sweet,
Till bittersweet goodbyes we'd meet.

- Rachel Taylor (UK/Belgium)
Sundhammar 2025 Counselor