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I am sure that your essays about Ramah experiences usually come from those who came to Ramah as children. I found Camp Ramah as an adult, yet it has influenced my life significantly. I have taught at Jewish day schools for many years. In recent years, I have been on a personal Jewish journey, which has led me to realize that I love being Jewish, a concept that I always hope to instill in my students.

In May 2002, my school was invited to send our fourth-graders to Ramah Berkshires for a Shabbaton. My principal sent me as a chaperone, saying that she knew I'd love camp as much, if not more, than the children. She was right. Davening outdoors and watching the female counselors with their *tallitot* made a tremendous impression on me. I contacted Ramah Berkshires

during the year to see if they had a place for me for the summer. About two weeks before the camp season started, I got a call offering me a position with the Gan program, assisting the *gannenet*.

So I quickly shifted into gear, packed up my classroom, and went to camp, leaving my husband, twenty-five-year old son, and twenty-one-year old daughter. Before the first week was over, the *gannenet* left unexpectedly, and I inherited the job!

That summer was the best gift that I have ever given myself. It gave me another place where I can enjoy being Jewish. I am only sorry that it took me so long to discover the specialness of the Ramah camps; it seemed like all the other adults there had been coming for years.