

MY FIRST NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE: ALMOST DROWNING AT SUMMER CAMP

Another memorable experience was going to a day camp some place outside of the city when I was about six or seven. I recall that a red school bus would stop and pick me up at my house on Decatur Avenue and take us out to a farm where you could play during the day and even swim in a pond. For some reason I didn't want to get undressed and go swimming. On rainy days, the camp operators took everyone to a movie house where we watched cartoons.

A few years later, when I was nine, I spent the summer at Camp Acadia, a Catholic camp for boys on a lake outside the city. I stayed in Tent B-8, with Fred Howley and Tom Mc Tear. The camp was divided by age groups and then into two teams the Orange Team [my team] and the Red Team. Victories in daily sports competitions determined whose flag flew over the camp each day. The most intense memory was of nearly drowning when I did a belly flop diving into the lake. As I was going down, I remember seeing my life pass before my eyes. I would have died except an alert counselor / life guard dove in and pulled me out. I never went back in and have reservations to this day about drowning if I go into deep water.