

5204 County Road 204
Fulton, MO 65251
April 30, 2007

Marsha Hornburg Guillaume
160 Parkledge Drive
Amherst, NY 14226

Dear Marsha,

My brother, Jim Doellefeld, just sent me that latest issue of *The Dunkirk Spirit* (May 2007) and it brought back many wonderful memories. My Dad, Rev. James Doellefeld, was director of DCC for only two years (1966-1967) and my Mother served as registrar. But those were wonderful years for me. I was seventeen that first summer and worked as a salad cook in the Dining Hall, making huge pots of oatmeal in the morning and tearing up multiple heads of lettuce for the evening meals. I became an expert at unmolding numerous molded jello rings, hoping that they would hold their shape until they reached the dining tables. Both my siblings worked at DCC at various times and before camp started every year we ran every dish and pan through the dishwasher, a task that took the better part of an entire day. And then there was the time I drove the camp pickup truck to the laundromat in town so the staff could wash their clothes. There were about ten young people packed in the back of the pickup with all their dirty laundry when I stalled in the middle of one of Dunkirk's major intersections on a Saturday night. Not having much experience driving a manual transmission, I can still remember my knees trembling so violently I could hardly hold the clutch in. I also remember the men from Greenville who came for a work camp every spring and brought the most wonderful homemade sausage. I remember looking through the photographs from years past that were stored in the Administration Building and finding my father's parents in a group photograph from the 1920's. I was astounded to realize that many years earlier they had visited the place where I was now living. I remember dancing to the band that the staff put together in the summer of 1966; the lead instrument was an accordion that one of the lifeguards could make rock! But my fondest memories are of the people I met at DCC and the beautiful grounds that still inspire me. I came to appreciate the beauty of nature as I took long walks through the woods in early spring with only the birds and squirrels for company and I experienced the hope and rebirth that comes when a long New York winter finally ends.

In November of 2005, I got a phone call from my sister, Chris, that my Dad had been diagnosed with acute myelogenous leukemia. A month earlier my parents had moved back to New York after living in Arizona for twenty years. I immediately got in my car and drove to New York. It was a gorgeous November day and as I drove along I-90 in the late afternoon, I saw the sign for the Dunkirk exit and decided to stop at DCC. The grounds were beautiful with the light slanting across the lake and still-green grass and through the few leaves remaining on the trees that looked so much larger than I remembered. I was drawn to the rose garden surrounding the flagpole and was surprised to find blooms still left on the bushes. I picked a few and put them in a water bottle in my car. The next day I gave the roses to my Dad and showed him the photographs I had taken of DCC the day before. I thanked him for taking the job at DCC because those few years had been very special for me and I knew that he had been eager to be back in a church as a pastor. He was so pleased to have the roses and wondered aloud if they could possibly be from rose bushes that he had planted around the flagpole many years earlier. My Dad died less than three weeks later on December 1, 2005.

My memories of DCC have stayed vibrant in the forty years since I lived and worked there. I know that many others who had the opportunity to attend camp or work at this wonderful place also hold their memories dear and I thank all those who have worked to keep the camp operating and the grounds looking so beautiful over the years.

I have enclosed a check that may be used as the Board sees fit in memory of my father, Rev. James Doellefeld.

Sincerely,



Erlene (Doellefeld) Dudley

P.S. If you have the opportunity, say hello to Donna Melberg for me. We worked together one summer in the kitchen!