

My Favorite Camp Counselor

If memory serves correct, it was during Shane's sophomore year and he ranked sixth out of 500 students in respect to their GPA. I was very proud indeed.

Note: Unfortunately, by his senior year, his GPA ranking had dropped substantially, fueled by distractions, and clouded priorities, a fact we both had in common. I remember what clouded my priorities, and now I was about to discover my son's.

Due to his academic success, they chose Shane as a camp counselor, a role he eagerly accepted, working with a group of young boys. The compensation was getting out of class for a week and he was all for that!

A few weeks after fulfilling his counselor duties, I let my son drive my vehicle (he had a learner's permit). It allowed me to give him some practical road experience, and the more experience he had, the less anxiety I would have once he actually obtained his driver's license.

During our drive, I was pleasantly surprised with a call from the principle of my son's high school. I sat straight in my seat, assuming she would be forthcoming with some praise or accolade concerning Shane's scholastic accomplishments. However, the flavor of the conversation quickly soured, as the

unsettling news unfolded; I slumped in my seat, my son was no longer a future candidate as a camp counselor.

Evidently, the principal received numerous complaints from various unhappy parents. Shocked at the news, I asked why.

Apparently my son had taken some highly cerebral reading material to camp like, oh let's see, Playboy, Penthouse and Hustler, just to name a few. Shane wanting to be the cool, hip counselor, shared this reading material with the younger boys, further answering questions in an effort to enlighten the young protégés minds. Oh yes, the full outdoor experience: campfires, roasted marshmallows, and Sex Education 101.

Upon ending the phone call, I ordered my son to pull off to the side of road, where I immediately exited the vehicle and buried my head in the sand.