

The Waypoint

Issue 3

July 2006

Time To Say Goodbye

It happened Tuesday; I was walking along the shore on South Monomoy Island, barefoot with my jeans rolled up, and it hit me. The end of life as I know it is here. Next week I won't be here walking on the island. I won't be checking on the little chicks I witnessed coming out of their shells just weeks ago on the island. Instead, I will be packing; wondering how I will ever manage to fit all I have here in my car. I will be thrust back into the "real world", where people don't even know my name, or recycle. There won't be conversations about poison ivy, Lyme disease, puppets, how to save the world in a week, or how Billy didn't wash his dishes again, and I will miss that desperately. I can see it now; I will be sitting at home with my parents (don't worry mom and dad, it's just temporary), telling stories of endless fields of bittersweet and how my fellow members and I lopped until our arms ached. I'll recall the emotion I felt after the storm this past winter, how the members responded and how intensely it made my admiration for each of them grow. I will tell them about Amanda and how even though she desperately wants to drive the Oscar Mayer Wiener Mobile for a summer, she has made the selfless decision to become a nurse and always be at the aid of those in need. How can I describe what it feels like to release a stranded dolphin back into the ocean? And there was that one time, when cleaning out a herring run, that I fell face first in the water and began to float down the river, James held back

his laughter long enough to rescue me. To them it will be just another story, but to me they will be memories I will hold dear for a very long time.

I can't quite comprehend the emotion I will feel while driving away from our house next week, but I know that I will strongly feel a sense of gratitude. Gratitude for this unique experience; for this beautiful landscape, for a deeper understanding of how precious our environment is, and for all the hours I spent with my fellow corps members, doing our part to improve The Cape. But I think most of all, I will be filled with the gratitude I feel for my housemates, who have taught me so much and left me with an infinite amount of inspiration to go out into the world and make a difference. I thank you all for all of it, the good experiences and the bad, in less than a year you have given me a lifetime of memories.

Okay, now that that is over with, I invite you to read the last Year VII edition of *The Waypoint*. It is filled with reflections, accomplishment, photos, and how while Tess was busy improving the world she had time to become an ice cream expert. **Enjoy!**

Candice Black
Wellfleet House Editor

Join Us:

AmeriCorps Cape Cod
7th Annual Graduation Ceremony

July 27, 2006
9 am—12 pm
Tilden Arts Center
Cape Cod Community College

They Just Can't Get Enough! Molly Kitchel and Shane Jordan return to ACC

While everyone else has been packing up their belongings and making plans to move to a new location and start a new job, **Molly Kitchel** has been making a list of restaurants and beaches on the Outer Cape slated for exploration for Summer 2007. Molly will be the Outreach Coordinator/Member Leader for Year 8, and will be moving the long distance from Bourne to Wellfleet. Her experience with community event planning as a member of the COD - outreach group had not sufficiently slaked her thirst for environmental outreach, so she decided to sign on for another year before returning to school. She plans to bring her signature extroverted energy to a new group of members with hopes of bridging the roughly 60-mile gap between the two houses as much as possible. Though very different from her home in the Pacific Northwest, the Cape has been a good surrogate to Molly, and she looks forward to riding the rail trail in Eastham, walking the dunes in the Province Lands, and meeting a new group of motivated, unique, and inspiring individuals

that inevitably will be Year 8 of AmeriCorps Cape Cod.



It's back to the Corps again

We've all seen him...dark hair and beard, glasses, computer always close by. Often found in the Bourne house kitchen or living room, he also frequents the Outreach events. Who is he, you ask? Why, he's the new Bourne House Supervisor!

Shane Jordan, who was a member of AmeriCorps Cape Cod during Year VI, will be returning next year as staff for Year VIII. A self-proclaimed geek and ice cream expert hailing from Michigan/Ohio (he tends to vary his answer); Shane graduated from Bowling Green State University with a degree in computer science. However, he brings more to the program than just some handy tech skills. Before joining AmeriCorps Cape Cod, Shane spent a year with AmeriCorps in Austin, TX as part of American Youth Works and has spent the last year working for a Cape company called Clean Energy Design who installs renewable energy systems. Shane hopes to use

this commitment the environment and AmeriCorps to encourage next year's members to get things done for America.

Shane is obviously excited for next year and to meet the new members. He cannot wait to share his knowledge of Cape ecology, tool handling, and of course which ice cream shop has the best scoop on Cape. Shane is confident that Year VIII will be able to out serve both Year VI and Year VII and is already brainstorming group projects and possible lesson plans to bring to classrooms. This writer has her doubts that it is possible to outdo Year VII, but wishes Shane the best of luck as House Supervisor and to Molly Kitchel as her role as Member Leader.

Tess Casey, ACC Member

Biodiversity Days at Waquoit Bay

For one week every June, The [Massachusetts Association of Conservation Commissions](#) in partnership with [The Executive Office of Environmental Affairs](#) hosts Biodiversity Days. This gives citizens an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the flora and fauna in our communities by learning and recording different species in a certain area. Events may take place on conservation lands, schoolyards, parks, etc, and all are supporting the continued efforts to build public awareness and support for biodiversity conservation. Data collected is used by state wildlife agencies to document new locations of rare species and to monitor habitat health and trends.

This June, AmeriCorps Cape Cod worked in conjunction with Pat Harcourt, Waquoit Bay National Estuarine Research Reserve's Outreach

Educator, and Molly Kitchel, Environmental Educator and AmeriCorps Member, along with 10 kids from around the Cape to identify and learn about aquatic invertebrates. Kids entered the bay armed with nets and trays to capture invertebrates as well as different types of aquatic vegetation. Some of the highlights include: a large eel (which escaped from the viewing tray), blue crabs, a flounder, and lots of tiny fish. In total, the volunteers helped to identify 35 different species of aquatic invertebrates and vegetation. Everyone seemed to enjoy the beautiful afternoon at Waquoit Bay! My hope is that the kids were inspired to learn more about Cape Cod ecology and about protecting their environment.

Molly O'Sullivan, ACC Member

The **Green Grant Youth Council of Cape Cod** is a select group of dedicated teen philanthropists, ages 11-18, whose purpose is to fund and support various environmental projects that protect and conserve the fragile environment of Barnstable County. Council members learn about philanthropy and grant making, leadership, environmental stewardship, team building, mentoring, service learning, and public speaking. The council maintains involvement in all aspects of the grant process. Youth members are responsible for developing grant selection criteria, releasing a Request for Proposal (RFP), reviewing proposals and deciding which environmental projects will receive a mini-grant.



Seven members of the Green Grant Youth Council attended an end of the year field trip to Nantucket on June 22nd. Thanks to the Council's efforts over the past ten months, \$12,750 was awarded to various organizations in Barnstable County, aiding in the implementation of environmental projects.

PROJECT NAME	ORGANIZATION	AWARD
Aptuxet Trading Post Mural	Bourne Conservation Commission	\$800
"Here Comes the Wind"	Cape Cod Chapter Race Point Lighthouse	\$2,500
Junior Solar Sprint	Cape & Islands Self-Reliance	\$800
Chatham Youth Service Beach Cleanup	Chatham Conservation Commission	\$950
Preservation Trail at Crowes Pasture	Dennis Department of Natural Resources	\$250
Energy Squad	Eastham Elementary School, 3rd Grade	\$1,500
"For the Birds"	Harwich Conservation Trust	\$1,200
Children's Garden 2006	Master Gardener Association of Cape Cod	\$825
"Things You Seldom See"	Speedwell Foundation	\$650
Native Species Tree Planting	Taylor Bray Farm Preservation Association	\$500
Wiley Park Trail Sign Project	Town of Eastham	\$775
S.W.E.A.T. III	YMCA Cape Cod	\$2,000
TOTAL AMOUNT AWARDED		\$12,750

The Edge of the World

As an avid traveler I am amazed at the distance between what I am looking for and what finds me. I have traveled the world and back looking for something. Meaning of some kind to resonate within my soul, allowing me a moment of peace to which I can stop and catch my breath before I venture onward into my life of what is contemporarily ordinary.

It's not every day that a moment like this occurs. On the contrary they are few and far between. I have gone searching the globe for an answer to which I have yet to formulate the question. I'm not even sure what I am looking for but still I look. Sometimes I look in the southern hemisphere and other times I search a culture. I can't help but think that the answer is right there in the languages I can't understand. It has to be. Everyone is discussing *it* but I fear I have deaf ears.

That was of course, until the earth bared me its own soul, one that showed the power of nature and the harshness of its honest reality. The truth crept up on me slowly. Clues were revealed on the dryness of my skin thanks to the back-to-back winter this lifestyle can afford. Spring, when I finally met her, was like a blood tide to my veins, surging through my vessels exposing a new awakening. I was alive with new eyes; eyes that could hardly handle the beauty of an ocean reflection in 3am light.

Light. I should say it again. "LIGHT"! It was as if I had been chasing it my whole life. Suddenly I found myself in a land where the sun never sets, at least not on this night. A Swedish summer solstice beat down on me. Shades of brightness were everywhere but it seemed as though time stood still. Life was on pause, but only for a moment. A moment I can only equate to a gift that Mother Nature granted exclusively for me. It didn't last long. Just long enough to breathe it in. With my eyes shut and nature's breathe in my hair, the stillness centered on my own heart beating. When I came to, I noticed flecks of change. Hidden behind the faintness of gravitational rotation I realized the world was waking up with me. For I experienced but a blink while the earth wrestled with slumber as we both tried to push forward into the void of tomorrow. Within moments I realized something had changed. Dew, like the sweat of the earth, revealed to me that there is a pulse in this world that is more significant than yours or mine.

That's what all these miles have taught me. I have traveled all this distance and where I am at, *is* where I am going. I am not sure if Cape Cod is the "place" for me. Its long winters and isolated environment keep my feet light and my bags packed. I can't help but wonder what grass grows on the other side and feel the need to go out and explore it. But just when that surge of inspiration strikes with the motivation to get back to the road I am smacked in the face with the glory of a sunrise so sweet all I can do is settle back and take it in with a resounding thought that this is my own adventure and I'm already on the edge of the world.

Ashley Look
AmeriCorps Cape Cod
Individual Placements
and Education Coordinator



Organic Gardening Tips by Julie Murphy

“When I go into the garden with a spade, and dig a bed, I feel such an exhilaration and health that I discover that I have been defrauding myself all this time in letting others do for me what I should have done with my own hands.” – Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ralph and I would have gotten along! I concur with the wise words of Emerson when he speaks of the benefits and joy of working a garden in the soil, as an artist would design on a blank canvas. You get a similar sense of satisfaction, a creative outlet. Only no paintings that I know of can feed a community, create a natural habitat or transform a typical American “lawnscapes” into an environmentally responsive landscape!

I personally love gardening because I like to get dirty, I enjoy arranging things and I think producing a colorful flower or a ripe vegetable, for instance, is such a satisfying feeling. Not to mention the process itself. Growing a garden and caring for it requires spending time outside, getting to know and understand the way to productively work with the environment. You observe how the weather, soil and wildlife interact with each other. If you work with nature, it will do the work for you.

Once you make that connection with the environment, you will want to protect it. By growing a small organic vegetable garden, and inter-planting perennials, annuals and shrubs, you can help the environment. Reduce the amount of fertilizers and pesticides that are seeping into our aquifers. Reduce the amount of fuel being used to transport fruits and vegetables from across the country. Teach yourself or your children how to self sustain. This summer, take up a small organic garden. By doing this, you are supporting the movement to keep our food local and healthy. To see some great examples of local organic gardens, check out The Falmouth Service Center Community Garden or Coonamessett Farm.

Make it fun, try one of these organic gardening ideas:

- 1) Plant something for each of the five senses: **Sight**, plant a showy deep blue delphinium; **Sound**, plant some reed grass that will blow in the wind; **Smell**, plant lavender to smell as you walk past or to dry and put in your house; **Taste**, plant some rosemary and season up your favorite dish; **Touch**, plant Lamb’s ear and feel its soft white leaves!
- 2) Make a pizza garden: plant basil, oregano, onions, tomatoes, green peppers, garlic or whatever your favorite toppings!
- 3) Plant Pea’s on St. Patrick’s Day and they will be ready for the 4th of July!
- 4) Plant pumpkins near the 4th of July and they will be ready for Halloween!
- 5) Plant squash or gourds and make bird feeders out of them to feed birds over the winter!



What's In Your Wallet?

A Service Reflection by James Adkinson

I remember all of my friends being impressed with my choice to serve with AmeriCorps for a year. Strangers would tell me, "We need more people like you in the world". On Cape and across the country, people gave me wink-and-a-smile discounts at the optometrist, the local ice cream store, the auto shop. Passerbys expressed the gratitude of the cosmos for our hard work. To this day, I stand and stare agog at this unprovoked bombardment of generosity and flattery. People seem to regard this commitment as a selfless act of goodness. After serving this community through AmeriCorps Cape Cod, I can say with unabashed certainty that this is not the case.

As we cross the bridge one last time with our flat, empty wallets, bills looming on the fast-approaching horizon, we must remember to balance a different checkbook to fully recognize the wealth we have accumulated. It is the less obvious coins that add up to quite the dazzling sum.

What of the not-so-fuzzy memories, the challenges we faced that instinctually, we're compelled to trade in for shiny, happy tokens? We must take a moment to look with retrospective eyes to clean off the grit and grime in order to find a glint of clarity. Throughout the year, we have all been handed a smudged coin or two; be it a reluctant surrender to public speaking, aspects of our communal residences, peeing in the woods, or anything else that made our stomachs churn or temperatures boil. It is now up to us to determine their worth. I think, with a little reflection, we'd be surprised at the magnitude of these truly invaluable things we've learned about ourselves. It is undeniable that we are richer for having learned from one another. But as we pan out on the portrait of our year, we may find that we have learned a great deal from the life and land of Cape Cod as well.

We have lived four seasons in this geographically and socio-economically unique location. As we arrived on this summer fun sandbar, we drove past long lines of cars. The summer was crossing the bridge, and with it, a vital aspect of life on Cape Cod. The tourists leave Cape Codders and Wash-a-shores to weather the storms and winds of the other three seasons. These year-rounders continue working

their three jobs. Enter us, living rent-free, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, with backstage passes to Disneyworld. But we quickly learned that life on Cape Cod isn't always a post-card. Fortunately, we were welcomed in this community as honorary citizens in what felt like an exclusive club of hard-working devotees to a rewarding way of life. As autumn gave way to winter, it became apparent that these citizens were guarding buried treasure.

Cape Cod's sandy hills are like that of the salty water that forms its geographic yin yang. Pitch Pine and Bittersweet gnarl and crawl through each other like rippling waves and whitecaps. This arm stretches out from a great body and bears a brave fist to the ocean. The dual strength and fragility of that fist, challenging the elements to an epic battle, will remain in our pockets inspiring resilience and tenacity. Like that fist, surrendering to the changing tides, we will be humbled by memories of elders sleeping on cots, of trees and power lines strewn from curb to curb, of dolphins and whales lying still on cold sand. It will remind us that we are not inhabitants of the land, but rather, a part of it.

Like seasons and tides, changing the landscape, we will leave here having changed the landscape of Cape Cod. In doing so, we have changed our own. Today, and years from now, we will reach down into the deep, deep pockets we have sewn here, and line our trails with the tokens therein. What wealth could be greater than that? I look back to those friends and strangers that flattered and fawned a year ago; I imagine if they knew the great bounty of wealth I have been given, they would be tempted to ask for a charitable donation. Fortunately, these coins are not meant to be kept. With each helping hand we offer, each coin in the fountain, our pockets grow deeper, and the landscape keeps changing.

Circle Up!

A reflection by Billy Rudek

Circle up! Its time for reflection! Out here, everyone's obviously got mixed feelings... leaving our friends, leaving the Cape, and also looking forward to new adventures. But this is the Waypoint and some of you reading this are already out there in the world....old alumni, service partners, parents. And I say we open up the circle a little more, and invite you to reflect on your own year; what have you done? How have you served?

There is a personal happiness that we've all shared in our time of service. But it's not over. The challenge will be to continue this service as we go about our daily lives. It's easy to volunteer when it's the only thing you have to do all day. It will take a real commitment to do it when life gets in the way. We are the leaders of our next communities. Be the example that those people will look to, even if you do it quietly.

Remember that as you go forward, it's not how much garbage you pick up, or invasives you cut down, or any of the myriad actions you take. It's who sees you. It's who you inspire. The rules of attitude and behavior and uniforms and

all the rest we subscribed to follow while in AmeriCorps were there with good reason. All the while we were serving, even though we may have been oblivious, doing these great deeds....people were watching. We were setting the example.

As much as we did physically to further our focus areas, the real accomplishment is the passions we kindled in those who are like us... those who want to make a difference. For each of us, the journey began with ourselves; a single person lighting a candle in the dark. Along the way you've met others that share your passions, that inspire you. Now be that person for someone else. You've already done it for thousands here on Cape who have heard our story, seen our commitment, served alongside.

Never doubt how much you have to offer to all the communities you will become a part of. We will enter those communities as individuals, but we enter the world as a team. Be there for each other. Make a difference.

ACC Year II celebrates their 5 year reunion!

As year VII comes to a close, we can only hope to keep in touch with our fellow corps members. Year II kept their promises and met this summer on the east coast to rehash some of their "family" memories. All corps members attended except for two.



from left to right, top row: Dan Tesini, Emily Chandler, Courtney Forrester, Kurt Schlimme, Ryan Elting; bottom row: Steve Artabane, Kristen Novotny Sinclair, Jen Artabane (she married in to the AmeriCorps family!), Brett Thelen (me!), Lindsay Dubbs, Lisa Ferguson, Geoff Sinclair (he married in too!) missing: Katie Cameron, Ryan Burch)

Aptucket Trading Post Bridge

By: Julian Neubauer

My first day at the Bourne Conservation Commission, Heidi Marsella drove me around town showing off some of the past members' projects. The previous member had painted a mural at one of Bourne's beautiful conservation areas. I was immediately taken by the possibility to paint a mural that would create awareness about environmental conservation. The first hurdle was coming up with the money to fund the project; fortunately, after writing a grant proposal, we were awarded a grant from Green Grant Youth Council. As I was searching for the right place to paint a mural, I was informed that the Bourne Historical Society needed to fix up a bridge abutment at Aptucket Trading Post. Working with their historical guidance, I drew sketches and started purchasing paint.

The project had to be rescheduled a few times due to rain, but once we began, the project went off without a hitch. Most of the painting was done by members from the Bourne house and local artists. Unfortunately, after we had finished a large portion of the mural it was vandalized. Although that was very discouraging, with the support of the Bourne house and the community, the mural was born again. Overall, it was a powerful experience having so many community members stop to thank us for all of the great work.



We All Scream for Ice Cream

- 1) Ben and Bill's
- 2) Four Seas
- 3) Katie's Homemade Ice Cream
- 4) Somerset Creamery
- 5) Highland Creamery



These are my top suggestions for places to eat ice cream on Cape Cod. I have become quite the authority on local ice cream these days, in and out of the Corps. What started out as a weekend hobby with my friend Shane has become a resource to several hundred people from around the country who frequent the Cape while on vacation. Go figure!

My obsession with ice cream started when I was a small child eating ice cream cones on hot summer days. Soon I was scooping ice cream at the local Friendly's. Before I knew it, I became a total ice cream junkie; eating it at least once a day, always needing my fix. Then I moved to Cape, which seems to be the ice cream mecca of the world (or at least Massachusetts). While driving around in January, Shane and I were discussing ice cream and decided that we wanted to know what ice cream shop was the best. We immediately got to work, visiting about 2 shops a weeks all over Cape. We compared all the data about location, service, and of course, the ice cream. Then, to top it all off, Shane created a blog about it. Jeez, I hate computers, and now here I am writing weekly about the most recent visits.

The craziest thing is people actually read it. People are fanatic and downright passionate about ice cream, sometimes leaving fervent comments. In the past month, we have discussed our website on the local NPR station, been interviewed by two newspapers, and have another radio spot next week. The life of an ice cream expert is never easy and it's constant work. On my way to service, my roommates often want to know about the shop we just passed. But it's worth it. I can sleep soundly at night knowing that I can help people find a good scoop of ice cream. Now that's community service!

If you want to check out The Cape Cod Ice Cream Challenge, please visit

www.icecream.thesietch.org

SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT ICE CREAM...

- The average licks it takes to finish off a single scoop ice cream cone is 50.
- One third of people experience brain freeze headaches after eating ice cream.
- Americans eat 5.7 gallons of ice cream every year.
- Ice cream is an \$11 billion retail industry.
- The top three cities in America that purchase the most ice cream on a per capita basis are: Portland, Oregon; St. Louis, Missouri; and Seattle, Washington.
98 percent of all households purchase ice cream.

Something to Call Home About

Species monitoring has, by far, been my favorite service related activity on Cape. Most people in the Wellfleet house know me as the dog-loving freak, readily accosting dogs anywhere and everywhere, pinning their pictures up on my wall, and begging Patrick, our house supervisor, to give up his bed for none other than a cute, four-legged furry. I request to go to “dog parks” like Thompson’s Field for service days, or teach Pet First Aid and CPR with the solitary hope that someone might bring “man’s best friend.”

In just the past month, I’ve been dreaming of my COD day as time to sit endlessly in front of the new little cage in the office, which now contains Priscilla’s very own shepherd pup. Of course this doesn’t happen with the frequency that I hope or imagine, but I’m nonetheless drawn to that cage without even thinking about it. “Freak” you may say, or quietly think to yourself and to that I will happily answer, “yes.” But, while I readily admit that I am a dog-lover, and have spent much of my time openly substantiating this fact, I’ve made no claims to those other species which I do adore, but rarely see. Now that AmeriCorps (AC) has given me the opportunity to at least challenge my predisposition for puppy love, I’m considering a new affair – only this time it’s not monogamous, it’s manifold.

So where do I start, with my first new love, or sometime in early May when I actually partook in what I’d properly call “species monitoring?” If I began chronologically, with the first true measurement of growth in my heart, the story would bring you through a series of dolphin and whale strandings, followed by some road kill, and then on to being dive-bombed and defecated on by angry birds. So, rather than go down that long, treacherous, semi-morbid path, I think I’ll stick to an ideal evening, with a tale of true-to-the-heart species monitoring.

It’s the middle of April and a sign-up sheet appears on our service board. “Peeper monitoring” it says and lists the times that AC help is needed. “Cool, but way too much is going on right now” I think as I walk away. But the feeling sticks with me. Nearing the last chance, figuring that this really is *too cool* to pass up, I write an email and get myself signed up for an evening of what I think is going to be pure peeper monitoring. Little did I know I’d be traipsing 7 miles through the woods, listening and being quiet, opening my heart to the amphibian race, waiting for it to thrust forward, make its claims known and throw love square in my face.

First, it was the Fowler’s toad – crawling its way into my heart. After the driver, my monitoring partner, and leader of the night, slammed on the breaks to stop for some unbeknownst reason at the time, I slowly came to realize that a new world was about to unfold before me. In the following minutes, we stopped several times, moving toads delicately across a road in Provincetown, to prevent them from being crushed by the regular flow of traffic and get them, in that moment, out of our vehicle’s way. As I watched in amazement, as they all flocked, from somewhere, to this otherwise unnamable site, my heart leapt out. What was this new, nightly world? And where did these creatures come from? How is it that hundreds of people drive down this road in a matter of a week, and so few would think to even stop for a small, predestined toad? A virgin eye wouldn’t be able to tell a spot on the road from a Fowler’s toad, but after just one sighting, the senses are transformed, awakened to this ambiance of amphibian life - or, most assuredly, mine were.

next came the spring peepers, calling their way into my heart. Known for their high piping whistle, peepers are easily audible from many parts of the Cape at this time of year. These small amphibians make up in sound what they lack in size, calling so loudly they can be ear-piercing at times. Granted, some of this sound comes from the mass numbers, as spring peepers are seemingly ubiquitous in the early months of spring.

But, however loud these peepers may be in their peak hours and places of the night, the more elusive is the eastern Spade foot toad – who came creeping along and into my heart. This little buddy (to steal a phrase from a beloved comrade on COD day) is threatened. It is because of this very status, that it can often lend a helping hand, or leg, to fellow Fowler’s toads and other species without even knowing it. If a Spade foot toad is spotted crossing a road around here (by the right person of course), that road will be closed. “Closed, really?” Yep, that’s right - they actually cause enough state concern in our otherwise egocentric world to close down a road.

I was fortunate enough to have seen one of them, no, three of them, up front and in person. As we’d reached the last monitoring point after walking our 7 miles through the night, we listened, and stayed silent. During about 5 minutes or so we heard them call, once, twice, three times – a weird, nasal, “kwonking” that broke the silence, and made us chuckle with amusement. So off we went, headlamps on head, curiosity in cue, searching for this strange noise, or more so, the creature associated with it. After marching through part of an old cranberry bog in the middle of a sand dune, we found them - two mating and one alone. It was a glorious moment, watching as they filled their throats, and plead their brief, weird, plea. My heart not only grew larger; my love went absolutely wild. I was thoroughly captivated and enthralled with a night of what I originally thought would be plain old peeper monitoring, truly transforming a love for dogs only, to a love that now includes more than dogs and the amphibian world combined.

This short period of time, a single night, amidst the many we’ve spent together as AmeriCorps Cape Cod members, contain some similarities. As I mentioned in the beginning, I could turn back the calendar to the days of mass strandings or our Wellfleetian experience of bird monitoring at what Candice lovingly calls “Monolicious” Island. All these experiences, along with the ones I’ve gathered from each individual person in the program, and in the days and weeks we’ve spent together, bring about at least a hint of a smile, if not a flood of their own emotion. Thank you, AmeriCorps, for the experiences, people and places. Thank you for rounding out my senses and opening my eyes to a wide world of new adventures, and a now potently polygamous future. Pacific Northwest here I come, ready or not!

Laura Jones, ACC Member

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Getting things done.



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AmeriCorps Cape Cod
Year VII

Thanks to all of the AmeriCorps staff for being so helpful and supportive, for our service partners for teaching us more about Cape Cod and to our individual placements and all we have gained from serving with you. Year VIII, best of luck filling our shoes!



AmeriCorps Year VII, end of the year retreat.