

Our Own Brigadoon

When Bjørn Ove showed some pictures from Norway, I was fascinated by this island (in the background). It seemed so mysterious, almost enchanted. And then during the awards presentations, Vince compared Scandia Camp Mendocino to Brigadoon. Ever since then, I have not been able to get these two images out of my head.

The original Brigadoon was a village which appeared in the Scottish highlands for one day every century. Our own Brigadoon appears in the Mendocino woodlands for one week every year. They are both places of music and dance, where we can forget about the problems of the outside world and just have a wonderful experience.

Yes, the outside world does make its presence felt. I had a flat tire and spent one “happy hour “ waiting for the AAA truck to come and fix it for me. And this year, for the first time (almost), cell phones worked (as I learned when someone in the cabin next door received a call at 2am!). And there were more computers than ever at camp – yes, I’m guilty too – I always have mine there for pictures and slide shows, but I wasn’t the only one, by far.

But even with these distractions, Scandia Camp still feels like a world apart. Where else can you make a trip to both Norway and Sweden without leaving the U.S.? And even if I did go to Scandinavia, I wouldn’t be able to find a workshop with classes in all three of my favorite activities (nyckelharpa, torader [two-row button accordion], and dancing), as well as fiddle and hardingfele classes, all in one place. Add to that all the great friends, both new and old, the food, the happy hour, the evening dances, the banquet, the auction, just being out in nature, ... and you begin to see just what a special place / time this is.

I don’t know who the teachers will be next year, but I am sure they’ll be great. And I know that the week will be just as magical. See you next year in Brigadoon!