

# Wachusett Views



**Worcester Chapter**  
Appalachian Mountain Club

**Winter 2020-2021**

***A close-up view of our chapter's vibrancy and dedication.***

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Chair	Kim Beauchemin
Vice Chair	Michael Morin
Secretary	Peter Eggleston
Treasurer	Jose Schroen
Biking	Neil Schutzman
Communications	Janice Melchior
Communications	Chris Pignatiello
Conservation	Jonathan DiRodi
Finance	Christine Crepeault
Families	Ingrid Molnar
Hiking	Walt Lazarz
Historian	Dawn Foster
Leadership	Paul Glazebrook
Membership	Erin Doolittle
Midstate Trail	Mike Peckar
Paddling	David Elliott
Past Chair	Joe Massery
Programs	Michael Hauck
Skiing	Ruth Langh
Social	Vanessa Butler
Technical Climbing	Dave Brainard
Third Wednesday	Fred Mezynski
Trails	Stephen Crowe
20s & 30s	Zenya Molnar
At Large Social Media	Karyn Marciniac
Diversity, Equity, Inclusion (DEI)	Alexandra Molnar

## Winter 2020-2021

### *Letter from the Editors*

We are almost at the close of 2020, and with that comes the end of quite a different and difficult year. Despite the immense change in our everyday lives, one thing has remained constant: the energy of Worcester Chapter leaders and constituents. The energy to forge ahead and form new norms, demonstrated by broadcasting the Third Wednesday speaker series online, creating a DEI (Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion) role on the Executive Committee, and continuing to lead trips in creative and safe ways, virtually and in-person.

Enjoy the final issue of this year, which is chalk full of articles (hint: climbing suggestions and a Midstate Trail reflection), photos, and information from the Worcester Chapter and broader AMC. Finally, it has been an honor to serve as Communications Co-Chairs for our chapter, and we would like to give a warm welcome to the new co-chairs, Janice Melchior and Christine Pignatiello!

Happy holidays and be well,  
Zenya and Alexandra

*Alexandra Molnar*  
*Zenya Molnar*

Worcester Chapter Communications Co-Chairs



**AMC Worcester Chapter**  
amcworchester.org  
Appalachian Mountain Club  
10 City Square  
Boston, MA 02129



## Under the Red Felt Crusher

*By Kim Beauchemin, Worcester Chapter Chair*

Hello, everyone! I hope you all had a wonderful Thanksgiving holiday – I, personally, ate way too much. However, I'm about to head up to the Whites to hike this weekend – and hopefully bag Waumbek on Sunday! I guess holiday decorations are going to have to wait until next weekend.

Our chapter's annual planning meeting is right around the corner (in January) and considering these unique times that we are –still–in, we'll be talking about how we can continue to engage our membership (that's you!) in all that we do. Whether that's creating more excellent online programming for you, or finding new ways to be with our Conservation, Recreation, and Education community, we're excited about the possibilities that await us in 2021.

We just had our very first all-virtual Annual Meeting and sincerely had a lot of fun during the evening. Here are some highlights for you:

Award Winners:

- Jeffrey Mayes – Volunteer of the Year
- Fred Mezynski – Chapter Chair Award
- Christine Crepeault – Rookie of the Year
- Michele Simoneau – Golden Service Award (New award created – Michele has served 25 years on the Executive Committee!)
- Paul Glazebrook – Appie of the Year (our Chapter's highest honor)

New Executive Committee (EC) members for 2021:

- Karyn Marciniac – Social Media
- Chris Pignatiello – Communications Co-Chair
- Janice Melchiorre – Communications Co-Chair
- Erin Doolittle – Membership Chair
- Vanessa Butler – Social Chair

There have also been other EC changes (new DEI Chair!) and people taking on new roles. I encourage you to view our full slate of EC members in our 2020 Annual Report posted [here](#). I'm so very grateful for all the EC volunteers that agreed to take the time to help lead our Chapter, and I very much look forward to working with each one of them!

Finally, be sure to check our Chapter trip listings on [outdoors.org](https://www.outdoors.org) to find opportunities to get outdoors OR get online this winter and spend time with fellow chapter members! We are an amazing chapter because of YOU!

Have a great holiday season and a fun-filled winter!

All the best,  
Kim

## The Midstate Trail: A Gem in our Backyard

*By Ingrid Molnar, Worcester Chapter Families Chair*

**H**ow fortunate we are to have the Midstate Trail (MST) within an hour's drive from home in Central Massachusetts. It was just a few years ago that I learned about the Midstate—it was on a Worcester Chapter hike on the section from Wachusett Mountain to Wachusett Meadow Wildlife Sanctuary led by Sharon Whelan and Zenya Molnar in 2016. I started section hiking the trail in earnest last June, and having completed about half the trail, now I am hooked!

What is the allure of a 93-mile trail that crosses the state North to South, connecting New Hampshire and Rhode Island, going through woods, fields, and farms, crossing streams, and traversing stone walls, hills, and valleys? Is it the fascination with the history, nature, geology, and variety of animals and plants, both common and uncommon flowers? In short, the trail offers insight into a microcosm of our small yet ecologically diverse state. Hiking along, we may be serenaded by a songbird, or delighted by the sight of a trailside lady slipper. It is amazing how quickly the landscape can change, from an open mixed forest to a dark, deep pine forest that exudes an eerie feeling and then opening to a historic cart path leading to a vista of a watershed, exposing a whole different variety of flora and fauna, all within a mile or two.



And what about the glacial erratic boulders that appear to be unique to this area? Certainly, they provoke a sense of wonder among kids and are a topic of conversation among fellow hikers. Amidst the natural landscape, we see evidence of human activity, such as colonial cemeteries, foundations of buildings, former mill sites, and dams.



With all the variety that the trail offers, it is difficult to pick a favorite section. Is it the open, rolling hills that surround Barre Falls Dam after hiking through the shadowy, dense pine forest, or maybe the short hike up Mount Watatic with its fantastic views of distant Boston, beloved Wachusett Mountain, and treasured Mount Monadnock? Regardless of which section is most appealing, it has inspired me to want to learn more about the history and nature on its path. Thinking about the different benefits that the trail provides for each of us, we owe our gratitude to the planners and builders of the trail for their foresight almost 50 years ago and to those many volunteers who continue to maintain the trail for the enjoyment of all who love the outdoors.



## We love your photos!

Featuring Matt Reidy and his son on the Mt. Greylock portion of the Appalachian Trail. Matt says, “We used the pandemic as an excuse to hike places within Massachusetts that we never seemed to have the time to do.”

Submit photos of *your* outdoor fun to [newsletter@amcworchester.org](mailto:newsletter@amcworchester.org) to be featured in the next issue!





## A note from our Conservation Chair

*By Jon DiRodi, Worcester Chapter Conservation Chair*

2020 has been a challenging year, and the effects of COVID-19 have played a major impact in recreating outside. Earlier this year, the Appalachian Trail (AT) was shut down to all hikers, and the White Mountain trail system was also closed for a while. For us avid hikers, this hit hard, as some of us had goals we wanted to complete whether it was to through hike the AT or either start or finish peak-bagging the 4k-footers in New Hampshire. Early this spring the pandemic caused difficulty for trail maintainers to get out safely and clear tree debris or water bars on the local trail systems. With the increase of people recreating and escaping outside, nature seemed like it was losing the battle with the influx of people.



This year we all have noticed a significant increase in the public recreating outside. It is awesome to see the new faces exploring local trail systems, parks, or walking in neighborhoods, but it also comes with a price. Unfortunately, there has been an increase in trash in our trail system whether it's a water bottle, wrapper, or overflowing trash cans. Nobody wants to pick up someone else's trash. Nature must be respected. We need to preserve our ecosystems for future generations. In addition, trail maintainers have been unable to maintain trails during these unusual times, so some trails are experiencing more enhanced erosion caused both by natural causes and people alike. As outdoor leaders and environmental constituents, we need to continue to help educate the public on "Leave No Trace" (LNT) ethics as we get more hikers on our trail system and waterways. It only takes a small handful of people to make a difference. We need everyone to come together, especially now, to help spread the word about LNT. We are stronger in numbers, and together we can all help make a difference to protect our public lands and natural resources that we cherish each day.

Thank you to all the Worcester Chapter members out there for your continued support and interest in Conservation!

-Happy Trails

## 2020: A Timeline in Photos

Although this continues to be a strange year, it has been filled with unexpected outdoor adventures, exploration of new places, heightened appreciation of each change of season, and enjoyment of the simple beauty that surrounds us every day.

The photos reflect AMC trips at the beginning of the year and then personal trips come March as the pandemic took hold. *Compiled by Zenya Molnar, Worcester Chapter 20s & 30s Chair.*

### January

Ice skating on New Year's Day, Worcester Common Oval



### February

Winter hike at the MA Central Rail Trail in West Boylston, MA



20s & 30s Annual Retreat, New Salem, MA



### March

Wachusett Reservoir, West Boylston, MA



Annual MLK weekend at the Blue Gentian Inn, Londonderry, VT



### April

Wildflowers at Wachusett Reservoir





**May**

Birdsong Trail,  
Northborough,  
MA



**September**

Quabbin Reservoir,  
Dana Common



**June**

High Meadow Trail, Wachusett Mountain



**October**

Wachusett Meadows Wildlife Sanctuary



**July**

Crow Hill  
section of the  
Midstate Trail  
(MST)



**November**

MST: Mt.  
Watatic



**August**

MST: Wachusett Meadows to Savage Hill  
Wildlife Management Area



**December**

Balance  
Rock at  
Wachusett  
Mountain



## Leadership Corner

*By Paul Glazebrook, Worcester Chapter Leadership Chair*

**V**irus update: It is easy to become complacent as COVID-19 goes on and on. Please look after your family, friends and yourself: wear a mask and practice social distancing. This is especially important as we enter another spike in the virus. With winter approaching it is good to get outside and take a hike. Winter is not the time to let down our guard— continue the fight against the virus. Enjoy the season.

Speaking of winter hiking, check out the myriad of hikes recently posted on [outdoors.org](https://www.outdoors.org). Hikes fill up fast, so register now.

In 2021, we are going to try something new with respect to Wilderness First Aid (WFA) training. The plan is to hold three small late spring outdoor classes in the Berkshires. Camping at the training site will be fun.

Leadership training and Mountain Leadership School are on the agenda for spring of next year.

If you have any questions, please contact me at [leadership@amcworchester.org](mailto:leadership@amcworchester.org).

### Call for Worcester Chapter Endowment Applications!

*The mission of the Appalachian Mountain Club is to foster the protection, enjoyment, and understanding of the outdoors.*

*We envision a world where our natural resources are healthy, loved, and always protected, and where the outdoors occupies a place of central importance in every person's life.*



#### **Application deadlines:**

January 31 for approval by March 31

July 31 for approval by September 30

We award grants of up to \$5000.

The application form can be found on our website:

<https://www.amcworchester.org/endowment.html>

Requests for funding must be aligned with the AMC Mission.



## An Ode to the Toprope

By Michelle Bourget

The immediate Worcester area, for those who enjoy sport climbing, has limited options. Realistically, if you're trying to clip into bolt hangers, you're going to be travelling to either Rumney, New Hampshire or Farley in Erving, Massachusetts.



During the pandemic, my climbing partner and I made the decision to continue climbing outside, with the understanding that we would wear masks when needed, social distance, and leave if the crag parking lot were full or close to it. We also wouldn't go to a crag that was publicly closed, such as Farley, Rumney, and a few others. This window of time allowed for an unexpected exploration of some of the finer and smaller crags in our area, most of which are trad, and yes: toprope.

There's a lot of "keeping up with the Jones'" in climbing. *What grade are you sending? Was it clean? Did you hang your draws first? How long did you work on it for?*

A lot of what we originally loved about climbing—the movement, the challenge, the feeling of being outside and on rock—gets suppressed over time by the climbing culture. Remember the first time you went climbing? It was likely on a toprope, and you likely had the time of your life.

If you're open to going back to basics (and learning how to properly set up an anchor), there are many climbing areas in the Worcester vicinity that you can enjoy.

Here are some of my favorites:

Mormon Hollow (Wendell, MA)  
Rose Ledges (Erving, MA)  
Ross Rocks (Connecticut)  
Red Rocks (Gloucester, MA)

Some of these places are bolted but maybe out of the paygrade of beginner leaders. So, set up a toprope!

Please be conscientious when visiting smaller crags: always practice the Leave No Trace principles, and respect the local landowners and your fellow climbers.





## A Note of Gratitude

By Alexandra Molnar, Worcester Chapter DEI Chair

Dearest readers,

It has been a sincere pleasure serving as Communications Co-Chair for the past four years, and it is with bittersweet sentiment that I write this letter for the last issue that I am publishing. It has been a privilege to collaborate with all of the dedicated members of the Worcester Chapter who value sharing a part of themselves through *Wachusett Views*. Thank you for your effort and time to make our outdoors community of the Worcester Chapter richer and more connected through your photos, stories, reports, flyers, and more. I also want to extend gratitude to all of the leaders who have continued to lead through these challenging times. Whether it is through an online event or in-person, you are playing a significant role in defining and growing who we are as a chapter: resilient, outreaching, fun-loving, inviting, and conservation-minded. As I pass the Communications Co-Chair role to our new talented chairs and step into my new role as Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion Chair, I am eager to have more time to contribute to *Wachusett Views* and carry on the vibrancy of the newsletter that is a result of your, our readers, dedication to and passion for keeping it alive and well.

I wish all a joyous and safe holiday with lots of light, family and friends, and outdoors, however that looks to you this year.

With sincere gratitude,

*Alex*





A photograph of a winter forest. The trees are covered in snow, and the ground is also covered in snow with some fallen leaves. The sky is blue. The text is overlaid on the image in white boxes.

**Calling all photos!**

**Worcester Chapter Winter 2021 Photo Contest**

Submit your best winter photo to be entered into our winter 2021 photo contest!

The winner will be featured in the next issue of *Wachusett Views* and on the Worcester Chapter [Facebook page](#). The theme is any outdoor moment that inspires you.

To enter, send your photos to [newsletter@amcworchester.org](mailto:newsletter@amcworchester.org) by January 31, 2020. Share them on Facebook, too! #WinterWithWorcester

## Diversity, Equity, Inclusion (DEI) Corner

### Birding While Black

#### J. Drew Lanham on race, belonging, and a love of nature

By J. Drew Lanham

Reprinted from [Literary Hub](#), originally published September 22, 2016

*“Southern trees bear strange fruit, Blood on the leaves and blood at the root.”*  
—Abel Meeropol (aka Lewis Allan), “Strange Fruit”

I t’s only 9:06 a.m. and I think I might get hanged today.

\* \* \* \*

The job I volunteered for was to record every bird I could see or hear in a three-minute interval. I am supposed to do that fifty times. Look, listen, and list for three minutes. Get in the car. Drive a half mile. Stop. Get out. Look, listen, and list again. It’s a routine thousands of volunteers have followed during springs and summers all across North America since 1966. The data is critical for ornithologists to understand how breeding birds are faring across the continent.

Up until now the going has been fun and easy, more leisurely than almost any “work” anyone could imagine. But here I am, on stop number thirty-two of the Laurel Falls Breeding Bird Survey (BBS) route: a large black man in one of the whitest places in the state, sitting on the side of the road with binoculars pointed toward a house with the Confederate flag proudly displayed. Rumbling trucks passing by, a honking horn or two, and curious double takes are infrequent but still distract me from the task at hand. Maybe there’s some special posthumous award given for dying in the line of duty on a BBS route—perhaps a roadside plaque honoring my bird-censusing skills.

My mind plays horrific scenes of an old black-and-white photograph I’ve seen before—gleeful throngs at a lynching party. Pale faces glow grimly in evil light. A little girl smiles broadly. The pendulant, black-skinned guest of dishonor swings anonymously, grotesquely, lifelessly. I can hear Billie Holiday’s voice.

The mountain morning, which started out cool, is rapidly heating into the June swoon. I grip the clipboard tighter with sweaty hands, ignoring as best I can the stars and bars flapping menacingly in the yard across the road. The next three minutes will seem much longer.

On mornings like this I sometimes question why I choose to do such things. Was I crazy to take this route, up here, so far away from anything? What if someone in that house is not so keen on having a

black man out here, maybe checking out things—or people—he shouldn't be? I've heard that some mountain folks don't like nosy outsiders poking around. Yet here I am, a black man birding.

\* \* \* \*

Over the years I've listed hundreds of species in hundreds of places, from coast to coast and abroad, too. I've seen a shit-ton of birds from sea level to alpine tundra. But as a black man in America I've grown up with a profile. Society at large has certain boxes I'm supposed to fit into, and most of the labels on those boxes aren't good. Birders have a profile as well, a much more positively perceived one. Being a birder in the United States means that you're probably a middle-aged, middle-class, well-educated white man. While most of the labels apply to me, I am a black man and therefore a birding anomaly. The chances of seeing someone who looks like me while on the trail are only slightly greater than those of sighting an ivory-billed woodpecker. In my lifetime I've encountered fewer than ten black birders. We're true rarities in our own right.

\* \* \* \*

For three years I've been responsible for this route, the only mountain BBS in the state. The scenery seemed worth the work. For good portions of the route the Blue Ridge Mountains crest the horizon. Birding in and out of open land and forests, with field sparrows bouncing songs off the broom sedge at one stop and hooded warblers blasting from a laurel-cloaked cove at the next, I sometimes have to pinch myself. Stop number twenty-four, beside an old apple orchard, is spectacular. Warbling blue grosbeaks, buzzing prairie warblers, and chattering yellow-breasted chats usually make the three minutes go by quickly. Earlier, when a lone bobwhite called from somewhere in the tangle of weeds and brush, I'd taken it as good omen for the day.

"Okay, 9:04. I need to start. A wood thrush—good, that's the first one for today. Summer tanager—no, scarlet tanager—two of 'em. American crows—sounds like maybe three of those . . ."

In the midst of ticking off species the thoughts begin to filter through my head again. Maybe these folks are the "heritage, not hate" type. I don't see any black lawn jockeys, wheelless cars hoisted up on cinder blocks, or rabid pit bulls in the yard. The only irritant beyond the flag is a persistently yapping Chihuahua, announcing my presence to anyone within earshot.

"OK. Was that a goldfinch singing from the top of that poplar? Definitely goldfinch." A quick glance at my watch. I still have a full two minutes to go.

A yellow-billed cuckoo croaks from somewhere in the neighboring woodlot and I add it to the list. But I don't catch the next bird's call because I'm distracted. "Is somebody coming?" I imagine a scraggly haired hillbilly who is going to require things I'm unwilling to give. Past incidents don't fade quickly from memory, especially when the threats of danger were real, raising a sour-slick tang of bile in the back of my throat.



\* \* \* \*

On one of my first jobs with the Department of Natural Resources, I thought my color would cost me my life. My supervisor, Kate, and I went out to deploy live traps for bats and small mammals up in the remote Jocassee Gorges, a maze of rhododendron-choked mountain coves, small streams, and pine-studded ridges. It's as close to wilderness as there is in the portion of the Upstate folks used to call the "Dark Corner."

I'd heard that people in the mountains didn't like strangers of any color. I was a strange stranger, and maybe not the person locals would think should be working with a white woman. Kate was a super-observant naturalist, who noticed the slightest nuances in tooth pattern or fur color—but was, I think, oblivious to the threat I perceived.

Riding on an old logging road just wide enough for one vehicle, we met another truck. The rusting, dented pickup's cab was full of three men. One of the vehicles would have to give way to the other on the narrow track, and so we pulled over. Kate and I each threw up a hand, offering the customary southern pickup-passerby wave. Their responses seemed halfhearted. Hardly a finger went up. Instead the men stared, heads slowly swiveling. Their looks bored through the windshield and wrapped themselves around my throat. The six eyes seemed to be making decisions I didn't want to be a part of.

I turned around as they rumbled by. Their brake lights suddenly flashed and the backup lights came on. The truck made a three-point turn for the only reason I could imagine: they'd decided that they didn't want us back there. My stomach knotted. I wondered how long it would take the authorities to recover our decomposing corpses from the rhododendron hells where these hillbillies would dump us after they did whatever the fuck it was they wanted to do. Kate nonchalantly wondered aloud at the trailing truck's intent but seemed more concerned that they'd maybe screwed with the pitfall traps we were going to check than about the prospect of impending assault.

I was on an edge that I'd only experienced in very bad dreams. The going was slow and the men followed us by a hundred yards or so. They kept pace, turn for turn. The knot in my belly tightened. We were on a dead-end road with no escape. We were unarmed. Without question the men in the truck would have guns and knives—probably a rope, too. For the first time in my newborn wildlife career I was questioning whether following my outdoor passion was truly worth it.

I'm not sure whether I prayed. Back then God was still an option in such circumstances. But whatever wish I threw out of the pickup window was granted. The trio stopped and turned around just as suddenly as they'd done in the first place. Kate drove on deeper into the gorge's maw and we worked into the evening, until darkness drove us from the woods. We didn't catch anything that day. I would've normally checked each trap with a Christmas-like anticipation, hoping some small critter—a smoky shrew, golden mouse, or red salamander—might be at the bottom of one of the five-gallon bucket traps.

That day, though, I couldn't have cared less. I worried over our exit. I was sure the men were just biding their time, lying in wait for us to come back out the only way we could. I fully expected to see them parked around every hairpin turn. I didn't relax until we hit the asphalt road that would take us home with speed. Kate told me later that she suspected the men in the truck thought we were law enforcement, maybe looking for marijuana patches or moonshine stills hidden in the woods.

In remote places fear has always accompanied binoculars, scopes, and field guides as baggage. A few years later, during my doctoral field research, three raggedy, red spray-painted Ks appeared on a Forest Service gate leading to one of my study sites. When I saw the "welcome" sign, many of the old feelings came back. I instinctively looked over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching. And I didn't visit the point again. My safety compromised, I found another place to do the science. I'd had to do this a couple of years earlier, too, when a white supremacist group "organized" in the mountains of western North Carolina, near the places I was supposed to do a research project. They'd made the national news in stories that showed them worshipping Hitler and shooting at targets that looked like Martin Luther King Jr. Someone at the university joked about my degree being awarded posthumously. So though the proposal had been written and the project was well on its way to being funded—and as potentially groundbreaking the research on rose-breasted grosbeaks, golden-winged warblers, and forest management in the Southern Appalachians might be—I had abandoned the whole thing.

These decisions put doubts about my dedication to the field in my head. After all, I was in wildlife biology, a profession where work in remote places is often an expectation. Any credibility I was trying to build would be shattered if I showed hesitation in venturing out beyond some negro-safe zone of comfort. And so I mostly swallowed the fear, adjusted when I had to, and moved on.

I'm not alone, though. I have friends—black friends—who've also experienced the lingering looks, the stares of distaste. They've endured comments about their color flung within earshot. I look at maps through this lens—at the places where tolerance seems to thrive, and where hate and racism seem to fester—and think about where I want to be. Mostly those places jibe with my desire to be in the wild but sometimes they don't.

The wild things and places belong to all of us. So while I can't fix the bigger problems of race in the United States—can't suggest a means by which I, and others like me, will always feel safe—I can prescribe a solution in my own small corner. Get more people of color "out there." Turn oddities into commonplace. The presence of more black birders, wildlife biologists, hunters, hikers, and fisherfolk will say to others that we, too, appreciate the warble of a summer tanager, the incredible instincts of a whitetail buck, and the sound of wind in the tall pines. Our responsibility is to pass something on to those coming after. As young people of color reconnect with what so many of their ancestors knew—that our connections to the land run deep, like the taproots of mighty oaks; that the land renews and sustains us—maybe things will begin to change.

I'm hoping that soon a black birder won't be a rare sighting. I'm hoping that at some point I'll see color sprinkled throughout a birding-festival crowd. I'm hoping for the day when young hotshot birders just

happen to be black like me. These hopes brighten the darkness of past experiences. The present does, too. What I've learned from all the years of looking for birds in far-flung places and expecting the worst from people is that my assumptions are more times than not unfounded. These nature-seeking souls are mostly kindred spirits, out to find not just birds but solace. A catalog of friends—most of them white—have inspired, guided, and sometimes even nurtured my passion for birds and nature. As we gaze together, everything that's different about us disappears into the plumages of the creatures we see beyond our binoculars. There is power in the shared pursuit of feathered things.

\* \* \* \*

Forty-five more seconds and I will be done. An ovenbird singing over there. A northern cardinal chipping. And human eyes on me. I can feel them watching. This last minute is taking forever. The little mutt is barking like it's rabid. I don't hear or see any birds in the last thirty seconds because I am watching the clock tick down. Time's up! I collect my fears and drive the next half mile, on to stop number thirty-three.

*From THE HOME PLACE: MEMOIRS OF A COLORED MAN'S LOVE AFFAIR WITH NATURE. Used with permission of Milkweed Editions. Copyright 2016 by J. Drew Lanham.*

*J. Drew Lanham is a native of Edgefield, South Carolina, and an Alumni Distinguished Professor of Wildlife Ecology and Master Teacher at Clemson University. Lanham is a birder, naturalist, and hunter-conservationist who has published essays and poetry in publications including Orion, Flycatcher, and Wilderness Magazine and in several anthologies including The Colors of Nature, State of the Heart, Bartram's Living Legacy, and Carolina Writers at Home, among others. He is the author of The Home Place: Memoirs of a Colored Man's Love Affair with Nature.*



# AMC WORCESTER CHAPTER

2020

## ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Christine

Awarded this 15th day of November, 2020

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Chapter Chair, Kim Beauchemin



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Vice Chair, Michael Morin



**AMC WORCESTER CHAPTER**  
**2020**  
**GOLDEN SERVICE AWARD**

**Michele**

Awarded this 15th day of November, 2020

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Chapter Chair, Kim Beauchemin



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Vice Chair, Michael Morin



# AMC WORCESTER CHAPTER

2020

## APPIE OF THE YEAR

# Paul Glazebrook

Awarded this 15th day of November, 2020

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Chapter Chair, Kim Beauchemin



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Vice Chair, Michael Morin





# AMC WORCESTER CHAPTER

2020

## CHAPTER CHAIR AWARD

**Fred Mezynski**

Awarded this 15th day of November, 2020

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Chapter Chair, Kim Beauchemin



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Vice Chair, Michael Morin



# 2020 Volunteers of the Month



Walt Lazarz



Sharon Whalen



Denise Guillemette



Steph Keimig



Steve Gabis



Emily Merlino



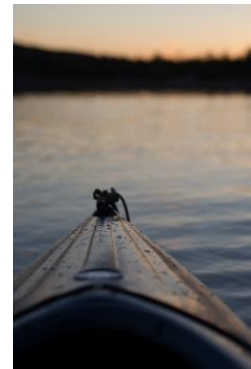
Jeff Mayes



Kathy Martin



Rick Chin



Elaine Cibelli



Emerson Grant



Chirs Bope



# Worcester Chapter 2020 Volunteer of the Year!



## Jeff Mayes

Jeff is a Paddling Leader and a Family Outings Leader. He also serves on the Endowment Committee and is a faculty member for the Outdoor Center for Learning and Leadership where he spends most of his time with AMC

Congratulations and thank you, Jeff!





**How much do you know about the  
Transportation Climate Initiative (TCI)?**

**Looking for more ways to get involved with TCI?**

**Find out more here!**

[Transportation and Climate - Transportation for Massachusetts \(t4ma.org\)](http://t4ma.org)



# AMC'S 145TH ANNUAL SUMMIT

Saturday January 23th, 2021

**Registration now open!**

AMC's Annual Summit celebrates the people who make AMC's mission real everyday—our dedicated volunteers! Whether you're a lifelong member or a newcomer interested in discovering all AMC has to offer, Annual Summit is for you!

The 145th Annual Summit will be held on **Saturday, January 23, 2021** and will be an all online digital event for the first time ever!

## **Event Includes:**

- Interactive workshops and presentations with AMC experts and outdoor pros
- Committee business meetings
- AMC's 144th Annual Business Meeting
- Presentation of AMC's annual volunteer awards
- Updates on AMC's work in conservation, recreation, and education

Attend any combination of sessions, trainings, and committee meetings you choose. In the morning, John Judge, President & CEO, will highlight AMC's key accomplishments relating to AMC's mission and vision. Later, at the 145th Annual Business Meeting, hear AMC's annual business reports, meet the board's incoming members, and applaud our volunteer award recipients. Then, enjoy a day filled with great presentations and workshops!

Once registered you will receive an email confirmation containing your personal link to access AMC's Annual Summit. Please save your confirmation email, the Annual Summit page will only be accessible to registered participants.

After registering please be sure to check your email regularly, you will receive additional emails and reminders as Annual Summit approaches. AMC is working to provide an opportunity to network and socialize during this virtual event and we will send additional information on how to attend social opportunities and other special presentations. We hope you will join us for a full day of learning and fun!

*Registration closes at 11:59pm (EST) on Thursday, January 21, 2021*

*Payment in full is required at the time of registration. Cancellations with a full refund are only allowed until Jan 17th.*

*No refunds will be issued for cancellations made after this date.*

## Executive Committee Slate 2020-2021

Welcome to our new and returning members!

<b>Kim Beauchemin</b>	Chapter Chair
<b>Michael Morin</b>	Chapter Vice Chair
<b>Jose Schroen</b>	Treasurer
<b>Peter Eggleston</b>	Secretary
<b>Joe Massery</b>	Past Chair
<b>Karyn Marciniac</b>	At Large - Social Media
<b>Neil Schutzman</b>	Cycling Chair
<b>Chris Pignatiello</b>	Communications Co-Chair
<b>Janice Melchiorre</b>	Communications Co-Chair
<b>Jon DiRodi</b>	Conservation Chair
<b>Ingrid Molnar</b>	Families Chair
<b>Walt Lazarz</b>	Hiking Chair
<b>Ed Bajakian</b>	Historian
<b>Paul Glazebrook</b>	Leadership Chair
<b>(open)</b>	Membership Chair
<b>Mike Peckar</b>	Midstate Trail
<b>David Elliott</b>	Paddling Chair
<b>Christine Crepeault</b>	Finance Chair
<b>Ruth Langh</b>	Ski Chair
<b>Vanessa Butler</b>	Social Chair
<b>Dave Brainard</b>	Climbing Chair
<b>Fred Mezynski</b>	Third Wednesday Chair
<b>Steve Crowe</b>	Trails Chair
<b>Zenya Molnar</b>	20s & 30s Chair
<b>Michael Hauck</b>	Programs Chair
<b>Alexandra Molnar</b>	DEI Chair