

LAKE PLACID INSTITUTE
FOR THE ARTS & HUMANITIES

The Great Adirondack
Young People's
*Poetry
Contest!*

Words from the
Woods 2022



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Words from the Woods

The Lake Placid Institute has sponsored the Great Adirondack Young People's Poetry Program since 1998. We have been blessed with enthusiastic support from teachers, prominent poets who have served as judges, parents, and most of all, the freshness and enthusiasm of our young poets. Over 200 poems were received from students living or attending schools in or around the Adirondack Park, grades K through 12, and this booklet is made up of poems chosen for their special merit.

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The 2022 Judges

These judges are local poets *and lovers of poetry* and members of ***The Poetry Group of Saranac Lake***. The public is invited to their monthly Poetry Gathering at the Saranac Lake Free Library every 4th Monday. You may call (518) 891-4190 for further information

Judith Coopy retired to the North Country after returning from China where she taught English for twelve years and is a published poet and author! As a USN veteran she is an award winning poet in the VA Health Care System's Creative Arts Therapy program. She has participated in poetry readings and storytelling in the North Country. Coopy is looking forward to the publication of her soon to be completed military themed poetry chapbook. In 2019, another of her poems became a song and was registered with the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers.

Laura Hull is honored to review the poetry for this year's Great Adirondack Young People's Poetry Contest. She enjoys writing and sharing her words with like-minded and diverse poets. She is a current member of The Poetry Group at Saranac Lake Free Library, a former member of Pen and Parchment and has had a piece or two published in the Adirondack Daily Enterprise. She values the joy that comes from discovering that someone has captured a bit of human experience in eloquent and raw ways - keep writing!

Kathleen Thomas is the Lake Placid Institute's bookkeeper. In her spare time, she reads and writes poetry, and is hard at work on a book about Robert Louis Stevenson.



"HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS"

2

NEEDLE GREEN TREES, LOTS OF TREES
ALL THESE THINGS MEAN HOME TO ME
SKIING, SKATING, SWIMMING IN A LAKE
IN THE FALL, YOU ALWAYS NEED A RAKE
IF I MOVED, I'D BE BLUE
FOR RELATIVES, FRIENDS,
AND HIKING TOO!



"God's Love"

ELOISE RUTTAN

GRADE: 2

TEACHER: SANDY BISSELL

HOMESCHOOL

LAKE PLACID, NY



God made us

He loves us

If He did not

Make us

We would not

Be here

God loves us

He Believes in us

Tennyson Judd

Grade: 2

Teacher: Haley Judd

Homeschool

Peru, NY

3

hello **third** GRADE



"THE MAD SAD CAT"

One day in a old house,
lived an old cat and
an old rat.

They were both very fat!

They did not like each other.

The rat kept on teasing the cat ...

"You can't catch me!"

The cat did not like it at all.

The cat got very mad.

One day the cat cried

"I am tired of being teased!"

He cried...and cried...

and cried.

The rat was so ashamed

Of himself

Then the rat said

"I will not tease you any more!"

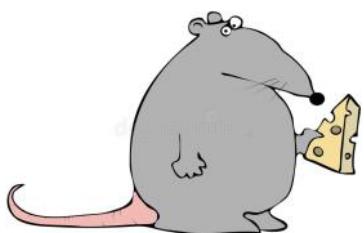
"But, you have to promise not to eat me
either."

The cat agreed not to eat the rat,

And the rat agreed not to tease the cat.

And they lived happily ever after,

In the old house.



Kai Alexander Mello

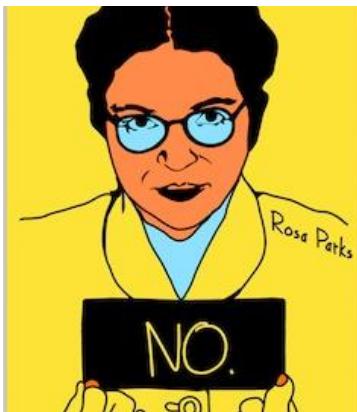
Grade 3

Teacher: Ms. Patricia McCormick

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

"Rosa Says "No""



I am courageous and peaceful,
I love my family and friends
I say NO to unfair rules
I want to see fairness in the world.
I live in Montgomery, Alabama
I am Rosa Parks.

Anya Johnson

Grade 3

Teacher: Ms. Patricia McCormick

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

"Snowflake"

A snowflake is
as soft as a feather
as quiet as a butterfly
as white as a swan.
It floats like a ghost
Then it lands on my nose.

Isabel Meta Gronski

Grade 3

Teacher: Ms. Patricia McCormick

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY



“Blue”

I smell blue salty water.
I see a blue whale.
I taste a blue slushy.
I hear a dolphin squeak.
I feel my warm coat.



London LaVarnway

Grade 3

Teacher: Ms. Bonville & Mrs. LaBombard

Peru Elementary

Peru, NY

“White”

white snowflake falling
from the sky

I here a white
Cow... moo!

I taste my spaghetti
sprinkled with parmesan cheese

I feel my soft, white blanket

Moraiah Sawyer

Grade 3

Teacher: Ms. Bonville & Mrs. LaBombard

Peru Elementary

Peru, NY





4

"LOON LAKE"

ONCE I WAKE TO A WINTER MORNING IN LOON LAKE,
I FEEL MY BODY START TO SHAKE.
IN THE SUMMER I LIKE TO HUNT, I LIKE TO BIKE.
I LIKE TO CLIMB, AND I LIKE TO HIKE.
THE SECOND I WAS BORN I JUST KNEW,
LIVING IN LOON LAKE IS A DREAM COME TRUE.

RYLEY VAN CAMPEN
GRADE 4
TEACHER: MR. BRAD CLARK
KEENE CENTRAL SCHOOL
KEENE VALLEY, NY



"Black Mamba"

Black mamba is not your ordinary mama
for when she puts you down to bed
in the morning you'd be dead
you see

black mamba is a snake
and that was a sad mistake

Wyatt Eaton

Grade 4

Teacher: Mr Brad Clark
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



be you

“Always You”

Peace
Serenity
Be calm - the world is still.
You are a GIANT!
You are a mouse.
The world is yours.
You are *free* -
You can be a bird,
or you can be a *fish*
BUT
You are always YOU!
So you can be anything
But remember.....
You Are Always You!

Oakley Spierer

Grade 4

Teacher: Mr. Brad Clark

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY



“Warm”

Inside
It is
Warm.
Away
From
The storm.
Outside
The winds
Blow
Whirls
The snow
As it
Falls
To the
Ground.
And I am
Safe
And
Sound.
Inside
Where
Its
Warm.
Away
From
The
Storm.

Lena Gabrielsen

Grade 4

Teacher: Mr. Brad Clark

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY



NATURE

Leaves fall from the trees
Following them, a nice cool breeze
Deer leap and squirrels' chitter
High about them, rain will patter

Baby birds learn to fly
Stretching their wings towards the sky
Wolves hunt and feast like kings
Gobbling down chicken wings
Baby birds in their eggs will scream and shout
"Let me out!!!"

Then at night, bats are in flight
Letting their wings fly towards the light
Eating powdery moths and flies
Then it's morning, how time flies
Time to wait, another day
With all the happy animals gay

Sulley Judd
Grade: 4
Teacher: Naley Judd
Homeschool
Peru, NY

5



Ode to Dragons

They fly over the sky
Oh, their scales cut right through
My, oh, my!
Sometimes red, sometimes blue
And when they have dinner,
Their dinner goes moo.
Their fire is orange, and sometimes blue,
And sometimes even acid or goo!
No more dinner, but they're hungry
And so they swoop so beautifully,
But wait, are they coming at me?
I run, but the dragons are just too fast.
And so they fly up in the sky,
only this time with me in their grasps!

Oh, maybe I shouldn't have made this ode
About the way I died.

Charlie Stringer
Grade 5
Teacher: Ms. Jenn Jicha
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



Vitaly Gonikman

“SLEEP”

SLEEP HOLDS THE LOST MEMORIES,
LIFE IS LIKE A DREAM.
EMBRACE THE ENERGY OF AN
ENCLOSED BRIGHT PLACE IN YOUR HEAD, A
PEACEFUL, SOUNDLESS SPACE.

HEATHER SCOVELL

GRADE 5

TEACHER: Ms. JENN JICHA

KEENE CENTRAL SCHOOL

KEENE VALLEY, NY



"Into the Woods"

**Leaves falling from tree tops
Crunching under our feet
Crunch, crunch, crunch,
As we go for a walk in the woods
On a crisp fall day.**

**Snow swirls around us
Landing on the ground
Our feet pat on the snow
Pat, pat, pat,
When we go for a stroll in the woods
On a brisk winter day.**

**Ferns sprout from the ground
Mud squishes under our feet
Squish, squelch, squish,
As we trudge through the woods
On a damp spring day.**

**Snow from winter is long gone
Now we weave through patches of moss
When we wander the woods
On a mild summer day.**

**Lucy M. Ayres
Grade 5
Teacher: Ms. Jenn Jicha
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY**

"Ocean Dance"

The ocean wave

reaches her transparent arms out

Only to fall again.

She loves to dance with Moon, for they are friends.

Step forward,

step back,

and spin.

If they were in a contest, I'm sure

They would win.

Sun rises, taking his turn and

Moon takes a break while Ocean

Stays firm.

Marie Bullock

Grade 5

Teacher: Ms. Jenn Jicha

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

“WILDERNESS”



DEER RACING EACH OTHER.

RIVER FLOWING DOWNSTREAM.

MOUNTAINS HIGH IN THE SKY.

VISITORS RACING DOWN THE RIVER IN KAYAKS.

TREES BLOWING IN THE WIND.

KULLEN BUCHARDT

GRADE 5

TEACHER: MRS. JONES

J.M. MCKENNEY MIDDLE SCHOOL

CANTON, NY



"The Wilderness"

Kayaking on the crystal clear water.
If you are lucky you can see a moose or two.

You might see a bear with its cub.

You can climb a mountain.

You can climb a tree.



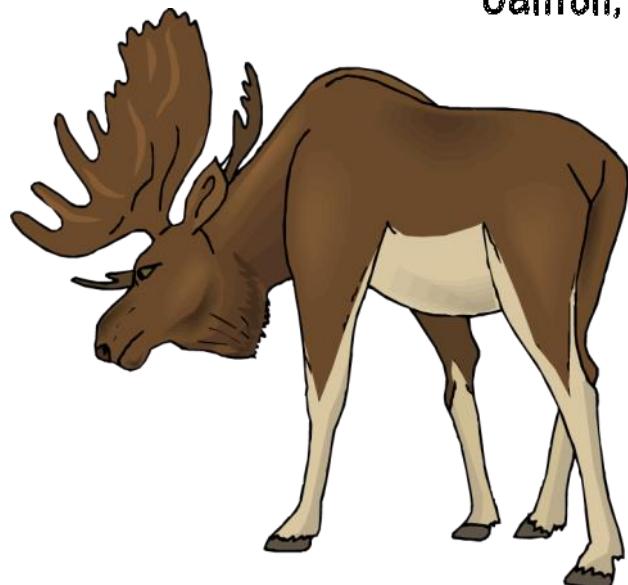
Lukas Reynolds

Grade 5

Teacher: Mrs. Jones

J.M. McKenney Middle School

Canton, NY



6



"Where I'm From"

I am from paintbrushes
and Mount Marcy candles,
From jumping and building forts out of
hay bales in the old barn
(dusty,
but cozy and safe.)

I am from the rich earthy smell
of the lilac bush by my house,
whose deep purple buds brightened
up any gloomy day.

I'm from picnics at my
childhood playground with
sandwiches and sunshine,
From Spragues don't quit
and I love you to the moon and back.
I'm from blooming flowers
in Sunny Valley

I'm from the Vikings of Norway,
From the Spragueolties,
people who love and care
about me.

I'm from eggs, bacon, and
making sandwiches out of everything.
From the sacrifices my family made to stay
together.

In my closet is a dollhouse
and a box of tiny glass
animals passed down
through generations
to remind me of my roots

Orra Sprague
Grade 6

Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



"Where I'm From"

I am from cool summer nights
From laughter and pot locks
I am from serene sunsets
(Beautiful, breathtaking)
It looked like the sky was in flames)
I am from sparkling cider as we count down
And matching pajamas

I am from jewelry and inside outs
From Courtney and Chris
I'm from the strategists
And the no matter what's
From You do you and Napkin on your lap
I'm from rainbow flags
Flapping proudly against the bright blue sky

I'm from rich yule logs striped with cream,
Homemade ice cream and hot bonfires.
From the money my great-grandfather paid to make his own,
The lung my cousin lost to live

My great-grandfather's office, paused in time,
Full of beautiful objects and priceless memories.
Outside of his office was a hanging bench.

I am from those moments
With the ocean at my back
And the sweet aroma of flowers floating around me
Seeming almost tangible.

Rosalie Allen

Grade 6

Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

I Am.



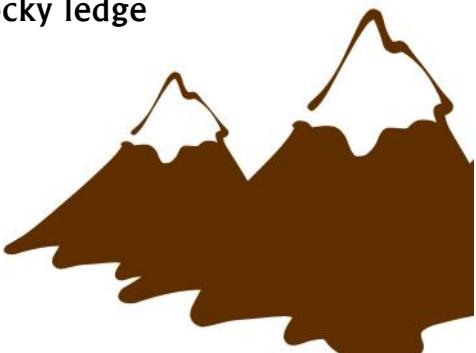
"Adirondacks are my Home"

The creeks may dry up
The bear's belly may swell
But nothing will convince me
That cities don't smell
The only place soothing for me and my bones
is the Adirondack Mountains,
Just me -
Just alone

The Adirondack Mountains
Are the place to be
When your name is Silas D'Auria
Carving away at a tree
Singing and whistling and chipping away
Yes, that's my home and it's going to stay!

Home, home
I bet you can guess
The trees and the leaves and the soils at rest
There are leaves on the ground
And the bears are settlin' down
All you can see is orange and red
And the trees look beautiful
Upon the rocky ledge

Silas D'Auria
Grade 6
Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



"BLUE"

Blue is the color of the peaceful calm while falling asleep.

Blue tastes like fresh blueberries being eaten under the sun.

Blue smells like paint being splattered on a new canvas.

Blue sounds like rain falling from the sky.

Blue feels like sadness filling up your thoughts.

Blue looks like a beautiful butterfly fluttering past.

Kate Barnhill

Grade 6

Teacher: Lauren McGovern

North Country School

Lake Placid, NY



“Wildman”

Snap goes the twig under the wildman’s foot.
Pata pat goes the beat of the wildman’s heart.
Buzz goes the mosquito next to the wildman’s ear,
and whip goes the arrow he shot from his bow.
Snip goes a berry he picked off a bush.
Crack goes the fire he made from stones.
Huff puff goes the wildman’s breath.
Whoosh goes the relief
He will eat today.

Autumn Whitney

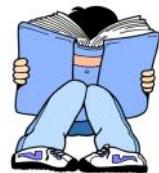
Grade 6

Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY





7

“Tree”

I've stood here my whole life.
From when I was just a sapling,
until I was tall, towering over my home.
I've watched everyone here
and seen what they do.
There are the birds that soar, up to the blue sky
then come down again to make nests in my branches.
There are squirrels who scurry up my trunk and jostle my limbs.
They bury nuts near my roots.
There are fish in the stream nearby, and they dart around in the clear water.
Their scales shimmer in the sun.
The deer come with gentle steps, dipping their heads to eat
and drinking from the trickling creek.
I watch people sometimes, coming in and out on their man-made paths
to enjoy nature and hike the mountains.
When they need to rest, they might lean on my trunk
and I stand, as I have all these years.
I stay and watch the days come by as I get taller and taller,
stretching to the clouds and to the sun.
I continue to grow.
I'll stay here.

Marah Bennett
Grade 7
Teacher: Kristin Fiegl & Sarah Rice
Boquet Valley Central School
Mountain View Campus
Elizabethtown, NY



"What to do With a Secret:"

What do you do with a secret?
Do you hold it close and keep it safe?
Do you let it go and watch it fly away?
Is a secret bad or good
or somewhere in between?
Do you want to set it free,
or do you keep it deep within you,
safe forever and ever?
What do you do with a secret
if you want to keep it hidden,
deep inside your heart?
Tucked down low and
safe from harm,
never far away.
Maybe sometimes you will take it out,
and gaze upon your
special secret.
Cup it in your hands
so no one but you
can see.
What do you do with a secret
that's bad as bad can be?
One that haunts you day and night,
never far from thought.
One that you know you must reveal,
one you know must be
pulled from its bag
and shown to someone.
Even when it's hard.
What do you do with a secret
that refuses to be told?



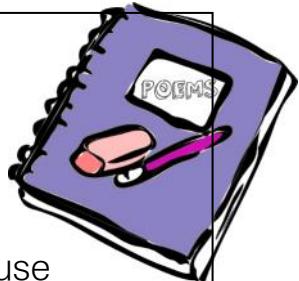
That cowers in a dark corner
whenever its cage is opened.
One that wants to spread its wings
and fly.
But is too scared to do more than try.
One that nearly breaks through
the surface,
but never quite makes it there.
What do you do with a secret
that slips from your hands?
That slides through the bars of its cage
and soars far away.
That scatters itself among everyone,
so that not a single soul is left out.
One that is never forgotten and
never left alone.
You can't force it back into its cage,
no matter how many times you try.
What do you do with a secret?
Will your secret be revealed,
making it secret no more?
Will it curl up like a pill bug?
Or will this secret be only yours?
This is your decision,
no one else can make it for you.
What do you do with a secret?
What will you do with a secret?
What can you do with a secret?

Sadie Burgess

Grade 7

Teacher: Kristin Fiegl & Sarah Rice
Boquet Valley Central School
Mountain View Campus
Elizabethtown, NY

My poems hide
in the bottom of my heart
on the court during volleyball season
in the field during softball season
in my pew at church
in my grandmother and grandfather's house
in the warm sands of Virginia Beach



Kaitlyn DelSavio
Grade 7

Teacher: Karen Decker
Galway Jr.-Sr. High School
Galway, NY



Rosalie Samson
Grade 7
Teacher: Sharon Bainbridge
Seton Catholic Central School
Plattsburgh, NY

“Nature is Everywhere”

Nature is everywhere,
everywhere you go,
up high, down low.

In the trees,
In the breeze,
In my hair,
In the air.

Nature is everywhere,
In the mountains,
Near the fountains.

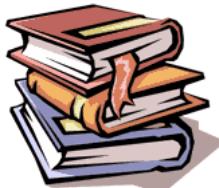
Nature is everywhere,
everywhere you go.

In the sun,
a place where I have fun.

In the ground
The lovely sounds.

Nature is everywhere,
everywhere you go.

8



"The River"

It is a late afternoon,
the Chattooga in Georgia and South Carolina,
flowing steadily.

I am rafting down the river.
The cold touch of water,
and the rain pouring on me,
makes me happy.

The leaves are orange, red, and yellow.
The river is a place of adventure to me,
when going down big rapids.
The river is my place to
be myself.



Jonas Klein

Grade 8

Teacher: Melissa Orzechowski

North Country School

Lake Placid, NY

“Photograph”

When all of the maple leaves are yellow
there're only a couple of weeks left for greens.

In the Children's Garden,
flowers are enjoying the last month of their life

until they become dirt and ashes
and that's what I like about photography.

I'm not talking about the ones that are colorful, fancy
where u can delete a picture easily.

It's the ones that are old, black & white,
ones that u have to put in effort for just a single picture.

Now I walk, searching for the one
that's worth the time.

Now I stop, I saw the one
in front of those flowers,

I set the shutter speed,
the aperture

I focus, and
snap.

I framed the last autumn beauty
in a piece of paper.

These flowers will probably never be seen again,
but those pictures will last, until

they become dirt and ashes like
those flowers.



Jenny Huang
Grade 8
Teacher: Melissa Orzechowski
North Country School
Lake Placid, NY

“Drifting”

I'm on a float,
in the ocean,
slowly drifting away.

Slowly drifting away from
the coral reef.

Slowly disappearing,
drifting on the horizon,
seeing the coast disappear from view.

This is it.
This is where I'm heading.

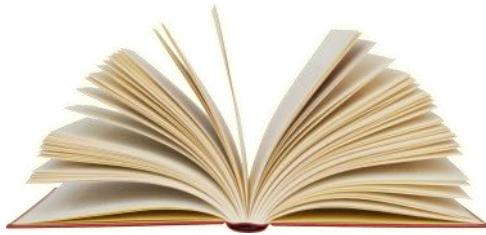
I'm taking a 360 loop,
around the world.

I'm just gonna take,
360 loops till the end
on my float.

I'm drifting away from this world...



Liz Strut
Grade 8
Teacher: Melissa Orzechowski
North Country School
Lake Placid, NY



"Passageway to Freedom"

Books are a door
Opening to the mind
All the possibilities
That are behind the blind,
The blind of reality,
Which holds us back
From seeing things a different way.
We need to be let out of the sack.

So open a book!
Read to your heart's content
Then read it all over again
To find out what it meant.
The more you read, the more you'll know
And the wiser you will be;
So go ahead, open a book,
And read, read, READ!

Lily Gongas
Grade 9

Teacher: Cynthia Gongas
Homeschool
Vermontville, NY



“Glass Cups”

We used to take sips from the same glass cup,
eat the same dinner with forks passed around
We'd laugh through mouthfuls of fruit picked together
on a day we made outside just to lounge
Now, I wonder if you've unknowingly poisoned the water I drink
I choose to distrust the glass and we shatter
Bleeding hands picking at broken pieces,
I'll count the distance with shards since it matters
now I can't help but think as I eat
alone, of course, no laughter abound,
How do you prepare for a shared fruitless platter?
and how do you drink with no glasses around?

Melinda Qerush

Grade 9

Teacher: Kerri Ketcham

South Glens Falls High School

South Glens Falls, NY



“Just Another Day”

Another day without you
Has it been as long as it feels
It can't be
You cannot be gone for real
May 1st was the day I lost you
At 10 pm my heart sunk
My eyes swelled trying not to cry
By my heart couldn't take it anymore
And out came everything I've held in
I sat on my bed thinking
“Am I ever going to be okay again”
And then it started
The stages of grief
1st denial
2nd anger
3rd isolation
4th bargaining
And finally 5th the dreaded word acceptance
Some people love that word but I myself hate that word
People see acceptance as positive I see negative
But here I am 1.5 years 18 months 545 days has passed
You know I'm never going to play ping pong again nor say *memento mori* ever again
Brings back too many memories that I don't want to forget but I don't want to bring up
Maddox, I miss your laugh your corny jokes I just miss you so one last time for good time sake
MEMENTO MORI MY DEAREST FRIEND SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE.



10



Megan McBroom

Grade 10

Teacher: Mrs. Clements

Lowville Academy Central School

Lowville NY

“Different”

Maybe we’re different
But if you just listen
We could be the same one
Cause different is kinda fun

We could be a beacon of hope
Not hide away, let everyone know
A flashlight in the darkness
A lighthouse in the storm

So what if we just put aside
All over - do or dies
Cause I really want to unite

And let’s take a break -
And let’s celebrate
All the things we have in life

Like family
Like friends
Like children

Who’s laughter never ends
It’s okay to be different
You don’t have to be the same
It’s okay to be different
You don’t have to be the same

Cause what others say don’t matter
There’s no reason for you to change
It’s okay to be different
Cause God made you this way



Valery Zehr
Grade 10
Teacher: Mrs. Zanetta Russell
River Valley Mennonite School
Castorland, NY

"Apple Tree"

11

Self reliance is a stand alone tree
tall and proud with no dependency.
People admire from far away
wondering how long it will stand and sway.
Now I am the apple that fell from the tree
small and fragile, but soon to be free

Abigail Proper

Grade 11

Teacher: Mrs. Burdo

Beekmantown High School

W. Chazy, NY



The weaver cares not about the traits of every strand
But instead the uniformity among them.

Nathan A. Sand
Grade 11

Teacher: Mrs. Burdo
Beekmantown High School
W. Chazy, NY



“Adirondacks”

A trail, parted plants, browned, purpose or desire path.
A trail, barefoot or shod feet find purchase on the fern-lined ground.
A trail, miles of tread path, leading to town, to river, to land we own.
A trail, whose purpose is to lead us home.

A town, her life and breath, her people.
A town, her trails paved with potholed rock and tar.
A town, within a weary country, with withered trees and wisps of smoke.
A town, whose people shine with hope.

A river, water weaving through eroded waterways.
A river, his quick and keening rapids flow with tumbling rocks and pearl white foam.
A river, flowing downward from the hillside to the sea.
A river leads us back from whence we roam.

A land, whose green hills and great mountains is a majesty.
A land, where creatures big and small roam free.
A land, who's host to protected rivers, towns, and trails.
A land, whose glorious pine-tree'd flag shall sail.

Gemma Cantwell
Grade 11
Teacher: Mr. Ellis
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY.



“Reality, Time, and me”

12



Time is warped when I'm with thee,
Reality is unclear to me,
I am blind and cannot see,

When I'm with thee,
You are all I see,
All that matters to me,

Never forget your worth to me,
Nothing will ever matter more than thee,
Life without thee is fruitless you see,

Timeless days when I'm with thee,
My mind will never be free you see,
For I cannot see reality when I'm with thee.



Roses grow where tears land from thee,
You are more beautiful than a cherry tree,
Sweeter than any fruit reality can bring me,

I touch water and I see,
My love is me,
I'm unable to love anyone but me,

Now I am not me,
For I am a white rose,
Unable to be my love,
that is me.

Mia Danville
Grade 12

Teacher: Mrs. Kerry Burdo
Beekmantown High School
West Chazy, NY

“A Smile to Remember”

As the shimmering snow started to fall

I could barely see anything at all

Sitting near the bright orange fireplace giving off heat

And the aroma of the tall, green Christmas tree is something you cant beat

Watching my grandpa smile in that late December

Is a smile I will always remember

When the fields start to fill with flowers

My grandpa started to lose hours

My grandma could only wish and pray

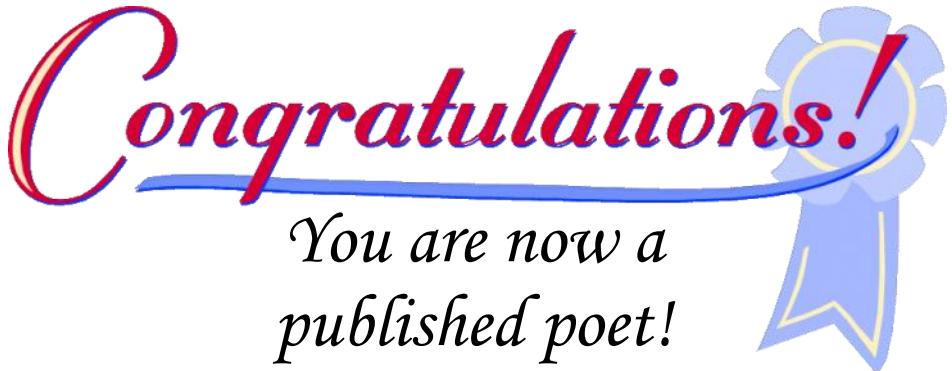
Unfortunately, my grandpa wont be okay

Jayden Brown

Grade 12

Teacher: Mrs. Kerry Burdo
Beekmantown High School
West Chazy, NY





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published poet!*

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parents, and friends who inspire our youth to
express their thoughts, feeling and
observations and make their voices heard!*



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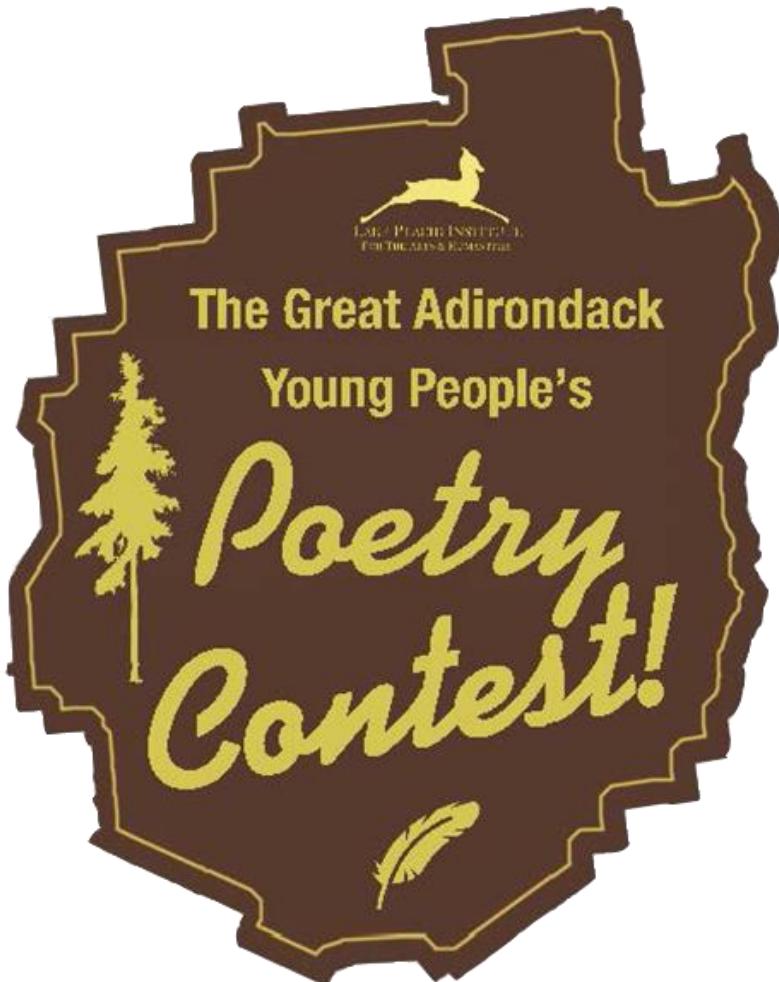
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Thank you for your participation!

Mark your Calendars!



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