

LAKE WARAMAUG ASSOCIATION

Spring 2022



PHOTO BY RUDY MONTEGELAS



www.waramaugassoc.org



Greetings

from LWA's President Maria Mostajo:

I first came to Lake Waramaug thirty years ago with my then boyfriend, Mark, who is now my husband. I immediately fell in love with the splendid lake, the glorious Litchfield Hills, and the terrific friends that have become my community.

My father-in-law, Harvey Schein, introduced me to the Lake Waramaug Association and their efforts to protect the lake and its immediate surroundings. He, along with other residents, had been involved in the purchase of the old casino on West Shore Road and the drafting of language that created the easement and buffer planting area there. As my own family grew and we began to spend more time on the lake, our appreciation for the lake grew as well, and years later I joined the LWA. I served and learned from so many on the board, including Peter Mullen, Janet Bates, Paul Frank, Peter Bonachea, Betty Sutter, and many others.

After a hiatus, I rejoined last year as the LWA president and feel privileged to be leading this organization at such a crucial time with a dedicated group of people who care deeply about the lake and its

environs. The lake and its community are facing the environmental volatility of climate change, a global pandemic, and a burgeoning popularity which has resulted in growth in population and visitors. It is crucial that we work together to ensure the safety of our roads, the health of our lake, and the protection of our beautiful natural habitat. In addition to those necessities, the board of the LWA is partnering with other local organizations to expand and improve leisure activities such as hiking, biking, and enjoying nature. We will also focus on educational programming for beautification and buffer plantings to deal with erosion and increased geese population, while encouraging the use of native plantings around the lake and waterways. And finally, my hope is to engage more of the community, with an emphasis on building a junior board that will carry on the mission of the LWA for generations to come.

As always, we welcome your ideas and input—perhaps you'd like to volunteer, or just say hello. Looking forward to seeing you at our annual meeting on June 26th (or around the lake)! ■

THANKS FOR SUPPORTING THE LWA!

Your contributions help support our mission to preserve Lake Waramaug and its environs, and to promote the safety, health, and enjoyment of those who use the Lake.

- **Become a Member: \$50 annual membership dues**
- **Volunteer for a Committee (i.e. Water/Boating Safety, Lake It Slow, New Hiking Program)**
- **Donate to our Annual Fireworks Appeal and/or consider LWA in your end-of-year giving**

The LWA is a 501c3 non-profit organization. Contributions are tax deductible to the fullest extent permitted by law.



My Favorite Summer Day

by Isabel Cowles Murphy

My mom, Christine Baranski Cowles, first saw our house on Lake Waramaug in January of 1999. She was looking for a modest, single-story home for her mother, Virginia, who needed to move nearer to family from upstate New York. As legend has it, the realtor showed Mom the empty, all-white house on a very grey, cold day. It was totally impractical and not at all what Mom was looking for, but staring at the vast expanse of frozen water, she was smitten.

There were many things we didn't know about the lake, and the next few summers held many happy surprises. I came to love the glorious slant of afternoon sunshine on West Shore Road—perfect for afternoon bicycling. Eggs for sale on the honor system at the base of the Robinson farm; a riot of peepers making June music during evening walks down Ash Swamp.

One July evening, enjoying a drink at the end of our long, grandfathered dock that extends into what feels like the center of the lake, my mother, father, sister, and I watched as boats gathered all around us with their red and green lights, music and children laughing, way past their bedtimes. What was happening?

The anticipation felt electric. Flares hissed all around us as the night got darker and darker.

Suddenly, a whining light snaked overhead and exploded into an enormous weeping willow. I don't think a single member of our family took a breath as we watched, awe-struck while the fireworks exploded one after another over our heads. Each display felt closer than the last. I remember jumping in and opening my eyes and watching the colors from the black velvet water—it felt too spectacular to be real.

Every year on July 4th, I have the same sense of wonder, even though I now know what to expect. It is especially poignant now that I get to sit on our dock with my husband and three sons who are eight, six, and three years old. My father died in 2014 and my sister lives in California, but when the sun begins to set and boats gather, I feel thrown back in time to all the years and all the people who've been on this dock to enjoy this celebration of summer. I watch my boys wriggle and grin, wondering, as we all are: *when will it start?* We sit among the competing radio stations and the dozens of happy voices bouncing over the waves and I feel that same youthful mix of



belonging and anticipation. This is our summer; here we all are, together, to celebrate this extraordinary place—Lake Waramaug. ■

NEW FOR 2022

Live Love Lake Waramaug

HELP PRESERVE THE NATURAL BEAUTY OF OUR LOCAL TREASURE

Lake Waramaug provides us all with an extraordinary sanctuary to connect with nature and make lifelong memories with family and friends. But to preserve the natural beauty of our lake and its surrounding areas now and for generations to come, we need to take steps today to **Live Love Lake Waramaug**—Lake Waramaug Association's new initiative to care for and enjoy our local treasure. *Your support will help:*



Lake It Grow

Support replanting of trees at the State Park lost to disease. Community campaign to increase native and buffer plantings at the shoreline to protect the health of the lake and enhance scenic beauty, including resources and presentations from local gardeners and landscape designers promoting erosion control, beautification, and geese deterrence.



Lake A Hike

A series of free guided hikes for all levels on the lake's watershed trails in Kent, Washington, and Warren to highlight our beautiful lake from different perspectives; support to improve trails and markers.



Lake it Low Impact

Safeguard our Lake's natural surroundings with advocacy, education, and awareness of best practices for our sustainable future in coordination with the towns, conservation organizations, real estate professionals, local businesses, visitors, and residents.

Interested in joining this new committee? Email Stacey at lakewarmaugassociation@gmail.com.

ICONS: COSMIC DESIGN/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM



A Place of Good Fishing

by Samuel Adams Beckett

Sam (age 22) is graduating this summer with a BS in communications from UW-Madison. Currently a freelance sound designer/engineer, Sam hopes to take his work to the mainstream music world as a composer and studio professional. He also specializes in the repair and restoration of vintage synthesizers and pro audio hardware.

I haven't fished on Lake Waramaug since my favorite bait shop closed several years ago. Many of my family members can attest to the dismay I felt when the Cozy Hills Shop, a small shed parked right off of Route 202, decided to take their business to sunnier states, where fishermen are more likely to cast their reels with live bait dangling from ends of their silvery hooks. I'm not sure what I was more upset about, the fact that my source of crayfish and minnows now had to come from my own wading within the nearby brooks and streams, or the fact that the photo I had of a massive 14-inch largemouth bass I had caught would no longer be memorialized on the shed's "wall of fame," where other fishermen boasted the impressive scaled trophies the bait had helped them reap. The absence of the shed is one neither my mother nor I will fail to point out whenever we pass the small pocket of forest where it once stood. That same pocket now serves as an imprint of past memories, or the catalyst for bits of small talk that help sweeten long drives to ice cream dates at Arethusa, or to Bantam Pizza for the continuation of a family-favorite Friday night tradition.

Of course, just because one bait shop closes doesn't mean that an entire practice vanishes with it. Summer evenings are still well spent with younger sisters and cousins dipping a cardinal red net into a glassy lake surface, eagerly waiting for any unsuspecting bluegill to indulge in the collection of bread-crumbs strategically dropped in front of our net's cave-like mouth. Occasionally, I will still grab a cup of nightcrawlers bought from the nearby gas station to be the liaison to any larger catches in the deeper parts of the lake, where I inevitably lay my casts as I gaze towards the orangey-purple hues of the sky, painted by our mother star, as eager to tuck her head beneath the horizon as I would be to tuck myself under my own bedsheets.

I suppose that my fishing on the lake was indicative of the way I made memories with my extended family during these warm summer days. As I would trap the lake's fish simply to fascinate myself with their long, slender forms

before promptly releasing them back to the glacial waters whence they came, so would we catch these small moments in time, enjoy in their beauty, and release them into the public record of summers past, already laden with past tales of lakeside ventures. Each year, I am taken aback by the paradoxical nature of New Preston living, an area that, in my mind, has both transformed extensively, and yet has simultaneously seemed almost completely unchanged. I hesitate to denote the act of fishing as indicative of any sort of ownership over the waters on which my family has lived for decades now, but I do consider it a way for me to "talk" to a lake that, to this day, anchors my own life experiences, both new and old. ■



Sam and his catch in 2012



LAKE IT SLOW 2.0

Thanks to your support, we have taken significant steps over the past 12 months to improve road safety for all who live, visit, and work around the Lake, and our efforts are ongoing.

- **Advocacy:** We met with the Selectmen of Washington, Warren, and Kent and members of the CT Department of Transportation. The Selectmen requested that the Office of the State Traffic Administration (OSTA) consider taking timely action on several critical safety improvements to the roads surrounding Lake Waramaug and submitted our LWA report (including more than 40 testimonials from you!) advocating for speed limit reduction on Route 45 and traffic calming measures (ie: adding crosswalks) at various locations. We will continue to keep you posted.
- **Enforcement:** From **Memorial Day through July 4th**, the three towns will have enhanced speed patrols by CT State Troopers and speed radars to ensure vehicles obey the posted speed limits around the lake roads.
- **Awareness & Education:** It's up to all of us to keep each other safe—and we can, if we LAKE IT SLOW. Remember to:
 - Drive at or below the posted legal speed limit.
 - Give a "Waramaug Wave" to show you see oncoming pedestrians and vehicles.
 - Watch out for walkers, runners, and cyclists around every curve.
 - Bike single file with traffic.
 - Run/Walk single file facing traffic—except at blind curves.
 - Display your LAKE IT SLOW lawn sign May 26–July 4th.

Lake It Slow lawn signs and "I Lake It Slow" car magnets are available for free. DM@LakeWaramaug on Instagram or email lakewaramaugassociation@gmail.com. ■



LAKE WARMAUG ASSOCIATION AND LAKE WARMAUG TASK FORCE CO-SPONSOR

Lake Waramaug Lectures

AT GUNN HISTORICAL MUSEUM

This spring, The Gunn Historical Museum in Washington presented a two-part lecture series on the History of Lake Waramaug: “A History of Lake Waramaug and the Generations of People Who Made it Their Own,” by Christine Adams, and “How The Lake Waramaug Task Force Brought the Lake Back From the Brink,” by Sean Hayden, Executive Director of the LWTF.

On April 18th, Adams, a former member of our Board of Directors currently serving on the Lake Waramaug Task Force, told the epic tale of Waramaug. The story encompasses those of indigenous people, colonists, industrialists, resort patrons and guests, weekenders, artists, and business owners to the lake residents of today, forming connections to those who enjoyed—and continue to enjoy—Waramaug.

First people inhabited our shores 10,000 years ago. Indigenous people have been constant stewards, and driven mostly by spiritual beliefs of animism, whereby both life and spirit are found in all people, places, objects, and animals. In the Native American experience, place is like a personage: important, and microcosmic. In retelling the tales of Waramaug’s storied past, Adams aimed to foster a similar regard for the Lake, one that is a “moveable feast” and an influential player in the individual lives of those who have spent any significant time lakeside.

The first European settlers to the Lake harnessed the resource for their economic survival. The powerful East Aspetuck River, the only outflow of the lake with an impressive 300 foot drop, provided power to as many as 21 mills in New Preston. With plentiful woodlands and a strong vein of iron ore, the Lake District would be an industrial center. After the Civil War and with the arrival of the railroad, the Lake transformed itself from a source of power to a recreational resource, when as many as 18 hotels, inns, and boarding houses opened here. This, in many eyes, was the “heyday” of Lake Waramaug. The population of the Lake District increased by the hundreds in the summertime, and was boarded up and sleepy during the cold weather months, while year-round residents relied on farming, catering to the local crowd during the off season.

It was during the “heyday” that Lake Waramaug Association had its beginnings. Stemming from a need to address the condition of the roads and safety on the water—items that surprisingly remain so. Garbage collection,



Water skiing on Lake Waramaug in 1914! Dr. Elizabeth Happel being pulled on an aquaplane, with the Hopkins Inn in the background. Note the bathing suit and the black silk stockings!

COLLECTION OF THE GUNN HISTORICAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, CT.

mail delivery and noise pollution were other concerns. Nelson Meade, who built his cottage on the East Shore in what was to become The Boulders Inn, was the Association’s First President and his concerns are very much like the ones tackled today by the organization.

In the 1970s, the condition of the lake was dire as a result of years of ignorance, neglect, and abuse. Waramaug was in an advanced state of eutrophication: that is, it was in imminent danger of dying. Janet Bates took action; a lifelong resident of the lake, Bates was dedicated to its protection, restoration, and preservation. She chaired the Lake Waramaug Task Force from its inception in 1975 through 1993 and served as a director of the Lake Waramaug Association from 1993–2008. She died in May of 2016, just shy of her 99th summer on the lake.

During the second lecture of the series, Sean Hayden described the Task Force’s exemplary efforts to bring Lake Waramaug back to health under Bates’s leadership. As early as the 1950s, the Lake showed clear signs of significant damage, and by the 1970s, it was literally pea-soup green due to blue-green algae blooms that were out of control. Contaminated

runoff, particularly from farms, septic systems, lawns, houses, and roads, made phosphorus levels soar, creating hazardous water quality conditions. Recreational activities on the lake had to be curtailed because of persistent toxic algae blooms, which endangered both humans and animals. Real estate values were plummeting and the future of the lake was in serious jeopardy.

The Task Force has developed and implemented many innovative water quality projects over the past four decades, including the first layer aeration system, which was installed in 1989. The positive impact was immediate.

One of the biggest concerns today for the Lake is climate change; as stronger storms pound our area, erosion is harder to control. Some solutions being explored include infusing oxygen in the aerators, more buffer plantings, and other avenues to prevent runoff, including the promotion of low impact development practices.

Both lectures have been recorded and will be available for viewing on YouTube (Gunn Historical Museum) and on Danbury’s Community Media Channel 23 on Comcast Cable. ■

An excerpt from “Ellie”

A SHORT STORY WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG GIRL FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF A NINE-YEAR-OLD WHO DESPERATELY WANTS TO GROW UP

by Mary Jo Keating

The fragrance of flowers is overwhelming my nose and eyes. A sense of wet sweetness comes about my head. Happiness and freedom, too, because Mama does not know where I am, as I left the house early and made my way down to the lake where I can escape before the sun comes up.

I try to remember how I got here. I could barely see in the damp dark. It had rained during the night, and I knew it would be slippery, so I scrunched down on my fanny and pushed with my legs. I did not want to fall. That would ruin everything. Mama will wake up back home and wonder where I am. Too bad.

I am lying near the lake now and the lily of the valley are keeping me company. They are wet, too, and melting in their white petals. I want to be here with them and get far away at the same time. Is that how it is when you are nine years old?

My name, for now, is Ellie. (When I am older I will change it to something dramatic like Sheila or Constance or Isobel.) It is just one of those things your parents give you and you have to live with for a while. I will also grow my hair long when I can. I have a Dad who is very quiet and embarrassed being around me as I get older and bigger. He thinks I smell funny, and sometimes I do. But he understands why I need to be alone. My little sister, Angevine, is six and looks and acts like the cutest elf you have ever seen. We get along, sometimes.

“Ellie!! Elliee!!” Oh drat. She found me. I sit up and find myself looking at my sister’s round face. She is smiling to show her missing teeth. “I knew where you would be,” she laughs haughtily. “I told them. Mama was screaming for you when she saw you weren’t in your bed. Now you’re in trouble.”

I peer up a bit higher and see Mama’s scowling face with clouds above her head. “Eleanor, you are a disaster,” she says. “How did you get down here? Your clothes are filthy. I was so scared. I have the car right here. Get in and we’ll drive back. Thank goodness Angie is smart and knew where to find you. What in heaven’s name were you trying to prove? Can’t you do anything right? Your father will be so angry. You’ll probably get sick. Is that what you want?”

I pull myself up and have some limp flowers clutched in my right hand. Might as well throw them on the ground. They’ll die anyway.

Angie scrambles her fat little legs into the car and plunks in her car seat. “I can fasten it myself, Mama!” Big deal. The vinyl sticks to my dirty wet legs. I want to get out of here. Dad will give me a sad, quiet look when we get home. I am such a loser. I can’t help myself. Do I ever do anything correctly?

We live in an old house in the woods on a hill up from the lake. I like it here because there are not a lot of people around with kids I have to compete with like in school. It is important to show up to class in the right outfit with cool sneakers. Mama does not understand that and she buys me clothes that are too babyish. Angie mostly wears my hand-me-downs with a tutu on top and she always looks cute. She has lots of friends on the bus, but I usually sit alone, unless Kyla, who has the kind of long hair that I want, will let me sit next to her. I have curly hair that is way too short.

“Get into the house and get cleaned up!” demands Mama as we pull into the driveway. “Good thing it is Saturday, or you’d be late for school.” The old bathroom is dark and the light doesn’t work over the sink, but that is ok. I really don’t want to know what I look like until I am ten

and I can grow my hair long. “She was down by the dock,” I hear Mama say.

“Yeah, what a goofball” echoes Angie. “And my eggs are getting cold waiting for her,” yells Dad. Oh boy, will he be mad when I get out of the bathroom. How I wish I could escape into one of my books—maybe a mystery story where I am grown up and wear high heels and a cool red suit and solve crimes.

“Elliee!!” Mama calls again. My hair is wet and my shirt is, too. Who cares?

I slip into my seat at the table next to Dad. “What ya been up to?” he chomps through his eggs.

“She’s been weird as usual.” Angie announces, then daintily bites her jelly toast.

I don’t answer and sip my pulpy orange juice and think about the last book I read. I pretend I am sitting at my private eye desk trying to piece together the mystery of who could have killed the lady found on the sidewalk with her shoes off and not a scratch on her body except for strangle marks at her neck.

“Elliee!!” I wake up and Mama is glaring at me across the table. It is never going to get better here. Until I am ten. Then it will be ok. Right? ■



ILLUSTRATION: SARASHOWALTER/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM



Did you know?



The Hopkins Inn and Restaurant & the Hopkins Vineyard

INTERVIEW BY MARIA MOSTAJO

I have visited both the Hopkins Inn and Restaurant and the Hopkins Vineyard overlooking Lake Waramaug in Warren many times, and have always been curious about the history of these historic lake businesses. I recently chatted with Beth Schober and Judy Hopkins.

Until the 1930's the farm and Inn were owned by Hopkins cousins William and George. Today and for the last forty-plus years, the Inn and restaurant have been owned and run

by Franz and Beth Schober. Their son, Toby Fossland, has worked alongside them since 1991. The vineyard was founded in the late 70's by Judy and Bill Hopkins. They recently sold it to their daughter Hilary Hopkins Criollo and her husband Jorge ("George") Criollo.

Judy described the Hopkins family as "life-long and multi-generational farmers". Their history in Warren began in 1787, when Elijah Hopkins returned from the Revolutionary War,



Judy & Bill Hopkins 1980.

PHOTO BY LAURIE O'NEILL



Bill Hopkins on a tractor 1979

and with his family raised sheep and grew grain crops on the farm. Subsequent generations grew the farmland, where they bred race-horses and added tobacco, and later it became a dairy farm with cows and sheep, and spread over three towns, but was always kept and maintained by the Hopkins family. Bill's father, William Hopkins, took over the running of the dairy farm in 1956 and sadly died when Bill was just 18 years old. Bill immediately took the reins and Judy tells of the hard but rewarding work she, Bill and their family shared, first with the milking of several hundred cows and then beginning in the late 1970's when they took a chance by selling the cows and transforming the farm into a vineyard.

Q: Judy, what was the reason for switching from a dairy farm to planting grapes and developing a vineyard?

Judy proudly described that their main motivation behind selling the dairy farm was their love for the land and Lake Waramaug, and the realization that their farm was causing harm to the lake. "We are farmers and that was not going to change," she told me. The cost for fuel to operate the large machinery on the dairy farm was rapidly increasing and in 1978 Connecticut passed the Farm Winery Act, which allowed



farmers growing grapes to sell wine directly to consumers rather than just for themselves. Judy and Bill saw this as a chance to continue farming and do something about their concern that cow waste was polluting Lake Waramaug.

Judy remembers being out on the lake on their boat back then and noticing that it looked like “pea soup”. She was involved with the Lake Waramaug Task Force at that time and spoke admiringly about so many who served on the board, but especially of Bud Pennington, Bob Frost (both have since passed away), and Janet Bates, whom she described, “helped us learn and pushed things forward.” Judy continued, “they were smart, the gentlemen were engineers, and they worked tirelessly even though they were retired. They had people from all the towns helping. They wanted to clean the lake without using chemicals.” She went on to describe that she and Bill wanted to do their part as well, “We just loved the lake and did not want to harm it and so we sold our cows. Bill and I, with help from our family, did it ourselves at first. People thought we were crazy.” They liked wine, had an entrepreneurial nature, and believed they had the right land. “We had the hill and the land”, she laughed. They brought in soil scientists, beginning with only five acres but within a few years of planting their first grapes they were up to 30. It took them 4-5 years before they saw actual production and brought in juice in the beginning to make wine. Today, they grow 11 types of grapes and produce 7,000 cases of wine each year.

Q: How did you decide to buy or take over the business?

Beth shared that she and Franz were married in 1975 and that it was his dream to one day own a restaurant. She explained that Franz, who was born and trained in Austria, had first immigrated to Canada and then to the US. Apparently, Franz had made some German speaking friends along the way and met the Swiss couple that was looking to sell the Hopkins Inn and Restaurant to move out west. Beth, who was a librarian at the time, took their son Toby out of school and drove from New Canaan with Franz to Warren “to have a look”. It was on that day that she promised Franz that she would, “stick with it” and work alongside him—and she has done just that for 46 years.

Similarly, Judy shared that she and Bill were married in 1965 and that she worked alongside him until just recently.

Q: Beth, tell me something people would be surprised to know about you and Franz?

Beth got a kick out of my question and said, “you want to know our secrets, we don’t have any.” She then began to tell me that they are tied to their business because the inn is open year round but that each year when the restaurant closes for a few months she and Franz return to Austria “to the place where Franz did his apprenticeship,” in Maria Lankowitz. She told me that they now own a condo in that very town; that it once was an old square castle that

had also been a school that Franz attended. She went on to describe that while the town is small it is also known for having turned former coal mines into a lake and a golf course. She also shared that she and Franz skied until recently.

Q: Tell me a little bit about the business and the people that run it?

Beth and Franz have been running the restaurant and inn for close to 50 years. She described that when they first bought it people were not as impressed with the interior as they are today. “I like to talk to our guests and am struck with how they appreciate the building as truly a country inn,” to which I responded, “it is authentic”. She laughed and said, “Yes, that’s a good word for it.” She went on to tell me that it was not heated when they bought it and they have done some renovations over the years, including adding heat to winterize it. She also told me that while she enjoys it, running the business has been consuming. Franz, who will turn 90 this year, no longer works, except occasionally, but he did until just recently. She told me that she and Franz are so grateful for their staff, many of whom have been with them for decades. Chefs Toby Fosslund (also their son) and Franz Reiter have worked together for over thirty years; Ryan began when he was only sixteen years old and Sue has been with them for over twenty years. “And many others, that return each season,” she told me. Another nugget that I did not know about is that during the off season when the restaurant is closed staff make the restaurant’s salad dressing.

Judy also described how physically difficult farming work was, but that she and Bill found it very fulfilling and truly loved working and living there. As about a little over a year ago, she and Bill are now no longer working in the fields. They continue to live just next to the barn and still help out when they can. She proudly described that eight generations of Hopkins have cared for the farmland and that all her children and many of her grandchildren have worked in the vineyard. She recalled, “Hilary has been involved her whole life and so that is why it was an easy transition for her to take it over.” She and Bill wanted the family to work and live together and for the business to stay in the family—and it has.

Presently, Hilary and her husband George run the vineyard. “We are open every day and the winemaking goes on all year. We have one winemaker, three people in the vineyard, and half a dozen people on weekends in the tasting room,” Judy reported. Jim Baker, the wine-maker, has been with them for decades and can be seen regularly around the vineyard and tasting room. ■



From left, Hopkins Inn’s Franz Reiter, Toby Fosslund, and Beth and Franz Shober.

PHOTO BY WALTER KIDD



Coming Events

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 9:30AM Lake A Hike: 'Little Waramaug Rock' at Lake Waramaug State Park

First in a series of new LWA guided hikes: The best little hike hidden in plain sight! If you've never camped at the State Park, you might not know there is a one mile trail that leads to a spectacular bird's eye view of the ridge line on the west side of the lake and surrounding farmland. Afterwards, join us for coffee and say hello to our new park supervisor, Steven Merchant, at OutPost Eats—the State Park's new seasonal eatery. Register/more info at www.waramaugassoc.org/lakeahike.
Rain date Sunday, June 12, 9:30am

SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 2:00PM Plant Natives 101

Come learn from master gardener, Rebecca Gerlin, and landscape designer, Scott Weaver. Learn what is truly a native plant and why they are important to use in a residential landscape with an emphasis on buffer plantings around lakes, ponds, and waterways for beautification, erosion control, non-source pollution uptake, and reduction of geese, with recommendations on the use of natives in the lawn and lawn to meadow conversion. Native plant resources including growing conditions, bloom time, and sorted by type will be provided; all participants will receive a Native plant. This is a free in-person event and limited to 15 people. Email mostajom@gmail.com to RSVP.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 10:30AM 105th Annual Membership Meeting

To be held in person at the Lake Waramaug Country Club. LWA updates & initiatives will be discussed, plus a state-of-the-Lake presentation by Sean Hayden, Executive Director of the Lake Waramaug Task Force. Refreshments will be served.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18 Boat Ramp Summer Hours Begin

June 18–Labor Day, September 5th
Friday–Monday: 6am–Sunset
Tuesdays–Thursdays: 10am–5pm

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 9:30AM Lake A Hike: Waramaug Rock (AKA 'The Pinnacle')

CO-SPONSORED BY THE STEEP ROCK ASSOCIATION
Join us for a moderately challenging guided hike, approx. 4 miles. Start/finish at the Macricostas parking lot on Christian Street. Learn from an SRA guide about the ecological gem of the Macricostas preserve and Meeker Swamp. Delight in songbirds, butterflies, wildlife, and incredible views! Breakfast will await you at Pinnacle Rock and refreshments will be available at SRA's Camp House at the end. Registration required at steeprockassoc.org.
Rain date Sunday, July 10, 9:30am

SUNDAY, JULY 3 Fireworks Spectacular

Get ready to celebrate with our annual 'Rim the Lake with Flares' at 9:00pm followed by a fireworks display starting at 9:30pm. More details coming soon!
Rain date: Saturday, September 3rd

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 9:30AM Lake A Hike: East Kent Hamlet Preserve

CO-SPONSORED BY THE KENT LAND TRUST
Come out for a fantastic woodland tour, led by a Kent Land Trust guide. Learn how the health of the surrounding hillside environment impacts our lake waters. We will also bask in the splendor of a 50' waterfall, the forested hill-tops, amazing lake vistas, and more. Approx. 2–3 miles. Easy/ moderate.
Rain date Sunday, August 7, 9:30am ■



PHOTO: IN GREEN/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM

COMING SOON! New Lake Waramaug Merch * Water Safety Summer Tips

CONNECT WITH US

Instagram: @lakewaramaug Tag us @lakewaramaug #lakewaramaug—and be sure to tag your canine companion photos #DogsOfWaramaug for a chance to be featured in our story. Find us on Facebook: LakeWaramaugAssociation.



Visit our website www.waramaugassoc.org for tons of Lake Waramaug info, resources, fascinating articles, and more. Sign up for our email list to stay up to date on news & events.



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