Way at the end of the road lies the beginning for many kids with disabilities, a camp called ‘The Painted Turtle’.

Like ‘The Bridge School,’ which could be considered a sister organization in spirit, Painted Turtle was born out of a special love and a real need. At these schools and camps, both the children and their parents have found love, understanding and support.

Of course, after playing The Bridge School concerts for so many years, it was a great feeling to be playing my music at ‘The Painted Turtle’ where the life of our families is celebrated and nurtured by founders Page and Lou Adler.

Taking the stage for my solo acoustic set, I played the same three songs that always opened the Bridge School Concerts, ‘Sugar Mountain’, ‘I am a Child’ and ‘Comes a Time.’ Then at the end, I was along-side Nora Jones and we sang ‘Harvest Moon’ just before this year’s Harvest Moon rose in the night sky. That was followed by Norah and I doing “The Losing End’. It was a beautiful trip!

In a family there is really nothing like having a child, a new life that is now part of your own life. When your child is born, he or she is a gift. Some children come to life with special needs and The Painted Turtle camp, like The Bridge School, was built for the families of these children. These are places where love and support is everywhere for the parents, who have journeyed through life to learn so much from having one of these incredible and teaching children. This ‘life gift’ is a great experience, never to be forgotten.

At these camps and schools, our families are celebrated with love and understanding, along with a sense of exploration of the unknown, coming from inside our hearts.

The Painted Turtle concert is unique. The crowd is not huge, with room to move around. It fits in the beautiful facility that is The Painted Turtle. It’s a laid back affair that raises significant funds for the camp and school.

Thanks to everyone who supported both organizations through this concert. I hope The Painted Turtle camp and The Bridge School last forever.

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Letter archived on Neil’s website