Camp St. Albans Viking Boat Head Name Finalist



1) **Freya**

   In Norse mythology, Freyja (Old Norse "(the) Lady") is a goddess associated with love, beauty, fertility, war, gold, and seiðr (magic for seeing and influencing the future). We need Freya's magic to help guide us to the next 90 years for St. Albans.

2) **Seafury**

   Vikings sailed the seas exploring and adventuring with gusto. They tried new things with courage confidence and character just like our Girl Scout Youth. Seafury guided them on their journeys like their sea loving friend Serindipty.

3) **Nitti**

   Nitti is the direct translation of "ninety" in Norwegian. We are celebrating the ninetieth anniversary of St Albans and these are Viking Boats. It follows that we should be looking for a Scandinavian name. Finnish is yhdeksankymmenta with umlauts over the A's.

4) **Luminaqua**

   Far to the north, where the sea is dark and deep and the waves wear crowns of ice, lived Luminaqua, a sea monster from the North Sea. Wherever Luminaqua swam, she trailed behind her a glowing ribbon of luminaria—soft, shimmering light that danced like underwater fireflies. She was born in the waters of Scandinavia, covered with cool blue scales, but she was always cold in the northern lands of her birth.

   The northern waters were beautiful, but they were quiet and very chilly. Luminaqua often wrapped her fins around herself and gazed south, wondering what lay beyond the ice. She dreamed of adventure—of warmer water, friendly laughter, and places where her light could sparkle with joy instead of freezing into fog.

One day, seeking her own future, Luminaqua gathered her courage and set off. She swam past rocky coasts and through wide oceans, crossed rolling waves and fought strong currents, but as she swam the water slowly grew warmer, and Luminaqua felt something new bubbling inside her: excitement.

At last, she arrived in the Pacific Northwest, where tall trees leaned close to the water as if sharing secrets through the wind that whispered in their branches. There, tucked gently among the green hills, was Camp St. Albans, home to Lake Devereaux. The lake shimmered like a mirror, and Luminaqua slipped into it with a happy sigh, staring upward at the dogwood flowers and aspen leaves as she floated near the shore.

She was not alone, from the shores she found new friends in the many gnomes that lived among the trillium, ferns and peeling cedar trunks. In the water she met Helmwega sliding from beneath the limb of a Douglas fir, Lucerne who shared the secrets of the boat house, Gerhilda who understood the knowledge of the changing seasons, and Esol who emerged from the shadows with scales as dark as a raven and a heart as big as the sky. Together with their friends they greeted Luminaqua with songs and laughter, a diverse and joyful community of friends, each unique, each kind.

Throughout the year they frolicked through the lake, splashing and spinning as Luminaqua's ribbon of luminaria painted glowing loops in the water. When the children came to visit Camp St. Albans, sharing the water with Luminaqua and her friends, their eyes sparkled like the sunlight on the water and the glowing lights that danced behind Luminaqua as she moved.

For the first time, Luminaqua was warm—not just in her fins, but in her heart. She had followed her dream across the seas and found something even better than adventure.

She had found home.