



GLACIER CAMP NEWS

[Jesus] said to them, "Come away to a secluded place all by yourselves and rest a while." – Mark 6.31

UPCOMING EVENTS:

**Summer TIM Talks:
"Journeying with Jesus
-- Adventures in
Proclaiming the
Kingdom of God"**

When -- July 10-12

Where -- Glacier Camp

Join us for the Summer edition of TIM Talks as we explore Luke's travelogue (Luke 9-19) which takes Jesus and his followers on their roundabout way from Galilee to Jerusalem. See pp 10-11 for more information.

Mark Your Calendars:

**Autumn TIM Talk --
September 18-20**

Come to the Waters

**SFTS/Glacier Camp
Partnership Resumes
November 6-8 with Dr.
Wendy Farley**

Camp Kicks Off!

It was a dark and stormy night. The welcome moisture (coming from eastern Montana, I will never complain about rain) made starting the evening campfire difficult -- if not impossible.

Although this is my fourth year as Camp Director, I never get tired of witnessing the big and the little dramas which make up the first actual moments of our camping season.

For me and for our returning campers, the routine is familiar -- slipping into it is as comfortable as putting on my favorite pair of worn-out jeans. For new campers, there is a certain hesitancy. And you can almost see the questions



ELIJAH LEADS ENERGIZERS

manifest on their faces. What is this all about? Am I really going to like it? Are these friendly young adults really as crazy as they seem when they are doing their skits?

Of course, the hesitancy doesn't just belong to the kids. The longest faces at the end of registration sometimes belong to the parents. And as they walk back towards the parking lot, the time that stretches from now to Saturday when they will be back to pick their kids up must seem like an eternity.

I can't speak for parents. But for the kids nothing chases away hesitancy like a few games, followed by a good dinner, and then the first highlight of the evening: the swim test. The water wasn't very warm but at least the rain held off long enough for everyone to



ELIJAH REFLECTS ON JOURNEYING WITH JESUS



LAKE LODGE LIGHTS WARM UP A COOL, DAMP NIGHT

be put through their paces.

Then more field games and of course a snack and the last highlight of the evening: campfire worship.

The rain dampened Mariah's best efforts to coax a warm and roaring campfire out of the damp wood. But we all shivered together as we sang and prayed and listened as Elijah challenged us to leave behind whatever baggage keeps us from completely following Jesus.

Work Weekend Highlights

“Whatever your hand finds to do, do with your might!” -- Ecclesiastes 9.10a

Most of the good people who labored through the second weekend in June were probably unfamiliar with the mandate from Ecclesiastes 9.10 (outside of its poem about time in chapter 3, the witness of Ecclesiastes is largely ignored). But even so, they were faithful to its edict and embraced the joyous calling of labor in that part of God’s kingdom known as Glacier Camp. Lots of Scripture texts came to my mind as I worked and watched the labor go on all around me.

“Clean out the old yeast so that you may be a new batch, as you really are unleavened.” -- 1 Corinthians 5.7

“Clean!” I first learned this admonition not from the Bible’s sacred witness or from



WHITEFISH FRIENDS TACKLED THE CHALLENGE OF CLEANING CABINS.

experiences at work camp but from the mandates of my mother which (as a messy little boy) got repeated to me ad infinitum. You could say that my mother was a cleanliness evangelist and she would have fit right in with the good folks of Whitefish. They devoted most of the morning and the better part of the afternoon on Saturday to cleaning, scrubbing, sweeping, wiping, and dusting our cabins -- getting them all ready for the counselor and kids. Mom would have loved it. To paraphrase her philosophy: “Clean cabins are happy cabins.” And after the Whitefish folk got through cleaning them, I would

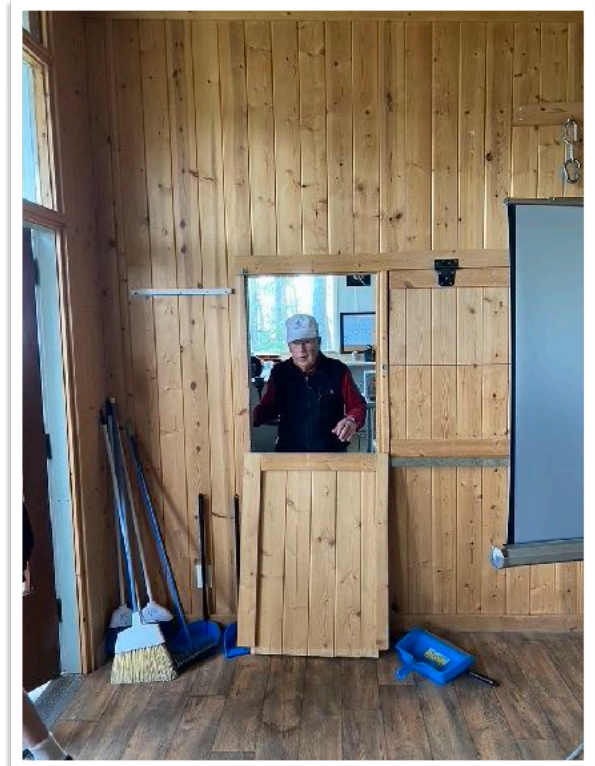
say that Glacier Presbytery Camp had the happiest cabins on the Lake!

“I am doing a great work and I cannot come down.” -- Nehemiah 6.3 This year’s Nehemiah Award for marathon work camp participation goes to Elroy and Lucille Letcher and Don Tibbs. Elroy and Lucille were so anxious to get to work they came early, on Thursday, and didn’t leave until the pressure washer ran out of fuel late Monday morning. Don Tibbs arrived at camp Saturday. But he stayed through Tuesday -- working, working,

and working some more. They pulled weeds, planted flowers, pulled more weeds, fixed the handrail on the outside stairs of Spruce Lodge, worked on wiring in the Lake Lodge, pressure washed the outside of Spruce Lodge, and dug drainage channels to keep the rain from washing out the road. To them, and to everyone who helped, we declare: "Well done good and faithful servants."



DON WORKING WITH HIS BACKHOE



ELROY @ WORK IN LAKE LODGE

"The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom; like the crocus it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing."
-- Isaiah 35.1-2a

The most visible change visitors may notice -- whether they go to Spruce or Lake Lodge -- are the flowers. For the first time in three years, flower baskets return to the deck and car port of Spruce Lodge. They bring back a simple but elegant beauty which had been missing during the period of the deck's reconstruction. "I can't



ENJOY THE FLOWERS WITH YOUR CUP OF COFFEE THE NEXT TIME YOU VISIT CAMP

really describe it,” someone shared with me, “but the flowers have that special touch. They make this place feel whole again.” Perhaps you will find yourself feeling the same way as you visit the Camp this Summer and enjoy a cup of coffee along with the beautiful flowers in the hanging baskets.

Meanwhile, at Lake Lodge, all the energy and effort over the last few years had been dedicated to inside projects -- particularly rehabbing the apartment, reclaiming usable space on the upper and lower levels, and working on the plumbing. If the outside of the lodge was not neglected, let’s just say it was in need of some love. And that is what workers brought when



ABUNDANT BLOSSOMS INSTEAD OF OVERGROWN GREET OUR LAKE LODGE GUESTS

they came. Lake Lodge is where camp registration takes place. That means it is the first (and sometimes the only) building on our campus that parents might see. If they arrived in 2020 or 2021, these people were greeted by a flowerbed over grown with weeds. The weeds were cut or mowed or whacked down with a trimmer. But they were still there. And even though I am largely illiterate when it comes to the feng-shui of flowers, I know that thistles aren’t plants that say “Welcome!” Now pansies, marigolds, and irises along with rich, black soil greet our Lake Lodge guests.

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Reflections on Staff Training 2022

For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and do not return there until they have watered the earth, making it bring forth and sprout, giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goes out from my mouth; it shall not return to me empty, but it shall accomplish that which I purpose, and succeed in the thing for which I sent it. -- Isaiah 55.10-11

There are obvious parallels between parish ministry and my ministry as a camp director. But as I think about it, there are even more parallels between camping ministry and farming. Even though, as a general rule, I make a better rancher than a farmer, I share these observations in the midst of this year's staff training -- in my fourth season as director of Glacier Presbytery Camp.

Year-Round Preoccupation. Anyone who is familiar with agriculture can tell you that farming is much more than planting in the Spring and harvesting in the Fall. You think and worry and hope and pray about it all year long -- whether you are in the dead of Winter or in the late Spring. The same principle applies to camping ministry. There is the super-busy time that comes in June and July but those two months and how they will go preoccupy your thoughts all year long.

Every year is different. Although routines become familiar and what was done last year can provide a template for what needs to be done this year, no two years are the same. You can hope that the good things which happened last year will happen again this year. But to assume they will is as foolish as assuming that a perfect 1.75 inches of evenly spaced precipitation will fall during the month of June. Those things just don't happen. You constantly have to think and anticipate, adapt and change. Farming and camping ministry are inherently



STAFF COVENANT -- ETHICS APPROPRIATE FOR CAMPING AND FARMING

uncertain endeavors. You can never predict what will happen so you have to be prepared for anything.

The weather is always a factor. Is rain a good thing or a bad thing? Here is where farming and camping ministries might disagree. For the dry land farmer, whose drought-stricken crop last year eked out a yield that was only around 60% of average, the only bad rainstorms in June are the ones that include hail. For camping ministry leaders, a three day soaker in the middle of June is more of a challenge than a blessing. Carefully made plans fall away like dominos as schedules that you have carefully cultivated and arranged now need to be shuffled and juggled.



WEATHER AS A FACTOR: RAIN MOVED CANOE TRAINING INDOORS. CHESNEY AND LILY HAVE A GOOD TIME LEARNING ANYWAY.

Inherent Uncertainty. For all the advancements in agriculture over the last fifty years, farming remains an uncertain business. Even with all the technology at your disposal, you just don't know what is going to happen to the seed you plant. There are so many variables between the time you plant and the time you harvest. Camping ministry -- like any evangelical endeavor -- shares the same uncertainty. You do your very best to plant seeds of faith in hope, hope in a future harvest. And like the farmer, the camp director and staff must ultimately trust in the Lord to provide the increase.

Joy at Harvest. To a dry land farmer, no sensation is so compelling as driving a combine as it labors through a field of fifty bushel/acre wheat. From the cab, you can listen and watch as the wheat kernels make their way through the thresher and the sieves into the bin. You don't need the alert system to tell you when the bin is full and needs to be unloaded because you have been watching it all along. And there is great joy when the grain truck pulls up beside you and the augur struggles to move all the grain from the combine to the truck because there is so much of it. "This is what we work for all year long!" a friend told me as we watched his wheat unload from the combine into the truck.

Harvest happens in a different way with camping ministry. Perhaps the biggest difference is that the planted seeds mature individually, not all at once. And sometimes you plant seeds that might take years to bear fruit and to



JOY IN ANTICIPATION OF HARVEST -- PRAISING GOD IN WORSHIP



SPRING WHEAT ALMOST READY TO HARVEST

bring joy to a harvester who is not you. Sometimes I get to experience that joy, as a camp alum will explain: “That week I had at camp when I was a kid really changed my life!” Other times, I help the counselors and Summer staff scatter seed and nurture it -- by reassuring a homesick camper or trying to help that restless little girl work on her Bible study assignment. The seeds are planted, always in faith. And by the grace of God, we can sometimes even see them take root and grow. And you find joy in the anticipation of the harvest.

“Those who go out weeping, bearing the seed for sowing, shall come home with shouts of joy, carrying their sheaves.” -- Psalm 126.6

TIM Talks -- Summer 2022

Dates: July 10-12, 2022

Location: *Glacier Presbyterian Center (The Camp!)*

Leader: Rev. Tim Lanham

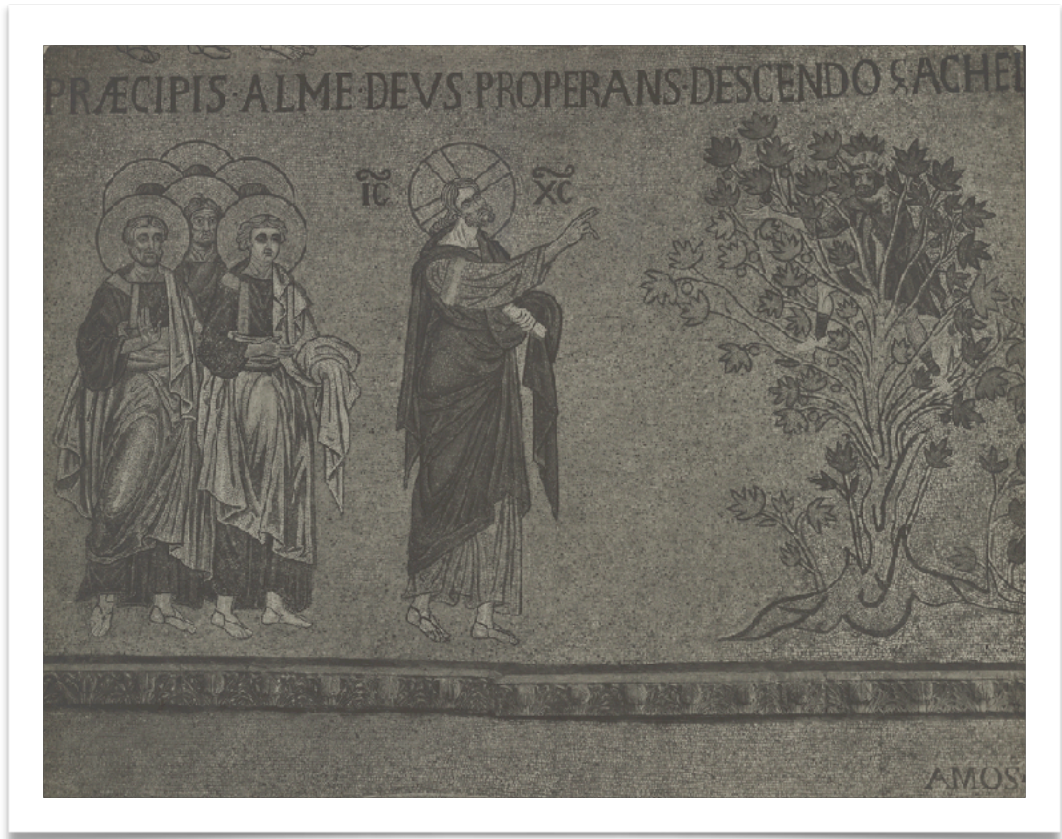
“Journeying with Jesus -- Adventures in Proclaiming the Kingdom of God”

“When the days drew near for [Jesus] to be taken up, he set his face to go to Jerusalem. And he sent messengers ahead of him.” -- Luke 9.51-52b

The Summer TIM (Theology in Ministry) Talks of 2022 are scheduled for July 10-12. Join us as we journey with Jesus on his circuitous route to Jerusalem. Luke will be our travel guide -- particularly Luke chapters 9-19 -- as we accompany Jesus and his

followers from Capernaum in Galilee to the thresholds of Jerusalem and the Lord’s passion.

Don’t expect an easy journey! We will encounter challenging and demanding people: an attorney who seeks to justify himself and ends up asking



Mosaic from St. Mark's Basilica depicting the Calling of Zacchaeus by Fratelli Alinari ca 1900

Jesus a question he will regret, a woman who is healed and given by Jesus a title that appears nowhere else in Scripture: “daughter of Abraham,” and of course that famous “wee-little man” (and notoriously corrupt tax collector) we learned about in the church school song -- Zacchaeus.

We will also look at concepts and ideas that develop through Jesus’ teaching and conversations with various people in this journey that wanders through Samaria, east of the Jordan, and down into Jericho before reaching Jerusalem. The Kingdom of God, religious corruption and hypocrisy, end times -- these and other topics will enliven our discussions and help us delve more deeply into Luke’s evangelical witness.

As always, our time together will include good food and good fellowship. Thanks to the generous sponsorship of the Omaha Seminary Foundation, scholarships are available -- so don’t let the cost get in the way of your participation. Sign up online (<https://www.glaciercamp.org/adult-programs>) or email timothy@glaciercamp.org to register.

To help offset painfully high fuel prices, all Glacier Presbytery pastors and CREs have the opportunity to attend tuition free. Full tuition scholarships are also available for anyone traveling more than 100 miles to Camp. Other scholarships are available -- for more information contact timothy@glaciercamp.org.

Schedule:

July 10:

- 4:00 Arrive
- 5:30 Dinner
- 7:00 Lecture



OMAHA
PRESBYTERIAN
SEMINARY
FOUNDATION

July 11:

- 9:00 Breakfast
- 10:00 Lecture
- 12:30 Lunch
- 1:00 Lecture
- 3:30 Lecture
- 5:30 Dinner



To Register:

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Call – 406-844-2114
.....

Email - timothy@glaciercamp.org
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On-Line -- <https://www.glaciercamp.org/adult-programs>
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July 12:

- 8:30 Breakfast
- 10:00 Lecture
- 12:30 Sack lunch

We are very grateful for the support of this program from the Omaha Seminary Foundation

Director's Reflections

Scattered Thoughts On Lilacs, and The Fugitive Glory of All Mortal Things

A voice says, "Cry out!" And I said, "What shall I cry?"¹

The lilacs bloom... Or, better yet, they explode in flourishes of deep purple or brilliant white which appear suddenly, as if out of nowhere. And these quotidian bushes that mostly appear dead or simply ordinary with their heart-shaped green leaves abruptly begin to teem with these delicate flowers. Their musky aroma mingles with the warm air of a late Spring evening. And I am made to wonder if this is what Paradise is like.

This panoply of beauty comes so quickly and so suddenly -- as when a snowy and frozen Spring in a single day surrenders at last to the irresistible forces of warmth and sunshine. The sun blazes brightly from its prospect, high in the midst of a deep blue sky. Winter's scattered remnants are pounded into submission. The evening air which has been so cold for so long is now pleasantly warm.

And I find myself compelled to stand outside in wonder of it all. Is it a dream, a fleeting dream or is this really real? The lilac's flowers wave in the gentle breeze. The vivid colors exquisitely compliment the blue sky and the green grass. And the beauty of this singular moment makes the long journey through Winter's dark and cold days seem worthy of the struggle, if just for this little while. It is as if some divine switch has been thrown. And creation, in response, comes alive.

All flesh is grass, its constancy is like the flower of the field. The grass withers, the flower fades, when the breath of the Lord blows upon it;

Then, so quickly, the lilacs fade... A moment, a single moment in time is all it takes for these blooms to fade away. The deep purple decays until its color exists only as a faint and faded memory. The white lilacs are bound to a similar trajectory. Their brilliance ebbs away and then, before a person can understand or grasp which is happening, the flowers are gone. All gone. Their transient beauty soon passes away.



LILAC BLOSSOMS OUTSIDE THE OLD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH -- WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA

¹ The italicized text is from Isaiah 40.6-8

And the lilac bushes, which once flourished with color and life, are suddenly plain again. The leaves, just ordinary and green, will live on into Autumn. Then too, they will shrivel and fade and ultimately get cast away by the cold wind which comes with October. And even though this place where I stand is still June, those shadows reach out from the future to send a chill across my soul.

While the words -- the ancient, plaintive words of the prophet echo through the stillness. At first, I listen and they make me feel sad. I find myself compelled to grieve the fugitive glory of lilacs and other living things. The fate and destiny of the created order is embedded in that inexorable cycle of living and dying, of flourishing and decaying. It doesn't matter whether we are flowers, grass, or flesh. All are bound to this trajectory.

surely the people are grass. The grass withers, the flower fades;

I feel myself fading along with the lilacs. Perhaps the phenomenon is one of time. For the months and the seasons, the years and the decades not only add up, they take their toll. My youth (and the vigor inherent in it) has long since gone the way of the grass and the flowers. The years add up. And I can feel the heavy weight of time's burden.

All at once, I am tired -- so very tired.

And in this moment, I also feel lost -- so very lost along this trajectory which reaches from here to eternity. Is there a way out of this wilderness? Can I find a path which leads beyond this unyielding destiny of grass and flowers and flesh? What hope is there in this world where time's relentless and irresistible force strips the created world of all its collective but also transitory glories?

Inside of me, somewhere, the struggle becomes overwhelming. Like Jacob along the River Jabbok, I realize that I cannot prevail over the force against which I struggle. To deny this reality is to deny my identity and thus my very place in the divinely blessed order of creation. Fading is the flower's destiny, and mine. And that fading fragility is what makes life's fleeting beauty all the more precious.

but the word of our God will stand forever.

Beyond all this is that promise. And as the shadows at the close of this long Summer's day fade into twilight, I remember that promise. And I hold it near to my heart. The fading glory of all things -- of grass and flowers and flesh ultimately surrenders to the Word, that Word of our God which stands forever. In this mortal darkness, there is that light which shines and refuses to be overcome.

It points beyond our mortal transience toward that place of forever. I wonder of it all, as a breeze stirs the soft night air. The wind whispers the promise of the Lord himself. "Heaven and earth will pass away, but my words will not pass away."² A gentle darkness hurries in all around me. And there is grace.

Tim Lanham, Director

² Mark 13.31