



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:

Lenten On-Line Bible Study

Our Lenten On-line Bible Study begins on **February 26**. We will be studying Deuteronomy and its impact on Jewish life and worship -- particularly in relation to conflicts with Jesus. To sign up contact timothy@glaciercamp.org

Demo-Day: April 15

Come help us clean up the camp grounds, burn out the burn piles, and knock down an old cabin! See article inside.

TIM Talks 2023

"Where Shall Wisdom Be Found?" -- the inaugural TIM Talk is set for **April 16-18**. We will look at the different perspectives on Wisdom in Proverbs and Ecclesiastes.

Memorial services for Gigi Lanham will be held **April 18** @ 11.00 am at Vesper Point.

Winterfest

2023

With God, All Things Are Possible!

by Tim Lanham, Glacier Camp Director



KEYNOTE SPEAKER AARON VAN BROCKLIN DISCUSSES FREEDOM IN CHRIST

In the midst of planning meetings and discussions, there was a point where Winterfest seemed impossible. Only one kid had signed up. Interest didn't seem to be there. And we had to ask ourselves the question -- is it worth the time and expense to put on? Answering that question now that Winterfest 2023 is wrapped up, the obvious answer is , most enthusiastically, "YES!"

The effort and expense which went into Winterfest 2023 was richly blessed with copious amounts of fun, sharing, play, and reflection on that most important of lessons first



revealed to Mary (and the theme for our 2023 camping season) -- a lesson that "with God, nothing will be impossible." (Luke 1.37) Thirteen Middle and High School youth participated, including one who came all the way from Dillon to be part of the fun. In addition to Aaron, two Summer Staff alums (from the 2020 season) -- Daniel and Hannah Moore -- helped direct the action and energy. Events and

FRIDAY NIGHT ENERGIZERS

activities were planned under the very capable direction of Megan Newbury.

Perhaps the most compelling reflection on the event was made by late Saturday evening. A wonderful dinner was followed by some music and Aaron's reflections. The craft activity for the night was "Decorate Your Own Cupcake." The only thing better than covering a cupcake with a thick layer of frosting and lots of pretty sprinkles was the chance to devour the art we had just created. This was followed by a game or two of trivia. And then, the group got ready to head downstairs for some gaga ball and an affirmation circle.

Before this transition, there was an evening snack. I found Lori in the kitchen -- getting a supplement to the planned snack ready to share with the kids. Her reflections struck me and I still think about what she said. "These kids are so hungry!"



THESE KIDS ARE SO HUNGRY! LORI AND AARON SERVE BREAKFAST



PERFECT WEATHER FOR OUTDOOR GAMES

That statement was true in a literal sense. The kids -- particularly the boys -- were at an age where they grow so fast they devour everything set before them. In one or two cases, it might have been that the kids came from homes where food wasn't plentiful or available in abundant proportions. "These kids are so hungry!"

But Lori's statement struck me as something that was as true for these kids on an emotional and spiritual level as it was in the physical sense. "These kids are so hungry!" In one of Aaron's reflections, he spoke of how the pandemic had affected him. Many heads nodded as he



talked about the problems of loneliness and isolation which were as much a part of the pandemic as face masks and vaccine boosters. Several kids even shared stories about their own



SMILES OVER SATURDAY'S DINNER



GRACE BEFORE A MEAL

struggles -- the events they missed, difficulties with school, and hardships of being isolated from family and friends.

Life in the year 2023 is hard enough, especially for young people. The pandemic took those ordinary hardships and

intensified them exponentially. "These kids are so hungry!" After Lori made that comment, I

noticed that hunger finding satisfaction as the kids interacted over meals, games, crafts, and quiet time. I doubt that any of the Winterfest participants knew that they were fulfilling the biblical mandate of Psalm 34.8. But truly, they were able to “taste and see that the Lord is good” and, in the process they realized the subsequent beatitude: “Happy are those who take refuge in him.”



HAVING FUN CAN WEAR YOU OUT!

An event like Winterfest doesn't happen without the hard work of many people. And as I close these reflections, I would like to thank our Camp Staff -- Lori and Megan and Peter for their hard work in making Winterfest a reality. I am grateful for Aaron VanBrocklin and Hannah and Daniel Moore for their leadership, and for your generous gifts which made it possible to offer this even cost-free.

Due to increased printing and postage costs and the inefficiencies of the Post Office (ten properly addressed editions of *Glacier Camp News* were returned as undeliverable in December), we are working to transition to a mostly on-line edition. We are committed to maintaining a print edition as well. If you would like to receive the *News* via email, send your email address to timothy@glaciercamp.org. If you received this edition by email and would rather get the *News* by regular mail let us know by calling the office @ 406-8442114. Thank you for your consideration.

Highlights from the PCCCA Meeting

editor’s note: Lori, Megan, and Pete Newbury represented Glacier Camp at the 2022 meeting of the Presbyterian Camp and Conference Center Association near Kansas City. Lori and Megan share their reflections on the event here.

Lori’s Thoughts:

My first experience at

PCCCA, a gathering of camp professionals for a week at Heartland Center, in Parkville MO. I love going to a new camp. I love exploring all the camp has to offer, the trails, the

kitchen, the various facilities, I especially enjoy exploring the places that they have set aside to intentionally draw closer to God.

I attended several workshops, and I was able to take away a few nuggets to use at Glacier Camp. Like, what food trends to be on the lookout for, such as gluten-free, or vegetarian, but also, being aware that with advent of ordering anything we desire on our devices and having it delivered to us, the perception of what people are willing to eat has changed. My take away, is that Glacier Camp will not be changing meal offerings,

however, we might up our snack game a bit. The kids love to snack!

Another workshop I attended was offered by Camp Gilmont in TX. Their facility offers several specialty camps each year.

They wanted to share about their experiences they have in offering a Gluten-free Camp, High Needs Respite Care Weekends for families, and an LGBTQIA+ camp that their site hosted for the first time this year. They discussed how to assess a need for specialty populations in our



area and how to find resources to fund the experience. I am intrigued by offering a Gluten-Free camp, but as Glacier Camp seems to be in a rebuilding phase, I am just going to tuck that into my back pocket it to revisit at a later date.

Wednesday evening during the conference, we had the evening off. Which meant, no programming, and Heartland Center was not preparing dinner. So that meant field trip to Kansas City! This was my first visit to KC. We toured with a large group, of mostly Canadians, took the trolley downtown like we were experts, despite being a very cold and

windy day, it was a lot of fun! Definitely a place worth visiting again. While we were in the city, Aaron, a summer staffer who is currently living in the area, joined us and we caught up on the happenings in his life and discussed briefly summer 2023 (he intends to return for a 3rd summer!). As I reflect upon my experience at PCCCA, I am grateful to the people here that made it possible for me to go. I can only expect that I will be able to glean more each time I attend the conference.

Megan's Thoughts: Camp has been a reoccurring theme in my life, both parents have been in camping and so I have as well. With all this time in the camping sphere I have never attended a PCCCA conference until this year! I was extremely nervous to say the least, I had no idea of what to expect. Heartland Center in Parkville MO was wonderful! It was great to explore a new camp and see the differences and similarities Heartland and Glacier.

At this conference everything was planned out, the workshops, sessions, meals (of course), and games. It was essentially a camp for executives. Most of the workshops that I attended were geared toward media and having a larger presence for kids and parents to interact with to keep the interest in camp year round. If you follow us on social media you would notice that we don't post much

content. I'm hoping to set some goals and work with our staff and see if we can update and extend the content that we post. This will not only allow you to see camp more often but also allow you to interact with us and have a good connection with Glacier.

As time went on for this conference the Canadians really took Lori and me in as friends! I had some great conversations with them on what they are doing with their programming. Most of them were from the same camp and were really focused on the LGBTQIA+ community and continuously working for a better program or better accommodations for them. I would love to start implementing these types of things for Glacier, but currently we don't have a means to accommodate the needs of this community. So I'm looking forward to the future where we can accommodate their needs at Glacier.

On Wednesday we went into Kansas City and shopped, looked around, and got some great food. As Lori mentioned above we got to see Aaron, who is living in the area!

While looking back at my time at PCCCA I was grateful for the time and things I learned to bring back to Glacier. I am very thankful for the people who so graciously made it possible for me to attend. I am hoping that with the connections I made this year I'll be able to create a better experience for people attending Glacier Camp.

Follow Up -- Donor Dinner Speeches

Editor's note: For our donor appreciation dinner we were fortunate to hear the thoughts of four members of the DayRider family. The December newsletter includes remarks by Carol and Bellah. Here are the thoughts shared by Joe (Bellah's uncle) and Mike (Bellah's dad).

As some of you may know, I have served on the summer staff at Glacier Camp for a number of years, in several different roles. However, my relationship with Glacier extends further back than that. I started attending Glacier as a camper in the summer of 1993 and was immediately hooked. I attended every summer up through my sophomore year in high school. Camp was a place where I could be myself and not have to worry about what others thought of me.

As usually happens, I was drawn to other commitments and interests the summers after my junior and senior years and was unable to attend camp. But the "draw" of Glacier was still there and after my freshman year in college, I applied to be on staff as a camp counselor. I served as a camp counselor for the next few years before taking a year off in the summer of 2007. There were a lot of good memories from those first years as a counselor but one thing that stands out was the sheer number of campers that the camp reached. I distinctly remember a week where the camp was seeing close to fifty campers and all cabins of Rainbow Road were in use. A good majority of those campers were returners from previous summers. Even then, you could see



MORE WINTERFEST FUN

the effect Glacier had on campers and the want to come back to a place they felt comfortable at.

After taking the summer off in 2007, the "pull" of Glacier was still there and I applied to work at the camp again in the summer of 2008 and served on staff through the 2012 summer. Much like the first years as a counselor, there were a ton of great personal memories but the thing that continued to stand out was the volume of kids that were impacted as a camper and returned summer after summer. It was during this second stint on staff that I started to see the impact donors and scholarships had on camper lives. If a kid wanted to attend camp but was unable to, there

were scholarships that would help out with that.

After the 2012 summer, I decided it was time to step away but still kept the camp in my heart. Every time I got over into the Flathead Valley, I would take a drive down the west side of the lake and turn off onto Old 93 to take a gander at what was going on at camp and make sure it hadn't slipped down into the lake.

I thought my time at Glacier was over but in talking with my mom during one of our Sunday conversations, I was informed that I might be getting a call from the Program Director and Tim about coming back to camp. A phone call and conversation over Facebook later

and I was brought back onto staff in the summer of 2019 and served in a more administrative role until again stepping away after the 2021 summer. In this last run on staff, I have seen that camp can still have an impact on kids. Not only does the camp see returners from previous year but it also sees returners on an almost weekly basis. This shows that camp has had an impact and still has an impact on generations of campers. I get to see this first hand with my niece Bella, who has attended camp 2 of the past 3 years.

I was also able to see that the last year as Program Director when during Day Camp pickup/registration, I was approached by a camper's parent. Now as a teacher, two things were going through my head: what did we do/not do for her camper and how much yelling am I going to have to deal with? Much to my relief, it turns out she was a camper back when I first started as a counselor and just wanted to say "Hi" and thank us for doing what we were doing.

The fact that camp is still around for campers of former campers speaks highly to the commitment of the camp and donors that every kids that wants to come to camp, should be able to. Through the donors and scholarships that are kindly given, campers have a chance to spend their summers laughing, playing, and



CAMPERS LAUGHING -- A BEAUTIFUL SOUND

sharing of God's word with other. Thank you for your continued support of Glacier Camp.

Hello I go by Mike D. When I'm in trouble my name is Michael John Dayrider. Middle name John comes from my dad Johnny, first name Michael they picked out of a hat at random. I am a CNA at the Extended Care facility at Logan Health in Conrad. I grew up in the Heart Butte area and graduated from Valier in 2003. I am younger brother of the fine gentleman we all know as Joe Dayrider. As my mom had stated I did not go to camp as often as he did, he was kind of a lifer and still kind of is. I attended camp for four years or four summers. I was going to go a fifth year, but then I discovered you can

mow a lawn or do some gardening, landscaping or just general labor and they will actually pay you for it. So I caught another bug but I still had fond memories of camp including little things I have taken with me to this day like basic survival skills that they would teach us. Skills such as how to build a fire or if your canoe tips over how to get it safely back on the water without water inside of it so it doesn't sink or anything. I don't remember the last time I went canoeing though. So that fifth summer I was supposed to come back to camp I started my work life and has kind of been that way ever since. The following summers after that I spent doing general labor on my friend's family's beekeeping business and it was kind of a way of finding peace in

another way with another of God's creations. Honeybees, we got to have those. My time at camp was short but I took special things from it. I had a great time when I did attend amidst all of the temporary friends that you did have and the camaraderie that came with it. And it's not to say I didn't enjoy my time at camp be it as short as it was I had just caught a different bug or heard a different calling. I still took those memories with me and they are still there to this day. In the summers that did follow when work schedules would allow I would always come with to drop Joe off or come pick Joe up so I would be able to walk around and remember all the good times I had when I was here. Later on when he was working for the camp we would come over on a day trip when his schedule would allow and we'd go get lunch or something and always listen to his stories of his summer so far. Not much changes but everything really does change as we go. Pretty much all the summers I came to camp I always came with Joe, he always there. I remember looking forward to it those years I went like it was Christmas or Easter. I can remember Joe in January/February already making his checklist of stuff to bring to camp. The one thing that stands out about Glacier

Camp is just that excitement of being able to come here and that is all made possible through donations, volunteering, everything that everyone does for the camp. And I remember going back to school after the summer vacation and the teacher would have us all stand up and talk about what we did over the summer. Most the kids would say "I went to Disney Land!" "I went to Six Flags!" "I went to Los Angeles!" I guarantee all those classmates don't even remember those trips but I can still remember those four summers I spent at Glacier Camp as some of the best times of my life. I still remember



A SMILE TELLS THE WHOLE STORY

a lot of my counselors names, I still remember the songs we sang around campfire they still play in my head on

a daily basis. I'll be at work taking care of residents and a song will pop in my head at random. There were lots of my favorite activities like getting up early in the morning and going polar bearing, there's nothing like it. Also the campfires, random activities the counselors planned, little pranks they would pull as well. It was always good times. It was a calming place to be too. Me and my wife took a walk down to Vesper's Point earlier and we just stood there and just the calming motion of the water and hearing it. She summed it all up when she said "This is peace." I always remember watching the sunset over

Vesper's Point when I was at camp and watching the sun go down, hearing the water flow it was just peaceful. It was more than camp to us it was an experience, and the camp isn't here by accident it is here because of the donors, volunteers and the people who take the time and have the generosity to make sure that every camper gets to come to camp and be able to have those experiences and I guarantee you they'll take it with them for a lifetime because I sure did. In closing I'll just say the camp is truly one of God's greatest gifts here on Earth

made possible through your generosity, so thank you all!

Demo-Day: April 15

by Paul Hayden, Camp Committee Moderator

If you have watched the home makeover shows on HGTV, you know they often begin with a “DEMO DAY.” You have to get rid of the old before developing the new. (Wow! That could almost be out of the Bible...2 Corinthians 5:17)

Well, there is some stuff at camp that we need to DEMO. On April 15, we are going to be getting rid of the old cabin that was damaged by tree-fall a while back. We will also be burning the burn pile. There may be some other odds and ends we will want to throw in as we get closer to the day.

It will be fun!
It won't be taxing!

So, bring your gloves, circular saw with nail cutting blade, protective goggles (just in case), lots of energy, a good attitude, and the appropriate work clothes for whatever the April weather might be. A big dumpster will be provided to load the remnants up and take them away.



THE DEMO-DAY CABIN. THE TREES THAT TOOK IT DOWN HAVE BEEN REMOVED. WE NOW NEED TO REMOVE THE CABIN.

Director's Reflections

Excursus on the Seven Promises of Revelation 21 and 22

*Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and **the sea was no more**.* -- Revelation 21.1

The first promise comes to me as I drift through these choppy waters of grief and its attendant struggles and challenges. The comment I recently made to a friend proved more appropriate to my circumstance than I realized. Three months following my wife's sudden death, he wondered how I was doing. "I'm keeping my head above water," I explained.

There are times when that is fairly easy -- when the deep waters I am going through are, for the most part, navigable. And I can ride the waves along this pilgrim way with little effort or struggle. But like the water on the lake, conditions can change in a hurry. And I can find myself pounded by these suddenly ungentle waves, along with their billows and breakers. They heave me up and down and spin me around. And I find myself so exhausted I can't hardly continue. (I had never reckoned that grief would be so physically draining.)

But here is where the promise comes to me. At once it is distant and hard to realize, belonging to the new creation and not the broken down prototype that is this present reality. The ambiguities, too, of the Greek verbs become part of the struggle and also part of the hope. The grammatical structure puts the promise in a future yet to come but describes it as a present reality. Here, but not quite yet. The churning waters are suddenly calm. And I know I will reach that place where the chaotic waters of this sea will be no more.

He will wipe every tear from their eyes.

Death will be no more;

mourning and crying and pain will be no more,

for the first things have passed away. -- Revelation 21.4

The image is burned into my consciousness. And however far away I might journey from that moment in time, I am regularly driven back there to that day and that hour where the realization came to me in that morning's half light that she is dead. Her hand is cold and the joints of her fingers are stiff. I hold them tightly. And don't want to let go.

But the morticians are here and they have other calls to make. I remember them talking to me -- I just didn't hear anything they said. I hold her hand tightly and won't let go because that would mean acknowledging the force of this most awful reality (death) and its parasitic cohorts (mourning and crying and pain). I want to fight against these things with every ounce of my mortal being. "No!" Whatever question the mortician asked, my answer was not appropriate. But I speak again. And again. "NO!"

Here, though, the promise comes. It comes as if just for me -- prefaced with that great image of God wiping away our human tears. In this moment which suddenly combines both coherence and grace, I realize that I can face this reality of death and its companions -- mourning

and crying and pain – because they are doomed. I let go of my wife’s precious hand. It is not easy, but I find the strength to do this hardest of things. The Promise gives me the strength to let go. *Death, thou shalt die.*¹

Nothing accursed will be found there any more. *But the throne of God and of the Lamb will be in it, and his servants will worship him;* -- Revelation 22.3

I think of how I have lived – how really we lived all these years that we had together. There was always that shadow. Sometimes it was faint and barely discernible. On other occasions, it loomed large -- like a thunderhead darkening a Summer’s afternoon. Such is life on this first earth where we bear the mortal curse that came from so long ago -- from that moment of the first disobedience which exiled humanity from Paradise.

That action set in motion the inexorable trajectory which came with the curse. Earth to earth. Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. Such is the legacy all living species must claim in this world. The apostle’s words come to my mind as I ponder all this. *While we live, we are always being given up to death.*² And while I look back at the reality of what is, I remember and hope in the reality of what will be -- the promise borne of all things being made new. The promise of a new earth free from everything accursed, especially death.

And there will be no more night; *they need no light of lamp or sun, for the Lord God will be their light, and they will reign forever and ever.* -- Revelation 22.5

She died just when the season was in the midst of change. Autumn’s shadows were gathering momentum and the seasonal push toward darkness was busy stealing away any residual daylight. The nights just kept coming earlier and earlier and I felt myself overwhelmed by the darkness. Even as I write these words (at a seasonal point where Spring is busy pushing back the Winter’s night), I still find myself in this place -- encompassed by the night.

At times I feel a despair -- a deep and painful despair. And I wonder if I will ever manage to overcome these darkling shadows that seem to haunt and possess me. But on this particular Winter’s afternoon, the sunlight streams from an almost clear sky. Its light is so bright as to hurt my eyes. A soft breeze stirs the air. And I know that both Winter and this night, this awful, awful night that I have been living through are doomed.

On this journey of loss, I have many more miles left to travel. But I don’t travel this lonely way by myself. The seven promises and the reality to which they witness accompany me. I hold them tight and close to my heart and hurry along my way.

Tim Lanham, Director

¹ These words come from the last line of John Donne’s Holy Sonnet X, “Death Be Not Proud.”

² 2 Corinthians 4.11a



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