



# 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:

### Epiphany On-Line Bible Study

Beat the after-Christmas blues by joining us for a four week on-line study of **James**. The fun starts on **January 15**, @ 5.00 pm. To sign up contact [timothy@glaciercamp.org](mailto:timothy@glaciercamp.org)

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### Winterfest Fun

Winterfest is scheduled for February 10-12. Our keynote speaker Aaron Van Brocklin who is looking forward to his third Summer on the Glacier Camp counseling staff

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### Looking Ahead:

#### 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.

## Generational Reflections: Summer Camp and Its Importance for Faith and Life

*editor's note: We were blessed at this year's Donor Appreciation Dinner to have three generations of the Day Rider family talk about the importance of Camping ministry. Reprinted here are the remarks of Carol Day Rider and her granddaughter Bella. The*

*reflections of Carol's sons Joe and Mike will be presented in the next issue of Glacier Camp News.*



**A SUMMER CAMP SLIDE SHOW KEPT OUR ATTENTION FOCUSED ON THE KIDS**

by Carol Day Rider

"One generation shall laud your works to another and shall declare your mighty acts." The expectation of Psalm 145:4 is that the message of God's wonder and mercy will be known throughout the land and will be taught to generations.

Pretty

straightforward and

simple, right? Growing up, I never had any doubt of God's

wonder and mercy. Sunday was always devoted to church, and the teachings of the Bible were an integral part of everyday living. There were always many people who willingly taught me these lessons, not the least of which were my parents. When you attend the same church that your grandmother attended, the generational idea is not easily ignored. My mother and four of her sisters lived in the Chinook area and there were also many aunts, uncles, and other church members who willingly gave of their time and talents to nurture me and to help me recall the message that Psalm 145:4 gives us. I had such amazing examples of Christian love and charity to follow.

A generation later, and things are not the same. It is becoming harder to deliver the message of God's love and mercy to the youth of today. They are growing up in a world that has changed. Children are bombarded with so many messages, and have access to many other points of view, that the message of a God who loves and cares for them is often lost in the uproar. Many children participate in activities outside of school, and church school and church-based youth groups may or may not be a part of that. The fast-paced life style also affects the parents and, again, I am afraid that the message of a God who loves and cares for them gets away from them. Many parents work outside of the home; much of the time Saturdays and



**CAROL DAY RIDER**

Sundays are used to catch up on chores around the house or just to spend some family time together.

When I became a parent, I knew I needed to provide the same structure for my sons that I had growing up, that is to ensure that they understood the message of God's wonder and mercy. Now I have to admit that I had help. My mother was an amazing influence on my two sons and gave them some of the same guidance that she had given me. I found a church that could help to reinforce the message of God's love and mercy for my sons. There were amazing people who taught church school, led Logos groups, and provided my sons with examples of God's love. These people became a part of our family. One of the groups that became an important outlet for my sons was Glacier Camp.

Growing up, Glacier Camp was never a part of my summer activities. When my oldest son was in third grade, he had his first camp experience. Glacier Camp reinforced what he was getting from other people, but Glacier Camp gave him something more. Glacier Camp gave him a comfortable place to worship and grow in his faith journey. He spent many summers at Glacier Camp, first as a camper and later in various staff positions. The staff here became a part of his family and, in retrospect, part of mine as well. I saw what the summers here did for his overall well-being. My younger son also spent a few summers at Glacier Camp, but chose to work during the



**CAROL'S OLDEST SON JOE, AS A CAMP STAFFER, 2008**

summer when he was able to do so. That does not mean that his time at Glacier Camp was unimportant to him. He has many fond memories of his time at camp. It was a natural progression that, when she was old enough, my granddaughter Bella would join the Glacier Camp family. She spent her first year at Mini-Camp and she was hooked. Covid-19 preempted camp the following year, but she attended Junior Camp this past summer and had an amazing time. Then, we come to the "oldster" of the group. As I said I

never attended camp growing up, and my first camp experience was the Presbyterian Women's

Retreat, I believe in 2017. If you have never been to the PW Retreat, you simply have to make time to attend. There is nothing like the camaraderie with other women, learning more about the love and mercy of the Lord, not to mention the beautiful sunrises and sunsets. If you can, attend our retreat in August 2023. It is usually scheduled for the third weekend of the month.

The youth at Conrad 1st Presbyterian Church are very fortunate. We have always had supporters who provided camp scholarships for any of our young people that want to attend camp. I realize that is not necessarily the case for other youth throughout the Presbytery. That is why the scholarship program that the camp has established is so very important. I believe that every child who wants to attend Glacier Camp should be able to, regardless of their financial means. It is through the support of people like you that this dream is possible. Through your generous donations, the camp is able to provide the financial means for everyone who wants to attend. We never know how important this support could be in the life of a child, or realize the difference we might make to that child. There are also other ways that you can support the ministry of Glacier Camp. You can volunteer to help out during the summer sessions. Glacier Camp always has a wish list of materials and equipment that would make their camp ministry easier. Every summer there is a work session to get the camp ready for the summer season that you can participate in. I am sure that Glacier Camp staff have other ideas of ways that you can help.

Glacier Camp is vital to the youth ministry in our Presbytery. It is important that we continue the mission that is spelled out in Psalm 145:4, to “teach the message of God’s wonder and mercy for generations.” Without your continued support, no matter what form it takes, there may be children and youth further on down the line that will miss out on the message of God’s wonder and mercy. It is our responsibility to bring this message to our youth. We cannot fail in this mission. We need to continue to work to make sure that everyone knows of God’s wonder and mercy. To those of you who continue to support the camp’s mission, thank you and may the Lord continue to bless you. With the help of donors like you and with the love of God, the ministry of Glacier Camp will continue and will bring the message of God’s love and mercy to many other young people.



**OUR BODIES AND SPIRITS WERE NOURISHED BY  
INSPIRATIONAL REFLECTIONS ON THE  
IMPORTANCE OF CAMP FOR OUR YOUTH.**

## Why Camp Matters

by Bella Dayrider

Hello! My name is Bella D., and I'm in the fourth grade at Utterback Middle School in Conrad. I like to draw, sing and read. I would like to be a counselor at Glacier Camp before I become a singer

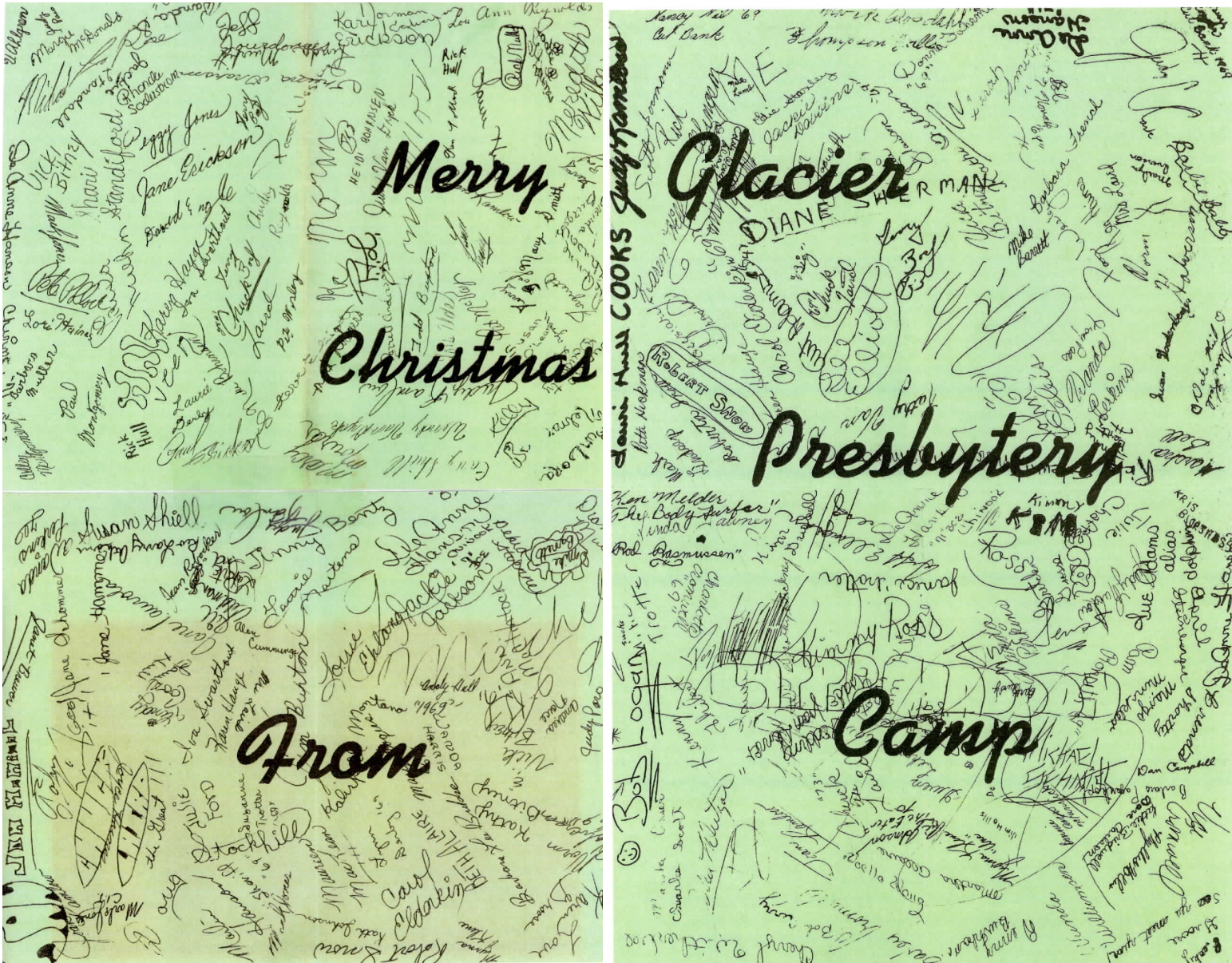


**BELLA, ON LEFT, ENJOYS LUNCH WITH HER CAMP FRIENDS**

I came to camp because I wanted to see how much fun there is, and when I was here I knew it was really fun so that's why I came back a second time. I really like everything that there is here. My favorite thing is swimming in the lake and playing Gaga Ball. It gives you great exercise. My other favorite things are playing Nine Square and naps. Those two times I came to Glacier Camp, I was excited. Now that I'm at camp, I FEEL GREAT!

The Staff here at Glacier Camp is great too. Besides teaching us fun games, they teach us about God and tell us stories from the Bible. They also teach us songs and the actions that go with the songs. It is also great making friends at camp because I don't like being lonely and I've made a lot of friends at camp!

It is also important that other kids get a chance to come to camp. When you donate money to the camp scholarship fund, you make it possible for other boys and girls to come to camp and learn about how much God loves them. Thank you for helping.



**And the Word became flesh and lived among us, and we have seen his glory, the glory as of a father's only son, full of grace and truth. -- John 1.14**

Best wishes for a meaningful and Merry Christmas  
and a Happy and Prosperous New Year!

from your Glacier Camp Staff and Friends

Christmas 1969 greetings from the archives of Dale and Pat Keil

## Donor Dinner Sets Record

“Give, and it will be given to you. A good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, will be put into your lap; for the measure you give will be the measure you get back.” -- Luke 6.38

The promise Luke 6 was realized on the evening of November 20. In numerical terms the crowd was small; perhaps about 25 people gathered for fellowship and the dinner following. But by the time the action was over, more than \$20,000 had been raised for our scholarship fund. The generosity of those who were present (and others who couldn't attend but sent gifts) was deeply touching.

We are already looking forward to our Summer 2023 camp season -- confident in the promise that no youth who desires to attend Glacier Presbytery Camp will be denied that opportunity because of an inability to pay its cost. Thank you so much!!!!!!



**EXPERT MASTERS OF CEREMONY RON TJADEN AND ELROY LETCHER INSPIRE RECORD CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR SCHOLARSHIP FUND.**

“To comfort all who mourn; to provide for those who mourn in Zion— to give them a garland instead of ashes, the oil of gladness instead of mourning, the mantle of praise instead of a faint spirit.” -- Isaiah 61.2b-3

My Dear Friends:

Words are truly inadequate to express my deepest gratitude for all of the beautiful cards, kind notes and phone calls, and many other expressions of sympathy following my wife Gigi's sudden death. Your Christian love and compassion bring light into this deepest darkness and strengthen me as I journey along this hardest of ways. I give thanks for you always in my prayers.

With grace and peace, Tim Lanham

# Friends of Glacier

## Your Support Make a Difference!

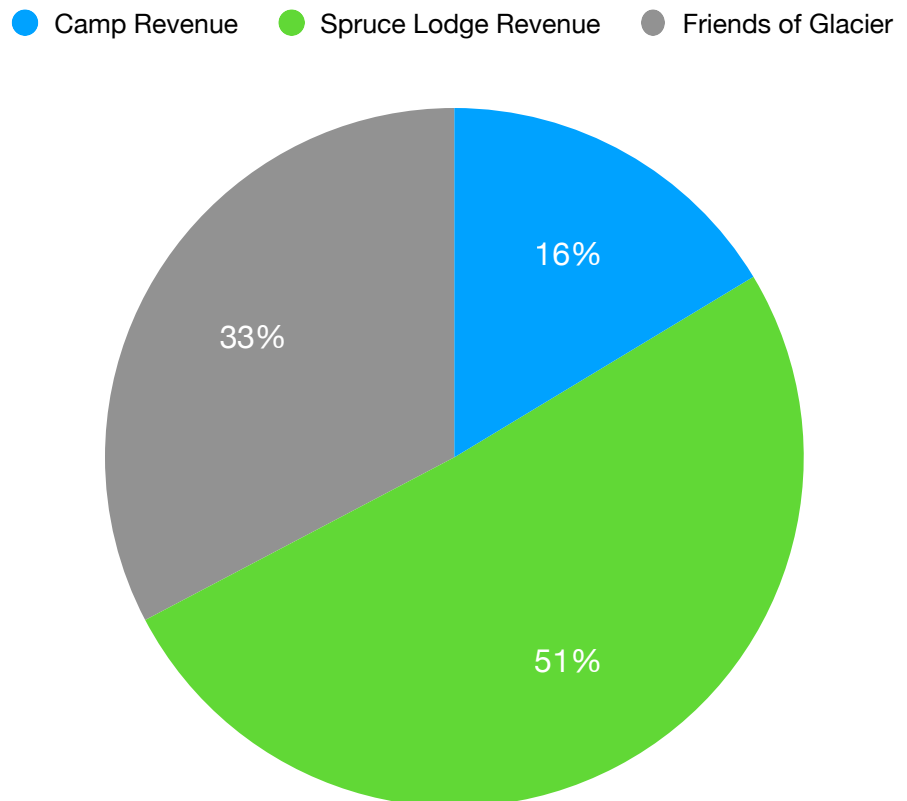
**Question:** *Since we have been delivered from our sin and its wretched consequences by grace through Christ without any merit of our own, why must we do good works?*

**Answer:** Because just as Christ has redeemed us with his blood, he also renews us through his Holy Spirit according to his own image, so that with our whole life we may show ourselves grateful to God for his goodness and that he may be glorified through us; and further, so that we ourselves may be assured of our faith by its fruits and by our reverent behavior may win our neighbors to Christ. --The Heidelberg Catechism, #86

by Rev. Tim Lanham -- Glacier Camp Director

Like the Missouri River, three different streams of revenue come together to make the ministry of Glacier Camp and Conference Center possible. Percentages change every year -- but in 2022, the three streams of revenue look like the chart on the right.

As you can see, approximately half of our revenue stream comes from Spruce Lodge and the events that are hosted there. Sixteen percent of our revenues is realized from fees for Summer Camp. The remainder of our budget is funded through gifts that are made to our Friends of Glacier (FOG) fund.





The sacrificial support we receive through Friends of Glacier is essential to our ministry. Gifts to Friends of Glacier help us cover our overhead expenses during the seasonal lull of November, December, and January -- when guest group bookings drop off. FOG money is there to provide for unexpected expenses like repairing the Spruce Lodge elevator or a plumbing need in one of the bathhouses. Perhaps most importantly -- for me at least -- gifts made to Friends of Glacier remind me that our ministry is being upheld by this powerful stream of support that is spiritual as well as monetary in nature.

The notes which often accompany Friends of Glacier gifts never fail to touch me deeply. And the messages of support often come -- according to God's ever-gracious Providence -- at a time when those messages are most needed. "Remember we are praying for you and your staff," one note will read. "We are grateful that Camp and its ministry," reads another.

In the Reformed Tradition, gratitude represents the most powerful and motivating force for the Christian life. Since we are saved by grace through faith in Jesus Christ, there is nothing we can do to earn our salvation. Instead, we can order our lives of good works and generosity through the power of gratitude.

Gratitude is what motivates me as I fill out my pledge and make my pledged gifts to Friends of Glacier. I am grateful to be a part of this ministry and the staff which makes that ministry possible. I am grateful for our supporters who are always there with their gifts and prayers to bless and sustain us in our work on behalf of the kingdom of God.

I invite you to join me in the continuing ministry of Glacier Camp. Your gifts make our ministry possible. And your pledge helps us anticipate future revenue and be faithful stewards of the our work on behalf of the kingdom of God.

Glacier Camp 2023 Pledge Card

Name:  
Address:  
City: State: Zip Code:  
email:



Pledge to Friends of Glacier

Monthly  
Annual

Pledge to Scholarship Fund

Monthly  
Annual

"In the same way, let your light shine before others, so that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father in heaven." -- Mathew 5.16

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## Director's Reflections

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### *Reflections from a Journey, In Two Movements*

*For his anger is but for a moment; his favor is for a lifetime. Weeping may linger for the night, but joy comes with the morning. -- Psalm 30.5b*

### א -- עֶרְבַּי

11.12 pm      The darkness stretches out in every direction all around me. I look, but in vain, for the moon to rise and let its gentle light soften this dark, dark night. But on this particular night, there is no moon. Only the distant starlight (along with the occasional headlights of a passing car) brightens my journey along this darkling way.

The night gives me pause to think and wonder, as I hurry toward the distant place that is my destination. I remember the consequences of a misunderstood message from many years ago which resulted in fodder for a friend to tease me as one who is afraid of the dark. I probably should have chosen my words more carefully. Instead of fear, it would have been more accurate to explain that I have "issues" with the darkness. Theological issues.

My recollection of the biblical witness, as I journey deeper into this darkest of nights, places me in good company. And I feel a kinship with the children of Israel -- especially in the opening words of Isaiah 9. They walked in darkness across a barren landscape. I, by contrast, have the privilege of driving. But my night (perhaps like theirs) is both long and hard. I look to the stars for comfort. But their light is so far, far away.

1.55 am      The road at this place bends in a sharp curve. Then it fishtails up and over a series of hills. It seems to take forever to reach the place where the road crests and my journey takes me down, not up. But when I do, I can see -- even on this moonless night -- the highway unfold before me. It seems to reach toward a place of infinity.

I press hard on the accelerator and travel as fast as I possibly can. But one of the postulates in Einstein's special theory of relativity (the faster you go the slower time moves) seems to prove true as I hurry along this hard, hard way. Inside, I feel a despair that is of epic proportions. The night is so dark. And the place towards which I journey remains so far, so very far distant.

At this point, snow -- scattered by a southwest wind -- drifts across the highway. And prudence slows me down. One blessing I find in this time and place is that the lateness of the hour means the road is mostly empty. I try to hold onto that thought. Gratitude, I have found, offers a good antidote for despair. But even that is hard at this place and time where the night feels so deep and morning's light seems like an impossible dream.

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<sup>1</sup> The Hebrew term here can be translated as "evening" or "night. The term which begins the second movement can be translated as "dawn," "morning," or "day." Both words are taken from Psalm 30.5b.

3.47 am I feel tired, so very tired. Thankfully I have been able to punch my way through the snow squall. It felt good, too, to pull into the truck stop and stretch. The night air is cold, but crisply refreshing. And for a while, this leg of my journey didn't seem so hard. But half an hour down the road and that euphoria has worn off.

And my truck stop elixir (a 32 oz. Super Pumper of Mountain Dew paired with a king-sized Reeses candy bar) is bereft of any efficacy. Usually the combination of sugar and caffeine are strong enough to propel me a couple hundred miles. But I haven't even gone fifty miles. And my eyelids have become heavy and I feel my weariness cross that dangerous threshold and become drowsiness.

The time was I could do this sort of thing (work all day and drive all night) without a hitch. But, loathe as I am to concede anything to age, that time existed way back in my long ago. And now along with the distance and the darkness, I must wrestle (perhaps the way Jacob wrestled with the Stranger at the Jabbok's ford) with fatigue. For twenty miles or so, I hold my own. But finally, I have to stop. I am beaten. And I know it.

## || -- בְּקָר

6.42 am The next thing I know, it is morning. My intention, when I pulled into the little rest area off the highway, was to take a quick catnap. You know what I mean -- catch a hurried half hour of sleep and then go back to pounding out the miles. But obviously, I ended up sleeping longer and more deeply than I had intended.

These first few moments of consciousness are like a fog. Everything seems out of focus as I begin by wondering where I am and slowly remembering what all has happened. My world gradually comes back into focus. My first cognitive experience is of cold -- which is to be expected this late into the season of Autumn. But this is a gentle, not bitter, cold. And it is good for chasing away the scattered remnants of sleep.

The next sensation is of light. It is still early and the morning sun remains somewhat distant -- off beyond the eastern horizon. But the gentle glow indicates that the dawn is imminent. This is perhaps the most ordinary of miracles. What can be more common than the break of day? And yet as I watch the tendrils of daylight reach out from heaven to earth, I can't think of seeing anything (except for my wife) so beautiful as the light of this day.

The last sensation I experience is of time. I realize that time is slipping away from me. There are still many miles I need to travel. And I must hurry on my way. In some respect, nothing has changed since I pulled off the highway two hours or so ago. But then, with the morning light, everything has changed.

And I continue on my way -- with joy clothing my heart.

Tim Lanham, Director



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