



The steadfast love of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon those who fear him. Psalm 103:17.

One of my favorite activities at camp is biking. We are blessed with many trails right on the property that offer campers the opportunity to both pedal up hills, and then coast back down. Children come to enjoy what is both great exercise and fun. As is so often the case at camp, on one such occasion, "the activity" was just the beginning.

It was afternoon "free activity period." So you could pick what you wanted to do. Some chose arts and crafts. Some went to soccer. Archery was always popular. We also sent a group to the ropes course. But today, a group was also going to be able to go biking. We didn't bike every day. I don't remember why because we have good bikes and helmets too. Maybe it was just to change things up. Anyway, that day we had seven good bikes, as well as mine. As soon as we asked who wanted to go biking, at least fifteen hands went up. I tried to pick boys that I knew were good bikers, could keep up, and really wanted to go. I also tried to pick boys who hadn't been able to go the last time we went.

When the group was chosen, they each put on a helmet and picked their bicycle. I then went over our strategy for the day with them: the biggest, most skilled biker would lead the pack. He would ride to the appointed spot and wait for the rest. Each subsequent biker would go about ten seconds after the previous, one at a time. The boys would still be in sight of each other but be able to avoid running into each other. If anyone fell, they were all to yell "man down" and stop. I would be last; to be sure everyone had successfully made it to the next station. The entire trip was on the campground's roads and wooded trails. So the boys were sure to have a good time together and yet alone as they flew along.

Just before we started, while I was giving out instructions to everyone else, this one, very small camper, who wasn't even originally picked to go, was doggedly arguing his case to be included in the activity. However, he was younger than the other boys, eight compared to ten, eleven, and twelve, and slower, and most importantly, could barely ride a two-wheeler. He had found an "eighth" bike, which was very small, almost a kiddie bike. But it was just his size. "Watch me," he said as he rode circles around me, proving his worthiness. Having him along was going to change the whole activity. I wouldn't be able to go as fast. The whole group would not be able to go as far. The rest of the boys would have

to wait longer at each stopping point. But he was so excited to go. I just couldn't squelch his enthusiasm.

So we started out. The first leg of the journey was up a big hill to just in front of the dining hall. Everyone did fine, but Jeremy (we'll call him) was walking his bike up the hill at the end. The next stop was up to the tennis courts. Jeremy couldn't even turn the pedals over. He would just tip onto his side unable to get any balance because he had no forward momentum. Finally we were at a flat stretch. Although he wasn't as fast as the other guys, at least he was going forward, on a two-wheeler, without falling. I was staying back with him and could see that Jeremy was getting tired. The other boys were being really quite patient, waiting for us to catch up at each stopping point. But somehow even that made it harder on Jeremy.

He so much wanted to be right there with the other guys. We were finally about to go down a long trail through the woods. This downhill slope would be great. But to get to the trail we had to ride through a parking area where a lot of the staff and camp cars were. Jeremy was so tired by this point that as he was about to ride into a parked car, he intentionally fell to the ground, hitting the deck hard to avoid the car. I was about twenty yards behind him and felt that this would be the last straw. I hated to see him struggle so much. We'd already been at it for over half an hour. And he certainly he wasn't having a good time.

As I approached, I could hear him weeping. "Jeremy," I said, "we're almost at the end. Why don't you just walk your bike ..." I never got to finish my sentence. From the ground, Jeremy cut me off and declared back to me, "No... no. I'm not gonna quit."

"No... no. I'm not gonna quit."

I was speechless. This, the youngest, the smallest, the least skilled, and certainly the most challenged of all the boys that day, was in that moment showing me character beyond his years. He got up, he went down that hill, and he finished the course. And I felt greatly blessed to be able ride behind him.

The Bible is filled with people who have faced great challenges, and yet did not give up. Joseph was beaten and then sold by his own brothers, only to one day rule over them. David, while still a boy, faced a giant on the battlefield and won. Paul was imprisoned many times. They all may have been discouraged. They were all challenged. But they did not give up. They believed and claimed the promises of God.

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Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for thou art with me. Psalm 23:4

"It's always too soon to quit."

"It's always too soon to quit" is a quote my mother kept on a desk that was passed down to me from her before she went to be with the Lord last year.

At camp we are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses. Some of the most powerful of those witnesses are the children we serve, "for to such belongs the kingdom of God."

Steve

A Word From The Director



The chorus of a song we used to sing at camp went, Count your blessings name them one by one, count your blessings see what God has done, count your blessings

What a pleasure it has been for me to work at camp and in Bangladesh with my aunt Faith over the years. Much of what we learn at camp can be applied to our work abroad. The young women in the Dhaka hostel study hard, but are delighted with the challenges and laughs of skit night. Their brightly colored costumes and meaningful scripts add much to the drama.



The Good News staff is made aware of the many rules and regulations associated with vehicles and driving at camp. With a constant focus on safety, Luke and Mark appreciated my photo of the dashboard on a public bus in Dhaka. To be



sure, those buses and their drivers manage amazingly well.

Thanks to the Internet, it is always possible to communicate regularly with the Camp Good News staff. Will, Russ, Luke, Mark, Charlotte, Sophie, nurses Nora and Nancy, Rodrigo, Esteban, Juan, Donatien, Erik, Marielle, Emilie, and Ana Karen will all be returning. Counselors from the USA are studying in Texas (Abilene Christian and Hardin-Simmons Universities), Indiana (Indiana University), Illinois (Wheaton), Oregon (Eastern Oregon University), New York (Marymount Manhattan College and Seton Hall University), Vermont (University of Vermont), and Massachusetts (Gordon College). We are very grateful they have chosen to work with your children at camp this year! It is fun to reconnect with them years later to see what God has done in their lives.

Jane

Where Are They Now?

1984 was a bad year for the country of Lebanon. The civil war was raging in full force and the airport was closed. As a rising senior at Anderson University, I was unable to visit home that summer because of the strife. I was resigned, grudgingly, to the idea of spending the summer alone at Anderson while my friends went their own ways.

My roommate and good friend Doug suggested I join him at Camp Good News as a counselor. I was apprehensive that they would “accept” me, especially so late in the year. I talked to Gertrude Wunsch, a friend and director of the AU Natatorium. My roommate had suggested that if Gert recommended me to Faith Willard that would be a big plus. Lo and behold, Faith took me in and provided me with the chance for a most memorable summer.

I was a counselor for a dozen boys in one of the cabins facing the lake. It was an opportunity to serve, receive much



grace from Faith, Mr. Wyeth Willard and their staff, and explore the beautiful Cape Cod and Boston area. Not only did God protect me in that season of my life, He provided fellowship and an opportunity to give to others. I will never forget the summer of 1984.

Fred Moacdieh

Andrew Putnam spent two summers at Camp Good News a decade ago. He was fourteen his first summer. Some memories Andrew has include the fact that he wasn't sure his parents had made the right decision about sending him to camp. He remembers that it felt like he was “in the woods,” with none of the comforts of home. It didn't matter that his sister had already been to camp and loved it. He wasn't her.

But as the days went by, he began to see that this was really a very special place, where he was starting to develop new abilities and new life's skills. His cabin was right next to the dining hall. So that was a plus. Two of his cabinmates were twins from France. I wonder who that could be. As the summer went by, he came to realize that he was enjoying this camp experience more than any he'd had before. One of the most valuable lessons Andrew now says he learned at Camp Good News is that in life you have to learn to “stop, breathe, and figure out a way to enjoy yourself, wherever you are, and not get caught up in the craziness of life.” This valuable life lesson has served him well.

Andrew went on to graduate from Falmouth High School in 2009. He has continued his education and in December 2014, he plans to graduate from the University of Massachusetts



with a degree in marketing. But this focused young man has not stopped there. Andrew also works full time. On top of that, Andrew has chosen to further invest himself in this community we call home, as he serves as the Falmouth representative on the Cape Cod Commission. Last year, he was voted to the position of secretary of that Commission.

Andrew has made the transition from camper, to student, to a very busy, productive member of our society, already giving back, perhaps faster than most. But he has also learned that along the way, no matter how “crazy” life can be, he remembers to stop, breathe, and enjoy the task before him, whatever it may be.

Jim Browning first came to camp 20 years ago. His mother had been a camper back in the '70s. His grandmother had been here in the '50s. After eight summers as a camper, Jim returned to help run the waterfront. For the summers of 2005 and 2006 Jim was head of the boating program with Martha from Ecuador. Even then Jim was a quiet thoughtful leader; very diligent, and very caring. He had a maturity beyond his years, and was able to keep the kids safe, while still having a good time.

Jim decided he wanted to become an architect. In 2011, he graduated from Roger Williams University with a Master's Degree in Architecture. After all those years of study, you might expect that Jim would have been

able to walk into a job anywhere. But the reality is that breaking into the Architect world can be very daunting. At first, nothing, and then, more nothing. The bills kept coming. Jim was desperate. He finally took a job at Taco Bell so he could pay his bills, while offering his professional services to an architectural firm for free, just to help get his name out there.



Then a funny thing happened. Jim interviewed for a job in New York City. There were a lot of applicants. But Jim got the job. His new employers told him that he was the one they chose because he had been willing to work even at Taco Bell. It wasn't above him. It was what he had to do to be responsible and be able to pay his bills. Jim now works for an architectural firm in New York City, and is the Project Architect in charge of the interior design of three of the floors of the

new One World Trade Center, and just got a promotion.

When asked what camp meant to him, Jim simply replied "It's so much of who I am. Camp creates such a sense of community, fellowship. I learned that if you care for others first, things will work out for yourself as well."

Whatever your task, work heartily, as serving the Lord and not men. Colossians 3:23

**Workday this year will be on Saturday, May 31.
Please let us know if you can come!**

Child Protection Plan Seminar

We were fortunate to have Rick and Sherri Braschler back in March for another Child Protection Plan Seminar. Representatives from the Children's Cove on Cape Cod and six other New England camps learned about a safety system to prevent, detect, or respond to physical, emotional, verbal, and sexual abuse of children in youth serving organizations. The Braschlers are national experts in the field and have made risk management and camp safety a top priority.

ChildProtectionPlan Third Edition



The Wish List

A "handyman" for Thelma's house

Two new vehicles	\$24,988.00
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Paint the front trim of Shamlian	\$6,540.00
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There is room for more campers!



Shamlian needs to be resingled!

Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice. Philippians 4:4

Jane Brooks, MSN
President, The Society for Christian Activities
Director - Camp Good News

Stephen Willard Brooks, MD
Vice President, Society for Christian Activities

Karen Carlson, PhD
Assistant Director

Faith Willard MS in Counseling
Director Emerita

Camp Good News
P.O. Box 1295
71 Route 130
Forestdale, MA 02644 USA
☎ 508 477 9731 ☎ 508 477 8016
✉ office@campgoodnews.org
Web site: www.campgoodnews.org