

Praise the Lord. Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good; his love endures forever. Psalm 106:1

## Dear Friends,

I'm reminded of my grandfather W. Wyeth Willard telling about the early camp years. He was a pastor in Newark, New Jersey. He would drive the camp bus loaded with young people from the Newark and New York area to the Cape each June. Early on, when there were a total of seventy-five campers, only five could pay the five-dollar weekly fee. It was a time of learning to really trust the promises of God. When supplies, money, or staffing falls short, will God "supply all our needs according to His riches" Philippians 4:19? Granddad decided to take Him at His word.



Despite yet another summer challenged by the pandemic, many wonderful children came to camp again. Often it seemed as though we learned as much from them as they learned from us.

This summer, the camp gave twenty-nine campers partial to full scholarships. Only time will tell the difference this made in their lives. Children are not too young to learn about God's love and wonderful plan of salvation.

Campers were encouraged to apply what they learned in chapel or discussion group, on the A-field, in the cabins, or at the waterfront. After all, nothing like a heated canoe race or soccer game to produce some unsavory language. It's not always easy to remember to substitute a much used swear for words like "suuuugar." But each child or staff member was reminded daily to ask God to help them be their best.



Although Bible reading is foreign to many people, my uncle Peter likes to say we become like those we hang around with. By reading the Bible, we are hanging around Jesus. What could be better? Hopefully we will all build on the good things learned at camp this summer!

In His loving care,

Sincerely,

*Jane Brooks*

*Jesus said, 'Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these.'*

*Matthew 19:14*



## 2021 Camper Feedback

**Hi, my name is Jiayang.** I am a camper at Camp Good News. This is my second year here. I began on the crazy adventure upon my arrival in Cape Cod, Forestdale. Here is my story.

When I got to camp, the Coronavirus was pretty serious. It was June of 2020. I left my home in Littleton, Massachusetts, to embark on an interesting camp beside Snake Pond. A godly man who I learned was Steve met me at the beach. He welcomed me to camp by taking me sailing for the first time. My dreams came true as I was taught to sail by a pro.

Fast forwarding to the beginning of camp 2021, I could not wait until camp started. My senses were buzzing as I saw the building that brought me back to

the previous year. As the days went on, more and more campers came. I made many friends from people who were from Texas, Mississippi, Bangladesh, Vietnam, and more. As the weeks of camp flew by, all the fun wasn't enough to satisfy. One line from a song that we often sing at camp is "I want you more than gold or silver. Only you can satisfy." As I sang the song "As the Deer," I began to feel the need for change. I began to pray. At first, it wasn't very often. Only once every couple of days, but as I prayed for satisfaction from God and God only, I felt more whole.

I prayed about my broken collarbone and upcoming soccer camp. I prayed for healing and hope. It was not the fun from activities that was really what I sought, but the love and comfort that Jesus gave to me, to pass it on to others. Now, as camp is almost over, I found love and joy in the Word of God. Thanks for reading this story and enjoy the rest of your summer.

*Peace out, Jiayang, 12*



## Gina and Scarlet

**Gina's mother heard a Christian speaker on TV say that a relationship with God was more than just going to church.** About that time, she also learned of Camp Good News and asked her children if they'd like to attend. Gina was "too shy" and wanted to stay home, Scott was all in.

At the age of twelve, Scott attended camp for one summer in the 70s. Toward the end of

his stay, his mother was surprised when he finally telephoned home crying because he didn't want to leave. That was his first call, and he begged to stay longer. Those few weeks at camp had a big impact on him. He loved the physical activities as well as the spiritual dimension of chapel, prayer, and devotions at night.

Scott had a strong faith and close relationship with the Lord. After being diagnosed with cancer last year, he believed Jesus could heal him, but if He didn't He could still use the experience for good. After his death, Gina and her fourteen-year-old daughter Scarlet decided to reconnect with Good News in his honor.

Gina helped as a counselor and Scarlet decided she wanted to be a camper and get to know other kids her age. Scarlet loved the swimming, singing in chapel, meeting new people, making friends, and connecting with her counselor. "The experience of being a camper was worth it, I learned a lot. It was fun! Camp helped me know what my uncle Scott got to experience here."



## Gina wrote the following:

I am so grateful for our wonderful summer at Camp Good News. Both Scarlet and I took delight in our mornings with worship and fellowship in chapel. Scarlet enjoyed all the fun-filled activities with her peers and exceptional counselors. We feel blessed to have gotten to know you and the camp family.

We are looking forward to our next adventure at Camp Good News! God has made a way for healing us both.

## Coming Full Circle

*Thank you so much! Gina and Scarlet*

**My name is Son Phung**, and I spent a summer at camp as a senior counselor. I am currently practicing medicine in Michigan as a medical director. Camp Good News shaped my approach to life and spiritual relationship.

It was the summer of 1986. Reagan was championing the Space Defense Initiative to fight “the Evil Empire” while remaining chummy with Gorbachev. “We Are the World” lyric was played at the “Hands Across America” event. Raw lobster price was \$2.50 per pound at Sandwich dock.

Up to that point the only recreational camps I knew were from reading novels. The only camps I ever lived in were refugee camps. I had escaped out of Vietnam five years prior in a rickety riverboat by crossing the South China Sea to Malaysia. I was a young believer, having accepted my faith a mere three years prior.

Camp Good News needed a Water Safety Instructor certified counselor. Oops! There was a problem here. I had no experience with water safety except in making the above trip in unsafe water to Malaysia five years earlier. It was a miracle that I passed a Red Cross WSI training course with flying colors...no, floating colors.

The first week at camp was spent preparing for soon to be arriving campers. The bunk bed cabins had to be fixed up. The lodge had to be repainted. The sailing/swimming dock needed to be set up, branches needed trimming, and tennis courts resurfacing.

The last week of June was the official camp opening. The kids arrived with parents waving goodbyes. Mornings began with devotions then breakfast with chores. There were sports, boating on the sunfish, puffers, and Hobie Cat 16 catamaran, and paddleboats. We had counselors named Louis, Mengle, Brook, Millie (aspiring law student), Shigal (from Lebanon), and college students from Anderson University, Indiana, and King College, Tennessee. One camper was named “Mental,” and another “Gandhi.” Sol was a tennis player and the fastest runner up Mount Washington. The days ended with evening devotion and in-cabin meeting.

Sunday at the camp’s chapel were idyllic. Other wonderful memories included the car washes in Falmouth for orphans and widows in Bangladesh, the winding Saco River in New Hampshire, Plymouth Rock outside of Boston, visiting the Mayflower replica, great Cape Cod Air Show and Open House with Blue Angels in Falmouth. Otis Air National Guard Base training helicopters simulated landing on the lake’s far-side beach on a stormy day. The expansive Sandwich Boardwalk on a sunny day with a light breeze. We watched the FIFA World Cup with Diego Maradona’s “the Hand of God” in awe. All those beachgoers and traffic jams on Sunday evenings. Weekend evenings around the fire singing “Go Tell It on the Mountain.” And finally, after the campers’ departure and end-of-season clean up, there were emotional goodbyes.

The summer did impact my future. I was like a dry sponge that gradually got soaked. I learned by sharing with the campers, counselors, and visiting missionaries about how to care for each other as children of God. The time at Good News served as a resource helping me



Son Phung

to excel with my study. Medical school and more training with its ups and downs were followed by dream trips back to Vietnam to serve at local clinics and hospitals and share my personal testimony with unbelievers.

Years later I interviewed the late Dr. Herbert Atkinson, then a retiring physician in Michigan, and we compared notes. He did his medical mission in the Congo. Apparently he dated a youthful Hope Willard while studying medicine in Philly. I had worked with her sister Faith Willard at Camp Good News. After all, it's a small world. So campers and counselors enjoy and share your time because, at another time, memories may come full circle!

*Son Phung*



## The Difference

I got up early one morning and  
rushed right into the day;  
I had so much to accomplish  
that I didn't have time to pray.  
Problems just tumbled about me,  
and heavier came each task.  
"Why doesn't God help me?" I wondered.  
He answered, "You didn't ask."  
I wanted to see joy and beauty,  
but the day toiled on gray and bleak;  
I wondered why God didn't show me.  
He said, "But you didn't seek."  
I tried to come into God's presence;  
I used all my keys at the lock.  
God gently and lovingly chided,  
"My child you didn't knock."  
I woke up early this morning,  
and paused before entering the day;  
I had so much to accomplish  
that I had to take time to pray.  
Author Unknown

**We have much to be thankful for - our families, food, shelter, schools, and work. Please pray about the camp's financial needs and give as God leads. We are looking to Him and standing on His promises to provide all our needs.**

No eye has seen, no ear has heard, and no mind has imagined what God has prepared for those who love him. 1 Corinthians 2:9

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