

BACKWOODS BULLETIN



The Frontiersmen shut the Chuckwagon door and start making their way to their campsite. The path they follow takes them through the trees, over rocks, around logs, and over a bridge. The group never doubts the sturdiness of that bridge, and there is no fear the structure will collapse after a stormy night.

Now that bridge didn't just happen over night. Forethought was put into it. What design should be used? What tree would be the best fit? Should rails be added? How should the planks be fastened?

Construction began. The trees were felled and skinned, Planks were cut. Hand-forged nails completed the solid, secure structure. After many long hours a masterpiece was finished.

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If the bridge builder had not wanted to take the time to figure out the details, he could have thrown a few logs over the stream bed and called it good, but he didn't.

What about the bridges in my life called "Relationships"? I can throw a plank over to the people in my life and say my work is completed. Or, I can take the time to stop and build a masterpiece that spans the gap between my heart and theirs. A place that is secure for my fellow traveler to step across when they are faced with a river that needs crossing. Have I done my best to keep it secure by listening to what my friend, family member, spouse etc. is saying, maybe not in words, but what their heart is truly saying?

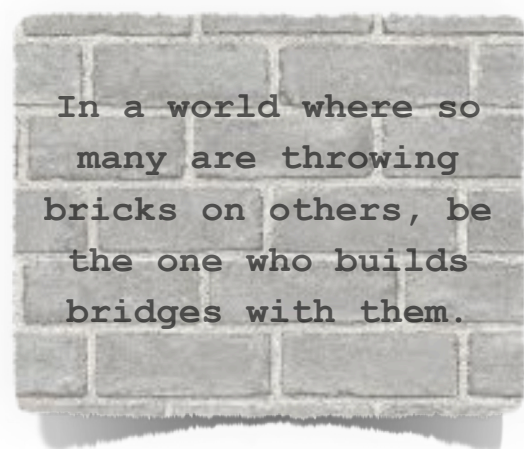
Some of the bridge's planks are labeled "respect". People come with many different backgrounds. Sure, it's a different story than mine, a story full of color. Do they feel secure in walking over on the bridge between my heart and theirs, sharing their opinions, dreams, concerns, etc. with me? Do I let them have their space if that is what they are needing right now, or am I looking at them with critical eyes, and focusing on their weaknesses?

The campers could question the bridge builder, did he fasten every board, use enough nails? But they don't, they know his past work has proven his trustworthiness. My actions and every day life are either creating that trust or breaking it down.

Bridges take time. My agenda can be chocked full of my things, hurrying to and fro, too busy to notice the heavy heart be-

side me, or the joyful heart, wanting to share a happy thought. Take a conversation for instance. My full attention can be on the conversation that's taking place right here, right now; or my mind can be racing over my next project or the things I am wanting to complete in the next few hours.

The Master Bridge Builder is our perfect example by spanning the great divide with His love. Maybe I don't know how to span the chasm in my life, but I can ask Him for help in understanding the blueprint He has given me. He understands the bridge building process. He knows it doesn't just happen, and that some will reject the love. Let's not let the fear of rejection halt the building process but continue perfecting and building the bridges in our lives.



In a world where so
many are throwing
bricks on others, be
the one who builds
bridges with them.

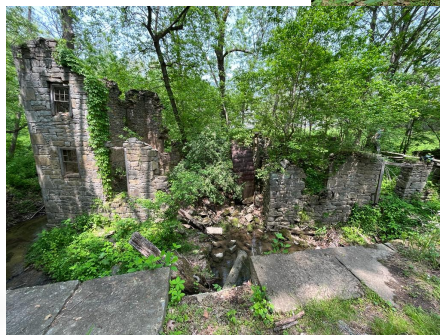


We want to shout out a huge THANK YOU to all our sponsors on the walkathon. Because of you we had the courage to keep walking, one step at a time.

In the morning we got up at 2:30. We did chores and went up to Chuckwag-on and ate breakfast. We got to the C&O Canal at 5:30. On the hike we saw a few locks that were interesting. We stopped for lunch at a train trestle. Then we caught 4 black snakes. We hiked 3 more miles till we reached the park and had supper. Then we drove back to Camp. In all we walked 16 miles. We were sore.
-Report by a Camper



Miles walked
Trailblazers-
17.8
Frontiersmen-
16
Staff- ranged
from 8-31.



NORMAL DAY.

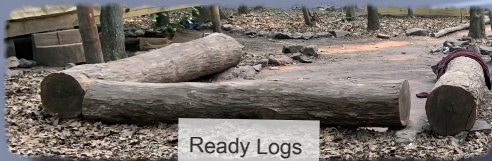
Let me be aware of the treasure that you are.
-Mary Jean Irion

A peek into camp
life

WEEKLY PLANS

Date: 4/11/23

Group	Tuesday 11	Wednesday 12	Thursday 13	Friday 14	Saturday 15	Sunday 16	Monday 17
Activity	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check
Breakfast and Regulations	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check
Lunch and Sinks	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check
Supper	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check	Big game check



Camper or SCBC Staff Goals:

1. Work on having a friendly and helpful attitude.
2. Work on having proper respect for myself and others.
3. Work on keeping my workspace neat and tidy.
4. Work on anger management skills.

Goal Card

Again and again I hear the question, "What do YOU do at camp?" How can I answer when it is a continual mixture of singing, praying, sweeping, mopping, and connecting with the boys, parents, chiefs, and cooks? Sometimes I get activities in gear, and other times I am pulled along with ones that are already in motion.

When I am asked that question, I think of the nitty gritty of camp life. . . Monday I take a list, written in boyish hand, to buy the groceries for their weekly cookouts on "Cooks Day Off". What they order is what I buy. They have figured the amounts and expense resulting in some amazing cookouts in the

woods. Tuesday is Mail Letters to Parents Day. Each week the boys write home. I like to think of those lonesome parents receiving a letter from their son and the happiness it brings to them. Tuesday evening is ED night. I prepare a fun snack for the boys and find a documentary that will be interesting and educational for them to watch. Wednesday evening is Vespers, aptly named because the singing and stories are of a spiritual nature. I prepare a story, then read it to the boys at the evening gathering. Wednesday and Thursday are camp cleaning days. The cooks take care of the kitchen, but I tidy the rest. It is rewarding to see cleanliness and order where many boys

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have played life out. Sometimes I wish my friends could see my loaded dustpan:) Friday and Saturday my cleaning continues. Coolers need to be sorted and cleaned out, then on to my house where I have two teenagers who live with me. I move on around the circle, catching up here and there, never running out of places to clean. Sunday is Rest (sometimes) and Chapel. I love going to the Chapel in the woods with the sky for the ceiling and logs for the benches. It is set up like a tiny stadium with a stump for a pulpit down below. That is our sanctuary.

There are mundane tasks at camp like everywhere else. Also like everywhere else, there are bright spots. One evening I was in the laundry room late at night. As I walked out the door, the Trailblazers were still in a circle up. One of the campers hollered through the darkness, "Goodnight, Miss Sharon!" Another day a young rock collector invited me, "Come look at this!" I admired the striped Tiger's Eye rocks or the less colorful stones with distinct markings from the driveway. One who isn't keen on rocks, handed me a paper on which was displayed HIS creativity. One evening, a boy with an eye for beauty in nature handed me a branch

of mountain laurel. All treasures and all bright spots.

Mother's Day was a special event at camp. The cooks outdid themselves with a new sweet potato dish. There were toppings of shredded chicken and two kinds of slaw to top your baked sweet potato. It was so yummy! Miss Jamie and my sixth grader made three little jars of bath salts for me. Each had a label: Cedarwood, Peppermint, or Lavender ***Handmade by Layne 2023*** Directions-Sprinkle in bath water.

RELAX. "Ahhhhh." Thank you, Miss Jamie! The day was ending but there was one more surprise, a message from a Chief. "Happy Mother's Day!" A simple message but it meant so much. Sometimes it all is ALOT. A lot of mess. A lot of stress. A lot of hulla-baloo. But those little touches of kindness, care, and love keep me going. I am surrounded by an amazing group of humanity that work and give of themselves. They don't do it for praise nor for the best of wages. We feel indebted to them. -Miss Sharon

SCBC

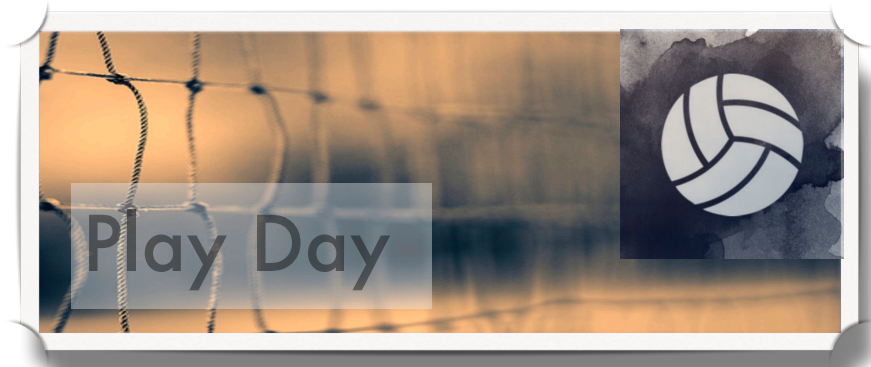
(Sacrificial Compassion Brings Camaraderie)

Lunch	Hibachi Chicken Fried Rice Yum, Yum Sauce Veggies
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Question: How much sausage gravy is made on a normal Friday morning?

Answer: 2 gallons of milk with 6 lbs. of cooked sausage.

	Friday 19th
Breakfast	Biscuits & Gravy Fruit



Grads of 2023
Congratulations!
Jasper
Kade
Levi

Grad party:
Cake and
Homemade ice cream



May 13 was SCBC play day! We all left camp around 9:30 and headed to Ship-pensburg gym. Activities included an egg drop, oobleck, softball, and volleyball.

Projects on the TO-DO LIST



Neighboring property purchased.

On this property is future chief housing. House will need some remodeling before chiefs can move in.

Shop/storage located by the administrator's house.

Wrap-around porch on administrator's house.

Addition to tool shed

New Chuckwagon

Logging done for future pond site

Volleyball slab poured and court made.