



WVCYC Update

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A Tale of Possibility

Note: The following story is fictional, but perhaps readers can relate to various portions.

Penny was this eleven-year old girl's name, and it was often about what she thought she was worth. Though loving, her parents could not afford her a lot of time because of long hours in labor for financial necessity. They were diligent to make sure Penny was at church services, where she was one of the three people under age 18. She heard good sermons and believed in Jesus. But her loneliness bred her bouts with low self-esteem.

The school year did not fly by the way it does for the active student-socialite. Monday set the repetitive pattern for the week. Bus pick-up was at 6:45 and drop-off was 3:50. She let herself in to her humble quarters for a snack, a little TV time, and started supper before Mom got home. Extra-curricular activities were prohibited for reasons of transportation and cost. Penny's friends were the ones she happened to see a few minutes at a time in each class. She still didn't know them that well, and never saw them in the summer. She was a good girl, but would occasionally get a little testy with her parents. The perceived lack of opportunity might do that to a child.

Mom and Dad, looking out for Penny, heard about an opportunity that summer that just might be workable. A member of their home church had approached them, quite delicately, asking if he might pay Penny's way to a church camp that summer. After all the explanations and heart-felt thanks, they accepted, and excitedly informed their slightly troubled treasure.

Penny's apprehension lasted through the month-long wait and even through the first day of camp. But then she started to smile. Her counselor had made her laugh. The Bible class teacher she had that morning had played a little softball with her team that afternoon. And the girls by whom she was bunking seemed really nice.

At week's end, Penny had no date to the big banquet. She went, rather, with four friends and ended up crying—because she laughed so hard for so long. The melancholy tears came at the campfire, when the reality of the coming departure set in. The hand-holding and hugs of the evening gave way to the address-exchanging of Saturday morning, when Penny waved a goofy goodbye to her new soul-mates with her nose flattened against the inside pane of the car window. Their giggles still filled her soul as she pillowed her exhausted head in the back seat for the two-hour ride home.

Penny kept in touch with those friends all year. Technology does have its perks. The next few years, the first arrival was charged with saving the bunks, but it was hard to be first when up against such eager competition. When seventeen, Penny had that date to the banquet. So did one of the famous four friends. The other two, you see, went along as chaperones.

Penny went on to marry that boy, and their lives are just now starting to get serious. They have their bills, and the rumor is that Penny is pregnant with her second child. Her mom had a bout with cancer. During hospital visits, her camp friends were there, of course. Also visiting were three of the Bible teachers and two directors. She had well-wishing e-mails from five past counselors. When she worshiped at the local church where the big-city hospital was, she knew quite a few faces. One family even brought her some food in the hospital waiting room.

It is quite amazing how a few solid relationships with people of "like precious faith" can make the burdensome tolerable. Why, this phenomenon even took a little girl filled only with doubt and made her a caring young woman overflowing with joy.

Not all camp stories turn out, of course, so rosy. Nevertheless, "rosy" is not the point. Sound teaching that grounds a person in hope, the anchor of the soul (Heb. 6:19-20), and great relationships with Christians who help one weather life's storms—that is the point. These come in Christ's body—the church. If WVCYC, though, can help by bringing together church members of various locales, binding them with cords of love strong enough to last the years of earth's sojourn, then all the time and effort has been well-spent.

Thank you to all our supporters and friends. We know you believe in this work. You show it by your fruits. May God bless you all richly for your sacrifice and service of faith in this regard.

Happy Holidays...

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