

# Sisters All!

Dear Martha,

Your note came today with the good news that you will make it to Beulah for the first weekend, at least. It is almost midnight, and I am surrounded by piles of clean clothes and bedding half packed, but I want to dash off a letter to assure you that we certainly have room in our cottage for you and the three younger children. We could put Gordon on a cot, but I suspect he would have a better time—although probably no more sleep!—in the dormitory with his friends.

There are so many preparations necessary for going to camp meeting that I wonder every year if I'll make it. We do the final rounds of windows and doors, turn off gas and electricity, and park the cat with a neighbor. Then I settle down in the front seat of the car, with my feet wedged between a carton of food and a box containing Frannie's heir dryer, John's portable typewriter, and my steam iron. But what does it matter if we don't arrive in style, so long as we arrive at all!

Sometimes I have the feeling that we live all year for this brief time at Beulah. It is a welcome oasis in our routine, a complete reversal of the usual emphasis on physical, everyday tasks that characterize life at home. At camp meeting, spiritual and social values are paramount, and housekeeping chores are happily relegated to the back seat.

Along with this very refreshing change of pace, there is a sensation of leaving the past behind and concentrating on the present moment. Each brief, delightful day is lived and enjoyed to the full. Outside interests and commitments are temporarily put aside, leaving the mind marvelously free to dwell on life's true and lasting values. It all adds up to a great lift of spirit and body—indeed a "revival," or renewing of the whole person.

When I was small, I used to envy the folks whose cottages or rooms were near the entrance to the camp grounds. They were always the first to see who had arrived during those early days of the "great gathering in." I suppose that nowhere else this side of heaven can one hope to match that experience, when friends and loved ones assemble from far and near and renew friendships amid tears and laughter. In all of us who have memories of Beulah, there seems to be a homing instinct that carries us back there every year, in spirit if not in actuality. It has been, I believe, one of the great unifying forces of our church.

Of course, there is a practical aspect for the church in the opportunity provided for the Alliance to conduct its annual business. But there is even more value, it seems to me, in the daily good fellowship of Christians, the relaxed friendliness in the dining hall and around the grounds, and the minimizing of small irritations in an atmosphere of unity and good will. There is stimulation in the sound of hymns floating down from the tabernacle, and even more from participation in them. There is the winning of new victories, and the renewal of old ones, over self and sin. And there is the recurring adventure of receiving fresh revelation of God's truth and His presence.

One always feels a special poignancy in the spirited singing of the old favorite, "I've reached the land of corn and wine." Life is a frail and precious thing, and while we are so blessed as to have lived another year and come back to this sacred spot, who knows whether we or those we love will make it next year, or the year after that? And yet, underlying all our mixed feelings is a wonderful certainty; for our beloved Beulah, with its fleeting ten days of peace and joy, symbolizes deep within the minds of us all a future day whose glory will never fade!...

It is very late, and I must get a little sleep. We'll be leaving in a couple of days, and we expect to see you next week—in "heaven's borderland!"

Your loving sister, Mary.

## RIVERSIDE YOUTH CAMP

CAMP THEME: "Christ is the Answer"

CAMP EVANGELIST & SINGER:  
Rev. Stewart Steeves

DATE: July 27-August 5

TIME: Week nights 7:30 (Maine time)  
Sundays: 10:00 a.m. (Lovefeast)  
11:00 a.m. (Morning  
Worship)  
3:00 p.m.  
7:00 p.m.

CAMP FEE: \$12.00 (Includes Insurance)

## CAMP REQUIREMENTS

Bible	Slacks (Hiking)
Note Book	Sheets
Pencil	Pillow Cases
Musical Instruments	Swim Suits

## CAMP HIGHLIGHTS

GOOD SPIRITUAL FELLOWSHIP

BIBLE STUDY

SOUL WINNING COURSE

FILM

SPORTS: ball  
swimming  
hiking  
campfires

CAMP DIRECTOR: Rev. Bernard Brown

## BOOMERANG!

A baker living in a small village bought his butter from a neighbouring farmer. One day he became suspicious that the butter was not of the same weight as at first. For several days he weighed the butter and concluded that the rolls were gradually diminishing in weight.

This angered the baker so that he had the farmer arrested. "I presume you have weights," said the judge. "No, sir," replied the farmer.

"How then do you manage to weigh the butter that you sell?"

"That's easily explained," said the farmer. "When the baker began buying his butter from me, I thought I'd get my bread from him, and it's his one-pound loaf I've been using as a weight for the butter I sell. If the weight of the butter is wrong, he has himself to blame."

Sin is like that. If it becomes the rule of our lives, it turns upon us to betray us when we least expect it. The deceiver becomes the deceived. — From The Evangel.