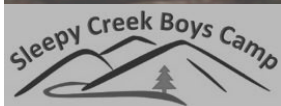


BACKWOODS BULLETIN



“The art of communication is the language of leadership.”
-James Humes

Communication is Key

Here at camp, we have a great diversity of people from all across US and Canada. All of us come from different circumstances, and as a result, everyone looks at life differently. Campers, chiefs, cooks, maintenance guys, everyone is programmed with their own views on life and how it should be lived. It doesn't take long at camp to find out that we didn't all drop from the same mold. We are all here, however, and somehow, we must work with each other to make things function.

One thing is certain. We will rub each other the wrong way at times. It simply is not possible for this many people to live this close together without some friction. We are just too human for that. Our actions will affect others, and not always positively.

We are each accustomed to living how we live. Our upbringing, our circumstances, our culture, all these things and more cause us to act and react differently from each other.

Our opinions are often formed subconsciously, and we cannot always tell what makes us think the way we do, other than that it seems right to us, and it has always been our way of thinking. When we see someone that differs from us in opinion our first instinct is to believe they are wrong.

Our habits are also often formed without conscious thought. The many small things that we do each day without thinking all have an effect on other people if we live close to them. The way we dress, what we like to eat, how we sing, what scares us, are all part of the hundreds if not thousands of small characteristics that make us a colorful person. We are all made completely and

interestingly different, but we are only accustomed to looking at life through the narrow scope of our perspective. This is what causes the friction.

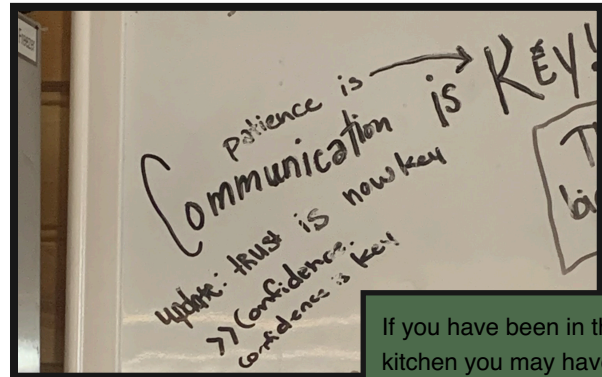
We begin to notice, when we live close to people, that there are other ways of viewing life. We begin to notice that people doing things differently are also being effective. We see that ours is not the only way. If we let ourselves, we might even admit someone else's way is good. Should we humble ourselves even further, we might admit that their way is better than ours. This realization can be jarring. To accept the idea that another's approach might be better than our own is accepting that we might be wrong. In our carefully constructed life, our habits, our thought patterns, our opinions, we have left no room for error. If we are honest with ourselves, however, we will have to realize that we have a flaw. Perhaps more than just one. Accepting this is how we begin to solve the friction.

Here at camp, we do what we call "Communicating." It is very basic, but it is equally difficult. In order for camp to run smoothly it is absolutely important that we talk. If we were to go without explaining ourselves it would be inevitable that we would end up in misunderstanding and discord. Part of what makes real communication difficult is that it exposes a little bit of ourselves. When we communicate a thought, it puts a small part of us in the open for others to look at. That small part of us may be one of our characteristics that is contrary to the views of the people we are talking with. This opens us up to the possibility of having one of our flaws pointed out. We must trust those we are talking to because communicating makes us vulnerable. Communicating is the basis for human relationship, but as painful as it may be, it is absolutely important. Communicating is the second step in the treatment of this friction.

When we bump into one another we can do one of two things. We can ignore it, pretend it didn't happen and deal with the friction of an unsolved problem, or we can communicate about it. This last solution is what will actually solve the issue. Instead of pointing out the other's problem and telling him what he needs to do differently, we must get down to the same level and express our views of the situation. Perhaps we will need to ask the other what we could do differently. It may be for us to respectfully point out something we see in the other that he could change. From there, together, we must make a sincere effort to change what we can to make things work better. As we keep an open mind to the ideas of others and make

ourselves vulnerable in true communication, we will receive the results in relationships that far repay the difficulty of changing our ways.

Dealing with ourselves and our fellow humans is always going to be lumpy. Accepting reproof is never easy and sometimes the refining fires burn a little bit too hot for our comfort. Let us persevere, though, helping refine each other and taking refinement in return, and some day we shall come forth as gold. -Chief Terence



If you have been in the SCBC kitchen you may have noticed a white board with random sayings. What is your key?



Mother/Son Banquet

August 30, 2023, was the long-awaited mother/son banquet at Sleepy Creek Boys Camp! It's been marked on my calendar ever since Peter left in March. One homestay we went shopping, and Peter picked out a piece of fabric for me to sew for the banquet. That was fun to do, even if it was not something I normally wear. Some of us parents (and a few siblings) got there early and met at the park in Berkeley Springs and hung out until it was time for us Moms to leave. I've been blessed by getting to know the other parents! We drove up to chuckwagon and there sat Peter's group on their ready logs, all dressed up. It made me smile. The Trailblazers were gathered closer to Chuckwagon, helping each other make sure they were looking perfect. Quite a few were wearing suits, and some had flowers in their suitcoat pockets. The weather was perfect for an outdoor meal! Although it got a bit windy a time or two and a few things went flying. We were greeted at the big tent by Chief Daniel and found our places. The tables were set with white plastic tablecloths and a black strip down the middle. We had black plastic plates and maroon napkins folded prettily on top with our name tags pinned on with gold paperclips. Gold plastic cutlery added to the charm. Menus were beside each plate. Our drink was water with lemon and lime slices in clear cups. There were little vases with green plants in them. A basket with a sourdough bread bowl filled with queso spinach dip and surrounded by crackers sat in the middle. It was a very attractive table!

Soon the boys started coming, all smiles, to sit across from their moms. Peter sat across from me and then it was Chief Tyson and his mom and Ashton and his mom. The chiefs and (most of) their moms even got in on the event! The appetizer was delicious! Our table loved the buttery breadcrumbs. Chief Cody had a prayer, and then the boys took their plate and their mom's plates to get filled. The way we were sitting, all of us moms' backs were to the hardworking cooks and their helpers. Our main course was BBQ grilled chicken salad with lots of fixings, homemade BBQ ranch dressing, and breadsticks. It was all so delicious! The cooks came around and filled our water cups and served extra breadsticks. One of them had a birthday that day, so she was heartily sung to. After we were done eating, the boys were given the letters they had written us. This included the chiefs, too! Then we all left and went and found a place to read the letters

and to talk. Peter didn't want to sit long, so we took a little walk, then back to the tent for a little program. A writing was read by a mom. A quartet by four of the Trailblazers: "Handful of Paradise". It made me wonder if some of the boys viewed home as more of a paradise than they did before camp. A poem was read by a camper. Two very fitting songs were sung by all the campers and staff, "A Few Good Men" and "Give us Bread." I had to wonder what they were thinking when they sang the words... "What this dying world could use is a willing man of God. Men full of compassion, who laugh and love and cry. Men who'll face eternity and aren't afraid to die." It speaks the heart of what camp is trying to do for these boys. A book (*Love You Forever*) was read by Chief Daniel. All of us moms got a little bag with a SCBC apron as a gift. We had a break then until it was time for the graduation of two boys. (Dessert was served later, after the graduation for all who were there. Individual cups with frozen mocha dessert.)

One thing that really impressed me was how happy and calm the boys looked. I've been there at camp before when it hasn't been quite that way. The effort they put into dressing up was pretty neat, too. I wish I could have seen them hiking their trails in dress shoes and suits. A lot of the boys and moms wore coordinated clothing. I thought it was quite special that the chiefs' moms were there, too. It was neat to meet the women who raised such fine young men. (Continued on next page)



I was also impressed with the camp staff and their efforts to pull this off. I know it was a lot of work! All the time and energy the ladies put into the food and the decorating was amazing. There were a lot of details and little things they did that were special. One was the SCBC sticker that was on the bags the aprons came in. They were attached so they were still usable. The letters were rolled and tied with a silvery ribbon with a little silver leaf and a tag with our name attached. The way they seated us, so we didn't get distracted by the work going on. Basically every table had a chief and his mom and then two campers and their moms. It seemed everyone did their best to make it a special time for us. They succeeded. - Written by a mother

One day, some boys were at a banquet to see their moms. They were happy to see them. They dressed up really nice. Some wore suits and their moms wore all kinds of dresses. We sat down at a table for a good lunch. The boys made the moms plates for them, and then they ate. After lunch we went and read letters to our moms. After that we all sat and watched as Kylan and Marcus graduated. We all told memories and had a good time. Then we left for homestay!
-Written by a Frontiersmen Camper

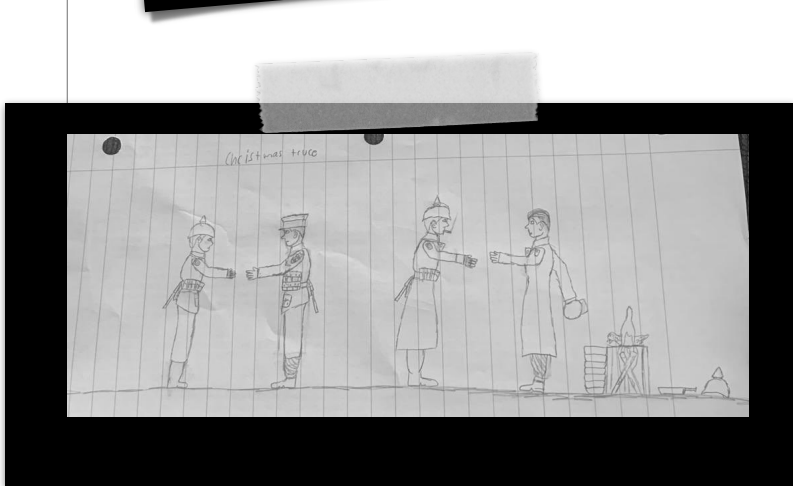
On the day of Mother Son banquet we got up at 7:00. We packed up for homestay and went for breakfast. Then we went up to camp and got our suitcases. At 3 o'clock, we went to the event area. We sat down at the tables with our moms. We filled our mom's plates with bbq chicken salad. Then we gave our moms a special letter and went on a fifteen minute walk. Then we came back and sang some songs and read some poems. Then we left for a while and came back at 6:30 for Kylan's and Marcus's graduation. After the graduation we had dessert. Then we joined our parents and went home.
-Written by a Trailblazer Camper





Creativity

"You can't use up creativity. The more you use it, the more you have."
Maya Angelou



Current Construction sites at Camp

Chuckwagon- Engineering and sitework is turned in to the County. We are now waiting on them to get it back, hopefully have that completed by first of November.

Volleyball and basketball court- We are digging out a spot for a slab with retaining walls for a nice flat place to play. We will put a fence around it, so we don't have to run so far each time the ball heads off downhill.

Administrator's house- Tool/storage shed at administrator's house is about 75% completed, getting ready for a concrete floor. At some point, we need a porch built around the administrator's house.

Chief housing- New Chief's housing has been bought along with about ten more acres of woods. This is an appreciated addition for campers as well as chiefs. This property needs the following: major cleanup inside, minor remodeling and finish carpentry, tree clearing, and yard work.

Maintenance Barn- We have a building pad built, but it will need to settle for a while before we can build on it. A lot of rocks were buried.

Camp Sign- We have the sign mounted and landscaping done around it.

