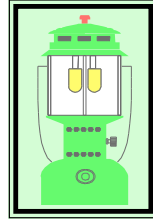




# CAMP SHAMROCK NEWSLETTER

ISSUE 21 [WWW.CAMP SHAMROCK.ORG](http://WWW.CAMP SHAMROCK.ORG) DECEMBER 2005

Hi there all you happy campers!



Well, I'm sure for some of you, all those days spent in the middle of a field down in Tollymore Forest Park in the summer seems but a distant memory. For us the memory lives on as we have already made plans for next years camp!

Each year, we get campers who love it so much that they return for more fun year after year. I was one of them. It was many moons ago, (1985) when I first stepped onto that very same field in Tollymore Forest. It was my first year at camp and back then I certainly did not know just how big a part in my life Camp would become. I came back the second year because of the fun I had at camp and because of the 'magic' of the time I spent there. My most treasured childhood memories were spent on that field, my closest and most treasured friends were made at camp and my faith was born there. Now I can't imagine spending a summer without being there.

My prayer is that you will all share in that same magic and enjoy the benefits of Camp for many years to come. One way to do that is to return next year and we really hope that you will. Until then take care and don't forget the valuable lessons you learnt at Tollymore.

## Inside this issue

Page 2 ~ *Run through the rain*

Page 3 ~ *A wedding, a birth and a baptism!*

Pages 4 ~ *Sammy & the Snakes*

Page 5 ~ *Rosie Preston's view of Camp Shamrock*

Page 6 ~ *Dates and Information*

God Bless, Sheba



A little girl had been shopping with her Mum in the supermarket. She was about 6 years old, had beautiful red hair and a freckled face. The picture of innocence. It was pouring outside. The kind of rain that gushes over the top of rain gutters, so much in a hurry to hit the earth it has no time to flow down the spout. We all stood there under the porch just inside the door of the shop.

We waited, some patiently, others irritated because nature messed up their hurried day. I am always mesmerized by rainfall. I got lost in the sound and sight of the heavens washing away the dirt and dust of the world. Memories of running, splashing so carefree as a child came pouring in as a welcome reprieve from the worries of my day.

The little voice was so sweet as it broke the hypnotic trance we were all caught in "Mum, let's run through the rain," she said.

"What?" Mum asked.

"Let's run through the rain!" She repeated.

"No, honey. We'll wait until it slows down a bit," Mum replied.

This young child waited about another minute and repeated: "Mum, let's run through the rain,"

"We'll get soaked if we do," Mum said.

"No, we won't, Mum. That's not what you said this morning," the young girl said as she tugged at her Mum's arm. This morning? When did I say we could run through the rain and not get wet?

"Don't you remember? When you were talking to Daddy about his illness, you said, 'If God can get us through this, he can get us through anything!'"

The entire crowd stopped dead silent. I swear you couldn't hear anything but the rain. We all stood silently. No one came or left in the next few minutes.

Mum paused and thought for a moment about what she would say. Now some would laugh it off and scold her for being silly. Some might even ignore what was said. But this was a moment of affirmation in a young child's life. A time when innocent trust can be nurtured so that it will bloom into faith.

"Honey, you are absolutely right. Let's run through the rain. If GOD let's us get wet, well maybe we just needed washing," Mum said.

Then off they ran. We all stood watching, smiling and laughing as they darted past the cars and yes, through the puddles. They held their shopping bags over their heads just in case. They got soaked. But they were followed by a few who screamed and laughed like children all the way to their cars.

Circumstances or people can take away everything you have, they can take away your money, and they can take away your health. But *no one* can ever take away your precious memories...So, don't forget to make time and take the opportunities to make memories everyday. To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven.



## News from the Counsellors



Congratulations to Lynette and Peter who got married during boy's camp this year.

Lynette and Peter actually met at Camp Shamrock many years ago, fell in love, and the rest is history!



To the left is little Abigail Trainor, Rosey's daughter who was born at the start of November.

Rosey hasn't missed camp since her teenage years, except for her wedding and pregnancy! Congratulations and we hope she brings you many years of happiness!

Lets not forget about David Laverty who got baptised in October at Coleraine. We wish you a long and happy life of service to God. David's picture is on the camp shamrock website

# Sammy & the Snakes

Sammy was a good-looking young boy who lived in the deep south of America. His summer days were filled with times of walking through the woods, playing with friends, and fishing in the pond down the dirt road. Fishing was by far his favourite thing to do. Just about every day during his summer holidays, he would dig up some worms and head off, pole in hand, for a day of fishing.

This steamy hot day was like most others during Sammy's summer break. Waking early, he could hear the pond calling him to come fish. Sammy quietly walked out the front door, grabbed his pitchfork and worm pail from the porch, and walked into the woods to search for bait. He turned over old stumps and dug under leaves hoping to find worms. Under one old stump he hit the jackpot. The ground was writhing. In two minutes he had all the bait he needed, and in 15 minutes he was at the pond.

Reaching into his bait bucket, Sammy pulled out a big worm. He double hooked it and tossed it into the water. He noticed a stinging in his hand, but filled with the excitement of the moment, he paid no attention to it. Within 30 seconds, Sammy had a strike and pulled in a nice catfish. Wow, he thought, a fish in the first minute. This is unbelievable! He put the catch on his stringer, hurried to re-bait his hook, and tried his luck again. Once again he felt a stinging sensation in his hand as he threw his hook into the pond. He didn't have time to worry about it. Within just a few seconds, he had another huge fish. He fumbled the next time he baited his hook--his hand felt numb and stiff. But Sammy was too excited about catching another fish to give it much thought.

At the end of only an hour of fishing, Sammy had caught eight large fish. This was definitely his best fishing day ever. He was so proud of his accomplishment that, even though there was plenty of day left to fish, he threw the heavy stringer of fish over his shoulder and dashed down the dirt road toward home to show off his catch to his mum and dad. The local sheriff happened to drive up alongside Sammy and started to congratulate him on his catch of fish. With a smile and a victory whoop, Sammy held up the stringer. The sheriff gasped, parked his car and strode over to Sammy. His eyes hadn't deceived him--Sammy's arms really were red and swollen to about twice their normal size. Exactly where have you been and what bait did you use to catch all those fish?" the sheriff asked Sammy, already guessing the answer.

"I found some special bait under an old stump," Sammy boasted. "These worms really wiggle good," he commented, handing up the bait bucket for inspection. After a close look at the worms, the sheriff went into fast-forward. Securing the bucket in his truck, he then scooped Sammy and his stringer of fish into the back seat of his patrol car. Spinning a U-turn on the gravel road, he sped off to the hospital, but Sammy was already dead.

What the sheriff had discovered was that Sammy had been fishing with baby rattlesnakes. Sammy's deadly bait brought him a good morning's fishing but cost him his life. Had Sammy stopped fishing after that first sting, he could have been saved. One bite from a baby rattler won't kill a person who gets treatment in time. But Sammy was having fun and didn't bother himself with the small voice of pain in his hand. Then, as his hand grew numb, even that small voice was silenced.



Playing around with sin is like using baby rattlesnakes for bait. Sinning seems harmless to young people who don't recognize sin and are unaware of its deadly consequences. The more sin you get into, however, the more numb you become to its sting. In the excitement of the moment, you ignore the still small voice of God warning you of danger and encouraging you to choose life instead of death

## *Rosie Preston's views on Camp Shamrock....*

I really enjoy going to camp because I like the games, I like the water slide, I like the food and I like hearing the ghost stories at spook night about the Blue Lady.

It can be scary when it's night time in your tent but we have a counsellor who looks after us and doesn't make it as scary.

My friend Amy was in the same tent as me and she thinks she seen Nanny Gray one night and she was all mixed up – her arms were her legs and her legs were her arms! I don't think that's true. It took us all a long time to get to sleep that night.!

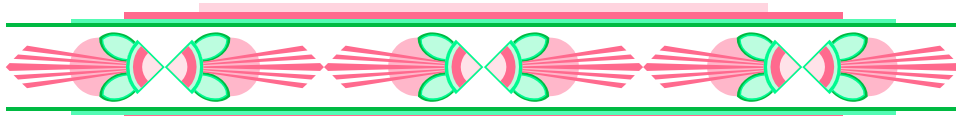


My mummy went to camp a long time ago when she was around my age and she told me a lot of stories that she used to hear about the Blue Lady too. They are nearly all the same as the ones we hear at Spook Night.

I like the classes because we get to do fun games and we get to sing cool songs too.

I hope that I can come back to camp again next year and bring my sister Leigh Ann.

By Rosie Preston ~ Aged 8



Is there anybody else who would like to give their views on camp too? We'd love to hear them! If you do, please send them to me at the address on page 6 and they can go into a future newsletter.

# CAMP SHAMROCK

**BUILDING A BETTER FUTURE**

- ♣ Protecting our children
- ♣ Setting good standards
- ♣ Implementing good practice

The dates for **Camp Shamrock 2006** are

Boys Camp ~ Monday 10<sup>th</sup> July to Tuesday 18<sup>th</sup> July  
Girls Camp ~ Thursday 20<sup>th</sup> July to Friday 28<sup>th</sup> July



Cost will remain at £60

For further information regarding Camp Shamrock, or about this newsletter please visit our website at

[www.campshamrock.org](http://www.campshamrock.org) or contact

Bert Ritchie, 14 Craigaboney Road, Bushmills. BT57 8XD (028 20731180)  
or Sheba Clinton, 26 Ashton Drive, Coleraine. BT52 1NW (028 70327296)

A copy of this Newsletter will automatically be sent to all campers each time it is printed. (Approximately every three months). However if you do not wish to keep receiving this, please let me know by completing the details below and returning to me at the address below.



I do/do not wish to receive any further copies of this Newsletter.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
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Please send me a copy of the application form for camp 2006 YES  NO

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