

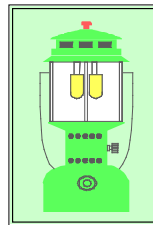
CAMP SHAMROCK

Newsletter

Issue 11

August 2002

“A LITTLE LIGHT



FROM THE PIT.”

[Camp Shamrock 2002](#)

Why come to camp on your holiday? There are many things I could say about Camp Shamrock. But if you enjoy the outdoors, fun activities, Bible classes, making new friends, seeing old friends, these are just some of the benefits of going to camp. These reasons and many more are some of the reasons why I even bring my children from the USA to work at camp. But that is another article for another day "working at camp." It is my belief that young people need things to do. Why not have fun activities, spend time outdoors, get to know other young people? About a year ago my mother died. She was 80 years old. When we were going through her things, I found a post card that I had written when I was about eight years old and away at Church Camp. She had kept it all that time (Over 40 years). Of all the things my mother kept, that card was one of them. It was interesting to read. In fact I still remember what camp was like.

One teacher trying to teach us that whiskey can be bad for you. He took an egg and put it in the whiskey. I still remember that the next morning the egg was fried. Now that I am older I am curious did he get up in the middle of the night and fry it, I think I will try this experiment myself. You may want to do the same, but get permission from your parents first.

This year's camp session was a great time. Why not plan now to come next year and bring your friends. Who knows, maybe we could compare egg stories. Email me if you want and tell me what happens with your egg.

For the Camp!

Keith Shepherd

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Baking A Cake

A little boy is telling his Grandma how "everything" is going wrong. School, family problems, health problems, etc.

Meanwhile, Grandma is baking a cake. She asks her grandson if he would like a snack, which, of course, he does. "Here, have some cooking oil."

"Yuck" says the boy.

"How about a couple raw eggs? "

"Gross, Grandma!"

"Would you like some flour then? Or maybe baking soda?"

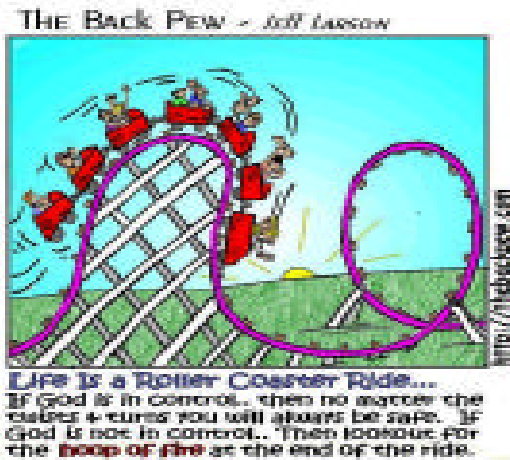
"Grandma, those are all yucky!"

To which Grandma replies: "Yes, all those things seem bad all by themselves, but when they are put together in the right way, they make a wonderfully delicious cake!"



God works the same way. Many times we wonder why he would let us go through such bad and difficult times. But God knows that when He puts these things all in His order, they always work for good! We just have to trust Him and, eventually, they will all make something wonderful!"

God is Crazy about us! He sends us flowers every spring and a sunrise every morning. Whenever you want to talk, He'll listen. He can live anywhere in the universe, and He chose your heart.



Life may be a roller coaster ride but like the slogan says, if God is in control we'll always be safe. No matter how many twists and turns we take, if we trust in God, we can be assured that

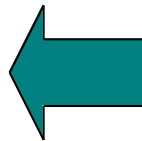
**PEOPLE MAY NOT REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT YOU DID, OR WHAT YOU SAID,
BUT
THEY WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER HOW YOU MADE THEM FEEL**

Well, by the time you all get this you will be well settled into normal life again after Camp Shamrock 2002 and ready for another year of school! I hope that you all had a great time

this year at Camp and for those who were new campers, we hope that you will return for more fun and frolics next year.

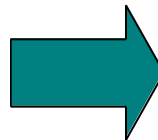
Congratulations to ADAM GRANT and PAULINE CONNELL who were this year's Mr and Miss Camp Shamrock's.

Thanks to Clark McIlroy and Leslie Coffey for doing the classes this year – a job well done. I hope that everybody went away encouraged by what they were taught and as you prepare to enter another year of school I hope that you will use this knowledge to remind others of Jesus and how important it is to have Him in your life.



MISS
CAMP
SHAMROCK
2002

MR
CAMP
SHAMROCK
2002



You may be only one person
in the world, but you may also
be the world to one person.

JOHN 3:16

One cold, dark night in the City of Chicago a blizzard was setting in. A little boy was selling newspapers on the corner. The people were in and out of the cold. The little boy was so cold that he wasn't trying to sell many papers. He walked up to a

policeman and said, "Mister, you wouldn't happen to know where a poor boy could find a warm place to sleep tonight would you? You see I sleep in a box up around the corner there and down the alley and it's awful cold in there for tonight. Sure would be nice to have a warm place to stay." The policeman looked down at the little boy and said, "You go down the street to that big white house and you knock on the door. When they come out the door you just say John 3:16, and they will let you in." So he did. He walked up the steps and knocked on the door, and a lady answered. He looked up and said, "John 3:16." The lady said, "Come on in, Son." She took him in and she sat him down in a split bottom rocker in front of a great big old fireplace, and she went off. The boy sat there for a while and thought to himself: John 3:16! I don't understand it, but it sure makes a cold boy warm!

Later she came back and asked him "Are you hungry?" He said, "Well, just a little. I haven't eaten in a couple of days, and I guess I could stand a little bit of food." The lady took him in the kitchen and sat him down to a table full of wonderful food. He ate and ate until he couldn't eat any more. Then he thought to himself: John 3:16... Boy, I sure don't understand it but it sure makes a hungry boy full. She took him upstairs to a bathroom to a huge bathtub filled with warm water and he sat there and soaked in it for a while. As he soaked, he thought to himself: John 3:16... I sure don't understand it, but it sure makes a dirty boy clean. You know I've not had a bath, a real bath, in my whole life. The only bath I ever had was when I stood in front of that big old fire hydrant as they flushed it out. The lady came in and got him. She took him to a room, tucked him into a big old feather bed, pulled the covers up around his neck, kissed him goodnight and turned out the lights. As he lay in the darkness and looked out the window at the snow coming down on that cold night, he thought to himself: John 3:16... I don't understand it but it sure makes a tired boy rested. The next morning the lady came back up and took him down again to that same big table full of food. After he ate, she took him back to that same big old split bottom rocker in front of the fireplace and picked up a big old Bible. She sat down in front of him and looked into his young face.

"Do you understand John 3:16?" she asked gently.

He replied, "No, Ma'am, I don't. The first time I ever heard it was last night when the policeman told me to use it." She opened the Bible to John 3:16 and began to explain to him about Jesus. He sat there and thought, John 3:16.

I don't understand it, but it sure makes a lost boy feel safe!

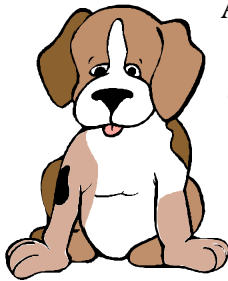
You know, it's hard for us to understand too, how God was willing to send His Son to die for us, and how Jesus would agree to do such a thing. It's hard to understand the agony of the Father and every angel in heaven as they watched Jesus suffer and die. It's hard to understand the intense love that Jesus has for us that kept Jesus on the cross till the end. It's hard to understand it, but it sure does make life worth living.

John 3:16 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

[The Puppy](#)

A farmer had some puppies he needed to sell. He painted a sign advertising the pups and set about nailing it to a post on the edge of his yard. As he was driving the last nail into the post, he felt a tug on his overalls. He looked down into the eyes of a little boy. "Mister," he said, "I want to buy one of your puppies." "Well," said the farmer, as he rubbed the sweat off the back of his neck, "these puppies come from fine parents and cost a good deal of money." The boy dropped his head for a moment. Then reaching deep into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of change and held it up to the farmer. "I've got thirty-nine cents. Is that enough to take a look?" "Sure," said the farmer. And with that he let out a whistle, "Here, Dolly!" he called. Out from the doghouse and down the ramp ran Dolly followed by four little balls of fur. The little boy pressed his face against the chain link fence. His eyes danced with delight. As the dogs made their way to the fence, the little boy noticed something else stirring inside the doghouse. Slowly another little ball appeared; this one noticeably smaller. Down the ramp it slid. Then in a somewhat awkward manner the little pup began hobbling toward the others, doing its best to catch up.... "I want that one," the little boy said, pointing to the runt. The farmer knelt down at the boy's side and said, "Son, you don't want that puppy. He will never be able to run and play with you like these other dogs would." With that the little boy stepped back from the fence, reached down, and began rolling up one leg of his trousers. In doing so he revealed a steel brace running down both sides of his leg attaching itself to a specially made shoe. Looking back up at the farmer, he said, "You see sir, I don't run too well myself, and he will need someone who understands."

And the moral of the story....?



The world is full of people who need someone who understands.

We don't have much news to inform you about in this issue. However Brad Ward who the boys will remember from camp has a website which has a few pages devoted to camp and has more pictures if anybody would like to view it. The address is www.gboutreach.org. Hopefully we'll be able to plan something for the campers before Christmas so we can all have some fun and fellowship. Until then, if you've any news for us or if there's anything you would like to tell us about camp and how you think we could change things to make it better for you, please do let us know. We can't change things if you don't tell us what you want! We really are interested in what you have to tell us about what you do and don't like about the camp. This newsletter is for YOUR benefit so please do keep in touch.

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A copy of this Newsletter will automatically be sent to all children who have been to Camp in 2001 and 2002 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.

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

Name: _____

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For further information regarding this Newsletter or if there is something you would like to put into it, please contact;

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