

CAMP CRESTRIDGE ALUMNAE AND FRIENDS



P.O. Box 22038 ♦ Lexington, KY 40522-2038
 calumnae@windstream.net ♦ www.ridgecrestcamps.com/ccalumnae



WHO REMEMBERS ...?

Johnnie or Miss Bell telling you before you left camp for

trips, days off, anything: **“Girls, always remember who you are, where you’re from, and what you represent.”** ~ Lisa Rudolph Turner

Radar-Tipped Birds ... going to Carowinds ... the smell of homemade yeast rolls coming from the kitchen ... the sound of **Johnnie’s gun** as she shot a snake ... Miss Ugly Contest (Linda Orwig, aka Ms. Ugly) ... those wonderful scratchy Evie records playing during campfire. ~ Karen Stitt

Alma’s choir singing in the chapel on Christmas in July. They always sang *Ain’t Got Time to Die* and *Sweet Little Jesus Boy*. ~ Susan McFerrin Nielsen and Karen Stitt

Johnnie would tell you before you left on a trip: “When a staffer tells you to jump, ask **how high on the way up.**” ~ Susan McFerrin Nielsen

The **corny jokes** the “long picture man” would always use to get us to smile – ‘Where did the general keep his armies? Up his sleeves.’ ... Losing your breath every time you jumped into the lake during first activity – it was SO cold. ... Having very mixed memories of Tuesday nights at camp – loving Campfire, but not so much the cookouts. ~ Ana Quattlebaum Gibbs

“There’s the bell” ... “What time is

CP?” ... **“Did you get any mail?”** ... “What are we eating for dinner?” ... “Who’s in your cabin?” ... “Let’s hike up rattlesnake.” ~ Susan Cheatham

Hiking to Royal Gorge for opening night songfest. ~ Kappi Brown Pierce

Summer of 1981, Session 2: Cherokees went on a village trip to Shindig on the Green in downtown Asheville. As we tried to return to camp, we could not go up the hill as the conference center was crawling with paramedics and ambulances. **Food poisoning** had broken out at the conference center and we had to go spend the evening at Frank Tamboli’s house in Black Mountain until the emergency was over. It was all over the national news, so parents were calling to see if camp had had food poisoning. ~ Ellen Parker Gaffney

The sound of the creek as the gentle background noise to all camp activities. ~ Kara Belcher Cooley

Mr. Johnson directing traffic ... **Burr and Si** at Council of Progress. ~ Johnnie Armstrong

The year Johnnie went to the Olympics. ~ Kate Waggener Dicks

When a session was **five weeks long** and you weren’t allowed to call home

until you’d been there two weeks, and then only with a counselor right there in the phone booth with you and a long line of campers outside waiting to make their calls. ~ Susan Bridger Waggener

Late, late night staff meetings upstairs in the lodge with Miss Bell presiding while the JETs watched over camp. (The good thing about them was that it gave Judy Mac and me a chance to do our nails!) ... The sound of heavy footsteps on the hill after **“lights out”** – that would have been Miss Bell’s footprints. Sometimes we would find her sitting on our porch. ... Johnnie’s clipboard and her white tennis shoes – that were perfectly white all summer long. ~ Linda Hamil Orwig

The days of having funds in your name at the **camp store**...you would stop by and get a can of juice on your way to horseback riding to enjoy as you patiently waited in the heat for your turn to ride. ... The summer Cherokee 1 added drama and costumes to the Saturday morning flag ceremony and camp cleanup. ... Going to a hotel room on your day off or during session break or after being picked up from camp by your family and feeling carpet under your feet for the first time in weeks. ~ Anja Aloia Cleveland

Have a special “who remembers”? E-mail us at calumnae@windstream.net.

Johnnie Armstrong, *ex officio*
 Paulette May Basham
 Toni Duke Branyon
 Ruth Burkett
 Susan Cheatham, *president elect*
 Anja Aloia Cleveland
 Kara Belcher Cooley, *secretary*

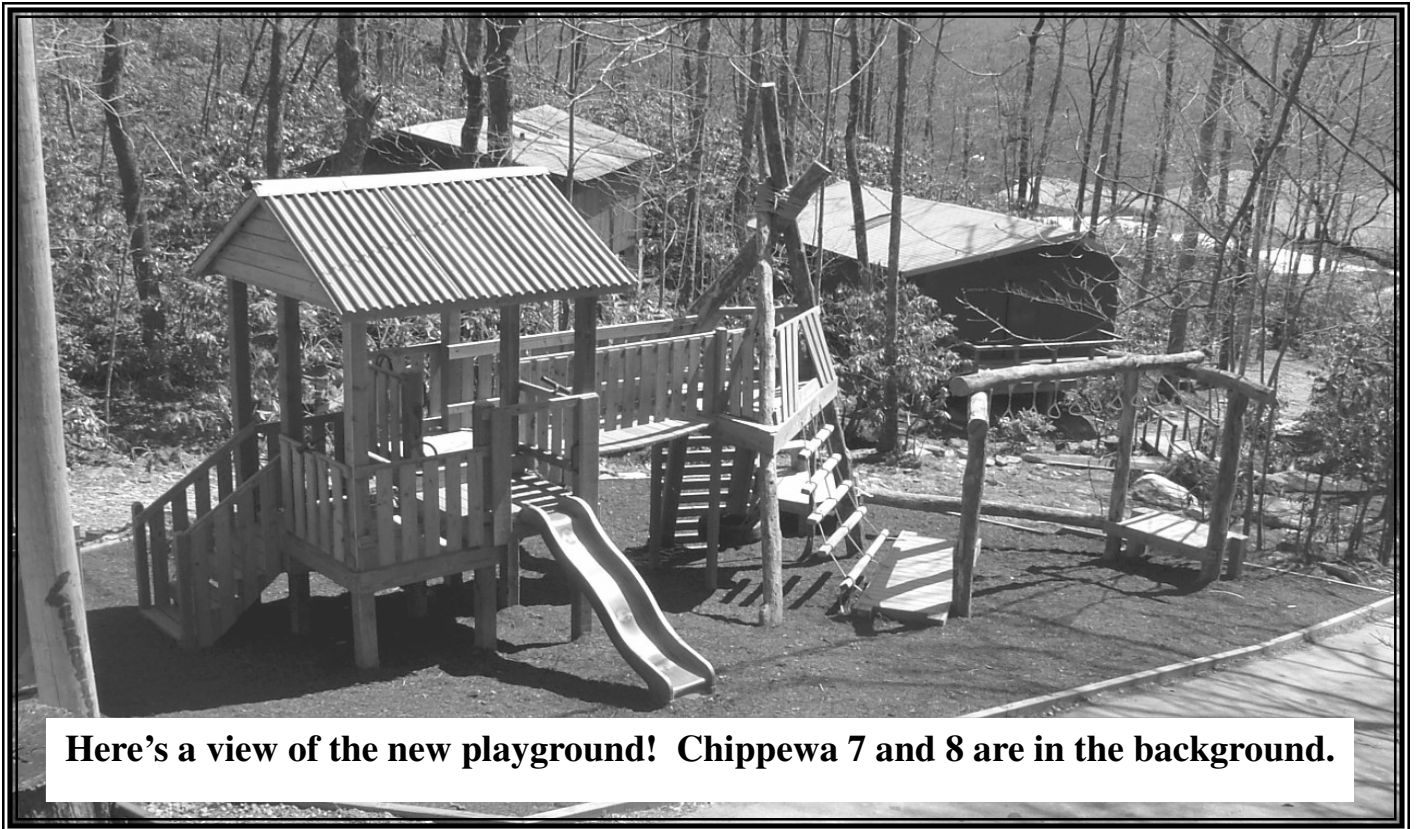
Alumnae Board

Ellen Parker Gaffney, *president*
 Ana Quattlebaum Gibbs
 Susan McFerrin Nielsen
 Kappi Brown Pierce
 Lydia Taylor Pierce

Marva Rawlings, *ex officio*
 Jean Jones Richards
 Ramey Diggers Schutz
 Karen Stitt
 Dara Trotter
 Lisa Rudolph Turner
 Susan Bridger Waggener, *treasurer, ex officio*

Scholarship Update — Help Needed!

One of our main goals as the Camp Crestridge Alumnae & Friends board is to provide scholarships each summer for girls to attend our beloved camp. Last year our revamped Scholarship Committee prayerfully considered every application. Our desire was to help as many girls as possible. On faith and the board's vote, we awarded scholarships to thirteen girls and one boy for camp this summer, for a total of \$11,300. However, our goal has not been reached, and we still lack about half of the amount pledged. We need to raise these funds by the end of September. Please consider sending a generous gift as soon as possible. Gifts can also be made through our website, www.ridgecrestcamps.com/ccalumnae.



Here's a view of the new playground! Chippewa 7 and 8 are in the background.

Special Projects

Once again, a few dollars here and a few dollars there have added up to make a great impact on Camp Crestridge. The new playground on Chip-Chick hill is a fabulous reminder of what influence your gifts can have on the lives of girls for years to come.

During our Maintain the Memories weekend in May, the playground was the center of the universe for kids young and old. Thanks to everyone who played a part in making it a reality. Just like the pavilion and the chapel expansion, Crestridgers and friends came together as one voice and made a huge

impact on young girls who will benefit for years to come.

It's time to turn our focus to something that every former camper or staffer holds dear. What do sing-spersion, Council of Progress, morning chapel, musicals, closing programs and Christmas in July concerts by Alma's choir have in common? Why, the chapel pews, of course! Thousands upon thousands of girls have spent life-changing moments in those chapel pews, and the wear and tear on them is not just unsightly, they are badly in need of preservation.

CCAF is now raising money to refinish the pews. It will take about \$6,000. What's great about this project is that every gift, small or large, will go a long way toward the goal. CCAF successfully raised funds to expand the chapel. The pews are next.

If you share the same fond memories of those hard wooden benches, please know that no gift is too small toward our goal. Simply send a check for any amount to the CCAF post office box and earmark it for the pews. We thank you from the bottom of our ... bottoms!

I think of my 11 summers at camp almost daily, since at least one of my four children mentions some aspect of camp daily. I am reminded of how thankful I am to have had the chance to experience such lifelong memories.

I keep coming back to 1977, Cherokee 3 when Cindy Neel was my counselor/mentor. The Lord chose Cindy that year for me for a reason. It was the summer before my sophomore year, which was the first year of high school then. I remember feeling, even more than usual, that Crestridge was this unbelievably safe haven where I felt loved and unconditionally accepted. I felt I could almost reach out and physically touch Jesus, because He was so real there. But looming in the back of my mind the whole summer was how terrified I was to face the unknown of that huge high school where I wondered how or if I would be able to stand strong in my faith.

My specific memory of that summer took place on one of the big rocks on Cherokee Hill during a CP talk late one Thursday night. To that 15-year-old girl who had the undivided attention of her much-admired counselor, it was life-changing. I remember telling Cindy I wished I could feel as close to the Lord at home as I did at camp. As

wonderful as the weeks were at camp, sometimes I wondered if it was worth it because of the enormous letdown and feeling of despair at leaving such a place and such people. I don't remember her exact words, but it was something like "Lydia, you have to remember that Jesus is every bit as close to you while you walk the halls at McGavock High as He is sitting on a campfire bench at Crestridge. The only difference is in how close He *feels* to you. How close He feels to you is up to you and the time you invest in keeping your relationship with Him strong, so that He'll *feel* closer. But that doesn't mean that He's not there beside you all the time at home." Then Cindy said some real words of wisdom that have always stuck with me. "When you leave, don't leave Jesus behind inside the gates of Crestridge. Take Him with you and ride the 'high' that you've been on at Crestridge into your school year. Use the mountaintop experience you just came from to jump-start your real-world life with Jesus. If you don't, then Crestridge failed to teach you that Jesus can be and is just as vibrant at home as He is at Crestridge."

I sobbed more than ever on that long ride back to Nashville that summer and missed my friends

more than ever – friends who are still my dearest and most treasured. However, I went home with a new and different perspective. Today, I am forever thankful for those mountaintop experiences that allowed me to feel the Lord's wondrous love for me. But I'm just as thankful for that incredibly wise counselor who reminded me that His wondrous love is available to me no matter where I might be and that it's up to me to stay in touch with Him.

Now I have two daughters and two sons who also sob all the way home from camp. Since the drive home is only 35 minutes, everyone usually is still in tears when we get home. After the 50th anniversary weekend, which was also the end of my kids' sessions at camp, we all sat in the living room after we unpacked the trunks, in despair as if someone had died. I thought briefly of Cindy's words from that CP talk in 1977 and how I prayed that one day all my children will know and believe that although Crestridge (and Ridgecrest, for my boys) is a magical place like no other, that Jesus is alive and with them just as much here at home in our real world. Hopefully they'll learn that from me ... or at least from some wise counselor.

Johnnie receives another honor

Johnnie Armstrong was the recipient of an honorary doctorate at the 2006 Graduation Commencement Exercises for Blue Mountain College. Congrats to you, Dr. Armstrong. For those who may not know, Blue Mountain College (BMC) is going co-ed. As Athletic Director at BMC, Johnnie is in the process of incorporating all men's sports into her athletic program. Please pray for Johnnie during this transition.

Listen up, 2006 CHEROKEES!

Camp Crestridge Alumnae & Friends extends a **FREE 1-year membership** to all Cherokees. This membership entitles you to our bi-annual newsletter and special access to our website, where you can keep up with your friends from camp as you move into your adult years. All you have to do is visit www.ridgecrestcamps.com/ccalumnae to complete the registration form. Please note on your form that you are a CHEROKEE and you want your first year's membership FREE. Alums, please pass this info on to any 2006 Cherokees you know.

Donor fatigue: Don't let it get you down

Most of us have heard the term "donor fatigue" recently. It refers to Americans' tremendous financial response to world and national crises in the past couple of years – the tsunami, Pakistani earthquake, and Hurricanes Katrina and Rita, to name a few. Record-breaking donations have poured into relief efforts for these tragedies, and experts suggest that ongoing, established charities are suffering from lower levels of financial support because we as a nation have divided our giving.

Whether or not donor fatigue is a reality, CCAF is facing the reality that we have raised *only about half of the \$12,000 we pledged for scholarships for summer 2006. We have limited time left – until the end of September – to come up with the remainder.* It has been our policy in the past to subsidize shortfalls in our annual scholarship pledge with

money from the general fund, but this year for the first time, we don't have enough in the general fund to do this and cover our regular expenses.

The CCAF board realizes that in our emphasis on two recent projects — the chapel expansion and the Chip-Chick playground — we may have taken some of the impetus away from scholarship funds. While we are so proud of the improvements we've provided for camp, at our May board meeting we discussed concentrating more on building scholarship funds for awhile rather than tackling another large capital project right away, except for refinishing the chapel pews, a project that we put on the back burner to get the playground built.

So if you're a victim of donor fatigue, please consider this: **100**

percent of money
donated to CCAF

scholarships and projects goes into those accounts. How many other non-profits can say that? CCAF does have expenses, but they are covered by dues, merchandise sales and separate donations to the general fund. Also remember that **our board is 100 percent volunteer**; there are no stipends or salaries paid. How many other charities can say that?

Here's the antidote to donor fatigue: Exercise your prerogative to freely give to our scholarship fund, so that CCAF can continue to help deserving girls and young women reap the benefits of a session at Camp Crestridge. \$6,000 is not that much, if everyone pitches in! But time is short, so please send your donations ASAP to PO Box 22038, Lexington KY 40522-2038. -- Susan Bridger Waggener, treasurer

Maintain the Memories 2006

By Paulette May Basham

Many thanks to the workers who participated in Maintain the Memories 2006 in May. Camp provided a to-do list that included paint jobs, areas to mulch, water sealing, debris removal from cabin porches and other areas, trees to chain-saw, trimming, cleaning, and minor repair jobs.

Several people arrived early and most of the leaf raking normally done on Saturday was completed on Friday. Bright and early Saturday morning, about 45 people converged at camp to complete the list and more. Big Blue (the large camp truck) was already loaded with leaves and branches to be hauled away. The creek areas were cleared of the remaining leaves. The tractor was transporting mulch to the campfire, the triangle and other areas. As the day progressed, teams would mark off completed jobs from the lists posted in the Bear Trap.

Chip-Chick hill needed a little

extra attention after the installation of the playground. The Chip 8 fire pit was rebuilt and a mountain of roots was hauled away. During the week-end, a plaque was placed at the playground commemorating donors of \$500 or more and their honorees.

Cheyenne, Choctaw and Cherokee cabins were pressure-washed and given a much-needed coat of paint in their respective colors. Trees and brush were trimmed around the cabins to deter moisture from accumulating around the cabins. The hallway into the kitchen was also painted. Several areas were water sealed, including the steps and deck on the crafts building, and the railings above and below the chapel.

Several trees had fallen during the year and were turned into firewood. One tree had tried to fall onto the green, but was being held up by a tiny sapling. Several husbands relieved the tiny tree of its job and helped the tree complete its fall.

The elements had taken their toll on several benches around camp. The bench pieces were recycled, recut and rebuilt into new ones.

Hostas from below the pavilion were split and relocated to the triangle at the entrance to camp.

We had planned to paint the four bathrooms in the dining hall; however, they had already been remodeled by camp staff in advance of our arrival. What a nice surprise!

After the last piece of gravel had been swept from the road, we met in the dining hall for pizza. The rain that had graciously held off all day forced us to roast our marshmallows for s'mores in the dining hall fireplace. As darkness fell, we took our tired, dirty selves to rooms at the conference center to spend time gabbing in our pajamas.

Many thanks to the alums, husbands, children, staff and friends of camp for a successful, productive weekend.

THE GRAPEVINE

Baby Alert:

Lisa Harris Joyner welcomed her little boy on June 5th. His name is, appropriately, **Harris**. Congrats to Lisa and Tony. **Rolyn Quattlebaum Rollins** delivered Cecilia Ann ("Celie Ann") on June 8th.

Wedding Bells:

In June of 2005, Heather Horen became **Heather Horen Hughes**. She resides in Fort Worth, Tex., and has received a Master of Arts in Marriage and Family Counseling from Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. Currently she is working as an intern in the recreation ministry at First Baptist Dallas and will be completing her counseling externship this summer at the Pathways Counseling Center at First Baptist Dallas.

Perry Parker also has a new last name. In April, she became **Perry Parker Behrens** and is residing in Greenville, SC.

On May 13th, **Sarah Dickinson Schumaier** married a Naval flight officer/Lieutenant in the Navy. They went to Italy for their honeymoon and reside in Oak Harbor, Wash.

Other News:

Perri Johnson Morrell is living in Knoxville, Tenn., with the love of her life and will gradu-

ate with her MBA in December.

It was great to hear from **Anitra R. Vines** who was a camper in the mid-60s. She was reunited with Crestridge via our website and welcomed in many camp memories ... some of those from back in the days when campers would travel to Gatlinburg, Tenn., for outings.

Lori Branning Hacker recently moved to Washington, D.C., with her husband and three sons. She is a home-school mom and they are looking to adopt a little girl ... so if anyone in the area has any information, she would be forever grateful to add a future Crestridge to her family.

Glynda Hall lives in Tennessee, where she is a full-time Knowledge Coordinator for a software company in Cordova. She also works part-time as an Adjunct Instructor at Northwest Mississippi Community College. In 1985, she received a Masters in Christian Education from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Now, she also has a Masters in Technology. She gets to experience a little of Crest-ridge every day on her 40 acres of land with deer, turkey, and other creatures ... but has yet to see a black bear roaming through, as she did one

year at camp.

Jean Jones Richards of Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., remembers **May Campbell**. She says May was her favorite counselor and influenced her life in many wonderful ways!

Susan Bridger Waggener wrote a series of articles for the Lexington Herald-Leader that was published in June. They're about a national study of environmental and genetic factors in breast cancer that is looking for sisters of breast cancer victims (Susan and **Beth Bridger Watson's** sister **Ellen Bridger** had breast cancer 7 years ago and is completely cancer-free now). You can read all about it, including Susan's articles, at www.sisterstudy.org. Look for the June 6th link.

It may seem mundane at times, but when you stop and look at the different occupations, education, and lifestyles your fellow Crestridgers, it is pretty neat. So, send us information about you so your friends can say "that is so fitting for her"... "she is in her element"... "I know she is a fantastic mom"...etc.

Please e-mail us with updates at calumnae@windstream.net.

Starter Camp

By Kara Belcher Cooley (written earlier this summer)

This summer, Crestridge has something new for first-time campers – a one-week starter camp, July 30 through August 5. My daughter Maggie just turned 7, and I was thrilled to have an option shorter than two weeks. Now that I am a mom, two weeks seems sooo long! I am going to be a receptionist that week, so I also will get to go back to the mountains. How blessed am I to go to back to camp at 35!

At last count 96 campers were registered, with a maximum of 100. The original goal was 50, so obviously, Starter Camp is a hit. The campers will go to each skill as a cabin throughout the week and will get a "taste" of most everything at camp. I will let you know how our week goes in the next newsletter.

Check out some **LOWER PRICES** on **CRESTRIDGE MERCHANDISE** on our website:

www.ridgecrestcamps.com/ccalumnae

Glorietta's Gain, CCAF's Loss

It is with mixed emotions that we learned recently that Ridgecrest Summer Camps is losing Hal Hill as Lifeway's director of camps. Hal is going to be the director of Glorietta, and though we are certain he will be great at that position, we are surely sad to lose him as camps' "big boss." In the three years that Hal has worked with CCAF, we have seen, through his tremendous commitment to both boys' and girls' camps, many positive changes. He spearheaded the work on enlarging the chapel and oversaw the construction of the playground, as well as being a constant encourager and go-to guy for CCAF. We wish you well, Hal, and will miss you greatly. And listen up, Lifeway! We expect someone just a good to take Hal's place!

PLEASE NOTE OUR NEW E-MAIL ADDRESS:

calumnae@windstream.com

I am writing this the evening before closing of session 1a. The Chip-Chick and Cheyenne-Choctaw-Cherokee musicals tonight were especially moving. The campers have definitely been living "by faith," which is the theme for 2006. The chapel is in fine shape with its new stage, lighting and audiovisual system. Plenty of room for these talented girls to present their message.

This is my first summer on staff since I was in college;

President's Letter

my first time as a Chehoapek. It has been a wonderful two weeks and time has just flown by. Camp looks wonderful, especially the new playground area on Chip-Chick Hill. The Chips and Chicks are crawling all over it, in daylight and darkness. The weather has been absolutely beautiful. I had my first wild bear sighting. He was coming down the hill from Marva's house toward the dining hall. We have

had a sock war, carnival, Christmas, singspiration, Council of Progress, campfire, trips to the Nibble Nook, trips to boys' camp, and a number of other activities. It has been a great experience. I am thrilled that I was able to reconnect with Crestridge and to witness the changes in so many campers' lives. To God be the Glory ...

In Christ,
Ellen Gaffney Parker



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With my feet on the ground and my heart attuned, I shall reach for the stars.