



GLACIER CAMP NEWS

[Jesus] said to them, "Come away to a secluded place all by yourselves and rest a while." – Mark 6.31

UPCOMING EVENTS:

February 6-8

Winterfest Returns!

After a three year hiatus, Winterfest, a retreat for Middle and High School youth, returns! Mark your calendars! More details are on page 8.

February 13-14

Valentines Weekend Getaway

Plan on a romantic weekend getaway with your sweetheart! Enjoy good food and cozy Spruce Lodge accommodations. Let the fire in the Fireside Room chase away the Winter cold and blues.

March 1 -- Lenten On-Line Bible Study

Having explored the person of Peter, as presented in the gospels during Epiphany, our Lenten study will focus on the two New Testament books which bear his name. Join us for a lively and informative discussion as we seek to "grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"My Cup Overflows"

Thoughts on the Year Now Passed

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; you anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows. -- Psalm 23.5

editor's note: These thoughts come from the remarks I shared at our donor appreciation dinner in November. I offer them here as we look back in gratitude for all the good God has done for our ministry in 2025 and in hopeful anticipation of the blessings which will be realized in the year now at hand.

Our Summer 2026 camp theme comes from the familiar words of the 23rd Psalm: "My cup overflows...." And we will be reflecting with our campers on God's promise of abundant life that comes in Jesus Christ.

Before we begin this evening, I want to spend a few moments reflecting on how that promise of abundant life has been manifest in the work and ministry of Glacier Presbytery Camp over the past year.

On account of your generosity at our 2024 donor appreciation dinner, we were able to provide \$20,000 in scholarship funding to our campers. A long standing priority of Glacier



SUMMER 2025 -- A CAMPER CELEBRATES GOD'S GIFT OF ABUNDANT LIFE (AND HER BIRTHDAY)

Presbytery Camp has been to ensure that no young person would be denied the opportunity to attend camp because of an inability to pay. We have been able to claim that priority during the Summer of 2025; one in every three of our campers received some form of scholarship assistance.

In looking back, the promise and blessing of God's abundant life has been manifest in our ministry this past year in very distinct ways. I will focus here on three of them.

1) Thanks to the support of Autumn Keller and her Helena Thrivent office -- especially her office manager Carrie Reynolds, we were able to tie in our 2025 scholarship/camp ministry fund raising endeavor with Thrivent's matching program. For every two dollars donated through the Thrivent portal, Thrivent added a dollar. Because of this, the six thousand dollars raised through this effort became nine thousand dollars. I am very grateful to Autumn and Carrie for providing us with this opportunity.

2) For many years, interest has been expressed in holding a capital campaign in order to pay down the Spruce Lodge mortgage and to cover the expense of some capital improvements. At its September meeting, the Camp Committee voted to launch that campaign -- pending the affirmative vote of the Presbytery in regards to the camp and its future at the October Presbytery meeting. Immediately after that vote took place, people have reached out to me. They are very excited to see this campaign happen. And these people put their money where their mouths are. With a goal of raising \$900,000, we have already received cash gifts of over \$65,000 and pledged commitments totaling \$15,000. (Note -- see the most current figures for our campaign in this edition of the News.) Also, I have heard from various people who want to participate on the campaign committee as we reach out to our friends and supporters inviting them to join us in this effort. For a capital campaign, such enthusiasm is quite exceptional. I am truly



ONE OF THE TWO STAFF HOUSES BUILT BY THE LETCHERS. OWNERSHIP HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM THEM TO THE CAMP EFFECTIVE JANUARY 1.

grateful for the high level of commitment and excitement that helps us launch this endeavor.

3) A decade ago, Elroy and Lucille Letcher financed the construction of two beautiful staff houses on our property. When I accepted the call to become the Camp's director in 2018, I told Elroy that I would not have been able to consider accepting this position if staff housing was not available. In exchange for funding the homes' construction, we entered into a lease agreement with the Letchers with the provision that the lease would terminate and ownership of the homes would transfer to the Camp upon their deaths.

Just a few days ago, I received a call from Lucille's daughter Renee. Renee explained to me that Lucille had chosen to terminate the lease and transfer ownership of the houses to the Camp effective January 1, 2026. Although the lease agreement was established with very modest terms (especially considering property values and rental costs in the Flathead Valley today), this generous gift represents an annual savings to the Camp of more than \$30,000. We are so grateful to Elroy and Lucille for their generous commitment to our ministry.

The Apostle Paul's words at the end of Romans 11 seem to best capture my feelings of gratitude at this moment: "For from him and through him and to him are all things. To God be the glory forever and ever. Amen!"

editor's note: We were blessed to have two of our campers speak at the donor appreciation dinner. I am pleased to share the reflections of Matthew and Jack here.

An Experience I Will Take With Me...

by Matthew McClintic

Good Evening, ladies and gentlemen. I am not going to lie; it is scary being up here in front of you. But I'm happy to be doing this for Glacier Camp.

I have been very lucky since my parents have allowed me to attend for many years and that I have been able to meet so many new friends. As for the counselors, they are just so great and make the camp experience one I want to return to each year.



I have been attending Glacier Camp since day camp from many years ago up until now. The last two years I have been involved in the Leader in Training (LIT) Camp. This program is where you learn how to be a leader and it also sets you up for going into Counselor in Training (CIT) Camp. During this time, we learn how to do many things that help them where they need to go, help the counselors with the music, help with the set up and clean up of different activities and other various things. This coming Summer I will be doing CIT Camp. I have been looking forward to becoming a counselor at camp for so many years and now that dream maybe coming true.

I have gotten to know many different people over the years at camp. A few really stand out for me and have made me enjoy camp even more. Olly or, as we call him at camp "Olly Pop," has been a counselor for several years and has become a good friend. I really enjoy talking with him and can tell him my dreams, fears, and anything in between. Our family was even able to visit him in Liverpool when we were on a cruise in England. He showed us around and introduced us to a few of his friends. Kael has been attending camp for a while now and he has become a very good friend and that friendship spans over the time between camp. One of my favorite memories is when Kael and I were going to pull an all nighter at camp and then fell asleep after only 30 minutes. When we are not in camp, we are able to spend time together during the Summer before he must return to his home in Texas. Aaron is a camp counselor and a really good friend. I really like hanging out with him and can talk to him about anything because he really listens to what you have to say. He can be lots of fun by cracking jokes and being like one of us but above all he is serious about Jesus. I have known him for a couple of years now and will miss him when he pursues his dreams. Another cool thing about camp is my friends from school have been able to join me during camp over the years with the help of camp fees being taken care of.



MATTHEW AND HIS FRIEND KAE

Several years ago I was moved so much by being at camp and all that we learn about God and Jesus that I accepted Jesus into my heart. This has led to a long relationship with Jesus. A couple of years ago I was even baptized at our family's church. Just in the past year, I have been going to church with several of my friends. It is great to have these relationships and knowing at least part

of it is based on my belief in Jesus. Being able to share with others can be quite scary at times but I am learning that if you step out there you never know whose life you can impact or even change.

If I were to tell you about my favorite things at camp, one of them would be taking a hike to the cross at night and sitting and enjoying the night sky. My favorite week of camp would have to be H2O Camp. During H2O Camp, there is a large group of kids my age and it is fun to hang out with them, become friends, and get closer to God. This week of camp brings the best activities centered around water, with a highlight being tubing behind the boat. I would be remiss if I didn't state the one thing I really didn't care for was having to climb up the hill for all meals. They have changed that and now we dine in the Lake Lodge.

Two of my favorite verses are Matthew 6.33 "Seek the Kingdom of God above all else and live righteously and he will give you everything you need." and Ephesians 4.32: "Instead be kind to each other, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, just as God through Christ has forgiven you." Camp will be an experience I will take with me as I venture into the adult world and I hope that many more kids are able to experience camp as I have.

Describing Camp in One Word -- "Vibes"

by Jack Huffine

It was the last day of Camp when Tim asked Matthew and I to do a speech at the Donor Dinner. He asked us to talk about what made Camp special to us. I don't know what Matthew was thinking, but in that moment I had no idea what made camp special to me. I've been going to Camp for nine years; asking me that is like asking what makes home so special to me. Then I thought about it some more. And I was brought back to a conversation I had with my counselor the day before. I asked him if he could describe Camp in one word. He

responded with the word "vibes," and I think that that word fits perfectly. But if you have never gone to camp you wouldn't understand why and that's because Camp is more than one thing.

On the surface, Summer Camp looks like a place to play fun games, sleep in a cabin, or sing silly songs. But Camp is much more than that. Camp is also about having long talks at night with your buddies while your counselor tries to sleep. Or watching your two friends not help clean up after dinner because they are in the middle of an intense staring contest. Summer Camp is about having fun and making memories and I think that can be attributed to the wonderful staff at Glacier Camp. These people are truly what makes this place so special. The people who work in



the kitchen make wonderful food. The media staff takes wonderful photos and makes a wonderful slide show at the end of the week. And of course we cannot forget about the wonderful counselors who look after all the campers and still have the energy to sing silly songs about mooses and bubble gum. These hard workers along with many others are what make camp what it is and without them I would not have nearly so many amazing memories as I do.

My favorite memory was during Adventure Camp. We had gone on a hike and at the end of it we went swimming. One of the counselors found a big log and for the entire time we all, campers and counselors played on that big piece of driftwood -- whether it was a balancing contest or seeing if we could use it as a boat.

I also really enjoy the meals here at camp. Not only is the food amazing, but I also think that meals are the best way to get closer to the people you are spending your week with. At meals you can learn more about your counselor, like where they come from, you can ask them about their family, or even how old they are. But now this is just a theory, I think they might be lying when I ask them that because their hips are in way too good of shape to be 98 years old! You also learn more about your fellow campers. Meals are the best ways to make new friends and connect with old ones. However, going to camp with Matthew for nine years makes it so we don't have much to talk about.

It rains at least once every time I go to camp, and strangely that might be my favorite part. When it rains, we all walk to the chapel or the dining hall and watch a movie, play games, or we just chill. When we watch a movie, we all go to our cabins and grab our pillows and blankets and grab spare mattresses. Then we watch a fun movie while the rain hits the roof, making a satisfying noise. If we decide to play a game, then we set up chairs and play musical chairs or "Duck, Duck, Goose," or my favorite game "Empires." When the rain stops and we go outside, I find it really calming. I think that Camp is the reason I love the smell of rain. Whenever it rains at home and I go outside, I get reminded of Camp. And I love that because I love Camp!



A RAINY DAY IN THE CHAPEL -- JACK & FRIENDS WORK ON THE CARDBOARD BOX FLOTILLA

When I was little and went to Camp, I always looked up to the older kids. They were so cool with their size 10 shoes, tee shirts in adult sizes, and I thought they were so wise! Now I'm at that age I find myself looking up to the younger kids. They go through life without a care. They don't worry about what other people think about them. They do what makes them happy. And I think we

should all start doing that. That's what I love about Summer Camp. Everyone there, young or old, is 100 percent themselves. No one cares about the mistakes you made at home or anything like that. At Camp, you get a fresh start. And I love that.

That's what makes Camp special to me. You get to be yourself and you get to make friends that know the "real" you. And you get to know the "real" them. I thank God every day that I get to go to Camp and I get to know everyone that I meet there. Camp is a "vibe" and that "vibe" is why I love it so much.



VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!

CALLING ALL VOLUNTEERS!
GLACIER CAMP NEEDS YOUR HELP!

We are seeking inside volunteers for the week of April 13-17th
Times available 9am-4pm.

Projects:
Spring cleaning cabins, lower Lodge & Chapel, painting, minor maintenance and ground cleanup if the weather permits.

We will have supplies for cleaning and painting.

Next Volunteer week is May 11-16 Outside only!



Contact us today to learn more about this & other exciting volunteer opportunities.

17482 O'Neil Rd, Lakeside, MT

SIGN UP

terri@glaciercamp.org
406-844-2114

Glacier Camp News and Notes....News and Notes...News and Notes

Capital Campaign... God's promise of abundant life has been manifest in this endeavor. The launch of our capital campaign was received enthusiastically. Our initial efforts at fund raising have been very successful. We have received to date \$95,000 in cash gifts with another \$15,000 in pledged commitments committed to the project. A \$50,000 payment has been made toward the mortgage principal and the Camp Committee voted at its January meeting to include a monthly principal payment in addition to the mortgage interest.

Summer Camp Roll-Out... Registration for Summer 2026 went "live" the week before Christmas and already 15 campers are fully registered! In addition, ten youth and two youth leaders from Utah Presbytery are planning to participate in a week of camp this year -- like they did in 2023. The Summer staff is coming together with key positions (including waterfront coordinator and health care administrator) already being filled. The Leadership Team is meeting regularly to work on making this the best Summer ever!

Winterfest Returns! Even though, at this moment, there is no snow on the ground here on the west shore of Flathead Lake, Winterfest plans are underway for February 6-8! All Middle and High School Youth are invited for a weekend of fun, fellowship, worship, and Christian growth. Keynote speakers for the event include long time





Summer Camp 2026






Overflowing Life!

You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.
 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.
 — Psalm 23:5-6

staff members Aaron VanBrocklin, Sophie Heinz, and Olly Wicks.

TIM TRAVELERS -- ROME TO REFORMATION TOUR...

There is still space available for this trip of a life time! Starting in Rome, we will follow the Reformation Trail through Switzerland, Germany, and the Czech Republic -- with an optional extension to England and Scotland. We will explore how courageous people of faith challenged an institution that had been corrupted by money and power. Their goal was never to start a new Church but to reform Christian faith and practice to standards conforming to the Word of God. The adventure begins on Reformation Sunday, October 25. Contact timothy@glaciercamp.org for more information!



 \$300
per couple

Valentine's Weekend Getaway

Spruce Lodge at Glacier Camp

February 13 & 14

Join us for a romantic weekend for two.

Friday February 13th, 6pm Dinner: Beef Tenderloin
followed by a relaxing evening cozied up by the Lodge fireplace.
Stay the night in one of our cozy Lodge rooms.
Waking up to an amazing brunch overlooking Flathead Lake on
Saturday, February 14th, 9:30am.
Reservations required, Limited rooms available.

Friday: Check-in 3pm, Dinner 6pm
Saturday: Brunch 9:30am

Dinner only: \$90 per couple, Friday 6pm

RSVP by Feb. 6th 406-844-2114
info@glaciercamp.org

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Director's Reflections

Excursus on the Promises of Isaiah 25.7-8 -- A Meditation for My Mother, On the Tenth Anniversary of Her Death

And he will destroy on this mountain the shroud that is cast over all peoples, the sheet that is spread over all nations; he will swallow up death forever. Then the Lord GOD will wipe away the tears from all faces, and the disgrace of his people he will take away from all the earth, for the LORD has spoken. -- Isaiah 25.7, 8

The Winter sun shines brightly. And I watch as it pushes back the more typical grey skies which hang over the Flathead Valley in January. Even though Spring is a long way off and, in some ways, more distant than a dream, I can tell that the sun is reaching higher in the sky. These mid-Winter days, which are still short, grow steadily longer.

At the same time, the wind blows. It blows gently -- neither cold nor fierce. Unlike last month's wind which ripped down trees and tipped over semi-trucks, this late morning breeze is both soft and pleasant. I take a deep breath. And I catch in this wind the scent and the promise of Spring. Even though the weather has so far been mostly mild and benign, I have been around enough to know that Winter is not over. Not over by a long shot.

Yet I am grateful for these gifts, the bright sunshine and the gentle breeze. For they bear the hope and the promise, however distant, of Spring. In this season of dormancy there comes, in this instance, a hope of life and of resurrection, of Spring's day pushing away the shroud of Winter's night. Such are my thoughts on this January's morning.

These thoughts, which had been scattered, now become nascent. And in an instant, they begin to drift backwards -- across and along time's tangled skein of seasons and years, of time now long since and memories. And memories. Is it the bright sunlight which makes my remembering animate? Or perhaps the wind -- like God's breath in Genesis 2 -- which gives them life? I do not know. But the cause does not matter.

The effect does. And from this present moment, I am taken back. Back across the mountains and the time which separates this now from that then -- that past of a decade distant. The sun shined brightly on that January morning too. And I remember the soft breeze as well which stirred the air with Spring's distant promise. I had just finished visiting a friend in the hospital and was on my way over to see my mother when the call came from the nurse that she had died.

The nurse was sad and sympathetic. "I'm sorry," she said. "I am so sorry." I know this might sound blasphemous. But I didn't feel sorry. I was sad for myself and my siblings (the death of one's parent is always a blow). For my mother, though, I was relieved. A full week had passed since she fell and broke her hip. (Or, as the doctor explained to me, her hip probably broke and then she fell.) It had been a struggle to keep her comfortable.

Really, the last six months had been hard as her cognitive decline gathered momentum in an exponential way. And everything, literally everything became a struggle. I figure she must have been worn out by that long, hard journey into the gathering darkness. I know that I certainly was. I

remember stopping to see her just before Christmas and not having the emotional or spiritual fortitude to open the door to her unit and be reminded of what her life had become. That was in December.

But this was January -- January 11 to be precise, a place where Winter turned a corner and Spring's distant hope came alive for a little while in the bright morning light. I sat next to her in that little room. For the longest time, I just held her hand (it was still warm). And I brushed back her hair. The past week of pain and restlessness had tousled it into a tangle of twisted, disheveled knots.

"There, Mom," I spoke as if she could hear me. "That's much better." Then I just sat silently some more. For exactly how long, I have no idea. I remember how the sun reached into the room; its light spilled out from the clear sky in an outrageously extravagant way -- in accordance, perhaps, with Calvin's reckoning of divine grace. This was, most certainly, a place of ending. And that was good. She had struggled for too long.

Yet it also marked a place of promised beginning. I remembered the Scripture text she chose for my father's memorial service. "Very truly, I tell you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains just a single grain, but if it dies it bears much fruit.¹" Through the window, I could see the stubble fields that during last Summer's harvest gave visceral testimony to that truth.

After a while (again, I am not sure exactly how long), I got up. Many things needed my attention and the time had come for me to leave. Only now did grief begin to intrude into this bright morning. For the last time, I squeezed her hand tightly. And I kissed her forehead. I don't remember if I said anything -- if I even said good-bye.

Then I walked out into the morning's light. The sunshine and the wind had a bracing effect. And I felt a sudden surge of energy, strengthening me for the many immediate and pressing tasks which were ahead. For just a moment, though, I stood and let the breeze press against me. Its whisper echoed and affirmed Isaiah 25's great promise -- the promise that death itself shall be swallowed up forever.

In this present moment, ten years removed from that now distant January day, that promise comes back to me. It is borne of the warm sunlight and gentle breeze which come, like a season out of time, to this mid-Winter morning. "He will swallow up death forever." Especially since my wife died, that promise, for me, has become even more profound.

And its corollary has become even more tender. "The Lord God will wipe away tears from all faces." On this particular day, there are many things I need to do. There are many tasks which need my attention. (Some dimensions of my life, it seems, never change.) As I did on that long ago morning, so now I hurry along my way. But for just a moment, I stand and take time, time to feel the warm sunlight and the soft, almost Spring-like breeze. And I celebrate the victory of the God of life.

Tim Lanham, Director

¹ John 12.24



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OUR ONLINE DONATION SITE

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