


THE

ROSEDALE



Record

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Friday Morning

The Newspaper of Choral Camp Since 2000

Rosedale Bible College, Ohio



Director Not Stilted in Her Love For Choral Camp



Phyllis Swartz is the one person most responsible for the existence and the organization of Choral Camp. All week long her notebook, walkie-talkie, keys, Diet Coke and keen eye roved campus preparing for activities or heading off trouble.

The *Record* is pleased to present evidence that Mrs. Swartz did not find the week all work and no play. Not only do we have these photos, but also a confirmed report that she challenged Jon Showalter, academic dean of RBC, to a race on stilts!

Here is her final word to the camp:

I'm going to miss sitting in the corner of the choir to hear you sing. I'm going to miss watching you play jump rope tag and evening running games and walking on stilts. I'm going to miss your hugs and your high fives.

And I hope to see you next year at Choral Camp 2006. I hope that all this year you will keep on praising God with joy and with increasing skill.

My love and my prayers go with you.

—Phyllis Swartz



Q1: "Why do skeletons not play music in church?"



Q2: "What is the most musical part of a turkey?"

Answers on the bottom of the page

ROSEDALE BIBLE COLLEGE

Did you know that you can go to college on the Choral Camp campus? You can even graduate, like Debbie did. If you have learned how to sing really well, you can tour with the Rosedale Chorale, a group led by Ken Miller.



A1: "They have no organs." A2: "The drumstick"

Nurse Alisha Puts Poetic Spin On Medical Adventures

Twas the day of the Camp Cream
and around the large field,
the campers had gathered
shouts and laughter pealed;

While Ethel and I
stationed by the red cross,
nervously waited
for the start of the cream toss.

Then from the black tarp
there arose such a chatter
as water and cream
began to splatter.

The couselfers and campers
played hard and played fast,
flinging the white cream
like each fling was their last.

They slid and they skidded
they zoomed and they dived,
till Ethel and I feared
there'd be none left alive!

Then the first victim came
limping our way
a scrape on the knee
their souvenir of the fray.

And then they kept coming
(not just then, but each day),
the bruised and the battered
tired and hot from their play.

The scratched and the sick
the tattered and torn,
and those who on the backs
of others were borne.

We
patched
and we
wrapped
and we
helped
them
revive,
as their
numbers
increased
to one
hundred
thirty-five.

When asked why such numbers
of sick and affected
Nurse Ethel replied,
"It was to be expected."

And so this completes
a typical Choral Camp I,
by no means lacking
in adventure, learning, or fun.

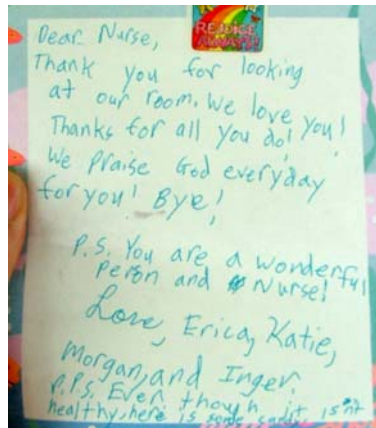


Busy camp nurses Ethel Bontrager and Alisha Byler in a rare moment of fun on the Nursemobile. Very stylish, ladies!

The Record's Gallery of Attempted Bribes



... including this scratched-out invitation: "Come sit at our table tomorrow"



“It looked like there was a hundred times more stuff than there was yesterday”
—Phyllis Swartz, commenting on the pre-breakfast turmoil in Handel Hall this morning

Music Culture Class Ends in Concert

A concert is an appropriate ending for a class at Choral Camp. Lynette Showalter's Culture Class included a feature on the First Nation people group (formerly known as Indian) in Canada. Handwork from their culture portrays the gift of time in making intricate beadwork. Choral Camp is privileged to have campers whose families work among this people group. Class ended with a concert of prayer—everyone in the room, campers and staff, praying aloud at the same time for the First Nation people and the missionaries working among them.



—Ardis Diller

Surveys by Beth Presents:
What Was Your Favorite Meal? ?
Macaroni and Cheese: 29
Chicken Tenders: 11
Fried Chicken: 6
Picnic: 6
French Toast: 6

