

THE

ROSEDALE



Record

 HIGH 85
 LOW 69


Partly Cloudy

This Morning

The Newspaper of Choral Camp Since 2000

Rosedale Bible College, Ohio



Soaked, But Not Dampened

This must have been one of the rainiest Choral Camps on record. Spraying and splashing and dumping water from buckets and hoses has always played an important cooling role in the summer heat, but this week God scheduled "Get Wet" times for the entire camp on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Camp Coordinator Phyllis Swartz led the way in responding cheerfully to the rain challenge. Here is her final word to the camp:

What a wet Choral Camp! You've hardly known the difference between your Get Wet clothes and your other clothes. We have truly been singing in the rain!

But what a fun Choral Camp! You banged (on the brand new Choral Camp Stomp!), slid (on the soap slide) and thrown a few pillows (at the dorm parties). You've listened to music, composed music, and made music with voices, bells, instruments, and boomwhackers.

We are going to miss you and your fun and your music. We look forward to seeing you next year when we will sign again—rain or no rain!

—Phyllis Swartz



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BIBLE COLLEGE

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



Conservative Mennonite Conference

welcomes Choral Campers to
Annual Conference 2006

- Children's Choir
- Theme: God-followers
- Fun Activities

July 27-30, 2006
Jonathan Alder High School
Plain City, Ohio

Register at:
www.cmcsosedale.org



Wisdom from a Camper

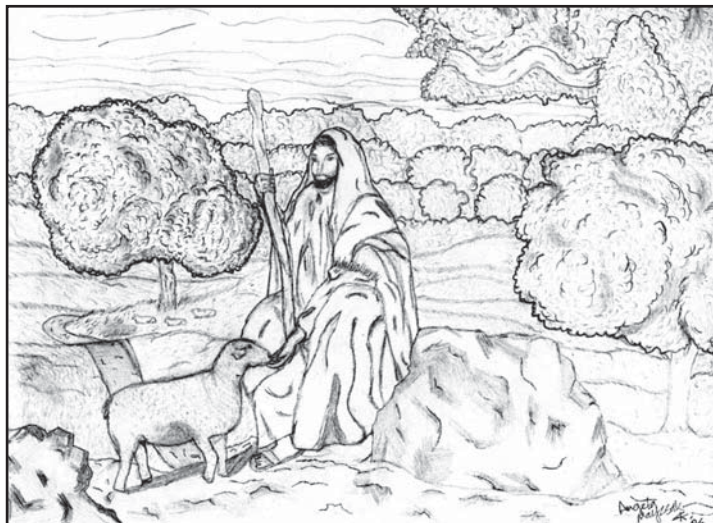
As told to Debbie Diller on Wednesday

Last night I got all the way to "L" in the alphabet. (Phyllis had given everyone a challenge to think of an animal for each letter of the alphabet and then think of what that animal could teach about God as we were going to sleep).

I thought of "lamb" when I got to "L." I think that it likes sharing a name with God. 'Cause sometimes Jesus is called the Lamb of God. That's kind of like what we talked about at Campfire last night . . .

about identity and names. I was thinking about that during the shaving cream fight today. 'Cause all of our identities were hidden by all that shaving cream. It was funny, cause even though I couldn't tell who everyone was, they still had names and identities—it was just under a lot of shaving cream!

That's what the Lamb taught me.



The Art Class project that grew into a drawing. By Angela Mayzsak.



A Truckload of Troys

They're here . . . and they're here in force! The four older Troys—Shaun (14), Jaron (12), Justin (12), and Natasha (9) are returning campers, but for Amanda (8), this is a first-time experience.

And how are the Troyer parents spending their child-free week? "My mom's partying and my dad's working," eldest Shaun suggests. His mother is hosting two of her roommates from RBC days (who also have campers here), renewing a friendship that has lasted for many seasons.

—Special Correspondent Dawn Showalter



It's over, folks!

Professional Art

Art lessons by professional art teacher, Delores Groh, were a special feature of the Art Room this week. In *Modern Mosaics*, Groh had a hands-on project for her students along with a brief history of mosaics.

Camper artists used paper squares mounted on the back of sturdy paper plates. "I was very impressed with the artists I had this week. I just love to come to Choral Camp," Mrs. Groh commented.

Mosaics were not the only Art Room projects. Impressive watercolor landscapes, mobiles and other creations are waiting to be picked up and taken home.

—Culture Reporter Ardis Diller

Q1: "What makes music on your head?"



Q2: "What has no beginning, no end, and nothing in the middle?"

Answers on the bottom of the page

The Troubadour

Featuring the potential adventures of a Choral Camper named *Da Capo al Segno*, or D.C. Al for short. His friends just call him Bob.

It took a while, but as Bob woke up he realized the "stall" was actually his hall leader's room, and it was Darnell Breneman's head he had been stroking! Darnell's protests must have been the noises he thought came from the puppies, and Darnell's fingernails, not Mom's teeth, gripped his arms. [The *Record's* sense of professional decorum forbids explanation of the real-life counterpart to the "familiar smell" of the stall.] The great thing is that after he calmed down, Darnell promised not to embarrass Bob by telling anyone.

The rest of Choral Camp went past in a happy blur for Bob. His mother was very complimentary of his performance with his recorder class during the Friday recitation, and was being extra sweet to him as she helped him check out of his room. Suddenly her tone changed, and she blurted, "Da Capo al Segno!" (In musical scores, that means "Go back to the beginning and play again to the sign," but when his mother says it that way to Bob, it means "You're in big trouble, Buster!")

"Honey," she said more gently, "Why are there still four pairs of clean underwear in this drawer?" —the end

D.C. al Segno $\text{\textcircled{S}}$

A1: "A head band" A2: "A doughnut!"