



Cabin 4-Primary Camp A

“The theme of this year’s camp was Abide in Me, which we learned means to dwell in Me. We used the concept of a tent to represent our dwelling place, which is Jesus. We even named our tent Jesus. We drew on our tents and carried them everywhere we went. On the last day we cut out the part of the sheet we wanted and took it home to remind us of what we did at camp, and to remember to Abide in Jesus.” ~ Laura Camper, Primary Camp A.

When she’s not serving as a Dean at Camp Capers, the Rev. Lisa Mason serves as assistant to the rector at St. David’s San Antonio, and is the chair of the Mustang Island Program Committee.

## GROWING TOGETHER IN CHRIST AT CAMP CAPERS IS WELCOME AND COOL

One hundred and forty voices singing, praying, shrieking with excitement, eager to make new friends and renew old friendships.

Kayakers navigating the Guadalupe, tubers floating down the shallow and bumpy rapids, echoing with unrestrained laughter. Ice cream sandwiches and orange dreamsicle pops lapped up and washed off by a dunk in the pool!

A silent meditation walk, ears listening and eyes looking attentively for the presence of God in creation.

Hands laid on in prayer; nightly devotions shared by all.

Clergy targeted by flying icy cold sponges, culminating in a massive game of shaving cream and ice water tag.



The Rev. Lisa Mason and campers get messy at Camp Capers County Fair.

These were the sights and sounds of Primary Camp A, and what a blessing to be right in the middle of it all! Kids came from all over our diocese, and some from farther away than that, to spend an amazing week on the sacred space that is Camp Capers. The experience of watching the counselors and staff nurture campers and pass on their faith will remain forever on my heart.

We learned that in order to truly abide in Christ more and more, we must first grow in our understanding of who Christ is in our lives—as a friend, healer, teacher, and Son of God. Amazing insights and prayers were shared and friendships strengthened with Christ at the center of it all. The days were full of adventure, and the nights were full of reflection and exhaustion! Camp Capers is a place where kids can break away from the daily routine and noisy surroundings and enjoy learning more about who God is and who they are as people created in the image of God. At Capers, singing, praying, asking questions, and growing together in Christ is welcome and cool! Camp Capers is truly Holy Ground on fire with the light and love of Christ ~The Rev. Lisa Mason



## MUSTANG ISLAND FAMILY CAMP EMPOWERING FAMILIES IN IMMEASURABLE WAYS

*“...when families are given the opportunity to depart from their everyday routines, and gather in a Christian environment surrounded by the beauty of God’s creation to intentionally worship and play together, they are blessed and empowered in immeasurable ways (Guiding Principle, Family Camp Staff Manual).*

“To be empowered in immeasurable ways,” sounds a bit grandiose. And I admit, prior to Family Camp, I had not been immeasurably empowered by any family adventure I had previously experienced. (cont. pg.3)



Theresa and Terry May with grandchildren .



Mary and Derek Bartholomew take time to work on a puzzle in the conference center.

## EMPOWERING FAMILIES (Cont.)



Catching a wave at Family Camp.

But for my family, our time at Mustang Island was truly a gift from God.

Departing from the everyday routine of life is certainly a step to empowerment, but leaving it all behind, literally and figuratively, is not always so easy. Since this was our first time to attend family camp, I was anxious to get the “what to bring” list. It arrived about a week before camp and included exactly sixteen items, and three simple words Don’t Overpack, Simplify.

Eager to embrace this advice, I whittled down the list to 11 items, closed our suitcases, and didn’t

look back. If we thought we had forgotten anything, we hadn’t. Everything we needed was on hand when we arrived.

We were greeted by Mark and Scott, our beach-clad, 20-something camp and music directors who immediately informed us that we were now on Island Time. Check into your room and head to the beach if you like. Dinner is between 6:00 and 7:00. Have fun! Was that it? No list of rules, no orientation, no schedules? Being big rule followers we weren’t convinced that fun could be our only priority. That would take a little more convincing. We quickly learned that Island Time had little to do with time and was void of the normal chaos associated with juggling what needed to be done to have fun. Lugging, transporting, assembling, disassembling, and instructing, all the stuff that gets in the way of fun, not on Island Time.

At every juncture, staff worked quietly and invisibly. Long before families arrived and departed the shore, a plethora of beach equipment—umbrellas, chairs, sand buckets, shovels, surfing equipment, anything that you could possibly need, appeared and disappeared, making fun the priority.

With time stretched to its fullest, we beat the sun up to explore the shore, and started our days in worship and song. With Mark and Scott’s help we spent our afternoons learning to harness the waves on boogie and surf boards and cast plaster sculptures in the sand. With our new found friends we constructed castles and helped fill motes, danced, sang and shared our talents. And when we could play no more we ate, and ate.

Like everything else on Island Time, meals were void of all of the stuff that gets in the way. Preparing, cooking, and cleaning— not on Island Time. Morning, noon and night, we arrived at the dining hall to find food, food, glorious food! At breakfast: pancakes, oatmeal, eggs, cereal and biscuits; at lunch and dinner: cream of zucchini soup, fish tacos, fajita tacos, hand battered chicken tenders, a shrimp boil, ginormous cookies, peach cobbler, and key lime pie, all accompanied with the staff’s gentle reminder to enjoy meal time as a family and with each other. We did.

Throughout the weekend we were continually reminded and supported by staff to let go of the stuff that gets in the way and focus on what is truly important: God, family and friends. Given the gift of time and reminded to use it wisely, we left it all behind, lived in the moment and had fun! We worshipped, we danced, we sang. We gave thanks for family, new found friends and for Island Time. And with time on our side we found ourselves immeasurably empowered experiencing God’s love without interruption. ~ Leslie Mixson



Isabella and Annelise relax on the deck.



Camp Chaplain the Rev. Jerry Sneary with daughter Alice and granddaughter Gracie.

“It’s a wonderful way to relax and spend time with your family without sweating ANY details. It’s like a resort with private beach access—with the added bonus of the Christian community. With families spread out by time and space, Family Camp offers a setting to reconnect in a very easy way. We loved it and can’t wait to go back.” ~Alice Sneary



Ashley Bond with daughter Anson and her mother the Rev. Sandy Casey-Martus

“The BEST thing is being at the beach and having so many kids play and enjoy the beauty of the ocean/sand/waves/water with one another. It is having the simple things at their best that makes Family Camp such a success. Good food, good beds, good showers, good people, good God.” ~Rev. Sandy Casey-Martus

A special thanks to all of the Family Camp staff, Nita, Ken, Mark, Scott, Taylor Jackie, Kathy, Sandra, Roxanne and Kit for sharing your gifts with so many. We are truly blessed to have grown in your care and ministry.