

NORTH EAST CAMP UPDATE

13 June 2013



Danny Gillet, or 'M' if you like.

Polo The mint with the hole

By Danny Gillet

"a game played on horseback between two teams, each of four players, the object being to score points by driving a wooden ball into the opponents' goal using a long-handled mallet."

Food:

"Polos are a brand of sweets whose defining feature is the hole in the middle. The peppermint flavoured Polo was first manufactured in the United Kingdom in 1948 by employee John Bargewell at the Rowntree's Factory, York, a range of flavours followed."

That one little word "Polo" can mean so much to people around the world, most famously for

the mint with a hole in it, but also a game and a style of t-shirt. However, at NE Camp, this word means a "hole" (like what I did there!!) lot more. It seems to be that as soon as you get back to your own companies, you just laugh about the way the other folk from camp say the word Polo. The members and leaders from Beverley clearly say it properly, but those folk from Durham have a strong objection to this, they think we sound like "Peeerrrrrloooooo"

Meeting new friends at camp is the easiest thing to do, just go up to someone and ask them to say "Polo", you will find them slightly weird and strange but if you can get over that then

you're friends for life. Since my first camp in 2000, every year this old chestnut comes up, and every year I make new friends. Even now, 12 camps later I still have this discussion with the same people, who are now some of my best mates about this one little word.

It just shows for one week a year, through the tiredness, pain and long days anything, and i mean anything will make you laugh and enjoy camp all the more. The members make it and the leaders get through it but its one week you will never, ever, forget....and you will never say the word polo again without thinking about camp!!!!

The Year it Began

By Sarah Rycroft

Before attending my first camp I was a bit sceptical. Would I enjoy it? I didn't know anyone. Then there was the question of the food; was I going to like anything?

After much persuasion from the leaders and members at St. Aidan's I gave in and signed up to go.

As the time drew nearer people began to get more and more excited but I couldn't understand why. Even the Thursday before we were due to head off to the Lakes, aka van packing day; everyone seemed like they'd eaten one too many fizzy sweets. Singing songs, dancing around, getting excited about black boxes and a flag pole are just some of the strange behaviours I witnessed. We spent a couple of hours loading up all kinds of kit from canoes and bikes, camp beds and barrels to pots and pans, plates and cutlery. How packing all this, a magical black box, an altar and a huge set square into a van is exciting I could have no idea.

Friday 0730, leaving the house to start the long journey to Brathwaite. What on earth was to come? I was excited, still apprehensive but sure I wanted to be right where I was. The journey there was eventful, after not knowing which exit to take on a roundabout and ending up driving all the way around it and getting funny looks from other drivers'. Driving around the bend on the A66, Clare, Colleen and Megan were shouting "we're nearly here, we're nearly here" which made me all the more nervous. Not helped by the potential loss of voice from all the singing. Pulling into the car park I could see that the Nelsons removal van we'd packed full of weird and wonderful things the night before had arrived and there were some new faces to help unload the van.



Sarah Ryo raising money for North East Camp and Charlie Bear.

The second we stepped out of the car we were whisked away to help unpack and while I was ferrying bags and bikes here there and everywhere I was introduced to a few people who made me feel right at home.

Once everything was unloaded and put in the areas it needed to be we went outside to start marking out the field for the white tents which for the next 9 days was going to be home. This is more of an art form that you would originally think. Most importantly we have to do the 'squarey square dance' and use the home made marking out device from that 'black box'.

After helping to put up the tents we went into the kitchen to help Marion with the washing up, we ended up with a little production line of washers, dryers and people putting away, this was a fairly lengthy process as we kept stopping to dance to The Jackson 5 – Blame it on the Boogie.

As the day went on more and more people arrived, none of whom I knew, but after spending a few hours with them I felt I'd known them a lifetime. That night we all sat together and ordered pizza giving me a chance to get to know the other leaders.

Saturday was when the leaders and members from other companies arrived. Everyone stepping out of the mini buses

were as excited as we had been the day before. I had been told about the funny accents and sure enough camp had been taken over by them. That afternoon activities began and I was starting my week of new and exciting challenges.

After a week of ghyll scrambling, canoeing, raft building, archery, art and a walk with a log, carrying the vicar and acting like pirates I knew that I'd be back the following year. Judging by the tears on the Friday night and saying goodbye on the Saturday morning I was going to miss everyone.

After my first week at North East Camp I was hooked for life having found a love for ghyll scrambling and made new friends who I felt I'd already known for a life time. I finally understood what all the fuss was about! I can honestly say that had been one of the best weeks of my life and I can't thank the leaders at St. Aidan's enough for pushing me to go.

If you're thinking of coming as a member or a leader do it! I promise you will have the time of your life. Speak to one of your leaders for more information.

Fifth North East Camp here I come...

58 days to go.

North East Camp A model Christian Community?

By Tom Glover

As anyone who has ever visited camp will well know, there is a wonderful family feeling and spirit amongst everyone over the week. This is something which even visitors for the day pick up on straight away.

I spend most of my working life serving the Christian community of the Church, and over the past few years as I've reflected on how an ideal Christian community should function, I have come to realise that many of the things we do at camp mirror this in many ways. First of all, we meet regularly to worship. I'm always delighted about how central to camp our worship together is, and worship is at the heart of what the church does. Secondly we eat together. This might seem a little obvious, but it is also an incredibly Christian thing to do. Jesus shared a meal with his disciples the night before he was betrayed, and the act of sharing with one another is at the heart of a faith in a loving God. Finally we support one another. Think about those times when you've perhaps been on a difficult activity, or been a bit lonely at night, or when something just hasn't gone well, and think about all the help and support that fellow members and leaders have offered. It's incredibly difficult to be a Christian on your own without the help and support of those who are similar, and likewise think how hard some times at camp might be without the support and encouragement of friends. So we have



three ways in which the community of camp reflects the community of the church - we worship, we share times of fellowship and we support one another. However, one vital difference is that Christian communities meet every week. I'm sure that for all of us we'd be on camp every week if we could. Sadly that can't be the case, but one of the hopes I have for camp is that we can take those wonderful values - worshipping God, sharing great times with friends and caring for one another, into our lives throughout the year.

Overnight Expedition 2012



The Union Jack
North East Camp 2012
Windermere

Valiantly under his Banner Something to Pass on

By Mike Perry

There's a flag. It's like the one you see to the left. Except this one is different. It's not made of the English, Scottish and Northern Irish flags. It's not made of triangles of different colours. This one is made of you guys. That sounds preachy and a little trite, but I mean this in a literal sense; I'll come back to that.

It's easy to forget that we are part of the same institution. When it's a cool

288 miles from the most northern company to the most southern, a feeling of being alone is inevitable.

This flag aims to bring us close together again. It will have the name of each individual that attends Camp and some vital statistics. On its completion and home coming, to Camp, each individual will be reunited under our flag. Again, not to sound too romantic about it all, but; without the Members, Leaders and Officers the Brigade would simply pale into insignificance.

Time to remember your allies...



Note from the C.O

By Derick Jackson

As much as its great to read the stories from leaders in this Newsletter and to get an insight of what Camp means to them it's also important to consider the practical aspects of the current Camp and this is something that a number of people have been working on since the 2012 Camp was brought to a close.

A few weeks ago, activity and returns forms were sent out to companies with a request that they were completed and returned by no later than 6 July which is our last meeting before the big event. I cannot stress enough how important it is to get these forms (together with payment) back on time as they influence everything to do with our planning from the number of tents to order, meals to plan for, buses to confirm and activities to book. Literally everything depends on the returns and numbers reported so please, please, leaders get them back to us on time.

In addition, now that the excitement is building it is a great time to be encouraging new members to join us in August.

On a personal note, I'd just like to add my thanks to all those who have supported me in my recent 'expedition' to the top of Mount Kilimanjaro - the highest freestanding mountain in the world at 19,340 ft. I have yet to get a final sponsorship total but am likely to exceed my target of £3,000, all of which is going to St Oswald's Hospice in Newcastle to help those who will never have the opportunities that many of us take for granted.

Thank you.