

Patchwork
Camp Pinnacle's 100 Years of Ministry
1898 -1998

Compiled and edited
By Beth Lueders

Includes excerpts from The Long Road to Camp Pinnacle

To the Glory of God, may we daily serve Him faithfully.

In November 1993, I was invited to meet with the Board of Trustees for Camp Pinnacle to consider the position of Executive Director. Frankly, I was not very interested. My 25 years of Christian camping ministry had provided insight into many camping organizations. Camp Pinnacle was not high on my consideration list. But when our perceptions and the reality of His plans are diametrically opposed, God often intervenes. In January 1994, our family moved to Pinnacle. I am humbled that He has afforded me the privilege to be the Director to lead us through the historic milestone of celebrating 100 years of ministry in Christian camping. We are making history.

At the time we arrived at Pinnacle, the purpose of the ministry and its' day-to-day activity had become so blurred that it was almost impossible to see God. In many ways His blessing had been removed because priorities were skewed. My message to the Board was, "The principles of Nehemiah would have to be put into practice at Pinnacle." The camera needed to be focused. Caring saints, many mentioned herein, were praying. And God began His good work.

The Long Road to Camp Pinnacle has been an invaluable documentation of the early days "on God's special mountain." As I thought about our celebration, I reflected on this question: "What resounding historical offering could we leave for the next generations that would honor God's faithfulness?" Celebrations come and go, and a newsletter, program or photos will eventually collect dust and be filed away. In the myriad of pictures and memories experienced at Pinnacle, the real celebration – the work of the Holy Spirit in and through the lives of the thousands of guests and campers – must not be lost. I felt we needed something that celebrated the purpose of pinnacle: ordinary lives becoming very special because of a personal encounter with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Patchwork, as seen through the eyes and experiences of those who have contributed to this publication, reflects God's revelation of Himself to men and women, boy and girls. These are the lives so changed that the entire world has felt the impact. What was only a memory is now part of the historical record for generations to come.

As you read the accounts and references to Mrs. Christie and other early saints who established Camp Pinnacle, you will see that their focus was foundational to the ministry. Those saints remained fixed on the Word of God and prayer as the necessary ingredients for success. They responded to change when necessary, yet remained steadfast to the ultimate goal. I pray that Camp Pinnacle always stay focused.

God's had of blessing has returned. As a year-round Christian camp and retreat center, Pinnacle once again host guests by the thousands who walk these hallowed grounds. The facilities are an honor to His name. The staff have a heart to serve, not to be served. The program has changed and expanded, but the golden thread desired in every facet is a focus on our living Lord and Savior.

I have heard of the red knees from scrubbing The Tabernacle floors and heard of the seeming "tons' of laundry (especially the dish towels). And, experience tells me that in those early days there was certainly an abundance of mosquitoes and other pesky insects and critters around the open tents. You won't read about that life in Patchwork. You'll read about His life made manifest in His people.

He is still sending His ambassadors from the staff to represent His grace around the world. As you read this patchwork of Camp Pinnacle, remember that the picture must be in sharp focus to see clearly all its glorious detail. That is why the final statement of "The Vision for Pinnacle Ministries," as adopted by the Board of Trustees in October 1996, affirms this phrase: "We are a praying group that trusts in the Lord's provision for His ministry's needs."

That is our legacy to the coming generations.

John R. Barron
Executive Director

These excerpts are adapted from *The Long Road to Camp Pinnacle* by Lucy Elizabeth Jones as told to her niece. The book was printed in 1948.

HARRIET KIBBEE CHRISTIE'S EARLY DAYS

Albany's first acquaintance with the moving spirit of our work and the central figure of this story was when she came to 8 First Street, to live with her foster father. She was a brown-eyed child about two years of age. The door had been closed on her old life in Norwalk, Connecticut, as Maria Emerson. She was now Harriet Newall Kibbee, daughter of Austin S. Kibbee, head of a prominent lumber firm in the capitol city of New York State.

Even in these early years her musical talents were evident, and these developed as she grew. The pastor of the 4th Presbyterian Church stopped in at Harriet's (she was about thirteen years old at the time) and found her playing the piano. He asked her if she had ever thought about leading a consecrated life. After a heart to heart talk with the pastor, she became convinced that she would do her best to know the mind of Christ and walk in His way.

Shortly, thereafter she began teaching a Sunday School Class of boys--- some considerably older than herself. Harriet attended Albany Female Academy, graduating in 1884. Later she went to Northfield Seminary, the memory of which remained with her all of her life.

She was always very popular with the young men, but her father was never desirous of her to marry. When the time came, however, he was in full sympathy with the young man she was to marry – James Christie. The young couple enjoyed a large wedding at the 4th Presbyterian Church in the Christmas season. But alas, their married career was of short duration.

On their first Thanksgiving holiday, they came to be with Harriet's father in Albany. Tragedy awaited them. The young husband, who had been riding horseback in Washington Park, was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage. At first it was thought to be only a fall from a horse, but it proved to be fatal after two years of invalidism. During this time Harriet was unceasing in her devotions, ever hopeful with a faith he would be well again

The Beginnings Of Camp

The summer after her husband's death, Harriett Christie visited an old Sunday School teacher in the suburbs of Chicago. One evening while sitting on the porch, Harriett said to her friend, "Do you suppose I could ever do anything to help girls who are worse off than I am?" Her friend said with assurance, "Yes, of course you could!" And there the seed for camp was planted.

One September afternoon following that summer vacation in Chicago, Harriett took a group of her Sunday School girls on a picnic. Remembering the conversation she had with her own Sunday School teacher, she said, "Girls would you like to go to camp next summer?" They were unanimous in their agreement.

In the meantime, camps for boys had become popular and there were many boys' camps. There was a camp on Lake Champlain run by a Y.M.C.A. secretary, who was a friend of Mrs. Christie's. Her thought was to start along the same line with girls. The purpose of the camp from the day it started until the present time has never changed – "That girls and young women may learn to know their Savior Jesus Christ and have a happy wholesome vacation."

After talking her plans over with two or three congenial friends, and only after much prayer and meditations, of course, was where to locate. After many inquiries were made, a trip was made to a large farmhouse located at the head of Indian Ladder Road, within twenty miles of Albany. A deal was made, and before long fifty-three girls were camping that summer in the Helderberg Mountains.

Mrs. Christie And I Find Each Other

As the years passed, I had begun to realize that my life was not counting for much, and I wanted a purpose. One evening I was visiting Harriett Christie at her home on First Street, as she was making plans for camp for the ensuing summer. She turned to me and said, "Lucy, would you help me this summer?" I was overcome with joy to think that I was really needed, and that there was a place for me.

My decision was made, and from that time on, it seemed as though God were uniting us in a common purpose – that of helping to nurture the spiritual life of every young girl. We saw the possibilities, and together we enjoyed working them out. Not task seemed to difficult – no problem insurmountable. Our common belief was ever before us, that with God all things are possible.

Cassidy's Castle

The following spring, word came to Harriet Christie, that if she planned to operate camp another summer, it was time to make an effort to seek new quarters. Together we set out on our venture, and by the time summer came we had taken over the famous "Cassidy's Castle" for another season. This was a fantastic storybook house located near Altamont, owned and built by a Mr. Cassidy who consented to rent it for a summer.

Beds and cot were placed in every available spot, accommodating thirty to forty girls at one time. Many of the girls came by day boat to Albany, the D. & H. train to Altamont, where they were met by a livery mountain wagon and driven three miles up a steep hill to the Castle. The daily Bible Class was held at eleven o'clock, evening prayers at eight o'clock, and "goodnight" at ten. The rest of the hours were taken up with relaxation and happy fellowship.

The very first girl at the Castle that year was a forlorn little hunchbacked epileptic girl, who spent most of her life in hospitals and had asked to join a group of Sunday School girls for a two weeks' vacation in camp. It was my great desire to help this girl and to see that she had a vacation in the country that took me to camp. Here was an opportunity to see in all its' glory the true value of our efforts. I knew that I could never turn back now.



Catskill

During the following winter we learned that Mr. Cassidy wanted his castle for his own family. However, the camp leaders were more and more assured that here was a work established by God, and we were determined to set out to seek another place. We prayed and sought God to know which way we should turn. We wanted to be located in the mountains where there was view, for we all were convinced that mountaintop experiences were a vital part of the Christian expression.

Early one morning in the summer of 1900, Harriett and I purchased our tickets on a steamer going down the river as far as Catskill. On arrival at Catskill, we drove with Mr. Heath, a real estate agent, three miles down the river road to Wynkoop Farm. The large red brick house in the middle of a beautiful pine grove seemed ideal for our purpose.

The price was \$200.00 – (\$50.00 upon occupancy, \$100.00 on August first, and the remaining \$50.00 at the end of the summer). We had not a penny between us, and yet in faith Harriett signed her name to a lease with no qualms. We somehow knew and believed that the money would be forthcoming.

Nearly every day a gift of either money or furniture arrived or something else to make our camp an attractive home. The only part that worried us was the scarcity of water. We had to drink cistern water, and the supply was extremely inadequate.

The primary purpose of camp was to give business girls a vacation; but as most factories and business houses do not have vacations until July, we discovered that during the month of June very few were receiving the benefits of camp. Harriett and I conceived the idea of inviting old ladies to come. They came in droves. Through the City Mission we also brought in touch with a great many mothers and babies in desperate need off a vacation. How thrilling it was to have a share in supplying this need.

After three years, however, the water supply gave out completely. We knew that we would have to go elsewhere, as much as we hated to turn out backs on those happy days in the Catskill region.

Back To The Castle

After leaving Catskill, our hearts turned to the Helderbergs for our next summer, where remembrance of days spent at the castle in Altamont was very happy. Our thought was to return there; and if possible to buy the place, for we all believed that the time had come when camp should have a permanent home.

Correspondence with Mr. Cassidy was entered into, making inquiries into the possibility of buying his property. He did not wish to sell his property, but we contracted a real estate man in Altamont, who entered into business negotiations with Mr. Cassidy. After various letters and much prayer, Mr. Cassidy agreed to \$13000.00 on a certain day.

The day arrived, and we had only one-half of the amount. Though the money did not materialize, we were determined that early failure would not cause us to lose faith. A friend of Harriett's father and mine, Mr. E. Del Palmer, an expert on the valuation of real estate, looked at the property and told us \$10,000.00 was the proper price to pay. Mr. Cassidy agreed to rent the property for \$10,000.00 with the rental price going toward the purchase price, providing the money could be raised in a very short time. There was much prayer for the remainder of this money.

Camp had been opened for the season, and there was great expectancy with every mail and telephone call. The day before all the money was due, Harriett and I called on our good friend, Miss Matilda D. Douw, who had already made a generous gift to the fund. She gave us a very sympathetic hearing to our story, but felt that she had given all she should.

After our departure, a friend who was visiting Miss Douw at the time, encouraged Miss Douw to give the last \$3,000.00 to complete the fund. Miss Douw's financial trustee,

Mr. J. Townsend Lansing, a man who had been a warm friend of the camp generously said that it would be all right to give the money. Imagine our joy when the telephone rang to tell us that our prayers had been answered.

Camp grew until it could accommodate three hundred girls at a time. The message of the Lord Jesus Christ was always the uppermost purpose of the camp. Picnics at Warner's Lake, hay rides to Indian Ladder, tennis, croquet, and hikes through the woods were all part of the fun enjoyed.

The giving to missions and learning about missionaries was a big feature of camp life. My mind goes back to a special missionary meeting with Dr. and Mrs. Keller of China. Mrs. Keller was the speaker that night, and the girls were moved by her appeal. Ten girls volunteered to get ten other girls to give ten cents a week, the amount necessary to support a missionary in the Sudan.

Altamont stood out as a camp where Jesus Christ was held up for salvation. The knowledge of camp went forth, and soon Harriett was invited to speak at Y.W.C.M.A. meetings, church and Bible meetings, in Rochester, Buffalo, Yonkers, etc.

India

In the fall of 1909 Harriett was invited as a guest of the World Y.M.C.A. Committee to visit mission schools and mission centers in India, China, and Japan. During her absence the girls maintained their interest in camp. Sufficient funds were raised to build a dining room. It was a great day when the building was completed, and the tables were set up to welcome Mrs. Christie's return to Altamont.

Each summer until 1910, camp was opened at the castle and each year, and each year brought a larger number of girls and young women. The camp could accommodate three hundred Girls very comfortably. Bible classes were held daily, and the memory of the Sunday afternoon Gospel Meetings in the grove will ever be a bright spot in our lives.

The interest in missions had grown tremendously, and since Harriett's tour through the Orient, we all felt that, if possible, we ought to give our lives to foreign service. I had been waiting earnestly until the way should be opened for me to go to India. The call came definitely when Miss Edith May, under the Woman's Union Missionary Society, asked me to return to India with her as a worker in the autumn.

Conditions at home were such that I was not able to leave in the fall, however, a few years later the way seemed to open up for my going. The Foreign Mission Field was desperate for help, and we wanted to volunteer our services. An opportunity presented itself to dispose of the camp; a Christian organization Albany received it from us and operated it for several years.

I gathered my belongings together and set out for Madras, India, where I substituted as a general secretary for the Y.W.C.M.A. for one year. The time passed very quickly

for me, but at the end of the year I was needed at home and so made my way back to Albany where I resumed my work at the Bible School.

Camp Again

After a few summers had elapsed, there was a yearning on the part of the girls to have a camp again. The older girls who had helped to build up the former camp seemed to be ready for a new beginning. We were able to rent a small cottage in East Northfield, Massachusetts. Camp started again with a new missionary interest.

On the way home from Korea, we had met missionaries to Korea whose son fell on the ship. He bruised his arm and cancer developed. When God took him, the girls at the camp did everything to help the mother by sending food, etc.

One morning, Mrs. Christie had invited this mother, Mrs. Hardie, to come to the camp for morning prayers to tell the girls about life in Korea. She told the story of her adopted Korean daughter, once a waif in the back streets of a small Korean town. The camp girls asked about the support amount required to help this girl. It was \$60.00. They wanted to help. Each one put her name on a slip of paper with the amount she intended to give (by earning it on her return home). When the papers were collected and tabulated, the amount was exactly \$60.00. This inspiring experience gave the camp girls new missionary zeal, and they supported the girl for a number of years.

It was about this time that we realized that camp would have to be located in a permanent home. Only those who went through the experience knew what it meant to pack up camp belongings year after year. It seemed like an endless series of packing and unpacking.

Back To The Helderbergs

A tuberculosis state camp had been located in the hills back of New Salem, New York; but one winter it burned to the ground. It occurred to us that there might be equipment left from that camp to make the beginnings of a new camp.

One beautiful March day, when the atmosphere was very clear, Mrs. Christie and I took the train for Voorheesville. There we were able to persuade a liveryman to drive us with his horses in search of the ruins of the camp. The roads were very wet and muddy, and the wheels of the wagon often went in almost to the hubs and the driver kept saying, "It's the 'offelest road y' ever saw!"

It was approaching noon, and we stopped at a nearby farmhouse and asked the farmer's wife if we could have some dinner. They were most cordial, and as we were seated at the table, a man passed by the road leading a cow with a rope fastened around the horns. We made inquiries of him, and he told us that woman was following him with a wagon and two calves.

When the woman came she suggested that we follow her if we wanted to see the most beautiful place in the Helderbergs. This we did and we found ourselves at the place that is now Camp Pinnacle. We agreed that it was all that she said it was. The view was superb. The air invigorating; and we were captivated by its charm.

We drove up to the old house that had never seen a bit of paint. I well remember that my borrowed coonskin coat felt as thin as a piece of tissue paper, the wind was so intense. We walked out to the "rim," and Mrs. Christie remarked that she never expected to find a place so near to Heaven. We talked it over, and wondered if we could ever persuade girls to come so far to a camp. We knew that once they saw it, they would be charmed as we were.

The property, including the old farmhouse, was once owned by the Schenectady Lumber Company. We realized that too much would have to be done to make livable for the ensuing summer, but we knew that we had something to work on for the following year. The property was to be sold, and we were convinced that this would be an ideal place for camp.

In the meantime summer was approaching, so we rented a farmhouse near East Berne for our quarters for that one summer. Tents were erected, and camp was filled to capacity that year. Our spare time was taken by planning the future at Pinnacle.

Camp Pinnacle

On Decoration Day of 1914, Camp Pinnacle was officially opened. A special party dinner was planned, and many young women from Albany and vicinity were there to inspect the new camp property. Mrs. Christie and realized, of course that there was much to be done in the way of making it really liable and comfortable. But we were pleased, and knew that "With God all things are possible." Windows were put in place; partitions in the old house were changed, and a second story was added to the rear of the house over the kitchen to make six additional bedrooms. Tents and shacks were erected.

These were but the beginning of many material improvements that have been made summer after summer. Finally, in 1947 a swimming pool was completed. Mrs. Christie herself gave the first gift of \$10.00, and Camp Pinnacle considers this pool a memorial to her. The swimming pool will fill a great need, since swimming is so popular with all young people. For years Mrs. Christie and I have tried to find ways

and means for a pool. Because of the continuous prayer, we felt that it would surely be materialized.

The aim and purpose of Camp Pinnacle has always been the same – “To lift up Jesus Christ as the power of God unto salvation and to seek to develop Christian character in young people, and to give them a happy, wholesome vacation.”

Excerpts from *The Long Road to Camp Pinnacle*
By Lucy Elizabeth Jones as told to her niece

An Epilogue written by Dorothy Green in 1989 for her unpublished book on Camp Pinnacle’s history.

I am told by some of the early campers still coming to Camp Pinnacle, that Mrs. Christie usually brought the girls together at the close of the day for prayer, Scripture and song. They would climb the hill to Upper Sunset and have a time of precious fellowship that only Christians can know.

With Mrs. Christie accompanying on her autoharp, they would sing the songs they had come to love so much. Music was ever an integral part of the Camp Pinnacle experience. Music has a way of capturing words and forever imprinting them on mind and heart. And though the songs that they sang might not have the same appeal today to the young as it did then, we can only hope and pray that the results are the same, for music is a mighty weapon in the spiritual warfare of any generation.

And so, as we conclude this portion of the saga of Camp Pinnacle, let us join in retrospect and in spirit in the evensong of days long past, whose message is as fresh and relevant as if they were of today’s authorship. For God’s Word never changes; the Good News is always New News to those not in the body of Christ, and a sweet

reminder to the Christian of the wondrous grace and love of God who “while we were sinners, Christ died for us” (Romans 5:8).

And as we incline our hearts toward these thoughts, it may lift our spirits as it did the campers of those times when the sweet voice of Mrs. Christie, accompanied by her autoharp, floated upward and outward as she sang of the great and blessed hope of the believer in one of the best loved songs of that time: “Christ Is Coming, Christ Is Coming Soon.”

Perhaps in God’s infinite power and wisdom, the sound is still floating over the Helderberg Mountains, as least for some who were present then at Upper Sunset for evensong. We too, in our imagination can join in the song whose words raise our hearts and hopes heavenward:

Christ is coming, shout your praise,
Lo! The dawn of better days;
Christ is coming from on high,
Victory is very nigh,
Christ is coming from on high,
Victory is very nigh.

SECTION ONE

THE EARLY YEARS

Bessie Wood

"Prayer

is the most important thing in seeing God work and I want to see Him continue to do the same thing as He always has at Camp Pinnacle."

In August 1916, I "teased and coaxed" my father to let me go to a camp which a friend of mine had recommended. The week before school started, he gave in! In those days girls were always expected to help out in any jobs that appeared. He gave me all of \$15 for the vacation. He directed our hired man in the store to use the old Ford pickup and drive us up to Camp. Mrs. Lillian, my neighbor, sat in the front seat, and I sat on a bag of feed in the rear. We came up the long way from Clarksville in over the dirt road and right over what was to be a lawn to the side of The Christie House.

We were assigned to the old second barn, which became The Annex. Previously the second barn had stored hay. Now it had a modern staircase and rooms on the third floor. The loft had been made into rooms on this third floor. My friend seemed satisfied, but to me, if I was going to camp, I wanted to live outdoors in a tent.

After supper my first day at Camp, prayer groups met 15 minutes before the evening meeting. Some of us went into The Annex and we knelt around a bed and prayed for people to be saved that night. There were people praying all over the place, and as a result, many girls gave their hearts to the Lord. The first night in the auditorium was much more than I had expected with the singing, the choruses and Mrs. Christie's

message. That auditorium is the most beautiful and sacred place at the camp because there were hundreds and hundreds of people saved there.

Finally, by Wednesday, I got up enough courage to ask If I could sleep in a tent. I was given a choice, and I chose the front row of tents, which was the farthest from the house. My tent was out by Jay Zeh's barn. This is now our parking lot.

I was with three other girls. The old dirt road past the Teen Camp was in front of us. We all agreed that we would drag our cots out to take advantage of a clear night with brightly gleaming stars and a full August moon. Such a wonderful night! However, we all had cold chills before morning. A cot and an Army blanket didn't suffice, but my memories have. I loved it, and I have been coming back these many years.

What I heard from the very first at camp around the world. And I've prayed for the gospel to go forth from Pinnacle via radio for more than 50 years. The same faithful message of God's love; the same good food; and the same Christian friends have remained to this day. "Keep on Believing" had been my theme song over these years – a comfort to me in sunshine and shadow.

Prayer is the most important thing in seeing God work, and I want to see Him continue to do the same thing as He always has at Camp Pinnacle. The original purposes of the camp to win souls for Jesus Christ and give the girls a beautiful vacation in the country are existing right now, as they ever were. We must continue to trust the Lord for our needs, and He will guide us if we let him.

EDNA GORDON

(from a 1988 letter)

“It is indeed a blessing to come to a place like Pinnacle where there is a peaceful attitude of prayerful waiting on the Lord and serving Him.”

Although I’m not old enough to have had the privilege of attending Camp Pinnacle with Mrs. Christie way back in 1898 at the very beginning of Pinnacle, I will be eternally grateful to the Lord for bringing me up to Pinnacle in 1927 and ever since. It is indeed a blessing to come to a place like Pinnacle where there is a peaceful attitude of prayerful waiting on the Lord and serving Him.

Although, only a teenager (who was already born again when I arrived))) there was so much to benefit from the godly women in charge and the internationally know invited speakers like Captain Wallis, Dr. L. Gale Harrison, Dr. William Culbertson, L.L. Legters, etc. who instructed us, encouraged us and corrected us in the ways of the Lord.

So down through the years Camp Pinnacle has been known for its natural beauty, its wonderful stress on God-honoring music and excellent Bible study from conscientious Bible scholars.

But for us girls we saw it also as: 1) a mecca for interesting missionaries with their accounts and appeals of the Lord’s work in many lands, and 2) a place where prayer was at the basis of everything. We were so amazed that a special building called a “prayer shack” was available for people who wanted to be alone – away from the crowds of the camp – to seek the Lord in prayer.

Then, too, we saw that Mrs. Christie had a prayer shack of her own. Even she needed to get away from friends and guests to talk to Him! You couldn’t help but see the importance of prayer in your Christian life.

We also had lots of fun – games, contests, a weekly publication, special music, parades, day trips, long hikes to Indian Ladder, swimming in nearby lakes, wholesome meals, and song fests, etc.

As far as our leaders, we felt we were being prayed for and guided by godly women whose main concern was to see us develop spiritually and to watch us delight to do God's will for our lives.

In fact, we were sure of that because Mrs. Christie and Miss Rogers and some others came all the way down to New York City one Saturday every month and had a reunion meeting in the John Street Methodist Church for all her Pinnacle girls.

Remember, they had no autos so it was quite a ride down and back to Albany. What a sacrifice to keep us all together and to encourage us. They did the same thing for the Philadelphia girls. How pleased the Lord must have been at this dedication on their part.

Happy 90th Birthday Pinnacle

1988 by Edna Gordon

Lord, 90 years have come and gone
Thou art still the faithful One!
Since our most valiant leaders
Have taught us to be feeders
On the blessed Word of God
We have watched the path they trod.
As we muse, we're confessing
Without it there's no blessing
The Bible, prayer and praise, too
Are what brought us all through.
Here the most precious promises
Found few doubting Thomases
For we saw how God has worked here.
For lost souls many shed a tear
Sweet fellowship like that above

For all around is Christian love.

Oh Pinnacle, give God the glory now!
With our praise let us humbly bow.
God willing, we will all go forward
With full confidence in Thy Word
We'll trust Thee still more and more
Until we all reach heaven's shores.

Alberta Dubisz

"I was saved, baptized and received my missionary calling at Pinnacle. I thank the Lord for Camp Pinnacle."

My parents took me to camp from the time I was born in 1927. My parents were eager to learn from the Bible teachers and missionaries. I began to stay at camp in 1937 as a camper and did jobs like gardening and cleaning floors to earn my stay.

Not only did I enjoy the missionary speakers but also the Bible teachers as well. The big thing was getting to know Christian girls my own age. I made my first real friends at Camp, and some I still keep in my correspondence. Some of my greatest memories are working on a flannel graph, Friday night meetings and watching the missionary thermometer reach its' goal.

As a child, I looked forward to the opening of Camp Pinnacle, and with regret, the closing at each summer's end. I would go with my father to do the weekly marketing for Pinnacle. He bought vegetables and fruits by the bushel and in large quantities. I admired Mrs. Christie, Miss Jones and Miss Rogers, but would rather not cross Miss Rogers. She ran a tight ship and saw that everything went right.

I would also go on the hikes. The counselors would do fun things with their cabins or tents on the special holidays and would make up special days to celebrate. There would be skits, songs, poems, special singers and lots of fun.

One of the people I was challenged by at Camp was one of the four men workers who came to our house a couple of times during the summer for a chicken dinner and homemade ice cream. Later in my life he was my pastor at Erieside Church on the Boulevard. When I was in nurses' training, he knew I was aspiring to be a missionary and got together a list of good missions to which I might apply. The church fully supported me when I graduated.

I consider Camp Pinnacle the foundation of my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Here I developed the basis of my doctrines and received information about missions and missionaries, many of whom were entertained in our home or invited to our church, missionary meetings or Sunday school. I was saved, baptized and received my missionary calling at Pinnacle. I thank the Lord for Camp Pinnacle.

Miss Seeman
(A tribute to this early board member by Bessie Wood.)

“Miss Seeman did her part, as she taught adults and children the Word of God one by one.”

China’s millions! China’s millions! How she loved them, and the stories she told about Hudson Taylor and the Boxer Rebellion. She showed us the magazine of China Inland Missions, and backed up her love for the Chinese by starting a Chinese Sunday School with another lady in Emmanuel Baptist Church—next door to Bible School in Albany. Chinese boys were trooping into the school for private English lessons – learned by reading the Scofield King James Version.

Chinese missionaries stopped by during the winter months to see her and sell her Chinese lace and baskets in preparation for the camp season. D. Robert Glover told us stories of the wonderful conversions on the field, later confirmed by the whole Woodberry family who returned on the Gupshold and escaped the ravages of war.

The bookstore at camp is an evidence of her worthy work in starting it with less than a dollar in her pocket. It has kept many a girl up nights reading the wonderful answers to prayer, as set forth in our missionary books sold during the years.

And now to bring China's millions right up to date, September 5, 1987 – this person said, "China's millions, China's millions" right over again to one of the Chinese she met on the road at Pinnacle. His face lit up, he smiled and remarked, "I was saved through China Inland Mission." He began to talk of Hudson Taylor and his son Howard Taylor. What a joy to know that he or I have not lost the vision of bringing those millions to Christ.

But to our surprise, they are coming to our shores to do graduate work in our universities around New York City, and this is now the third year that they have found their way up to Pinnacle on Labor Day! Not a handful, but 350 to be led by solid Christian leaders who have given them the Living Word of Life. They will return to China in prayer with lessons they have learned here to teach to their own millions.

Miss Seeman did her parts, as she taught adults and children the Word of God one by one. Can we do less than continue in this tradition?

"The joy of the Lord is our strength!" (Nehemiah 8:10)

Florence (Jensen) Ramsley

"If I had never been directed to Camp Pinnacle, I am sure I would not have had the benefit of a close walk with Jesus."

It is hard to believe that I was first introduced to Camp Pinnacle in July of 1933. In fact, I celebrated my 13th birthday there. I came from Brooklyn, New York, and my mother worked summers in New York City. She used to have lunch at John Street Church, where they had Christian speakers and music. One day my mother asked one of the ladies in charge of the luncheon if she knew of any good girls' camp I could attend. This lady jumped at the chance to recommend Camp Pinnacle.

I remember my parents asking if it was all right for a Catholic to attend! At that time all my neighborhood friends were Jewish and went to summer camp. Since I was an

only child, summers could be quite long and lonesome. So in July 1933 we set off for Camp Pinnacle in our Cleveland sedan, which seemed to take forever at 35 miles per hour. My mother wanted to see the countryside and was upset if my father drove any faster.

I had never been away on my own before, but I was not homesick at all. It was so easy to make 4 friends. We lived in the wooden cabins with four girls in each. We had pitchers, basins and "slop pails." Our water was obtained from hand pumps strategically located around Camp. It was a good walk through the woods to the outhouse, especially at night. We used flashlights, but it still could be a scary and cold trip. When it rained, we used boards to keep the beds dry.

The food was especially good, and we ate plenty and gained weight. On Sunday mornings we were served delicious bran bars with lots of butter. The activities at Camp were rather limited compared to today's offerings. Softball was a featured entertainment, and hiking was quite popular. Can you imagine, we wore dresses and sneakers as we climbed the rugged hillsides! Sometimes we went to a swimming pool some distance away. We also had a craft shop, where we made simple gifts like painted coasters and vases, laced leather wallets and purses.

As for laundry, there was a separate wooden building with set tubs, ironing boards and cast iron flat irons that were heated on a wood stove. It was hot work in the middle of a summer afternoon. Many clothes had scorched spots made by inexperienced campers. We did not think of sending clothes home to be cleaned, and no one provided this service.

During the week we had two meetings every day – a Bible study in the morning and usually a missionary service at night. I loved the meetings, the singing and the inspiring (and sometimes scary) stories the missionary speakers told. I do remember especially one about head hunters in Central America. We did a lot of Bible memorization and were always having contests going on as incentives. I can remember learning the 150th Psalm, which Richard Loveless (I think) set to music while we sat in the congregation. That song became very popular over the years in Christian circles.

One summer I thought I would like to rough it and live in a tent. It lived up to my expectations! One Sunday afternoon we were in our tent when a terrible thunderstorm arose. A bolt of lightning hit a tree nearby and another struck the chapel in the area where the orchestra would have been just a short time later. We were outside the building after the storm subsided when the speaker for the day came up to Mrs. Christie and asked in his deep and resonant voice, "Has anyone gone to Glory?" (No one had.) Whenever I hear Herbert Lockyer's name mentioned, I remember this incident. You can well imagine what a prayer and praise meeting we had that evening!

Of course, the one who had the most influence on me at that time was Mrs. Christie. To me, she always looked like an angel with her white hair and her singing as she played her autoharp. She certainly had the gift of bringing young people to the Lord. My life was changed forever, and I shall always give praise and thanks to Jesus.

I never returned to the Catholic Church, but ended up in the Baptist Temple in Brooklyn, as also did my Catholic parents. Then it was on to college. Miriam Foss, who was at Camp Pinnacle, persuaded me to attend Houghton College. I am sure that was the Lord's doing, for among other things, that is where I met my husband to whom I have now been married for 48 years.

The first year I was at Camp, there were eight of us who were "only" children, so we banded together and called ourselves "THE ELCANNIPS," Pinnacle spelled backward. We kept in touch with each other for several years. One of them was Edith Bullock (now Mrs. Dunkelberger) from the Isle of Pines in Cuba who became a lifelong friend.

I will always be grateful for the five summers at Camp Pinnacle. They were among the happiest experiences of my teen years. If I had never been directed to Camp Pinnacle, I am sure my life would have taken an entirely different course, and I would not have had the benefit of a close walk with Jesus. God bless all of you.

Edna Kingsley

"Mrs. Christie explained the way of salvation to me and led me to Christ."

Helen Pralle, a fellow student at Jamaica Training School, invited me to a Bible class taught by Virginia Campbeth. I was invited to be Mrs. Christie's guest at College Conference – a free week at Pinnacle.

Captain Reginald Wallis was the speaker when I first attended Camp, but Mrs. Christie explained the way of salvation to me and led me to Christ. I became a new creation and the Lord Jesus has been my life since June 22, 1930. Oh, what a day that was! I've never "recovered," thought I am 83 years old and praise the Lord daily!

I went on to attend Moody from 1937-1939 and worked with the Christian Approach to the Jews and Chosen People. I attended Camp over the years and was the cook under Miss Rogers in 1958 and 1959.

Several people influenced me at Camp including Miss Rogers, Mrs. Stevens, Miss Wood, Mrs. Tylce (missionary to Nambiquari Indians in South America whose husband and baby were murdered by the Indians) and Dr. Lockyer.

I enjoyed the good food (three kinds of bread of breakfast, including Pinnacle bread – mmm good). Dessert at lunch was a big bowl of pudding dished out by the table hostess. I slept in a tent several years. It was fun taking the pitcher to the pump to fill with cold water, and use it to wash ourselves. There were no showers, but we did get a pitcher of hot water on Saturdays.

The grass was green, the sky blue, the petunias colorful, and the air was clean, pure and invigorating. It was heaven on earth! We sang "Glory to Jesus" after our breakfast devotional and "Wonderful Grace of Jesus" till The Tabernacle shook at the evening service. Camp Pinnacle has made the difference possible in my life. I praise Him. I worship Him. "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."

"A friend brought Mrs. Christie to me. With John 1:12 explained, and with prayer, a willful young heart surrendered."

From the first "camp" at the farmhouse at Indian Ladder in 1898 until the final years in the 1940s when God called the members of the original Board of Directors home, the original purpose was kept – "That girls and women might know Jesus Christ as their Savior, and that they might enjoy a happy, healthful vacation.

In the same period, the dedication verse hung in the front of the Assembly Hall (The Barn), "For the love of Christ constraineth us" (2 Corinthians 5:14). With this motivation, any camp on that mountaintop so dedicated, will be to Christ's glory. The women who were the early founders were way ahead of their time.

Pinnacle accepted all races among the campers and girls from all conditions in life – a group from from a state correctional school school as well as two girls from an exclusive finishing school. From Catholics and Jews to children nine years and older, and from those in their middle years to the elderly, all had their place and their pleasures at Camp Pinnacle.

I first learned about Camp from Miss Maude Van Blarcom, the secretary of the Board of Directors and a teacher at the Albany Bible Institute. She taught a weekly Bible class for nearly 20 girls from Rensselaer High School.

Some relatives of a few girls in our class drove us all up to Camp and our group occupied the lovely, scenic bungalow (burned down recently) outside the main camp. For two weeks each summer in 1924 and 1925 I was a guest at Camp. In 1928 I became the manager of The Robin's Nest Tea Room in place of Bertha Wenke, who was called

home because of her mother's stroke. I was 17 and continued in this role for four summers. During 1933-1934 I directed the kitchen's vegetable department.

As a rule, Mrs. Christie would invite anyone who wished to accept the Lord as Savior to speak to her at the end of the meeting. There was never any high charged emotionalism. During my first week there, hesitating, a friend brought Mrs. Christie to me. She would accept any situation to save a soul. With John 1:12 explained, and with prayer, a willful young heart surrendered.

When I went into the second year of high school, my homeroom teacher was Anna E. Strain, the treasurer of the Pinnacle Board of Directors. She spent the summers at Camp. She gave me the responsibility of the Robin's Nest and during my years there provided discipline and encouragement for living.

In retrospect, I say she was my second mother. My own mother had died when I was nine, and my grandmother when I was 13. Miss Strain had the greatest part in developing my Christian character, but I must pay tribute to several of the other leaders who took an interest in a very lonely child. I had no other family, but my dear grandfather.

In addition to the spiritual training, the Camp program for daily living was fun – hay rides to Warner's Lake for a picnic breakfast and swimming, good tennis courts, stunt days, hikes, etc. The evening services that all campers attended together were entertaining as well as inspirational.

Some of the greatest Christian leaders of that period brought messages showing the power of Christ in a life in all circumstances including Hudson Taylor's son from China, Dr. Howard Taylor and his wife and Dr. Tom Lambie, personal physician to Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

The greatest strength of Camp Pinnacle was the prayer life. During board meetings board members were largely on their knees (while in this position one cold winter day, God answered their prayer for coal to fill an empty bin). Just before the evening meetings, several 15-minute prayer groups met to pray for any campers. Several

leaders spent time in prayer and reading of the Bible each day in small shacks in the woods.

From the first time I saw Camp Pinnacle as we drove in, the warm light and the happy singing in the Assembly Hall spoke of something different. From the experiences there, a continued working of the Holy Spirit in the girls' hearts made Camp a healthy, happy vacation for us. Still today, I look back knowing it was a place where many found salvation and strength and comfort for their lives.

Nancy C. Nissen

"I dedicated my life to serve the Lord while a teenager at Pinnacle and served a term with the Latin America Mission in Costa Rica."

I am 75 years old, but my life at Camp Pinnacle began when I was 10. My Aunt, Mary Crane, introduced me to Camp. While my folks boarded at Zeh's farm down the road and attended Pinnacle services every evening, I became a part-time camper.

It wasn't long before I became a full-time camper, then a counselor and conference pianist for many years (until 1960 when we moved to California), but I have revisited several times in recent years. I met my husband at the IVCF Conference in 1947, a marriage which lasted nearly 40 years. I introduced my present husband to Pinnacle several years ago while on a trip East.

My favorite speaker was probably James E. Mallis, who told spellbinding stories of life in India. (My favorite will be retold at the close of this.) Others include Phil Saint, Leslie Whitaker, "Poppy" Dolman, Jack Wyrzten, Dr. L.L. Legters and Dr. Herbert Lockyer. The Czehy Musical Messengers were also outstanding (Gladys and Wilmos), and for one service we enjoyed the memorable bass of Beverly Shea.

Mrs. Christie often sang in her sweet trembling voice, accompanying herself on the autoharp. If you met her on the path and you had a problem, she would pray for you aloud, right on the spot. A "P.I." or private interview with Mrs. Christie was something to be avoided, but I got one once for going out to The Rim with several other girls to watch the sunrise! I cited how people did it in the Long Road to Camp Pinnacle and so was off the hook.

Lucy Jones, so crippled with arthritis she could barely get around, was one the sweetest, most uncomplaining saints I have ever met. One could go to her with a problem and know she would understand without being judgmental.

The installation of a pool was a big event, but the rules were so strict that some of us hiked to Thompson's Lake for a swim, even when the pool was available. Men were required to wear undershirts in the water, and of course, all ladies had to have one-piece suits. The dear ladies in charge were challenged by progress and leaned over backwards to be sure no one was offended.

With the innovation of a shower house came more rules. Helen Black was assigned to limiting all showers to three minutes. Her popularity took a dive. Nature's calls were answered by going "down the line," and at night required a flashlight and a companion, if possible.

Bess Wood was the official camp photographer and was responsible for the development of Camp's topography, forming pools for water conservation, etc. Her pictures were so much in demand that samples were posted almost daily with a sign-up sheet. With another camper, I was instructed in the developing and printing of snapshots, and we even learned how to use an enlarger. We sometimes spent six to eight hours a day in the dark room filling orders!

The auditorium was our favorite building, which was kept spotless with shining floors. Every Sunday at 4 p.m. the place was filled with people from all the countryside around for a rousing service of worship and praise – a weekly highlight. Every night at lights-out (10p.m.), I would stand by the drinking fountain in front of The Annex and play a verse of a hymn and "taps" on the trumpet.

Several other Camp Pinnacle people come to mind. One is Mrs. Hanford, who was the chief cook and made such delectable things as Pinnacle Bread, a fluffy coffee cake with streusel topping—a daily favorite. She kept such early and late hours that she could be seen snoozing during services. Who could blame her?

Lois Engstrom could be seen on her hands and knees scrubbing the public buildings, but on other delightful occasions she played the harp like an angel, having played for England's King and Queen when they visited the United States. Edith Mackay held classes in the extension of the auditorium on the use of flannelgraphs. Then there was the Three Mighty Men, a varying trio of young handy men and helpers around Camp who gave many a young girl a heartthrob.

Dr. Herbert Mekeel was an outstanding Camp Director. He would sometimes be so stressed out that he asked me to come to the auditorium where he would stretch out

on the old leather covered chaise behind the piano, while I played as David to his Saul and calmed his nerves with music. Those were privileged times.

The story told by James Mallis that I referred to earlier is this: The scene is a noisy, dusty road where a poor beggar is sitting. He holds out a wooden bowl in which occasionally someone will drop a few grains of rice, his only food. Suddenly the sound of elephant bells can be heard and a potentate with his entourage approaches. They stop in front of the beggar, and to his astonishment, the ruler asks the beggar for some rice. Naturally thinking that this great man has no need of his meager ration, the beggar reluctantly offers two grains of rice. In return, the man gives him two grains of gold. The entourage moves on, but the beggar is heard saying, "Oh, that I had given him all!"

The application is obvious...but a story I have never forgotten in all these years. I also dedicated my life to serve the Lord while a teenager at Pinnacle and served a term with the Latin America Mission in Costa Rica. Part of my heart will always be at Pinnacle.

Section Two

THE 30's, 40's and Early 50's

Alice (Pat) Fasy

"I learned to value the treasures and relevancy of God's Word."

I was told about Camp Pinnacle by Mrs. Bennett, a Bible class teacher in Germantown High School, Philadelphia. I came to Camp in a station wagon filled with the Bible class students. I attended Camp from 1939-1944, and off and on between 1947 and 1997. I worked on staff as a waitress and in housekeeping.

Many things stand out in my mind about Pinnacle such as high standards, close supervision, cleanliness, staying in tents, and washing with basins of cold water. Everyone worked hard and we received good, sound Bible teaching from excellent speakers.

One of the people who challenged me was a fellow worker, Dorothy Hayes. She attended Bible school and was a big influence on me going there, too. She became a missionary to South America after she graduated from Albany Bible School.

Camp Pinnacle's staff of women dedicated to Christ and His gospel will always be with me. Mrs. Christie, Miss Jones, Miss Rogers, Miss Van Blarcom, Miss Buehlig, Miss Humphries, Miss Glottman, Miss Jennings, Miss Bass, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Stevens, Miss Strain, Miss Wood and Miss Emsing all gave their talents and their all to Pinnacle. With these fine mentors, how could I not see the eternal values for living? Thus, I went on to Albany Bible School for biblical foundation to my life. With World War II on, I then went on to nurses training.

Miss Wood acted on the laws of conservation before her time. To prevent soil erosion; she had her students plant sod and trees atop the mountain. When the camp was going to close because of lack of water, she had ponds dug out to catch the water running down the mountains. The seventh pond now serves as a recreational fishing and boating pond for the children campers. An outstanding message was contained in the song, "Keep on Believing."

Seeing the prayer shacks used frequently was an eye-opener for me. I remember, in particular, seeing Dr. Van Blakeslee walking down toward the shacks daily, while I was doing my chores, cleaning out the toilets, pulling weeds on the tennis court or mopping The Tabernacle floors. Through Pinnacle, I learned principles of discipline, loyalty and attention (obedience) to authority at camp and at school. I also learned to value the treasures and relevancy of God's Word.

Kay Kaiser
(From a 1996 letter)

"I knelt by my cot and received Jesus as my Savior."

Christian camps play a vital role in the lives of children and youth. I congratulate you and your board for your vision and plans for development to mark the 100th anniversary of the founding of Camp Pinnacle.

I thank the Lord for the influence of Camp Pinnacle on my life. In the fall of 1930, I entered my second year of high school at Schenectady High School on Nott Terrace. Nearby was a branch of the Albany Bible School offering an accredited Bible course taught by Bertha Wenke. At that time, the New York State Department of Education granted one academic credit a year for release-time classes. I enrolled in the class.

During the year we heard about Camp Pinnacle and the need for waitresses. With our parents' permission, some of us signed up. We slept in tents and were provided room, board and a weekly allowance of \$1.50. Our lives were greatly challenged and enriched by the Christian atmosphere and fellowship, Bible teaching, Christian music and testimonies, hiking, contact with missionaries on furlough and dining room responsibilities.

The Lord had already begun to speak to my heart through a devout Christian and Sunday School teacher and her husband. One day, alone, I knelt by my cot and received Jesus as my Savior. After High School, I trained to be a Secretary. Many years later, I graduated from a Christian university and following graduate study, taught in the Schenectady schools before serving in Southwest Asia and the Middle East.

Marguerite (Clark) Long

(From an April 1997 letter)

“What a delightful experience to find the people at Pinnacle still loving the Lord and knowing His Word.”

I spent several summers at Camp Pinnacle somewhere between 1930-1937. I was a young teen at the time. Mrs. Christie made a lasting impression upon me. Her love for the Lord and His precious Word was evident. As you looked unto her face you knew she had a vital relationship with the Lord.

I watched her each day after lunch walk out toward The Rim with Miss Jones, and I would wait for them to return an hour later. Curious as to what they did in that hour, I asked my counselor, and she said that they went out and prayed for each girl by name. Awesome, I thought. I was just a child and here was someone who didn't even know me, yet remembered me by name before the Lord of Glory. This caused me to seek to know the Lord intimately.

Some 20 years later in the company of two very dear friends, Mildred (Moffat) Camilleri and Helen (Jacobson) Johnson, we discovered we had all been at Pinnacle at the same time. We were able to identify ourselves through Camp photographs.

I am now 82 and just returned to Pinnacle for a women's retreat with my daughter. What a delightful experience to find the people at Pinnacle still loving the Lord, knowing His Word and encouraging people to know the Lord in a more intimate way.

Ann Whitaker

"The first year I came to Pinnacle, I was so far away from the Lord, but soon after arriving, the Lord changed my life."

I heard about Camp years ago when Miss Rogers and Miss Christie came to a church for youth meetings. I came to the camp for the first time with a children's Bible class in Flushing, Long Island, New York. I started coming when I was about 10 and attended for many years.

I worked on staff (in the kitchen) at Camp Pinnacle and was also a junior Girls Director for two years. My sister, Mary, also worked at Camp. My father, Leslie, led the singing for a week during a couple of summers. He was there in August and September of 1944. My mother and brother, Leslie, also attended.

The first year I came to Pinnacle, I was so far away from the Lord, but soon after arriving, the Lord changed my life. I remember going out to a prayer cabin in the woods and getting down on my knees to pray.

Ruth L. Webber

“The speakers gave me the inspiration I needed and their teaching drew me closer to God.”

I went to Albany Bible Institute during 1940 and 1941. During that time we would go up to Camp Pinnacle to pick apples. Since I was employed, I could only go up to Pinnacle for a week of my vacation. I didn't start going there on vacation until about 1965. I've attended for a week every year since then.

Camp Pinnacle is a most beautiful place. I always enjoyed the fellowship of the people I met there, and the speakers were always excellent. The speakers gave me the inspiration I needed and their teachings drew me closer to God.

The dedication to Christ and to Camp by Mrs. Christie, Miss Rogers, Miss Jones, Mrs. Stevens and Miss Wood all contributed to the blessing I always received. My time at Camp Pinnacle made me pray that I would be as dedicated to the Lord as these pioneering women. I loved these women; they were such an inspiration to me. I still visit Bessie Wood when we are at Camp, and occasionally I still talk to her by the phone.

Flora Thom On

“At 81, I praise God for Camp Pinnacle and how He has led me all these years.”

I heard about Camp Pinnacle through my Sunday School teachers. One summer my Sunday School teacher paid for another girl and me to attend. I attended Pinnacle in 1933, 1934 and 1935. I also attended in 194 as a married woman with two children.

I spent two summers working in the kitchen vegetable section. Two or three of us would sit on the back porch and peel potatoes, carrots, shell-peas and prepare string beans. What stands out in my mind, about Camp Pinnacle, were the meetings in The Tabernacle and the friendships I made working with the other girls.

I received Christ as my Savior at Pinnacle, in the former Jones House at night, before going to bed. That evening I had heard a stirring message by Mrs. Tylee, a former missionary in South America. Mrs. Tylee’s message brought me to submission to Christ’s call to give Him my heart and life. This obedience to Christ changed my thinking and my life at home and gave me a new commitment to the church.

The variety of excellent speakers and their messages, and of course, dear Mrs. Christie, Miss Jones and Mary Rogers all helped me grow as a Christian. The friends I made at Pinnacle were a part of my life and we still maintain contact. At 81, I praise God for Camp Pinnacle and how He had led me all these years.

Harriet N. Van Den Heuvel

“Through Camp Pinnacle’s influence, I became a lifelong Bible teacher.”

The summer of 1930, when I was a young teacher, age 25, I went to Camp Pinnacle as a worker. My Bergen County, New Jersey, neighbors told me about camp. Being assigned to the dining room pantry department, I met another worker, Frieda Murden. Our Pinnacle friendship has lasted these 65 years. I became a Camp regular until about 1939 when I was needed at home to care for my mother.

Under the leadership of God’s servants, Camp Pinnacle is where I experienced much spiritual growth. Because I was at Camp all summer for so many years, it became my second home. I also attended Albany Bible Institute, graduating with the class of 1936.

A few of the many jobs I did at camp and Bible school were: Daily Vacation Bible School in the surrounding area, “shack mother,” supervisor of working laundry at camp, teacher of the New York-area extension classes for four winters, and chief housekeeper at Albany Bible Institute for four summers, while all teachers were at Camp Pinnacle. That proved to be one of the most interesting and challenging things I have done. One Sunday afternoon when the minister did not arrive, I even “preached the sermon.”

I especially remember after the evening meals we went to the auditorium for a meeting to sing and hear the guest speaker. Both morning and evening meetings were open to visitors from around the area. Sometimes in the evening, Mrs. Christie would call for an “after meeting” for those who really meant business with the Lord. What precious times those were.

Pinnacle Day was set aside each summer to celebrate Camp’s birthday. Each department put on a skit. Following that, we had a parade on the central lawn and roadway. The history of the camp was given in the evening meeting.

During the farewell each Saturday morning, a group of those who could leave their work, would sing choruses around the taxi, being filled with happy campers. One of our favorite choruses was “Keep Your Faith In The Bible.”

Through Camp Pinnacle’s influence, I became a lifelong Bible teacher. I now live in a continuing care retirement community where I can teach Bible study in our health center. How I thank the Lord for this privilege.

When my sister and I came to Crestwood Village, we found a good number of Pinnacle girls in surrounding retirement villages. Among them were three sets of sisters, one being Marion and Frieda Murden. We've had a good number of Pinnacle get-togethers since 1977. May we continue to enjoy these times of Pinnacle Bible School fellowship! No wonder I called Camp Pinnacle my second home.

Katharine Vincent

"I thank the Lord for the growth that is still going on at Camp Pinnacle."

I first heard of Camp Pinnacle when I was around 10 years old and Albany Bible Institute was holding day classes. Some students went into the country to a one-room schoolhouse and held Sunday school for a couple hours on Sunday afternoon and I attended. My coming to know the Lord was introduced by my being in the class. Margaret Thompson headed the Sunday school and she also helped run the camp bookstore.

In 1935 some of the Camp people who taught us on Sundays brought me up to Camp Pinnacle in the back of their truck. I loved the camp. My family had little money and this was before child labor laws, so I worked four hours a day at the camp that summer. I worked in the pantry, washing dishes and setting tables. When we had time off, in between work, we went to the Tabernacle for the main meetings.

There were groups of us girls who lived in tents. Being a country girl without much contact with the world, it was a chance for me to meet with other girls and have fellowship with them. They came from New Jersey and New York and other places.

There was a big emphasis on missions and we always looked forward to meeting the missionaries who spoke at Camp. Mrs. Christie used to have class in the morning five days a week where I and the other girls could go and bring our problems. We sat on little green cushions on the floor in The Tabernacle. Margaret Thompson was also a camp leader, and I was in her Sunday school class until I was moved into the adults' class. One of the things I especially remember about her is she showed us Christian love.

I worked at Camp for room and board during summers through high school and a few years after. Later I went back to Camp for Friday nights, which were missionary nights with an outdoor supper. I dedicated my life to missionary service at Camp Pinnacle at age 15, but after high school I had a health problem and had to help with my family. I did attend Albany Bible Institute for evening classes for three years and attended Camp during the summers.

One of the emphases at the Albany Bible Institute was not only teaching the Word, but also memorizing the Word. We had one or two verses to memorize each week. I thank

the Lord for that, because now that memorization comes back to me. And I thank the Lord for the growth that is still going on at Camp Pinnacle.

Aline (Kaschel) Schuster

“Isn’t God wonderful? Now you know why Pinnacle means something special to me.”

Many years ago I spent about 3 1/2 years working in James Slip Gospel Mission in downtown New York City, on the East River, almost under the Brooklyn Bridge. The mission was started primarily for alcoholics, but also branched out to help women, children and sailors. Many were the men who were saved there and had their lives changed.

Near the end of my summer work in August 1938, I was very tired, which the Lord knew. He sent a friend to me who said, “If you go right back to the mission you’ll get no rest, which you badly need. I’ll pay for a week at Camp Pinnacle for you, but I can’t afford transportation.” So I prayed that if the Lord wanted me to go He would send the registration money. I didn’t have a cent (at the mission we received no salary, we just expected our Father to meet our needs). A woman came to visit at the mission and gave me \$2, which covered registration. So in it went.

I got back to the mission to wash and pack on Friday, expecting to leave on Monday morning via Hudson River Day Line to Albany, then by taxi to Pinnacle. As I was saying goodbye, a woman put a \$5 bill in my hand and said, “Get yourself a souvenir.” I got a ride to the Day Line holding my breath. The ticket was \$3, the taxi \$2.

I received no mail all week. No one knew I was there. As Friday approached I wondered how I would return to the city. A friend came to me and said, “My brother and friends are on vacation preaching at the CCC Camps. They’ll pick you up to go home. Want to ride with us?” Did I! A free trip back! Isn’t God wonderful? Now you know why Pinnacle means something to me. Thank You.

My Supplier

What matters the how, blest Lord,
When I know the can and wilt?
Supplier of my need
Through the precious blood once spilt.

Thy promise is standing still
Unshakable as Thou art.
The same great God behind
With the same great loving heart.

Just waiting with yearning deep
The prayer of my heart to hear.
That Thine answer may speed on its' way
To make every problem clear.

It's my unwillingness, Lord,
And my heart not being prepared,
That keep Thee from working Thy will---
Not that Thou has not cared

The blessing is hovering o'er
Just waiting to be let go.
As soon as my faith will soar,
Believing, to meet its flow.

And always, my blessed Lord,
Does the answer abundantly fill
The need I have prayed Thee for—
All my doubt and fears to kill.

So let me leave all with Thee—
The planning, the how, the where;
Each need will be supplied,
The answer to every prayer

And when in Thy Presence I stand
Bereft of each worry and care.
I'll praise Thee I trusted Thee here,
The better to praise Thee up there.

Aline (Kaschel) Schuster, August 1938—Camp Pinnacle Week

Clare Poulette

"I will soon be 80 and six generations of my family have been Pinnacle people."

My aunt first took me to Camp Pinnacle in 1926 when I was eight years old. I attended Pinnacle from 1926 until the present, but my most active years were in the '30's. I worked in the dining room for many years. I did not receive Christ at Camp, but I learned many things about Christ and was influenced by many missionaries and teachers, including Dr. Tom Lambie and Grace Livingston Hill. Others who greatly encouraged me in the Lord were Mrs. Christie, Mary Rogers and Miss Van.

The whole atmosphere, the people and the messages were freedom and light to me. I will soon be 80 and six generations of my family have been Pinnacle people. My grandmother, Katie Ruth, worked on the back porch. My aunt, Bertha Ruth, took me to Pinnacle for the first time. I have attended over the years and my children, Joy, Faith, and Johnny have come to the Camp with their children. Joy's son, Andrew Grassi, is married and the father of Amanda, who sang "Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus" in the Camp Pinnacle dining room in 1996.

Lily (Penny) Pinneo

"Thanks to Camp Pinnacle, I went to Nigeria with SIM for 38 years as a missionary, nurse, midwife and anesthetist."

I heard about Camp Pinnacle through friends, and went to the camp with my sisters and my Sunday school. I attended the camp from 1933-1938. I was never on staff at Camp Pinnacle, however for every paying guest, another person could go free. So I often worked and then another person could go to Camp for free. I usually worked in the dining hall before and after meals.

There are many things that stand out in my mind about Camp Pinnacle: the beautiful surroundings, the wonderful speakers, the fun of camping, the fellowship, but most of all, hearing the Word of God and the missionary messages. The person who had the most influence in my life was Mrs. Christie.

I had received Christ as my Savior before I went to Pinnacle, but my experience at Pinnacle confirmed my salvation through Christ. Mrs. Christie and Dr. Tom Lambie, who was used of the Lord to lead me to the mission field, were two strong influences in my life. Through Camp Pinnacle, I learned much about the Bible and felt challenged to live my life for Christ. Throughout the years, I have realized over and over again the privilege it was to come to Camp Pinnacle.

My lasting impression of Pinnacle is the combination of the beautiful place, the speakers, the fun of living in tents or cabins, the wonderful food and the spiritual stimulation. Camp Pinnacle has made a change in my heart. After Camp Pinnacle, I went to college and nurses' training. Camp meant so much to us three sisters, Joy, Rose, and myself. Thanks to Camp Pinnacle, I went to Nigeria with SIM for 38 years as a missionary, nurse, midwife, and anesthetist, and Joy and her family were missionaries in India for 38 years.

I am glad Camp Pinnacle is continuing its' ministry through young people. Changing ones' focus in your early years makes a difference in your whole life. God has blessed my life, and I praise Him for such a wonderful place.

Mary Adams

"I found Jesus at age 8 through my mother. But from then on, Pinnacle was the greatest influence in my life and walk with Christ."

My parents started coming to Camp Pinnacle after my sister, Ann, attended the camp with her Sunday school class at the age of 10. I was five years old. My father was invited to direct the music for several weeks each summer. Our whole family with three children came along. We attended Camp every year from 1937-1950. I was a waitress and/or dining room hostess from 1942-1950, and sometimes I also played the piano. Then from 1950-1997, we attended when on furlough in the United States, and whenever Pinnacle offered a conference for adults.

What stands out in my mind is the deep spiritual atmosphere where Christ was felt and seen. The godly leaders (Mrs. Christie, Miss Rogers, Miss Jones, Miss Rose, Miss Wood, Miss Emsing, Mrs. Bass, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Van Blarcom) and godly counselors (especially the twins, Connie and Virginia Wycoffes) left an indelible mark on my life. The twins were super counselors who cared about the spiritual growth of us girls. When my father died I was 12 1/2. The following summer at Pinnacle was hard for me, but the twins were like parents to me.

I did not receive Christ as my Savior at Camp Pinnacle, but the camp was greatly used in my Christian growth. I found Jesus at age 8 through my mother. But from then on, Pinnacle was the greatest influence in my life and walk with Christ. I committed my life to Him and was first called into missionary service at Pinnacle through missionary speakers.

When I look at the place, the people, and the programs I see a definite combination of their influence. The wonderfully deep Bible speakers and missionaries, the programs with spiritual emphasis, the testimony meetings around the fire in The Tabernacle and on Sunset Hill or at The Rim, and the music and singing that raised the rafters; all left their indelible mark. Pinnacle was surely the next best experience to heaven.

Each day began with devotions, flag raising and exercises at the flagpole. We had daily cabin/tent inspection for which the best ones were rewarded with the Pinnacle banners. We took many excursions to Thompson Lake, Indian Ladder and Sunset Hill (to picnic, roast marshmallows and to sleep out under the stars. We spent rainy days in the wonderful craft shop and the tea room/playroom under The Tabernacle.

Memories; how beautiful, how very painful, how they linger. It would be easier not to be so sentimental. But Pinnacle had, and still has a mysteriously magical and magnetic hold that tightens its' grip with each visit. Every tree, stone, flower and wooden shack and The Tabernacle and The Christie house has a story to tell. Pinnacle is indeed a sacred place.

The lovely ladies, Jones, Rose, Wood and Emsing, always welcomed a visit from their young friend, Mary. These ladies and others would stop on the path to chat and to take sincere interest in the young girl campers. These ladies would pray with us whenever we had a need and would often give us much needed advice. Most of these jewels are in heaven now, but they will have many stars in their crown. Because of these servants and many girls went Pinnacle to serve God.

Libby (Brown) Little”

“Prepared by prayer, my heart was read to meet Jesus that night and ask His forgiveness and receive His salvation.

I want to thank the godly men and women who have faithfully given of their time, resources, and talent, to Camp Pinnacle so that it might be a place where young people meet the Savior, Jesus Christ. I was a “camper” at 14 and not exactly what you would call “churched,” although I had gone to church in the past.

My first Camp Pinnacle memory is a line of women – rather old women – who were sitting around on park benched on the day of registration. One came up to me and said she had been praying for me by name since I sent in my registration. This left an impression on me and almost prepared me for the first chapel service when I would hear the message of salvation and see the large painting on the wall of a door with no handle and Jesus standing there knocking. Prepared by prayer, my heart was ready to meet Jesus that night and ask His forgiveness and receive His salvation.

Later in the week, I think it was an Irish-speaking counselor who held a campfire and asked for those who wanted to dedicate their life to Christ’s service to come forward. By going forward that night, and through subsequent decisions, my husband and I have been serving overseas in Central Asia for 20 years in medical mercy missions.

Elise Hagenauer

(from an undated note)

"The faithful Bible teachers who have ministered a Camp have helped me immensely to glean precious promises from the Bible and to try to walk worthy of His calling."

I came to Camp Pinnacle as a delegate at the college conference in 1931. I was a Christian, but the Word was not meaningful to me. I met missionaries and missionary candidates who gave me a vision for missionary work.

Through the years, the faithful Bible teachers who have ministered at Camp have helped me immensely to glean precious promises from the Bible and to try to walk worthy of His calling. Camp Pinnacle has been an instrument of blessing to all who have stayed there.

Section 3

The 50's, 60's and 70's

Beth Coppedge

"I feel so grateful to Jesus because He used Camp Pinnacle in my life as a child to bring me to saving faith."

When I was 7 years old I first attended Camp Pinnacle because my dad, Dennis Kinlaw, was Camp Director at the time. I was the youngest girl at Girls' Camp. Every night there were services in The Tabernacle, and one night they showed an evangelistic movie and asked if people wanted to ask Jesus into their heart. I responded and then told my mom. The next night, Mom got cupcakes and had a party celebrating my decision with the other girls at Camp.

When I was 16, I worked at the camp bookstore with Florence Jennings, a godly, precious woman from Albany Bible Institute. My family moved to Kentucky, and that next summer in 1964, I brought a couple friends from Kentucky to Camp and worked as a waitress. I just loved working at Camp Pinnacle. We had a tremendous Christian fellowship with the other teens, and the music was terrific.

During the summer I spent with Miss Jennings, it was precious to see her input in my life. Every day we started out with prayer, and she gave godly instruction and counsel to me in a mentoring relationship. It was a real privilege to work with her.

Camp Pinnacle is where I met the Lord and sitting under the teaching of the godly people really helped me grow and cement my relationship with Him. Sweet friendships formed, and the older folks invested in me and mentored me, which was very positive. I came back a second summer to work and then went off to college and got married.

Since then, I've been back to Camp a couple of times to speak at women's retreats. My husband and I were missionaries for five years with OMS International in Latin America and Colombia. My folks as godly and mission-minded parents were my primary influence on missions, but Camp Pinnacle's missions meetings and teaching every night certainly fed into my work in missions.

I feel so grateful to Jesus because He used Camp Pinnacle in my life as a child to bring me to saving faith. Then He used Camp Pinnacle in my life as a teenager to solidify my commitment to the Lord and mature me to face college and adulthood. I can't thank the Lord enough for those two summers that had an incredible influence on me. I'm also grateful for the influence of Mrs. Christie and the women at Albany Bible Institute who founded Camp Pinnacle. Periodically I reread the *Long Road to Camp Pinnacle* because I see the influence of those women on other women. This is what I am doing now; I teach the word to women every week and then work in discipleship with them and speak at ladies retreats. The teaching of other women was on the hearts of the hearts of women who founded Camp Pinnacle and this is definitely what God called me to do. I love to encourage women to get a hold of Jesus to see what He can do with their lives.

Jean Burns

"I have always felt that God has a special mark on Pinnacle Mountain reserved Himself."

As a child, I was a student of the Albany Bible institute's released time program in Rensselaer, New York. This was about 1940 and Miss Rogers would always speak about Camp Pinnacle. She led me to a decision for Christ when I was about 10.

The first time I was actually went to camp was with my Loudonville church friends in the '50s, and then in the summers Jim and I attended in the evenings quite regularly. In the '70s I went to the adult camp.

There's something about the whole atmosphere of Camp pinnacle -- you sense the Lord's presence. It's incredibly beautiful and like an oasis to escape the pressures of life. Through observing the godly women of the camp, you became so aware that whole lives were directed by their prayer life and their spiritual presence.

I remembered one time, Miss Rogers standing in The Tabernacle and telling about the Lord's goodness and her face just flowed like an angel. The women leaders all seemed to have this feeling for the place and a connection with the founding women, Mrs. Christie and Miss Jones. You could just sense that they lived with the Holy Spirits' guidance, and it was wonderful to be in their presence.

One year during an evening service, not long before Miss Rogers' retirement, she told the history of Camp Pinnacle and of the faithfulness of the founding women to Jesus Christ. Later, I read *The Long Road to Camp Pinnacle*. I have always felt that God has a special mark on Pinnacle Mountain reserved for Himself.

Jim Burns

"I was just amazed that these sweet old ladies would pray and God would answer them.

I heard about Camp Pinnacle in the '50's when I came back from service. One late, rainy, June night in 1956, I showed up at Camp with a busload of kids from our church, who were ready to camp on The Rim. I planned to leave them with other adults because I had to work at midnight. Miss Rogers came out to greet us and said to me, "What do you know about horses?" I said, "I know quite a bit about horses." She replied, "Good! You are the answer to our prayers." We settled the kids to sleep in The Tabernacle, and I asked to go look at the horses.

"Well, we don't have any. That's what we've been praying about," said Miss Rogers. "We have to have horses by the 4th of July." I explained that I didn't know how we could get horses that quickly and then left for work. When I got off work at 7:30 I started to walk out the hall and a fellow walked by me who smelled like a stable. He had just finished cleaning out his stable, and I asked if he rented horses. He referred me to someone who eventually helped us to get five horses delivered to Camp on the 4th of July.

I was just amazed that these sweet old ladies would pray and God would answer them. This was before I was really committed to the Lord. I knew when I walked out in the hall and smelled that guy that there was more to this than a coincidence. In the summer of 1958 I would get off work and then come up about 8:30 in the morning and be the wrangler until 4:00 in the afternoon.

In 1983 I was asked to come back to the camp as a member of the camp committee and eventually I became a board member. I have always thanked the Lord for bringing us to the top of the mountain. There's one time when Marilyn Hannay and I were told to lay everybody off and close Camp. But we felt if we did that, the camp may not re-open. It was winter and the cool and his wife said they'd work for free and their family would also help out.

We were bringing in enough money to keep the camp open during the winter, and I was trying to raise \$20,000 to open the camp for the summer. One night I got a call from Marilyn and she asked, "Did you raise the \$20,000?" I said, "I've tried and I'm

exhausted. God has kept the camp open all these years. He's got to raise the money." She told me to sit down and listen to a letter from a lawyer who was sending us a check for \$70,000 from a former camper who died and left us the money. Talk about a tremendous answer to prayer! We wrote \$50,000 in checks to pay all our bills and gave the Camp Director \$20,000 to open the camp for the summer. We had a beautiful summer.

Now I think Camp Pinnacle is finally being recognized. For years we were one of the "best kept secrets" in the Capital District. Through the programs that John Barron has started, and with the backing of the board, we will go into the new century presenting the gospel. Camp Pinnacle is not controlled by a denomination: it is God's work. There's no individual on the board who claims it's his or hers, we have to give the credit to God.

Alta R. Crowe

(from an undated note)

"Camp Pinnacle is always a real mountaintop experience for me."

Elise Hagenauer told me about Camp Pinnacle. She brought two other ladies and me up one year in the late 1960's and I loved it. I've been coming regularly each summer since 1975.

Camp Pinnacle is always a real mountaintop experience for me. All of the speakers are so good. When I home it is like going "down into the valley" again. It is always so nice to get back each summer and meet old friends and also make new ones.

Ruth Hamshar

(from an August 5, 1987 letter)

"I found out what Bible study really meant. All of the speakers had a way of making the Bible come alive."

My first experience at Camp Pinnacle was in 1975. There were six of us who came together: Helen Ralle, Elise Hagenauer, Elaine Bayley, Alta Crowe, Clara LeStrange and me. The first four were old-timers at Pinnacle, but for Clara and me it was our first experience at a Christian camp, and I had no idea what to expect. I had committed my life to the Lord in my teens at the Methodist church I attended and again at one of Billy Graham's Crusades at Madison Square Garden in the '50's.

We stayed for two weeks at Pinnacle and it was really a wonderful experience for me. Everyone was so loving and caring and made you feel part of everything that was happening at the Camp. It was here that I found out what Bible study really meant. All of the speakers had a way of making the Bible come alive.

It was suggested that a good way to read the Bible was to read one chapter in the Old Testament and one chapter from Psalms or Proverbs everyday. I have been doing this for quite a long while since the suggestion, and it has made me realize that the Bible had the wisdom and the knowledge needed for every situation.

Camp Pinnacle also means a great deal because of the old-timers who started the camp in the early days; some of whom are still with us and who have shown me what dedicating one's life to the Lord really means.

My hope is that Camp Pinnacle will always be here to help people of all ages to draw closer to the Lord and to live good Christian lives. May God's richest blessings always be on those who work at the camp.

Vivian Hart

"With each visit, it seems like you've stepped out of the world, and into the Kingdom of God."

I first attended Camp Pinnacle in 1954 when our youth group at First Presbyterian went up there for picnics and work days. We cleaned cabins and washed windows. Ed and I married in '57, and we directed the Teen Camp that year and have gone back periodically since.

I volunteered in the snack bar and helped in the bookstore during the summers. We went overseas in 1960 as missionaries to Beirut, Lebanon, and stayed 16 years, so we have a big gap in our not being at Camp. For the last 10 years, except for last summer, Ed has been going to Pinnacle to help complete the land survey.

Some of the staff were very influential in my life including Miss Rogers, Mrs. Buchanan, and the twins: Connie "Cotsie" and Ginny Wycoffes. They were tremendous leaders and had such uplifting spirits.

Being at Camp Pinnacle is always a mountaintop experience. With each visit it seems like you've stepped out of the world and into the kingdom of God. The staff are such dedicated, wonderful people, and you forget about the problems down the hills when you go up to Camp. Camp Pinnacle was just wonderful, and it still is. We almost feel like when we start up that hill that we're in God.

Ed Hart

"My involvement at Camp Pinnacle taught me great lessons in prayer, obedience, and expecting great things from God."

I was a high school group advisor 1952-1953, and we had several outings at Camp Pinnacle. The first year that I directed the Teen Camp was 1956, and I directed for a couple years after that. In '58 I was in graduate school, and we did come back for some teen winter camps and a reunion of the folks who'd been there in previous summers. During those years Miss Rogers also asked me to be in charge of the adult program. I was a figurehead director. She gave me the directions, but I stood in front. I did that until we went overseas in 1960.

Camp Pinnacle definitely reinforced our call to overseas missions. The fact that people had come through Camp Pinnacle and gone to all parts of the world played a big part in our planning to go to Lebanon. And O learned a great deal from the ladies: Miss Rogers, Miss Stevens, Miss Humphries, and all the different folks in the Bible school. Starting in 1954, I attended the Institute for Biblical Studies, a one-year program in which pastors taught a group of us professional people who were headed for Christian service, but needed training in Scripture.

I'm still impressed that the ladies could run such a camp, but more than that the spirit of prayer was so evident in their lives. My involvement at Camp Pinnacle taught me great lessons in prayer, obedience, and expecting great things from God. I learned a lot from the mistakes I made along the way. I learned that to stretch your faith, you have to get out there and expose yourself to the possibility of failure.

Working on the boundaries survey the past several years with some of the board members and staff has been rewarding. One of the fun things about working out in the 800-plus acres was working with Miss Wood and using a Jeep to take people out and let them see the glory of that land. As far as I'm concerned, Camp Pinnacle is just what the Lord ordered.

Jean McFate

"Camp Pinnacle has been a wonderful home to us over the years. It was a great place to raise a family."

I was attending Houghton College, a Christian college in southern New York. At that time, Pinnacle had Saturday evening concerts, and the Music Director was from Houghton. He was looking for people for the staff who were also musical. Pinnacle owned a string bass, and there were only two of us in the whole college who played that instrument. The director asked the other guy to play at Pinnacle, but when he declined, I said "yes."

That summer in 1964 Paul was the first person I saw when I came on the Camp Pinnacle grounds. But by the middle of the summer he'd asked me to marry him. I was the hostess in the dining hall, and Paul would always manage to be the last one out of the dining hall. He would leave a Scripture reference for me, and as soon as he was gone I'd run and look it up. One day, he left the reference, "He who findeth a wife, findeth a good thing," which our son also used when he proposed to his wife at Pinnacle. Our daughter, Melissa, met her husband at Camp and he also proposed there. Our daughter, Jody, got engaged at Pinnacle, too. So we have quite a family history at Camp!

Paul and I were married in June 1966. We returned to Pinnacle that summer, and I continued as hostess and Paul did maintenance. Later I also taught music part-time at the Loudenville Christian School and taught there for 13 years. That was mainly during the week, so on weekends I could help with retreats, and in the summer I was usually the hostess. One summer I was the camp's Music Director.

In 1981 we felt called to the mission field, to Uganda. But one month before we were supposed to go, we found out the foundation we were going under in Uganda had collapsed. So here we were: no jobs, no house, and four kids. Camp Pinnacle was very gracious and let us stay at the camp for six months; until we could figure out what we were doing.

Later in 1985, we were asked to return to Pinnacle, and we stayed for six more years. Paul was the cook and helped with whatever needed to be done. I was hostess and also helped with music. Since then, we've been to Africa, several times with international Accelerated Missions, helping them start discipleship schools in Kenya

and Uganda, and we plan to do the same in Tanzania and Zaie, not the Democratic Republic of the Congo. We'll be going back to Africa June 8, 1998.

Camp Pinnacle has been a wonderful home to us over the years. It was a great place to raise a family. Three of our four kids were born at Pinnacle. They basically grew up there, and they still consider Pinnacle home. Now they have kids of their own and have brought them up to Camp. We all pray that Camp Pinnacle continues to be a lighthouse on the mountain

Paul McFate

“Camp is still going forward without compromising. The Word of God is being taught.”

I came to Pinnacle in the spring of 1960. I had graduated from Bob Jones University and had written Miss Rogers about helping with camp programs. That first summer I taught horseback riding and then went into military service for three years. I came back to Pinnacle in 1963 and directed Junior Camp. In 1964 I met Jean at Camp and helped with Farm Camp, which gave kids a chance to visit local farms and work with cattle, bees, and chickens.

After Jean and I married and returned to Camp, I mainly worked maintenance, but often in the summertime on retreats I cooked and helped with the horses. Sometimes I taught horseback riding. We stayed on the Pinnacle staff until 1973, when we left for His farm, a place that helped troubled teens. We came back to Pinnacle in the summer of 1975 to our same positions and served at Camp a number of years after that.

Every summer at Camp Pinnacle we'd hear missionaries that challenged our hearts. Many times they would say, “If you were really challenged toward missions, raise your hand.” Many times we'd raise our hands, not knowing God was going to take up on our pledge.

A lot of preparation went on while we were at Camp. God is a God of preparation. We look back to the years we spent at Pinnacle and the different things the Lord had brought us through, and it was all preparation for what we're doing now. Here we are retirement age...and we're getting started again.

At Camp I was greatly encouraged by Miss Rogers. Even at nearly 80 she had such energy – but more than that, she showed the love of God in her life. And she would never ask you to do anything that she wasn't already doing or willing to do herself. She would scrub floors on her hands and knees and the next minute be out there teaching the Word of God. I also learned from Miss Jennings, Miss Humphries and Miss Wood. Bessie always showed a love for God, a love for Pinnacle and a love for nature.

Don Lyon was also a tremendous influence. He'd be in there taking out garbage or scrubbing pots and pans – and he was the director of the camp! He's like John.

These men have a servant's hearts, a father's heart. There's so much that Pinnacle has put into our lives to prepare us for what we're doing now.

Camp Pinnacle is 100 years old now, and it's been willing to move with the change of time without compromising spiritually. Our desire, and I think John is doing this, is that Camp is still going forward without compromising. The Word of God is being taught. Whether Camp Pinnacle has retreats or summer camps doesn't really matter as long as it never compromised from His truth.

Janet Truax

"You're family!! I thank the Lord for all of you and for Camp Pinnacle itself."

There is no way to express my attachment to Camp Pinnacle and the people I've loved there over the years – the McFates, Bill and Josie James and many others. I fondly remember the great times that Jim and I spent working together and attending studies together and the summers that we spent with him growing weaker, but still wanting to take part in all that was going on.

Of course, my baptism is an event I will always cherish and think of shivers (from the cold that is). At the current time I have never felt as close and as well loved as I do at Pinnacle now. I love you all very much. You're family!! I thank the Lord for all of you and for Camp Pinnacle itself.

Mary Vincenti

“It’s a privilege to bring the third generation (my grandchildren) to a place where they can experience being with other Christians and get to know the Lord through your programs.”

I started coming to Camp in 1986 when I attend over the July 4th with my friend, Helga Hardin. Being at Camp Pinnacle is a great way to stop and reflect on all the ways God is working in my life and in the lives of others. During my times at Camp, I’ve enjoyed His creation and the inspiration to feed on His Word and to praise Him in song.

I really enjoyed your recent speaker, Jill Briscoe’s daughter, Judy Golz. I think she is the best speaker I’ve ever heard at Camp. Judy really used everyday examples of lives in Scripture to help us easily related to the Scriptures and apply them to our life struggles.

By the example of Don Lyon, Bessie Wood, and the many other Christians I met while working at the camp, I came to realize that importance of serving in the ministry. I continue to serve now in a nursing home ministry, and I’m active with the elderly in the church.

It’s a privilege to bring the third generation (my grandchildren) to a place where they can experience being with other Christians and get to know the Lord through your programs. You are all are trying very hard to improve Camp Pinnacle, and God reminds me as a Christian sister to deify one another. May the Lord continue to bless the hard work that has been done and strengthen you in all your future plans. May these plans be to His Glory!

Irma Wilkie

(from a 1989 letter)

"Pinnacle' s interest in missions had played no small part in the Lord blessing Pinnacle."

Because The Long Road to Camp Pinnacle was called by the author, "The Unfinished Symphony", I shall attempt to bring the history of missions up-to-date. In that "Unfinished Symphony" only Mrs. Christie and Miss Lucy Jones are mentioned going to foreign lands. However, the seed of missionary interest was planted by 10 girls who volunteered to get 10 other girls each to give 10 cents a week, the amount necessary to support a missionary in the Sudan.

From that day there was a growing interest in missions. Throughout the years, graduates from Albany Bible Institute were encouraged to go into full-time service for the Lord. Available records reveal 40 of the graduates went to foreign lands while 33 served the Lord in the United States.

The foreign countries served by the graduates are Africa, Belgium, Central America, China, Columbia, Cuba, Haiti, India, Japan, Korea, Mexico, Poland, Romania, and Switzerland. For many years the girls were commissioned at Pinnacle and pledges were made for their support on Missionary Night.

The Missionary Project began with \$520 a year for one missionary in the Sudan. Today we support five missionaries with a budget of \$9,922. Pinnacle's interest in missions has played no small part in the Lord blessing Pinnacle for 90 years. May we never lose sight of the importance of going into the world to preach the Gospel.

Today, we are represented only in Africa and Switzerland. May we increase our interest and support our Pinnacle friends in Peru, Venezuela, and other places, as the Lord leads. Let us at home give hilariously, so that the called ones may go and may Pinnacle always include missions in its' budget.

Anne Weiland

"The spiritual emphasis just permeated the whole place ...the entire camp was bathed in prayer."

I had heard about Camp Pinnacle from friends and we first attended as a family in 1950. Over the years our children joined in the camp programs and our granddaughter, who was with us from age 3, attended Camp through age 20.

I volunteered to help at the snack shop by the pool and then was asked to run the coffee shop. I usually worked 12-hour days baking, counting money, cleaning up, and doing whatever needed to be done. My involvement this way for about 15 years gave me the opportunity to help people solve some of their problems. It was a rewarding experience for me.

I especially appreciated Camp Pinnacle's strong spiritual emphasis. The Bible readings and prayer after breakfast set the tone for each day. The spiritual emphasis just permeated the whole place. I've had the opportunity to read some of the early journals about the camp and was encouraged how the entire camp was bathed in prayer.

The leaders depended upon the Lord for every step. As a result, many girls came to know the Lord. Plus, there was such genuine caring for each individual who came to Camp. Camp Pinnacle has been a great part of my life, and each year I looked forward with great anticipation to being there.

Herman Weiland

"No question about it---Camp Pinnacle brought Anne and me closer to God."

We spent our first summer at Camp Pinnacle in 1950 and have been coming ever since. Back in the '50's we had little children, and started attending Family Camp. We usually stayed for a month, and I would come up on weekends.

We got involved in the life of the camp from the very beginning. Anne ran the coffee shop for years and I was her helper. She was not just running a coffee shop; she was a good listener and would listen to people's needs and pray with them. She had young and old come to her. It was absolutely amazing. Instead of just making money for the coffee shop, Anne's work became a ministry, an important ministry in the lives of many people.

In the early days of Camp Pinnacle, the most learned men in the Scriptures spoke at the camp. We also learned a tremendous amount through the programs related to Sunday school work. And through hikes we got to know every nook and cranny of the 850 acres, including all the blueberry patches.

I've been on the board now since 1986, and the Lord has taught me many things including patience and the constant need to bring problems to Him. You have to go before the Lord constantly in prayer. It's His work and not our work.

Dr.Kinlaw, Bess Wood and Mary Rogers are three individuals who made an impression on me through their part at Camp. It was tremendous how the women gave themselves to the work and were always in accordance with the Word of God.

No question about it---Camp Pinnacle brought Anne and me closer to God.

Jim Moore

"Camp Pinnacle was the place that I found the most important people in my life.... Jesus and my wife."

My first year at Camp Pinnacle was 1970; the year Miss Rogers broke her hip. My mother took us down to Pinnacle to take care of housekeeping for her brother, Bill James, the Chef. I attended Camp from 1970-1973 as a camper and then as staff and later attended in 1979, 1993, and 1994.

Lois and I met at Pinnacle and worked on staff several times. Lois came from Bible school to work at an Albany Bible Institute extension class with Marion Leggett. Lois also worked as a counselor and in the kitchen, did maintenance, and was office host.

What stands out in my mind about Camp Pinnacle for me is my salvation, baptism, and the dedication of my life to Christian service. The person who stands out to me is Jerry Parent because of his concern for everyone to know the Lord. She showed such enthusiasm to get the staff together in prayer, and he expressed his shining love even to me whom he didn't know very well.

Camp Pinnacle was the place I found the most important people in my life.....Jesus and my wife. My camp experiences have given me direction in my life when I had none and developed commitment in me beyond myself.

There is a tendency in our family to think of the influence of Camp Pinnacle as awe-inspiring. Over the years, people's faces have changed, the programs have changed and the place has changed. But the message of Christ's love is still the same. There's an ability at Camp Pinnacle to bring this message in an amplified version and to communicate relevant truth outside one's home setting.

In the '70's while at Camp, I never saw a paper, never heard a radio or saw a television. Whether this was good or bad, I'm not sure, but we lived in a world apart from the rest of existence. In a sense, we became a closer staff unit, and for me it separated me from the world. This quiet environment allowed me to grow spiritually and get some foundations firmly planted before I re-entered the world. I could share a million stories from my years at Camp, but for a final thought:: with our daughter working at Camp, that makes four generations from my family who have attended Pinnacle.

Jerry Parent

"The people are what stand out in my mind as the most important asset of Camp Pinnacle."

I heard about Camp Pinnacle through the youth group my uncle directed. I attended Camp in 1965 for one week. Bill James was Summer General Director and Teen Camp Director. When I was a camper at Teen Camp, the speaker asked 10 questions about our relationship with Christ. I answered "yes" to only the first question and then realized some changes needed to be made in my life.

I had received Christ as my personal Savior before attending Camp. One person who challenged me was the evangelist, Bill James. Bill was an excellent preacher and his wife, Rose, was the very wise and cool-headed camp nurse. Another who influenced me was Mary Rogers. She loved the Lord, lived for Him and taught Jesus at Camp and Bible school. Paul and Jean McFate also influenced me as they sought to live for Christ, worked very hard and always kept their home open.

I also remember Anne and Herman Weiland who were board members and stayed at Camp all summer. They ran the adult coffee shop and were always there to talk with, get a snack from or get an encouraging word for your part in their ministry. And I may never have learned to love the bushes, trees, and nature as Miss Wood does, but these are just a means to a goal. What a privilege to have had heard her praying for boys and girls to come to know Jesus as Savior.

Camp Pinnacle was a place where Christians gave their lives teaching, preparing meals, washing dishes and fixing fences and water pipes. Sponsors gave their lives to kids and prayed for each one that they might meet and live for the Savior. The people are what stand out in my mind as the most important asset of Camp Pinnacle. They are the people who used the place and the programs as a means to present and introduce Jesus Christ as God and a friend who alone can meet man's need for personal salvation.

There are many instances I will never forget about Camp Pinnacle. Miss Rogers called aside four of us young college students and asked, "You will be in the area this winter, what night can you come to Bible school? I will teach a class for you." The four of us met with Miss Rogers on Friday nights, and she taught Genesis in the fall and Daniel and Revelation in the spring. Her teaching was a lifetime influence as I later went to Ontario Bible College and some of my best marks were from courses overlapping Miss Rogers' classes.

One time during Staff Week at Camp, there was no nurse and the camp could not open without a nurse. The Director gave an opportunity for testimonies and Miss Rogers jumped up with a smile on her face and said, "I want to thank the Lord for the nurse I don't see yet!" In less than a week, a nurse gave up her summer and came to Camp Pinnacle.

I also remember the six elderly ladies: Miss Rogers, Miss Jennings, Miss Wood, Miss Emsing, Miss Wenke, and Miss Platt and how they loved the Lord. A high school or college student felt he could sit and talk with any one of them, at any time about whatever was bothering him.

Usually a large crowd gathered in The Tabernacle on Saturday night, and after the weekly music program and a short message, an invitation to accept Christ was given. Many people responded and went outside to hear more of the way of salvation. Soon the Camp Director came back in to get pastors who could help counsel the many who came to Christ.

Camp Pinnacle held weekly prayer meetings where all the staff gathered to get reports from the Junior, Teen and Adult Camps on the campers who had not yet trusted in Christ. These people were assigned a staff member and were prayed for by name throughout the week. By the next week, most had accepted Christ.

In a camp this large, there can be much complaining and many things can go wrong. Once we came to lunch and everything seemed to be falling apart. Shirley Harney listened to the complaints then put things into perspective. "Yes, many things are wrong, but Jesus is still on the throne," she reminded us.

Fixing the broken fence, the leaking water pipes, the broken tractor or the clogged sewers was hard work, but all of this disappeared when a boy or girl raised his or her hand at campfire and said they wanted to accept Jesus.

One camper spent eight weeks over two summers at Pinnacle at her folks' expense. Then Camp Pinnacle sponsored her for one week at camp – that last week she gave her life to Jesus. I worked as a counselor with the kid campers. After the summer ended, I continued working with maintenance at the camp. All together I worked 20 years at Camp in various positions.

The highlight at the end of each summer was when the director spent a week or two reading counselor reports, one-page weekly summaries on each camper. He then

compiled a list of how many campers over the summer had asked Christ into their life and how many had rededicated their life to Him. All this information was included in a newsletter about summer camp.

At the first staff winter retreat in 1966, the girls slept at Mrs. Bever's house in Delmar. The guys slept all over the floors at the McFate's house. We ate, played, and held meetings in the one room of the bungalow. The next year we had a new dorm at the bungalow for the girls. Because teen campers were also invited, the guys stayed at family cabins, with no water and very little heat. When bedtime came, we put on heavy coats, socks, boots, gloves and hats. Then we got under the blankets and shivered until morning. One cabin said they had the heater running on the highest setting all night and still had snow on the floor in the morning.

SECTION FOUR



The 80's and 90's

CAROL KNIGHTES

"We were also called to the mission field while we were at Camp Pinnacle."

In 1983 Walt and I were new Christians, and Dave Winchell, who was the Pinnacle director then, came to recruit some campers from our church. My husband was really searching for the Lord's will for us, and he felt that the Lord was calling us to get involved in the ministry at Camp Pinnacle.

Walt is a teacher and has summers off, so he thought it would be a good opportunity for him to use his gifts with kids for the summer. So we went up to Camp in the summer of 1983, and Walt was Staff Director that year and the next. He was Junior Camp Director 1985-1986 and Summer Camp Director in 1987. In 1991 he was the Teen Camp Director, so we spent six summers at Camp Pinnacle.

We had three young children, so I didn't have an official title at Camp, but I helped with lots of staff laundry and hospital trips. I filled in wherever people needed help. Our family would move to Camp the day after school ended, and we moved back home the week before school started again.

I really believe the Lord brought us to Camp Pinnacle to teach us, not for what we could give. Since we were new Christians, we learned a lot from the examples of the godly people at Camp. Dave Winchell and Don Lyon with their godly leadership were a strong influence on us. Bessie Wood, Bertha Wenke, and the Weilands all just showed us what it meant to be a follower of Jesus. Jerry Parent is another one who had a big influence, especially on our kids. He's still Uncle Jerry to them. The campers all brought something special into our lives. We still maintain contact with some of the kids and counselors.

We were also called to the mission field while we were at Camp Pinnacle. Our Camp involvement was preparation and training for the full-time ministry. We felt like the Lord was training us for something else, and through contacts at our church, we went to the mission field for four years to a missionary kids' school in Venezuela. We've been taking short-term trips there every couple of years with the Westerlo Baptist Church.

Since we were a little bit older when we came to the Lord, we had to change some of our ways of raising our children. Being at Camp helped our children see that we're not

the only people in the world who choose to live committed to God. Our kids also benefited from the loving influence of the counselors and staff at Pinnacle.

I do have a sense that the 800 acres of Camp Pinnacle is definitely set apart by God for a very special purpose in glorifying Himself. You can't visit Pinnacle or live there for any length of time without sensing that presence.

If we hadn't been at Pinnacle, we probably wouldn't have met Don Lyon. He had the ability to trust the Lord with us. We were new in the faith, and yet he had the ability to say, "I know the Lord wants to use you, and I'm going to let you go in this and do what the Lord leads you to do." He did not interfere in that.

He would just gently guide and pick us up when we fell down and dust us off and say, "Hey, you're doing it. Go for it!" That has really been a strong influence to this day, and now my husband is a pastor and we are doing things we would never have envisioned we would ever do. I think Don had a great influence in helping us to develop our leadership qualities and giving us the opportunities to use the gifts God gave us. That was the foundation for the ministry we have now.

Heather Constantine

"I loved Camp so much, that I would cry, when I had to leave."

My family introduced me to Camp and I attended from 1974-1978. I loved Camp so much that I would cry when I had to leave. One year my parents sent me back for an extra week. Camp Pinnacle was so fun, and I loved the horses, singing, campfires and the snack bar – all of these were great experiences.

In my mind, what stands out, are the relationships. That is why I wanted to go back. I love Rick (Music Director), Carol and some of the counselors. The person who influenced me the most at Camp was Rick, the Camp Director back in the '70's. My favorite song he sang was "Them Bones Gonna Rise Again." The Camp songs were the greatest. I sang them for years. I can still recall the words of most of them. I loved everything about Camp Pinnacle except the meat loaf.

Bonnie “Boom” Ross

“Pinnacle had such a rich history of men and women who have prayed, given, sacrificed, and served.”

My first time at Camp Pinnacle was in 1987 when I attended the summer evening Tabernacle services with a friend from the First Baptist Church of Westerlo. Later I helped on staff as the Guest Group Coordinator. As a staff person I learned a lot about serving others. It was my “initiation” into serving, and I still have room to grow in that area. I grew deeply in my life with Christ through my involvement with the people and activities that challenged me.

At many of the Camp Pinnacle-sponsored events for women, fathers, sons, teens, and senior citizens, I saw many hearts and lives; touched and changed by God. I rejoiced as I saw God work in the hearts of summer campers and staff members as well. Camp Pinnacle is truly a life-changing place.

Many people made a difference in my life in Camp Pinnacle: Don Lyon’s example of loving people unconditionally; Paul and Jean McFate’s servant hearts and gift of hospitality; and Bessie Wood’s strength of character, perseverance, fortitude and praying heart. All of these people and many others contributed to challenging me to want to walk even closer to my Savior.

The place provided the excellent setting and the messages at various times spoke to my heart, but it was mostly the “living epistles” that I learned from. Pinnacle has such a rich history of men and women who have prayed, given, sacrificed and served – from Mrs. Christie in the beginning right through 100 years to today. That certainly impresses me.

Audrey Walsh

"Camp Pinnacle has really been a mountaintop for God. Over the years it has always stood for that, and we are grateful."

I found out about Camp through Greg. We were in college and he had been involved with Camp Pinnacle for many years. Greg was going to help at a high school winter retreat in 1977 at Camp, and I went along as a counselor.

That summer I stayed at Pinnacle for a week helping out at the coffee shop while Greg worked as a counselor. After we were married in December 1978, we spent the summer there together. Greg was the Assistant Teen Director, and I was in charge of crafts for both teens and juniors.

We were off a couple of summers and then in 1982 we returned when Greg was asked to be Director of Teen Camp, and that grew into his directing all the youth camps. I volunteered as his assistant and helped in different areas including driving people to the hospital if there was an injury.

I made some really close friendships during the summers at Camp. It was a good way to be an encouragement to other Christians. We saw many commitments to the Lord through the years. Some kids came back year after year, and they were always the troubled kids, but since then many have gone to Christian colleges and they've excelled at the college level. It's great to hear back from them from time to time.

Also, for many years our pastor was involved in Camp and several ladies from our church in Hinesburg, Vermont, still go every fall to the Pinnacle has really been a mountaintop for God. Over the years it has always stood for that, and we are grateful

PASTOR GREGORY WALSH

“Within three days of being at Camp, I recommitted my heart and life to Jesus.”

My first contact with Camp Pinnacle was at the Albany bus station. I was a boy of 13 born in the Bronx being picked up by some Camp person. I was greeted on arrival and was told we would wait for all other buses to come in, in case other campers would arrive. There was no one else. The bearded staff worker was nice and drove a red Saab station wagon.

I was told, that the usual way up to Camp Pinnacle, was blocked by a tree. So, we would have to go the back way up the mountain. At that point, I had my hand on the car door. Being streetwise, I thought that something was not right, and I was ready to eject if the need arose. This might be a kidnapping plot! I suspected. A tree blocking the road? Come on. My picture of trees was of the small variety between 2-3 inches in diameter and next to the curb of city streets. The driver was later discovered to be Dave Winchell the Junior Camp Director and the car was on loan from Paul McFate. That was the beginning. Over the next few days I found Camp Pinnacle to be a much different place than I had ever experienced. Yes, the thought of guard towers and dogs raced through my mind knowing that this was a church camp I was sent to attend. But that was never to be. The difference was the people and the love they showed to me.

The sports and the friends I developed were great. But a deeper focus was introduced to me – that was Jesus Christ. At this time, Pinnacle recruited heavily from Columbia Bible College. Of the students that became counselors, some were military veterans and some were involved with the Navigators. I had only wanted to stay one week, but I called my mother and asked if I could stay longer – for six weeks of camp. Being a single parent, my mom made a payment arrangement with the Camp Director, Bill James, to pay off the bill throughout the winter.

The next summer I wanted to return to Camp. I had something going on with my life. Over the last summer, some of the Vietnam veterans spoke of this Jesus who had changed their lives and how they put their lives in His hands. To a young city boy hearing this from a man’s man was significant.

My second summer’s arrival at camp was different. I was nervous. I faced my counselor friends and again it was great. The reason why I was nervous was made clear. It was because God was calling for my heart and life. Within three days of being

at Camp, I recommitted my heart and life to Jesus. Over the next summer months, I met each evening with John Tomlinson, an ex-marine sergeant and the Director of Teen Camp. We met for devotional reading and Scripture memorization. I was part of the “commando team.”

Through the next few years, God started to prepare me for His service. Camp Pinnacle became my second home. Working at retreats and during entire summers, I served in maintenance and as a life guard, I also worked in the kitchen and finally moved into counseling. I remember the very night I was pressed into service. Chief came into the kitchen, which was an active place for food and young ladies.

He announced that we had a record number of kids coming into Junior Camp, and we needed male counselors. Then he turned to me and said, “Walsh, get your Bible, how ‘bout going to Junior Camp?” Chief’s asking was basically the same as an order. This was the beginning of an exciting chapter for me. Counseling, sharing god’s Word, and asking kids to give their hearts and lives to Jesus Christ turned me on. At 16, I was young, privileged and in need of God’s strengthening.

I rose through the ranks at Pinnacle. I have had a chance to spend excellent time with many godly men and women on the mountaintop of at the Bible Institute on State Street. To name a few who made a difference in my life: Miss Rogers, Miss Platt, Miss Wenke, John Tomlinson, Hugh Foshee, Chuck Williams, Bub and Jerry Parent, Dennis Kinlaw, Dr. Mekeel, Keith and Denise Reddell, Walt and Carol Knightes, and Paul and Jean McFate. All helped in training and encouraging me.

As I continued with Pinnacle, I became Assistant Director, then Teen Camp Director. The following people played a strong part in my leadership development: Dave Winchell, Don Lyon and Miss Wood. After leaving the Teen Camp directorship in the summer of ‘90, I was asked to serve as a Director on the Board of Albany Bible Institute. I believe I was the youngest to serve at that position. Can you believe that a young boy who learned how to work in the gardens under Miss Wood turned out so well?

Pinnacle has helped put together several long-term friendships for me. Paul James was there alongside me as a camper and ended up being my best man. And Jim Burns, who I have looked up to and respected as a board member of ABI, is now a close friend from sharing the boardroom table and working on tower projects together.

Truly, Camp Pinnacle made its’ mark on my life. Besides the camp ministry, I have had the privilege to be station manager of a Christian Radio Broadcasting Network in

western New England and New York for 11 years. Now I am the assistant Pastor for Youth at the Community Alliance church in Hinesburg, Vermont. God has blessed me with a lovely wife, Audrey, and four children. Before we were married, Audrey worked in the coffee shop at Pinnacle. Her pies are still the best!

Wendy Antonovitch

(Ben, Tim and Nash VandenBriel)

"I can verify that all three of my children have enjoyed Camp Pinnacle immensely!"

I asked my son to tell a little bit about his Camp Pinnacle experience since he's the one who attended camp. I can verify that all three of my children have enjoyed Camp Pinnacle immensely! They keep talking about their experiences. Thank you for the wonderful staff and the opportunity for my children to go.

Tim VandenBriel

I learned about Camp Pinnacle from some friends, and I went to camp in 1996. I liked the overnights outside, and I liked all the stories. I especially liked my counselor, Brandon. My time at camp encouraged me to do more things. Mainly, the people and the place impressed me the most. I also like the food, the paintball games, and target practice.

Stephanie Buttafuoco

“The most amazing thing about Pinnacle is seeing lives changed.”

I found out about Pinnacle when I went on a university retreat there (Basileia) with my college friends. I attended Basileia in ‘94, ‘95 and ‘96. During the summers of 1994-1997, I was on staff with Camp Pinnacle. Tons of people influenced me: John Barron, Dan Cragan, Eric Heipel, Steve Lausch and countless staff.

Working at the camp challenged me to grow spiritually, physically and socially. When you are living in an unfamiliar setting with unfamiliar people, doing unfamiliar things and you are all working toward a common good, it forces you to go beyond your comfort zone, to stretch yourself to the limits.

When I came to Pinnacle, I was a kid who had never camped out. I had no idea how to build a fire, and I was not thrilled about the moths, etc. in my room. I was such a sheltered girl. I learned so much about myself, and what I can achieve, if I try. I took risks I never would have taken before – cave, rock climbing and low and high ropes. I learned how to love the outdoors and how to live and work in community. I also learned how to trust God, whether it be with my campers or writing the crafts program. I could fill a book with the ways Pinnacle has made an impact on me.

The land, the scenery, the view, the stars, the trees, and the ability to get quiet with God makes Pinnacle an amazing place, no matter what the season. It is so beautiful that it is very difficult to ignore God while you are there. Whether you go as a camper, a retreat guest or a staff person, you can always find a solitary place to be alone with God.

The most amazing thing about Pinnacle is seeing lives changed. There were so many campers that came to know God while I was working at Pinnacle. I have seen Pinnacle grow and change a lot in the past four years, and I feel blessed and honored to have been around to help.

Jackie Carr

“The rich History of Camp Pinnacle is filled with evidence of God making Himself known to His children.”

I had never before seen the faces in the black and white photographs, but as I stood in Bessie Wood Lounge and looked at the pictures on the wall, I felt a sense of connection to the people who stared out of them. These people had come before me, investing themselves in the ministry of Pinnacle, the place that has found its way into my heart.

It was here at Pinnacle that God chose to reveal Himself to me and to reaffirm His crazy love for me. I went into that summer a parched dry desert, but emerged with a sense of His sovereignty and an overwhelming shower of His love upon my life.

I am fascinated by history of Pinnacle. I love to hear stories and see photographs of Camp Pinnacle “way back when.” I am amazed when I think of how many personal “Histories” have been touched over the years in one way or another.

My own History at Pinnacle began the summer of 1994. That first summer is marked in my History with Him as the culminating point in a process of healing throughout my years in elementary school, and even into my first year of college, I struggled with homesickness. It was an area of my life that I felt I had no control over. I was unable to go for an overnight stay or weekends away from home without feeling panicked to the point of being sick to my stomach. I despised my dilemma, hating how it restricted me from many activities, I otherwise would have enjoyed. I was mature for my age and had a circle of friends much older than myself, which only served to heighten my self-consciousness.

When I heard of the need for counselors at Pinnacle, I made a half-hearted decision to go. For a reason that I could not explain, I felt a strange, unexpected peace as plans for my summer began to take shape. Throughout my freshman year in college, I found my faith challenged as I moved from accepting Christianity as a part of my heritage to making it on my own. I knew there was something more to it than what I had experienced as I watched and admired those who put their sincere and total dependence upon God in everything.

I attempted to imitate them, but was frustrated in my attempts. I felt like God was not responding to my longings, that He was staying silent. I felt like my prayers were just

bouncing off of the walls and ceilings. My devotions became nothing more than a battle with guilt. Yet I continued to cry out to Him, feeling hurt and bitter that He did not seem to be answering me.

It was in this mind-set that I set out to be a witness and Christian role model at Camp Pinnacle. The week before I left for the summer, I panicked and nearly backed out, but the commitment had been made, and I knew I had no choice, but to follow through.

Upon my arrival at Camp, there was not time to think about being homesick. The work started almost immediately as we cleaned the place and began to prepare for a summer of campers. We worked from morning until evening, doing all kinds of maintenance and grounds-keeping jobs. As the Assistant Wrangler, I spent much of my time and energy at the stables, helping to prepare the facilities for the horsemanship program. The work load increased when our campers finally arrived.

Our days began with a 6:30a.m. staff meeting, and I remember falling exhausted into bed at 11:00 or 12:00 every night. The emotional labor of pouring my heart out into my campers and the physical labor of working with the horses made for an exhausting summer. Yet over all of this, I felt more free and alive than I had felt before in my life. A budding romance made my world seem so vivid, so real, so beautiful. And also, I suddenly realized that His healing touch had come upon me. I was no longer constrained by the pain and anxiety my homesickness had inflicted upon me for such a long time.

As I reveled in my new found freedom and healing, I realized that He was demonstrating in His timing, His sovereignty, His love and His care. He wanted me to know beyond a shadow of a doubt that He loved me. My longing seeking after Him was rewarded as He made Himself known to me that summer.

I remember standing out at Old Rim, looking out onto that incredible view, thinking of His greatness and crying out to Him how over whelmed I felt by the love He was pouring upon me. All those days in the desert made this time all the more meaningful. I could say nothing more than, "Why, oh, why me, Lord? Why have you chosen me as the focus of your crazy love?"

It is this landmark that I now look upon as a point of spiritual renewal in my life. Since that time, I have had several very painful experiences, which have only drawn me closer to Him. I feel so safe with Him in control of my life. As I look back on what He has done, my hope in His provision is renewed. I have recently been reading through

the Old Testament and have a deeper understanding of the role that this History with God, the Father, plays in our lives and in the lives of others.

The rich History of Camp Pinnacle is filled with evidence of God making Himself known to His children. This has happened in so many ways and at so many different times. God's individual dealing with people while at Camp Pinnacle is truly a demonstration of His greatness, His love, and His care for each of us in our unique Histories with Him.

Stephen Lausch

“It is a blessing to serve the Lord full time and a privilege to do it at Pinnacle.”

It was March 1995. My college friend, Mike, was over for a barbecue and we happened to talk about summer plans. He asked what I was going to do that summer. My response? “Not camping!” I had been counseling at Christian camps for a number of years, and the burnout of all those years was still in my memory from the last summer. No way was I going back to that line of summer work. It was time for a real job.

Mike asked if I had prayed at all for direction about my decision. I admitted that I had not and was immediately convicted by his question. He told me about the camp he had worked at the summer before – Camp Pinnacle. Mike explained their program and mentioned that he grew more spiritually at Pinnacle than at any other camp he had worked at in his camping history.

A week or so later, I received a call from the Camping Director, Eric. We talked for an hour and a half exchanging philosophies of camping and other good stuff. As the Lord saw it, I ended up at Pinnacle that summer.

Right away I was impressed with the excellence in, vision for, and the quality of ministry that Pinnacle embraced. I started out as a counselor, but after the first week (due to some shifting in the staff) I was assigned the job of Trailblazer section leader. What a joy it was to have the freshness of a job that ministered primarily to counselors and then to the campers. I was asked to return in 1996 as Program Director, where, of course, I was allowed to grow in new ways. And grow I did...

On the evening of August 9, 1996, the last night of summer camp, the Lord spoke to my heart and helped me to see the next step in His plan for my life. I decided to make a move to Pinnacle as Director of Camping, where I would focus full time on the ministry of camping. Here at Pinnacle, I am challenged as I work with kids (through the school year as students and the summer as campers) and adults in many different venues. It is a blessing to serve the Lord full time and a privilege to do it at Pinnacle. Here's to another 100 years!

Camp Pinnacle Milestones

First camp at Indian Ladder in half a farmhouse

Camp held at Cassidy's Castle in Altamont

First year camp held at Mountain Top, Catskill

Camp Altamont is purchased

Albany Bible Institute is established

Van Schoik farm purchased

First year of Camp Pinnacle at current site

1918 Camp name is Girls' Camp Pinnacle

Camp now is called Camp Pinnacle

1941 Bath house, basin and showers added

Harriet Christie dies

Swimming pool is completed

Pinnacle becomes co-educational

Teen camp begins

Original dining hall moved from behind Christie House to present site

Motels are ready for use

1983 Retreat Center Bungalow and Offices (Pine Ridge) burns to ground in fire

Mekeel Lodge is built on site of the old Armor (Adult Coffee House)

Maintenance Building completed

Gymnasium and adult Mohawk Lodge completed

100-year anniversary celebration

Directorship of Camp Pinnacle

Harriet Christie.....1898 - 1946

Mary Rogers.....1947 - 1960

Rev. Paul Mills.....1961 - 1963

Mary Rogers.....1964 - 1968

Rev. William James.....1969 - 1982

Rev. Dave Winchell.....1983

Rev. Don Lyon.....1984 - 1990

Mike Assink.....1991

Rev. Dave Pollock.....1992 -1993
John Barron.....1994 - 2003
Rev. Chris Geradie.....2003 - Present