

Day 4, Monday, August 4, 2008

I slept fitfully last night in bits and starts, plagued by crazy nightmares. It had nothing to do with the comfort of my bed, which is really very nice, more to do I think with the whole change in life pattern. I got up at a little after 8 am, later than I have been waking. I made strong coffee for our first pot and everyone agreed that it was good. We feasted on cinnamon flavored French toast and sausage, then Cathy washed the dishes while I dried. The men have been so busy cutting and hauling wood, that we girls don't mind doing the dishes. If we relied on my cutting and chopping and sawing skills, we would be using the backup gas stove a lot.



After dishes were done, Cathy and I decided to hike up the hill. Our camp site is at the point of an island. The fire pit is facing the west and large boulders perfect for sitting are on the north and south. The two tents are fairly close together, about 15 feet separating them maybe, but on nice soft level patches of earth. We have an area for the gear, and a clothes line strung between two trees over the place that the canoes are stacked. Behind our tent and off to the north east a bit is a perfect bathing area with a nice sandy bottom. This is a treat compared to the usual rocky underwater terrain. Yesterday when we were frustrated that the campsites were filled, I prayed, "God you know what we need, please provide us with the spot." He did! This camping site we all agree is just about perfect. With enough wind to blow away the mosquitoes, lush trees for shade, a perfect cooking and fire pit, logs to sit on, clear ground big

enough for our tents, and a bathing area. What more could we have asked for – nothing I could think of. Well, all of this is on one level and a path winding behind our living space leads up a steep hill to what I call the second floor. The climb up the hill reveals perfect untouched wilderness. It is beautiful up on the top of the hill. We wandered around taking pictures of pretty things we saw.

Returning down the hill, I decided to take a bath and put on clean clothes. What a great way to celebrate day 4. I washed the clothes I'd been wearing in the lake and I feel like a million bucks as I let my hair dry in the sun shine. I was a little nervous about how I would manage in the wilderness wearing my new contact lenses. It has really worked out great. This campsite even has a vanity of sorts. A broken tree trunk holds my mirror and my baggie of personal care items just perfectly! After I hung my clothes up to dry, Cathy and I



decided to take the canoe out to pump water.

The wind had shifted this morning and that little change had washed some miniature dead crawdad looking things up onto our shores, and it kind of freaked Cathy out to pump water so close to them. So off we went to get water, away from the shore. This was fine with me because I wanted to try my hand at steering the canoe. I practiced maneuvering around while she pumped. I got pretty good and felt confident enough to paddle down the south side of our island and then back around and down the north side. All the way around our island is about 2 ¾ miles. When Cathy got enough water pumped, she started to paddle too. This was a whole new ball game; it is harder to steer with someone in the front paddling. But I am proud of us; we got in the canoe, paddled around, got back home and unloaded all by ourselves. When we started out, Allan protectively but politely asked us if we wanted help or if we wanted him to leave us alone. I thanked him and asked him to leave us alone and promised that we would holler if we needed help. He must have felt quite comfortable with this



because when we returned, we found him and Chris each in a hammock swaying contentedly in the breeze listening to the water gently lapping the shore.

Everyone has stirred out of their alone quiet time and has gathered around the fire pit. We're talking and eating gorp and nuts and totally enjoying our wilderness experience. Allan got out all of his fishing gear and began sharing stories of all the fish he caught with each of his lures on previous outings. Chris has started chopping wood again. Cathy's shoulder is bothering her from pumping water. I am at peace with the world. The rest of the day lolled away as we relaxed and did nothing, content to just enjoy our camp. After our dinner of minestrone soup and Boboli pepperoni pizzas, I read Psalm 91 and part of Psalm 97 as a short devotion. We kept Sabbath today for sure relaxing and doing nothing. We all felt thankful for this beautiful opportunity to rest and recharge. Tonight there was an absolutely gorgeous sunset. We all sat around with our cameras poised and ready to capture the perfect shot.