



[Amazon Wishlist](#)

[Facebook Page](#)

[Instagram Page](#)

[Website](#)



### **Program Highlights**

We have been able to serve 5 different retreat groups with 195 participants and 98 campers these two months. We have introduced a few new games and ideas to the camp schedule & look forward to continued improvements!

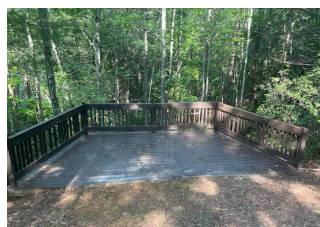




---

## Facility Highlights

We have been absolutely blessed these months by our volunteers! The lakehouse and helicopter pad both received fresh paint. Our Chapel in the Woods received repairs & paint to the stage and all new seating logs. We also had a volunteer improve our internet connection to better serve retreat groups.





I don't remember much about my first summer at BaYoCa. I don't have the memories you would expect someone who loves camp to have. I remember my counselor's name, that he wore an Auburn hat, that I was in Cabin 1, and one event that happened the last night of camp. More specifically, I remember a string of events that led up to one event that happened the last night of camp.

If you worked at Camp after around 1985, you probably know that telling scary stories is a no-no for counselors. Lloyd always told this story at counselor training about a tale he used to weave at the campout about the fabled Yahoo, and how it made one boy cry the entire night. He said that even though scary stories could be fun for most, if it made one kid have a bad week of camp, it just wasn't worth it.

As a seven year old camper, I really had no concept of what a scary story even was. But I did know from TV and books that when you go to camp your counselor is supposed to tell you a scary story. From the start of the week my cabinmates and I did everything we could to convince our counselor to tell us one (I am redacting his name from this retelling so he won't feel the wrath of

Lloyd all these years later). Every time we asked, no matter how hard we begged, the response was always, "No boys, I'm really not allowed to. It's not a good idea." However, that didn't deter us, as we asked multiple times a day every day of camp. On Thursday, the last full day of camp, we asked again and for the first time his response changed. He replied, "I've got a deal for you. If you all listen and behave today, I will tell you a scary story tonight before bed after lights out." This might have been the best news I had heard in my seven years of life. After the slide show ended we rushed back to our cabin and we were in bed before taps. We laid on our blue plastic mattresses with the moonlight cascading in through the screen window flaps, the muggy unconditioned air electric with our excitement. He begins to weave together a story of a man on a motorcycle who sees a woman in distress. He pulls over to ask if she needs help and offers her a ride. I will spare you all the details, but eventually we get to the climax of the story, in which he feels the woman's nails start to dig into his shoulder, and he turns around and sees.....

"Guys, I really shouldn't be telling you this. This is too scary; you're never going to go to sleep."

"No! No! Finish the story! What happened?" we all protested.

"No, sorry boys, I'm not allowed, you need to go to bed," our counselor answered.

No matter how much we begged and pleaded, he wouldn't finish the story. Eventually he got us all quieted down, and I laid there imagining what it could have been. The next night in my own bed, I laid awake not in fear, but in wonder of the unknown. For years after that first camp, every so often that night would pop into my mind. I had to know what happened; I couldn't let it go. It wasn't until I was around eighteen or nineteen when I was back at Camp, recounting this story to some of my fellow staff members, that I came to a realization. That was the end of the story. It was never meant to be scary, and there was never more to it than what I was told. I realized that I had been focusing so much on the ending that I missed the entire week of excitement that my counselor had built for us. Maybe we would all do well to focus more on the stories we tell than trying to get to the conclusion.

---

# Future Events & Ways to help

## Alumni Post Summer Cleanup! Aug 25th & 26th

Come join us for some great fellowship and summer reminicing while also helping restore camp after a busy summer.

Friday (25th) arrival with overnight stay & 3 meals is only \$25 per person (with \$100 max per family)

Saturaday (26th) arrival with work includes lunch at no cost.

[RSVP Here](#)

[Amazon Wishlist](#)

[Facebook Page](#)

[Instagram Page](#)

[Website](#)

---

**We value your feedback, and  
want to hear your thoughts  
on the newsletter.**

4 question survey

Begin

**Camp BaYoCa**

2320 Happy Hollow Rd, Sevierville  
United States of America



You received this email because you signed up on our website or made a purchase from us.

[Unsubscribe](#)

