

# Ralph & Betty Camp

**Lamentations 3:22-24 (ESV) says:**

**The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases;  
his mercies never come to an end;  
they are new every morning;  
great is your faithfulness.**

**“The Lord is my portion,” says my soul,  
“therefore I will hope in him.”**

We have been in our new home in Wilsonville (Portland), Oregon, for just over a year now. It has been a big adjustment, especially for me (Ralph), to transition from a three-bedroom house with both a detached garage and a separate workshop to a one-bedroom apartment, but it has proven to be a good move for us. We eat most of our meals in the dining room. Betty keeps reminding me it is a dining room, not the chow hall or mess deck. After all our years in ministry and the “millions” of meals that Betty served, it is wonderful for her to be able to retire from the kitchen. We have made many new friends and feel well cared for by the staff. We have also made many new friends at church. Surely, God has led us to the best place for us.

We have earned a reputation as the fun couple in the community. At Easter, stuffed rabbits were part of the centerpieces on the tables in the dining room. The problem was that the bunnies had no tails. So, we went down to the dining room one night, armed with cotton balls and craft glue, and put cotton tails on all the stuffed bunnies on the tables. The staff thought it was great, and it is still occasionally discussed. We are also the

“young” couple. We are “only” 82 years old. Most of the folks here are in their 90s.

In August, we celebrated our 60<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. We had wanted to have a special celebration, but in February, Betty tripped while at a home Bible study and broke her patella (kneecap). She has had three surgeries and is still healing. Our celebration ended up being very low-key. I am very grateful for the meal service. We have not starved on my cooking. God’s mercies never come to an end!

We have a rolling walker with large wheels for Betty that can be converted into a transport chair if needed. It is very sturdy, but it is also very heavy to lift into and out of the car. Hopefully, by the time you receive another letter from us, we will be able to report that her knee has completely healed and that she has graduated to a smaller walker, or even no walker at all.

One bonus to living here is that we are about a 10-minute drive to see our great-grandsons. We attend the same church, so we usually see them at least twice a week, and sometimes more often than that. Owen just turned three, and Adolin will be two in April and loves to

play cars and trains with Papa. Our son and his wife, Daniel and Diana, live just north of Tacoma, Washington, so we get to see them periodically when they visit their only grandkids. Of our five grandchildren, Drew (Daniel's second son) is the only one married.

However, that will change in January when Ruth, Jennifer's daughter and our only granddaughter, gets married in Tennessee, where she is studying for a master's degree in social work. The young man she is marrying is a deacon in his church and a welder by trade. Ruth continues to share my "unique" sense of humor. She has a Russian Blue cat named Cranberry and a black car named Orange.

I had expected to have my Hermeneutics and Bible Study Methods book available in print by now, but nothing has been done with that while taking care of Betty and her knee. I was in contact with a local publisher when Betty fell. Perhaps after the first of the year, I can try again. In the meantime, I am scheduled to teach a class early next year at the church we attend. This is the Bible Study Methods class that I have taught many times over the years in our ministry. It has been very time-consuming to convert my teaching notes into a text format suitable for print. But even here God's mercies have been abundant. I have had help with the project from individuals with publishing experience to guide me along the way.

I am still a Civil Air Patrol Chaplain in the U.S. Air Force Auxiliary, but I have not been active since Betty's fall. I hope to become active again after we return to town from Ruth's wedding. In the meantime, I must lose some weight. I don't currently fit into my uniforms properly. Plentiful good food and little chance for extended activities will do that for you.

We had to replace our faithful red caravan when we moved here because it didn't pass the Oregon smog test requirements.

We are so thankful that God's love never ceases, and His mercies never end. We are also grateful for your love and support for us. May God continue to bless you as well.

For many years, our letters were called Camp's Comments and were written by Betty. Perhaps this edition should be called Ralph's Ramblings, because after reading it, that is what it sounds like, even to me. I'm thankful that God never rambles in His care for us.

I suppose I should get this into the outgoing mailbox before it gets lost again on the kitchen counter, which also serves as my desk.

Shalom,

**Ralph, for Betty also**



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