**June 23, 2019**

**Volume 7, Issue 38**

Sunday School Times

Published almost weekly, but more like…..whenever, so get used to it, OK?

# Where Has Everyone Gone?

***Stuff For Today***

• Bob the Square

• Summer Camp

• Movie Time

**By Mr. Lyle (mrlyle1@gmail.com**

**Letters From Summer Camp**

Dear Mom and Dad,

 I was forced to write this so I could eat. Love, Lyle

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Dear Mom and Dad,

 Some kid put ten pieces of cheese on different parts of the toilet. Love, Lyle

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Dear Mom and Dad,

 I love and miss you.

 I hate the woods.

 Camp is cool.

Try to find the secret message.

Love, Lyle

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Dear Mom and Dad,

 I haven’t found a girlfriend at summer camp yet. I’m still a Single Pringle. Love, Lyle

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Dear Mom and Dad,

 Summer camp is great. I’ve gotten a chance to get really close to some exciting wildlife.



Your son, Lyle

Dear Mom and Dad,

 Here at summer camp someone tried to convince this guy that our cabin was haunted. So, being the helpful person that I am, I moved his bunk to the other side of the cabin while he was sleeping. He just sits in the corner now and stares at everyone. It’s kinda creepy. Love, Lyle

Dear Mom and Dad,

 Well, the fire is finally out now. We lost all of the cabins, but I will always remember how we all gathered together afterwards and roasted marshmallows last night. Next time we won’t make a campfire in the middle of the cabin floor.

 We all look forward to swimming in the lake each day. They say there is a creature out there in the deep water of the lake. But if we’re quiet, it will usually leave us all alone. So far we have lost only three campers. One was from our cabin. We have a lot more room now that he is gone, so it’s not so bad.

 The camp counsellor got arrested last night for fighting with a kid. The kid was a jerk, so we all felt it was a righteous fight. So, until he bails out of jail, we are kind of on our own. None of us knows how to cook and we are getting a bit hungry.

 There must be a rather large wild animal coming down out of the hills at night. Whatever it is, it only takes one of us each night. There are 25 of us left and only three more days of summer camp, so I feel pretty good about my odds.

 It has rained every day here at camp. Lots of lightning and thunder. With all of the cabins gone from the fire, we set up tents to sleep in. Evidently the metal frames attract lightning. The good thing is, it’s so wet, after a lightning strike, the tents usually don’t burn.

 We tried to take the camp bus into town yesterday to find some food. Evidently, the earthquake was stronger than we realized. All of the bridges are out and the road into camp slid off the mountain. We may be here awhile longer. Don’t worry, though. We know how to take care of ourselves. Do you have any recipes for possums or raccoons?

 Anyway, I am having quite an experience here at summer camp. Hope I never have to come here again. Love, Lyle

**Camelot and the Round Table**

By Mr. Lyle (mrlyle1@gmail.com)

The tale of Camelot and King Arthur and the knights in his employ is the stuff of legend. Many might ask about one unique aspect of the story. Why a round table?

Many theories have been put forward to explain the oddity in the legend, but until now, the truth has been obscured by time. New documents recently discovered point to a definitive answer.

We remember knights such as Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, Sir Gareth, and Sir Loin of Beef. But one knight in particular, who was a woodworker in his off hours, simply produced the now famous round table and presented it as a gift to King Arthur, who adopted it readily. History had all but forgotten the name of that woodworker knight, Sir Cumference.

