



Spring 2007
News for NOMADS feature page

NOMADS AT HEART

Thanks for the Memories From a Camp on the Boulder staffer

As NOMADS, you travel everywhere,
To serve God with your talents to share.
His love is evident in all that you do –
In chinking, in building, even tightening a screw.
You work with a smile on each project, 'til it's done
While enjoying new friends, fellowship and fun.
He has blessed each of you with a heart of gold,
With love abounding and many stories to be told.
To Camp on the Boulder you chose to come stay,
We're thankful for our NOMADS each and every day.
For the memories yet to come and those already made,
Thanks for them all – they're memories I'd never trade.



By Natalie Coers, student and Camp on The Boulder staffer

The Making of a NOMADS Volunteer

If the volunteers had not come to the Mississippi Gulf Coast soon after Hurricane Katrina, our recovery would be far from what it is today! They came without knowing what they would find. They brought food, water, clothing, heavy equipment, medical help, and much more that we needed. Medical groups set up tents and started seeing folks with everything from cuts to heart attacks. Crews fanned out into neighborhoods, removing debris and trees from streets and roads. Those with special skills were sent to homes where we knew their expertise was needed. None asked for pay. All accepted donations, but only if freely offered. They came in groups of 3 or 4 and in groups of 20 to 30. They stayed a few days; a few weeks; in some cases a few months.

When I saw the good they were doing in my community, I realized I could also help as a volunteer. I am retired and a full time RVer, so I wouldn't need a place to stay. With health problems, active outdoor work isn't an option, but I thought my computer and organizational skills could be of help somewhere.

When I attended the Escapade in Van Wert, OH, I saw an opportunity with NOMADS. Hopefully, as this year's hurricane season ramps up, we'll miss the severe storms. If not, I'll be ready to go out with NOMADS wherever I'm needed.

--by Amy Lee of the Biloxi area

**2007 NOMADS REUNION – June 26 – 28 – Mansfield, Ohio
Richland County Fairgrounds
Seminars, Fellowship, Food, Worship and Entertainment**

REFLECTIONS ON A NOMADS “FAMILY” REUNION

Jane Waddock sent this poem, written by Tim Jerves. “Found during a NOMADS project”, she said, “it expresses to me what reunion is all about”.

No matter how great the distance, we return bearing the bruises of the paths we've chosen.

We come to join in laughter, in comfort and in grief.

In this house spirits soar, souls dance and magically we make up for lost time.

We gather in whirling celebration of life and, like the rivers that run into the sea,
we are once again whole.

We take comfort in knowing that, through moments of great joy and times of sobering reality,

We are surrounded by all that we will ever need - each other. *by Tim Jerves*

May we have many more great reunions wherever we may be! –Jane Waddock

God can find us wherever we travel

Little did we know how our lives were about to change, as we pulled into Denali State Park on our dream vacation to Alaska, in the summer of 2005. We met a couple working there who were “fulltimers” and NOMADS.

They shared lots of blessings they had received, traveling and doing NOMADS projects. As we parted, Judy looked into my eyes and said, “When we decided to do this it was the MOST LIBERATING EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE”. Wow!

As we walked back to our 24’ Class C, I said to Joe, “Wow, wouldn’t it be fun to be liberated like that.”

Back at home, we decided to sell our home in the beautiful North Carolina mountains, buy a larger RV, and join NOMADS. All of this just fell into place from the moment we started this adventure of faith. Later, I wrote to the couple we met in Alaska, Dave and Judy Johnson, thanking them for allowing our Lord to speak to me through them.

For our first NOMADS destination, we chose Bay St Louis, Mississippi, to help victims of Hurricane Katrina. We parked next to a fifth-wheel RV in the parking lot of the First United Methodist Church. Joe went into the church and soon returned with the couple God had introduced to us at Denali. I was in tears for three hours--tears of joy that my Lord loved me this much to give me the ultimate gift to share with those through whom He chose to speak to me. We were strangers until then; now we are family. Neither of us had any idea the other was going to be at Bay St. Louis. Only God could bring us together again and allow us to get to know each other. Thanks be to Him.

by Fran and Joe Kossan