

Camping Surprises

Fred Greenway



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Forward

This is a fictional book depicting Christians encountering a naturist life style while camping. A very loose definition of *naturism* is: *a lifestyle of **non-sexual** social nudity.*

If you are staunch in your opinion that there is no such thing as *non-sexual social nudity*, then perhaps this book is not for you.

But maybe, just maybe, there is someone who has started this book who is ready to shelve their *cultural Christianity* and apply some of King Solomon's advice: '*He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.*' Proverbs 18:13

For those of you in that position, please enjoy this book.

Contents

Chapter	Title	Page
1	A Surprise Encounter	5
2	Divine Appointments	10
3	A Flash from the Past	18
4	Birthday Presents	23
5	Mysterious Ways	32
6	Creek Stomping	41
7	The Studio	59
8	Real Beauty	65
9	A Body of Light	68
10	In Transition	76
11	Hugs and Kisses	85
12	A Proposition	99
13	Decision Time	112
14	Ears to Hear	127
15	Dreams Come True	143
16	No Longer Stifled	153
17	Christian Community	160
18	God's Agenda	164
19	Everything is Just Fine	172

Chapter 1 – A Surprise Encounter

The sun was starting to sink towards the western horizon as the fisherman, Jim Saunders, waded around the bend. This was the last stretch of river before the trail that would bring him back to his Jeep.

The fishing had been really good, probably due to the mosquito hatch that had lasted for a couple of hours. He smiled as he thought back to that large rainbow that had fought so well, and just when he thought he could grab his net for the catch, the line snagged a rock and the trout was gone. “Oh well”, he chuckled to himself, “maybe I’ll win next time.” It really didn’t matter as there were enough in the creel to make for a really nice supper when he would arrive back at the campground.

A good fly fisherman knows how to wade quietly in a river. The less noise he makes the better the chances of the trout not suspecting that that delicious looking fly floating towards it might be attached to some floating fly line. That was why Mandy and Cindy did not hear him as Jim slowly

waded past the large evergreen that sheltered the small sandy beach area not far from the trail head. Jim was carefully trying to work his roll cast to place that fly just upstream of that nice rock that was sure to be sheltering one or two trout when he heard a soft cry. "Oh, you scared me!" It was Cindy, just sitting up from a relaxing sunbathing session when she opened her eyes and saw a fisherman only 15 feet or so away from her, wading in the water.

Jim jumped, startled at her cry. He was concentrating so hard on getting that roll cast just right that he had not noticed the two girls on the nice stretch of warm sand. "Sorry," he said as he started reeling in the line. That startled jump would certainly have warned the trout that there was a fisherman close by. He finished reeling the line in and turned to see who it was that he had frightened.

He started with "Hi, I'm Jim, ..." but stopped mid sentence. The girls smiled and Cindy spoke up, "We hope you're not offended with our lack of swimsuits, but we really enjoy getting tanned all over and usually this place is very secluded."

Jim smiled, “No, I’m not offended. I still like to do some skinny dipping myself when I get the chance. You’re certainly right about this being a secluded place. Are you staying at Rocky Rapids campground too?” Mandy laughed, “Of course. It’s the only place within a couple of hours from here.”

“Just asking the obvious, I guess,” chuckled Jim. “So, if you don’t mind me asking, how did you get into nude sunbathing?”

Mandy laughed again, “It was our friend, Tom. A few summers ago he had done some in depth Bible studying on his own. His uncle had taught him what Strong’s numbers were and about Hebrew and Greek manuscripts. Really interesting stuff for believers. Well, he started right at the beginning, in Genesis 1 and after a few weeks, (we hardly saw him during that time) he told us that he had discovered two really interesting things. One had to do with what he called Biblical cosmology and the other was how God viewed our physical bodies.”

“Yeah,” chimed in Cindy, “our church and teachers had taught us that it was sinful to be naked, that the sight of a naked breast would cause all the men to lust after us. So when Tom said NO! Our bodies are created in God’s image and He called them very good! Well, that got us interested.”

“It’s a long story,” said Mandy, “but we,” she nodded at her sister, “started to experiment with what Tom called Christian Naturism and now we know what it really means to be naked and not ashamed.”

Jim looked up at the sun, “I really need to be heading back,” he said, “but what you are saying sounds very intriguing. Would you be willing to come visit me and my family back at the campground and talk some more? We’re here for a couple of weeks yet.”

“Sure,” said Mandy. “We just arrived yesterday and have three lovely weeks of this to look forward to.”

“OK, it’s a date. We’re set up in B24, nice view of the falls from there. Come by any time and you can meet my wife, Barb and our kids. Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t catch your names.”

“I’m Mandy and this is my twin sister, Cindy. We look forward to meeting the rest of your family.”

“Great,” said Jim and started walking to the trail head.

“Oh!” called Cindy, “you should see a blue Toyota on your way back. Mom and Dad should be here soon to pick us up.”

Jim started up the short trail to the parking lot. That conversation sure started a lot of things rolling in his head. Things that had not been making sense. “Just like the Lord,” he thought “to use two naked teenage girls to teach a couple in their mid-thirties about the first chapters of Genesis!” He laughed out loud. He was looking forward to the lesson.

Sure enough, just as he pulled out of the parking lot a blue Toyota came down the country road signalling for the turn. He waved as he drove by.

Chapter 2 – Divine Appointments

It was only a 15 minute drive back to the campground. That is if you drove slowly. But the scenery was so beautiful that driving fast wasn't possible if you wanted to really enjoy the sights. And Jim really enjoyed the sights. "Amazing," Jim thought to himself, "how I never get tired of looking at mountains and sunsets and moon rises. The Lord sure knew what He was doing when he designed this place."

Rocky Rapids campground was beautiful. Not your typical flushing toilets, hot water and expensive convenience store type camping; outhouses and hand operated water pumps were the order of the day. But with no *amenities* there were also no obnoxious parties, no loud music and no cars racing along the campground lanes, just people who really wanted to enjoy some peace and quiet and get back in touch with nature.

Jim and Barb had discovered this place several years ago and it had become the holiday location of choice for the entire family. Jim had been teaching Mark, his 10 year old son, how to fly

fish for a couple of years and now Benjamin, who had just turned 7, was old enough to handle a fly rod too. These were great times for Dad and his boys.

Barb and the girls, Lydia, 12 and Judy, 5 spent a lot of time doing crafts together and reading. Lydia was really enjoying painting with water colours. On her 11th birthday one of her aunts, Aunt Sylvia, had given her a ***How to Paint Watercolours for Beginners*** set and she really enjoyed it and was starting to paint some very nice pictures.

Her 13th birthday just happened to be tomorrow. Summertime birthdays can be hard for some kids who attend September to June schools, but since Jim and Barb home schooled all the kids, it didn't matter what time of the year a birthday came, they were always special. Aunt Sylvia had sent along a nicely wrapped present for Lydia to open on her birthday.

Site B24 was one of the family's favourites. It was at the end of Loop B and there were lots of trees between the neighbouring sites so that

nothing could be seen of the site if your trailer was parked just right. And Jim had parked the trailer just right. Not that the family did not enjoy company, every summer they made new friends at the campground and the new friends were encouraged to come visit, but it was nice not having someone peering into your private space from the lane.

When Jim parked the Jeep and walked into the site, Judy squealed with delight and ran up and hugged her daddy. “So do we get to eat fish for supper or do we need to get the burgers out of the cooler?” she asked. Good question thought Jim, there had been times when the burgers were the answer to that question. He smiled, opened the creel and said, “Today we get to eat fresh trout!”

“That’s great,” said Barb. “I’ll get the butter and lemon pepper if you can get that frying pan warmed up over the fire.”

The next hour was spent cleaning fish, cooking rice, trying to find the place the naan bread had been hidden away in and chatting about how the day had gone. The time flew by and soon they

were all sitting around the picnic table being careful to not eat any fish bones.

“So how was your afternoon on the river?” Barb asked Jim. “Was the water cold?” Judy piped in. “Can I come next time, Dad?” from Mark.

“Slow down, slow down,” chuckled Jim, “one question at a time. No, the water was not cold. Just right for fishing, Yes, you can come along next time, and yes, my afternoon was very pleasant and ended with a divine appointment.”

“Oh?” said Barb with a questioning eye. “That sounds interesting.”

“Yeah, it sure was. I’ll explain later after we get all the supper stuff cleaned up. Benjamin, please get a pail of water from the hand pump for dishes. Whose turn is it to dry? Lydia? OK, I’ll wash and Mom and the others can get the trailer ready for sleeping.” Barb said, “Let’s go kids, if we go fast there should be enough light for a couple of games before campfire time.”

Everyone got busy. Dishes were done, beds were made, food items and garbage bags all locked away and there was still time for a couple of games of UNO that Judy really enjoyed playing.

Once the campfire was going nicely, some snacks set out and a couple nice glasses of wine poured, they were ready to relax around the fire and find out just what Dad meant by a *divine appointment*.

“OK,” Jim said taking a sip of wine and putting his feet up on a log, “where do I start? I’ll start with the divine part,” he said after thinking for a moment. “You all know how Mom and I have been teaching you about the Holy Spirit; how the Holy Spirit was sent by Jesus to guide us into all truth.” They all nodded, that was a lesson that had been repeated many times. “Well, when we understand that, then we live our lives expecting that He, the Holy Spirit, is doing just that, and sometimes He does it in mysterious ways. That’s the divine part. Now for the appointment part. Say someone goes with a friend to the local donut shop for some sticky sweet fellowship ...” They all chuckled, they knew that Dad really liked those sticky sweet apple fritters. “OK, while that

someone is there talking with his friend there is a staff member cleaning tables.” Barb started smiling to herself, she knew where Jim was going. “That girl walks up to the two of them and says ‘I couldn’t help overhearing you. Normally I work in the back but today we are short staffed and I was asked to clean tables. But after hearing you two talking about the Bible, something inside of me told me to go introduce myself and ask if you would be willing to tell me some more about the Bible.’ She looked a little nervous and added, ‘By the way, my name is Barb.’ ‘That would be great,’ one of the guys says and they exchange contact info. ‘And oh, my name is Jim.’ And that’s why,” said Jim looking at all of his kids with a big smile, “you are all here in this family. You are all the result of a divine appointment!”

“Wow” exclaimed Lydia “is that ever neat!”

“So then,” asked Mark, “how did you manage to have a divine appointment fishing in the river? There’s no apple fritters there.” he added with a grin.

Jim laughed, “You’re right son. But I did say that God can work in mysterious ways.”

“Well, I was just about done for the afternoon wading the last stretch just before the little beach close to the trail head. We’ve had picnics there before.” They all nodded. That was the place where Judy had first started swimming on her own. “I was being very quiet trying not to disturb the fish when I waded around that large evergreen on the edge. That’s when I heard someone exclaim, ‘Oh, you scared me!’ Well I may have scared her but I nearly jumped out of my skin! I reeled in my line and turned to introduce myself but only managed to get my name out before I just stopped in amazement. There were two girls, more like young ladies, sunbathing there absolutely naked – not a stitch on. They had apparently suntanned there before and found it very secluded, which it is. I just had to ask them what made them want to sunbathe naked. They explained some things that their friend, Tom, had shown them from the Bible and ended with ‘So now we really know what it means to be naked and not ashamed.’ That really got me thinking and the long and short of it is that I invited them to come visit us. They are camping here with their parents too so I expect that sometime tomorrow they will arrive and introduce

themselves, Cindy and Mandy, if I caught their names right. It should be a very interesting conversation.”

Barb was thinking to herself, “Divine appointments while fishing in a river far away from anywhere. God sure does work in mysterious ways.” Out loud she said, “Look at you two, Ben and Judy, yawning like crazy. Time for bed. We have some birthday stuff to get ready early in the morning for Lydia, off you go!”

Jim yawned, “All that wading in the river wore me out, I think I’ll turn in early too and get lots of shuteye for Lydia’s special day tomorrow.”

Barb, Lydia and Mark sat around the fire until it burned down to a few embers. They talked about divine appointments, apple fritters in donut shops and birthdays. Then they headed for bed as well, all anticipating a great day tomorrow.

Chapter 3 – A Flash from the Past

Jim woke up quite early with Barb cuddled up to him. Here in the mountains it got quite cool at night so it was either more blankets or close cuddling to stay comfortable. Barb preferred cuddling her husband. But the sun was shining brightly and it would not take long for the temperature in the RV to get too warm. So Jim carefully slid out of bed, tucked the blankets close around his loving wife and quietly headed out.

The rest of the family would probably laze around for the next hour or so, most likely all of them frolicking around with their mom in the queen sized bed. That would give Jim enough time to wander upstream to the large pool for an early morning dip. Cold, but very refreshing and a great start to what was going to be a very special day.

As he walked along the narrow trail he couldn't help but think back to the surprise encounter he had had with Cindy and Mandy. Funny, he thought, the sight of those two young naked ladies did not cause an uncontrollable desire to

want to have sex with them. It just seemed normal and – and decent.

He wondered how many times had he heard the question “Are you decent yet?” He remembered being in his mid teens and looking carefully at his own naked body in a mirror and thinking “So what’s indecent about my body? God sees me like this all the time and I can’t seem to hear Him saying I’m indecent. Why does everyone else think that? Especially our pastor.”

There had been an incident of secret skinny dipping at the church youth camp that summer and the *perpetrators* had been caught and publicly scolded from the pulpit. The sermon had been all about how shameful Adam and Eve’s bodies were so that God had to cover them with skins after telling them that they were naked. Good Christian boys and men were not supposed to look at the opposite sex because those female bodies caused them to lust – and that was sin. The ladies were supposed to dress modestly so that they would not entice the men.

He remembered looking at the pastor's oldest daughter, Beth, sitting in the front row beside her mom. She was 17 and barely a year older than himself. Her blouse was neatly buttoned up all the way to the top but "Wow" he had said to himself, "that blouse can't hide the beautiful shape of her breasts." His mind had started to wander and he had had to consciously shake his head to get his thoughts back in order. Just in time to hear the pastor say something about men needing to bounce their eyes. "Bounce, bounce" he thought, "oh no, here I go again!"

Jim shuddered as he thought back to that Sunday sermon. Talk about raging hormones!

Plop! Jim heard the sound – all fisherman do; the sound of a fish jumping out of the water. Sure enough, there were the telltale ripples, right in that quiet spot where he had caught that really big one last summer. "Not today." he thought. Today was going to be Lydia's special day, a day when she got to choose what things they would do together as a family. They always ended up being really good days even when it meant playing 14 games of UNO with Judy.

A couple of minutes later he slipped between two poplars and arrived at the nice big pool. The sun was already warm. It looked like it was going to be a lovely summer day. He walked over to the large rock that sheltered one side of the pool and made for a nice deep section – great for diving.

His mind went back to that Sunday sermon once again. The scolding tone that the pastor had used delivering that message had caused a bit of a rebellious spirit to rise up in him. That was when he and a few of his buddies had started to skinny dip in secret themselves. Remembering the first time, when Martin had dared the others to try it, and feeling quite afraid that as he doffed his clothes God would strike him dead with lightning, or something like that, he had been very surprised to find out that after a few minutes, instead of feeling evilly wicked he began to feel very refreshed, free and normal.

The four boys had been able to do it a few more times and then an early fall had ended the swimming season. Then his Dad was transferred and they moved a few states further west. The

friendships ended and so did the skinny dipping. Only rarely did he manage to doff the clothes and enjoy the feel of running water and warm sun on his whole body, and that was when he happened to be fishing on a lonely stretch of river all by himself. He had mentioned it once to Barb and she had only smiled and made a comment about the silly things that young boys would do.

Contemplating the water, Jim kicked off his sandals, pulled off his t-shirt, then looking around to make sure that he really was alone, pulled off his trunks and dove in. Cold, but very refreshing and after swimming around the pool a couple of times his body acclimatized to the water. He dove in a few more times, did some more laps using various strokes and then it was time to be heading back to camp. He shook off the water and after only a few minutes soaking up sun, he was dry. He put his clothes and sandals back on and started back down the trail to the campsite. He paused, looked back at the pool and tried to assess his feelings. He felt refreshed, clean, free and decent. And he was sure that God was not mad at him.

Chapter 4 – Birthday Presents

When Jim arrived back at the campsite Benjamin was the first to see him. “Hey Dad, come look at this! I did it nearly all by myself.” Jim walked to the fire pit where Benjamin was tending a nicely burning fire. “Lydia wants bacon and eggs for her birthday breakfast so I asked Mom if I could build the fire. I chopped the wood and kindling and set it all up and asked Mark to help me light it. He just rearranged it a little bit. He said it needed a little bit more space for air to get in so it would burn right. I think it’s ready for the frying pan and I’m sure ready for some bacon and eggs.” “Good job son,” said Jim, “I’m ready for bacon and eggs too.”

Barb came out of the trailer carrying a tray of plates and a loaf of bread. She saw Jim and said, “Good morning, Jim. I hope you had a nice swim. Lydia got the clothes line stretched nice and tight between those two birches over there,” as she pointed to the far side of the campsite. “You can hang your trunks out there to dry.”

“Oh, my trunks are dry,” said Jim. Barb looked over at him with a puzzled look, then smiled, “I think you might have a story to tell, dear hubby.” Jim just chuckled and said, “Later, later, let’s get these eggs and bacon started,” and set the large cast iron frying pan on the rack he had placed over Benjamin’s fire.

Barb smiled to herself, “And maybe I have a story or two to tell as well,” she thought.

Lydia and Mark arrived at the site carrying pails of water from the pump. Jim saw them, stood up and walked over to greet them. “Well, well! Here is our birthday girl, or maybe I should say birthday young lady.” Looking over at Barb he said, “I never thought that we would be parents of a teenager.”

“Happy birthday,” he said, giving her a big hug. “I hope you have a nice day planned for us.”

“Thanks Dad,” smiled Lydia, “I sure do.” She loved those hugs from Dad, they were always special.

Jim looked over at Mark, “and here’s my oldest son,” he said as he patted him on the shoulder, “Thanks for helping your brother with the fire. Pretty soon I’ll be able to just lay back and relax and you guys can do all the work.”

Mark laughed, “Sure, sure Dad, I can see how much you like to play with the fire too. You’ll never give that up all together.”

Jim looked at him, “Ahhhhh, you’re right. We will just have to share fire playing duties.”

“OK, looks like Mom and Lydia have a bunch of brekky ready. Where’s Judy?”

“Oh,” said Benjamin “she said she was going to do Mom’s job and put the blankets away. But I think she turned the blankets into a tent over the table and is colouring in there.”

“All right. Go tell her breakfast is ready and if she doesn’t come quick Daddy will finish all the bacon.” “With a little help from me!” put in Mark.

With a tray full of steaming food on the picnic table Jim prayed thanking God for a beautiful creation, great family, nourishing food and for a wonderful teenage daughter to have a very blessed thirteenth year. They all dug in and not much was said for a while other than “Pass the pepper, please”

“Where’s the hot sauce?” asked Mark. He had really started to enjoy spicing up his meals – just like Dad.

“Looks like that’s the first item we forgot,” said Barb, “maybe we can pick some up if we make a run into town later. Lydia did mention something about hard ice cream cones as part of the birthday plans.”

“That would be great!” exclaimed Benjamin, “thanks sis.”

Breakfast was done, dishes cleaned up and everyone looked very satisfied. Even Mark admitted that there was enough bacon for everyone to enjoy while he popped the last piece into his mouth.

“OK,” said Mom, “Before Lydia outlines her plans for the day we need to give her her presents. I know they usually come after the birthday cake but we won’t be having cake till this evening and I think that one of her presents will come in handy before cake time.”

They got enough camp chairs together in a circle with the presents on the picnic table. Mom was in charge of the order of the gifts. “All right our dear birthday girl, um I mean dear birthday young lady. Five presents. Two from your Mom and Dad, two from your brothers and sister and one from Aunt Sylvia. Let’s start with the cards.”

Lydia read the cards and passed them around, some serious, some funny but all with good intentions wishing her a very good birthday. Jim commented, “There’s a note on the back of the card from Aunt Sylvia, it says ‘This came just in time for me to wrap it and get it to your house before you left. Lost in the mail I guess. It comes highly recommended by Tisha, my very talented artist friend. Hope you enjoy it Lydia!’”

“OK, here come the presents. Number one from Mom and Dad” Lydia pulled off the wrapping paper with some eager help from Judy. “Wow!” she exclaimed “I think you were peeking at my wish list!” as she held up a package with new artist quality brushes, a set of 8 professional water colour paint tubes and a block of 100% cotton water colour paper. “I can’t wait to get started. Thank you Mom and Dad.”

“Next number two from Mom and Dad.” More paper ripping with Benjamin chipping in too. Another “Wow!” as she held up a pair of waterproof creek shoes. She had grown out of her last pair and had given them to one of her best friends. “We thought you would like them,” said Dad, “and I think I overheard you talking about doing some creek stomping today.”

“You’re right Dad,” said Lydia, “I was hoping to start from that little beach where you met those girls yesterday.”

“I’m sure we can make that happen,” smiled Dad.

“Next,” said Mom, “number one from siblings.”

This was a smaller box but had some weight to it. Lydia picked it up and said, “I think there are some books in here.”

“Well don’t keep us in suspense,” said Mark “open it up.”

“I thought these were from you, you should know what’s in it.”

“OK, OK,” said Mark, “Don’t keep yourself in suspense, open it up.”

Off came the paper, revealing a fancy box with 7 hard cover bound books – The Complete Set of the Chronicles of Narnia.

“We noticed that the soft cover ones were starting to wear out. If you’re careful with these, they should last a lifetime,” said Dad.

“It comes with a special request from Judy,” said Mom looking at Judy, “Judy?”

Judy stood up, walked over to her sister and wrapped her arms around her neck, “Could you please read them out loud to me? I really really like to hear about Aslan.”

“Of course.” replied Lydia.

“I think the whole family would enjoy hearing you read them out loud,” said Mom. “Now here’s number two from your siblings.”

This was a much larger package, but not much weight to it. Lydia picked it up and gave it a gentle shake which resulted in a soft rattling noise. She smiled. She had a pretty good idea what made that kind of noise. And she was right. A large bag of caramel popcorn and two packages of M&M’s.

“We know those are your favourites,” said Mark, “and you don’t have to share.”

“Unless you want to.” piped in Benjamin.

“And here is the last one from Auntie Sylvia.” said Mom handing Lydia the last package.

It was obviously a book but much larger than a normal novel. This one Lydia opened much more

carefully. She held up a large book: *INTERMEDIATE WATERCOLOURS for the Serious Painter*.

“All right kids, wrapping paper into the fire pit and I’ll make some coffee and tea. A couple of hours to play games or do your own thing then grilled cheese for lunch and off to the beach for some creek stomping. A perfect summer camping day,” said Jim. He got started on the coffee and tea while Barb leafed through the new Intermediate Watercolours book from Aunt Sylvia.

Barb read the introduction and then started leafing through the pages. It was a well constructed book with heavy pages and beautifully coloured illustrations and sketches. Then one of the sketches really caught her eye. It was of a nude woman gracefully standing by a doorway of a balcony with a peaceful beach and sea in the background. She looked at the chapter title: *Sketching the Nude*. The next chapter, the last before the summary, was *Mixing Colours for Realistic Skin Tones*. It was time that she, Jim and Lydia had a talk.

Chapter 5 – Mysterious Ways

“Here it is Cindy,” came a voice from the lane. A few seconds later two girls pushing bicycles came out from behind the Jeep. Seeing Barb, Mandy asked, “Are we in the right spot? We’re looking for Jim and his family.”

“If you are the Cindy and Mandy my husband met on the river yesterday, then yes, you are in the right place,” answered Barb with a smile. “Jim was right,” she thought, “two lovely young ladies, about 17, maybe 18, I think.” Out loud she said, “Jim is just making coffee and tea. Come on in. You can lean your bikes over there against those trees.”

Just then Jim came out of the trailer carrying a tray with two carafes, mugs, glasses and condiments. “Cindy, Mandy, you found us. That’s great. We’re just ready for coffee time. Come join us and meet my family. Judy, you shouldn’t stare like that at new guests. Run to the trailer and get those special brownies Mom made for Lydia’s birthday.”

Judy's stare turned into a big smile and she ran off to get the container with one of the family favourites. Chocolate and the Saunders' family got along very well together.

"Hey kids," Jim called, "come over here for a minute and meet Cindy and Mandy."

"Girls, this is my wife, Barb and this is our eldest just turned teenager today, Lydia."

"Oh, happy birthday," said both of the girls together. "Hope you're having a great day" added Cindy.

"And this is our budding fly fisherman extraordinaire, Mark; our expert fire builder Benjamin, or Benny, or Ben, and this wonderful girl bearing all those wonderful chocolatey brownies is Judy, who will play UNO with you until your fingers fall off, if you let her."

"Nice to meet you all," said Mandy, "I'm Mandy, this is my twin sister Cindy, we turned 17 a couple of months ago. We have one younger brother, Robert Jr. who is 11 and likes to fish too."

We're camped out in A7 with our Mom and Dad, Becky and Robert."

"Well, come join us for some drinks and brownies," invited Barb as she motioned towards the camp chairs, "that's if you're not allergic to chocolate."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Cindy, "the only thing we're allergic to is too much clothing. Oops, Sorry that just slipped out. But I'm sure Mr. . . ."

"Saunders," said Jim, "but you can just call us Barb and Jim. You two are already young adults and I'm more than happy to dispense with the Mr's and Mrs's." smiled Jim.

"Great," said Mandy then, looking at Barb, "I'm sure your husband explained to you our state of, . . undressedness, if that's a word, when he startled us there at the river."

Barb laughed, "Yes, I think he was much more startled than the two of you the way he told the story."

“Well he certainly jumped when he heard my little scream,” said Cindy, “Usually there’s no one at that beach and if people do come we can hear them coming down the trail long before they can see us. That gives us time to cover up. So I was very surprised to open my eyes and see some guy standing in the water only 15 feet away from me. You must have waded downstream very quietly, Jim.”

“When you are a fly fisherman, stealth is the name of the game, so yeah I was very quiet and concentrating so hard on my cast that I had no idea you two were there,” said Jim.

They had helped themselves to drinks of choice and had moved to the camp chairs. Barb sent Benjamin to get some napkins to help with the aftereffects of gooey chocolate brownies. Very delicious.

“So,” began Jim, “Your friend Tom gives you some Bible lessons about being created in God’s image and you start experimenting with, what did you call it?”

“Christian naturism” said Cindy. “Basically it refers to Christians who believe that God created our bodies in His image and that He, God, declared our naked bodies to be very good”

“We’ve always been taught that that all changed when Adam and Eve sinned.” said Barb.

“Yeah, we were taught the same” said Mandy, “but let me give an example. God created beautiful sunsets didn’t He?”

“For sure!” responded Jim, “I never get tired of looking at those.”

“Well,” continued Mandy, “does a beautiful sunset stop being a beautiful sunset when men create a cloud of pollution that hides it?”

“Now that’s a good question.” exclaimed Barb. “But before we continue, what do your parents think about it? Do they know you like to suntan nude?”

“Yes,” said Cindy, “as a matter of fact, they have the same clothing allergy that we have!”

“More surprises,” said Jim to himself. Out loud he said “OK, you mentioned doing Bible research on it, are your parents believers? And if they are what does your church leadership think about it?”

“Oh yes, they’re believers all right. But someone in the church overheard Cindy and me talking about naturism to one of our friends. That person told one of the elders that ‘those dreadful Johnson twins were bringing sexual sin into the church.’ That went to the pastor and mom and dad were called in to a meeting to explain why they were allowing their daughters to evilly entice men into sin by skinny dipping and sunbathing naked. My Dad said he quietly and slowly looked at each man on that board, all eight of them and asked, ‘So where is the source of lust? In a physical body created in the image of God, or in the wicked thoughts that come from within evil hearts?’ ”

“That was quite a question.” said Barb, “what was the result?”

“They excommunicated us,” said Cindy, “so now we meet with Tom and his Uncle and Aunt regularly and we are not quite sure what to do about *church*. It seems that the story of the nudist Johnson family has made its way through all the churches in Oakville and area and none of the churches seem to be happy if we arrive at their doorstep on a Sunday morning. We were even ‘not so nicely’ escorted out the door by a few ushers from that new big church on the East end of Hastings.”

“We’ve been there a couple of times,” said Jim, then, under his breath, “seemed to be more focused on offering messages than feeding the poor.”

“What was that, dear?” asked Barb looking at Jim.

“Nothing, nothing,” he replied.

“We need to be heading back,” said Mandy to Cindy, “Mom said she was hoping to leave before noon. Said something about roasting hot dogs over a fire on the beach for lunch.”

As they got up to leave, Cindy noticed the Intermediate Watercolours book that Barb had placed on the picnic table. "I've seen that book before," she said. "Tom's Aunt Kathy, has a good friend who is an excellent artist. We visited her with Tom to see her studio. Tisha, that was her name, she was using it as kind of a lesson book for one of her students. She said it had an excellent section on sketching and painting nudes."

"Now that's interesting," said Barb. "My sister, Sylvia, just happens to have a very good friend who is an excellent artist and happens to be named Tisha. Small world we live in."

Barb gave each of the girls a big hug. "Thanks for coming and being so open. We would love to get together with your parents, it seems we might have a lot in common!"

"You said you were in A7?" asked Jim.

"That's right," responded Mandy, "a white Ford pickup and fifth wheel trailer."

“OK, We’ll be sure to come by for a visit. Have a great day!”

“All right kids!” called out Barb, “Time for grilled cheese and then off to the river. Benny, maybe you can resuscitate this mornings fire. Judy, please get the bread, butter and cheese from the fridge. Mark, you can fry them up in the pan and Lydia, you can sit back, relax and enjoy your special day.”

Barb looked over to Jim, “Nude sunbathers, skinny dipping husbands, art book describing the nude as the pinnacle of subjects for artists, trouble with churches and Tisha in an art studio. I’ve never been on a holiday with so many surprises before!”

Jim stepped close to his wife and gave her a big hug. Looking her straight in the eyes with a big smile he said, “God works in mysterious ways.”

Chapter 6 – Creek Stomping

Lunch was finished. Mark had done a very good job frying the grilled cheese sandwiches. Only two had ended up being on the dark side and Jim did his fatherly duty and ate them both.

Then it was off for some creek stomping. They split up into the two vehicles with Mom and the girls in the Jeep and Dad and the boys in the pickup. They drove to the parking lot of the now famous beach trail, parked the truck and squeezed into the Jeep and headed back up the road to another small lot which provided river access to fishermen and creek stompers.

They gathered up their back packs and a couple of walking sticks and headed to the river. The ten minute drive made for a nice leisurely hour and a half trek back to the small beach, *Nudie Beach*, Mark had nicknamed it. Mark and his brother and sisters had often shared bath times together, and he couldn't understand what all the fuss was about, seeing someone naked. Boys were boys and girls were girls but they all needed their hair

washed and backs scrubbed and it was so much more fun doing it all together.

This section of river was just right for creek stomping. There was only one stretch of rapids which flowed too fast for the little ones to wade but the north bank was very easy for walking with only a couple of large fallen tree trunks to scramble over. There were three or four little streams that flowed into the river along the way that made for many different sized pools and back washes, places that would probably have several trout in them.

They had waded this stretch of river a few times before but as they meandered through the pools and rocks Jim commented to Barb on how beautiful it always was. Different light, changing winds, and new varieties of plants throughout the summer made each time they did it a unique visual experience. And the wildlife added to the splendour of it all. Lots of birds, chipmunks and squirrels; one time a mother deer with her fawn.

They made enough noise as the kids chased after minnows or skipped rocks on the water that the larger sorts of animals stayed far away.

Just before they reached the beach and the trail head, Mark gave Lydia a playful shove and they both went down with a big splash. They were both laughing and soaking wet as they waded the last little stretch to the beach.

Rounding the corner by the large evergreen, they found that they were not alone. There on the beach, was a campfire with a family apparently enjoying a picnic. The two teenage girls looked very familiar.

“Look! It’s the Saunders’ family,” called out one of them.

“Well, what a surprise,” said Jim as they made their way onto the beach. “We were planning on visiting A7 later this evening but it looks like we can start with the introductions right now.” Jim stretched out his hand for a handshake, “You must be Robert and this is your wife, Becky?”

“You remembered the names right,” said Robert, “and you must be the famous fisherman Jim.”

“That’s me,” said Jim, “and this is Barb and our kids, Lydia, Mark, Benjamin and Judy. That pool right over there,” he said, pointing to quiet part on the other side of the river, “is where Judy first started swimming by herself. Great memories were made at this beach and yesterday’s encounter sure added to them,” he said smiling at Mandy and Cindy.

Mark had introduced himself to Robert Jr., or Robbie as he preferred to be called, and the two of them were already sharing stories about adventures experienced while camping at Rocky Rapids Campground. Lydia had started chatting with Cindy and Mandy, and Benjamin and Judy were playing in the water when Barb interrupted. “Lydia, Mark, what are we going to do about those soaking wet clothes. It won’t be much fun driving to town for ice cream cones in those wet things.”

“Why don’t they take them off and hang them in those branches over there to dry,” suggested

Becky. “After all we heard it was Lydia’s birthday today so she could celebrate here by enjoying some time in her birthday suit.”

“I think she might find that a little embarrassing,” said Barb looking over at Lydia.

“I’m sure that Mandy and Cindy would be more than happy to join her,” said Becky, “after all, we were all happily wearing our birthday suits before we heard you coming down the river. We heard lots of laughing and splashing before you rounded the bend so that we had plenty of time to cover up, though you just about caught Robbie naked because he couldn’t find his swimming suit. He doesn’t like to wear anything unless he really has to.”

“Mom,” said Mark, “I don’t mind going naked while my clothes dry. I see my sisters and brother in their birthdays suits every time we have bath time together.”

“Well that settles it for me,” declared Robbie. He pulled off his trunks, tossed them onto the blanket and said, “OK Mark, get rid of those wet things

and let's go exploring. I thought I saw some really big minnows and some frogs just downstream a little ways."

Mark looked at his mother. She nodded her head. "OK, go ahead and explore, but if you hear anybody coming down the trail get back here fast to cover up!"

Benjamin watched his brother and new friend as they headed for the river. "Daaaad!" "OK Ben, you can go with them. Just don't be a nuisance!"

"Yay!" shouted Benjamin, his clothes came off lighting quick and off he trotted following his brother. His tanned legs and back made it look like his very white bare bottom still had a bathing suit on.

"Interesting," said Jim to no one in particular, "how easily, naturally and happily those young ones take to being naked. It seems so -- so normal."

"Yep," added Robert, "reminds me of my skinny dipping times as a teenager. Me and my friends

couldn't wait to get naked once we got to the swimming hole. David's two sisters often came with us and joined right in, there were never any problems, just a lot of fun times."

Meanwhile, Cindy's and Mandy's light sundresses had found their way onto the pile of clothing on the blanket. They were helping Lydia pull off the clingy blouse and shorts.

Barb and Becky gathered up the wet clothes and headed to the back of the beach area where some birch tree branches had great sun exposure for drying the garments.

"So how are you handling this?" Becky asked Barb. "You look a little uncomfortable."

"You know," said Barb looking Becky in the eyes, "after the twins described your family's experiences with the churches in the area, it seems strange but I kind of feel like we are close friends already. It's a long story. But about the kids running around nude; something I have never told Jim, I had a few friends in my early teens that enjoyed naked suntanning and I often

joined in with them. The feel of fresh air and sunshine on my whole body was just so freeing, I loved it. One day my Mom convinced Dad that we should attend a gospel tent meeting. The long and short of it was that my whole family got saved over the next few weeks and life changed, mostly for the better. We started attending a church and at one of the first services we attended the message was about the sinfulness of nakedness. Some kids at the church youth camp were caught skinny dipping. That sermon really made an impact on me and I gave up the nude sunbathing thinking that I had been sinning all those times I had done it. Deep inside something didn't seem right but I had no one to talk to about it. A couple of months later I met Jim while working at a donut shop. We started dating but then his Dad was transferred and they moved away. Anyhow, the connection was made and we ended up getting married a few years later. I never did tell him about my nude sunbathing though."

Becky was quiet for a minute. Then she looked at Barb and asked, "Would you like to do it again?"

Barb closed her eyes and thought, “Yes,” she said quietly. “I’m asking God about it and what seems to be coming to my mind is that he is saying to me, ‘I created you in my image, you are beautiful, more beautiful than any sunset. Let no man call evil what I declare to be good!’” Tears had started forming in her eyes and one was running down her cheek.

Becky leaned over and hugged her closely. It was a long cleansing hug.

When they let each other go Becky said, “Well then, let’s set the beautiful woman that is Barb, free.” Her own sun dress came off easily and she stood by while Barb unbuttoned and took off her blouse. “Here, let me help you with that bra,” said Becky. Barb turned around and Becky undid the clasp. She slipped the straps over her shoulders and slowly turned around to face Becky. “You have no idea how good it feels to get rid of this stupid thing,” she said, holding up the bra.

“Oh, I know,” said Becky with a sad, painful look, “my mother died of breast cancer; the

naturopathic doctor that helped her right near the very end was sure that mom's cancer was caused by the bras that she always wore, even while sleeping."

"Oh, I'm sorry," replied Barb, "that must have been hard, finding that out."

"Thanks. That was a few years ago now and I haven't worn one since. It's what started our research into clothing habits and that's how we became naturists."

Barb undid the buttons on her shorts. Down they came along with the white cotton panties. She looked at Becky, "I feel a little scared." "Don't worry," said Becky "it won't take long for the scared feeling to turn into a glorious, freeing, natural feeling!"

Jim and Robert were chatting, getting acquainted and watching Judy making sand castles in the warm sand close to the water. She had peeled off her clothes the moment she saw Cindy and Mandy pull off their sundresses and was happily

forming houses and walls and lots of other things that were running through her imagination.

Jim and Robert heard the footsteps of the returning women. Jim's eyebrows rose in surprise when he saw his wife standing there with a look of hesitancy in her eyes, naked from head to toe.

"Is it alright?" she asked her husband with a bit of a quiver in her voice.

Jim looked at her slowly from top to bottom, "You are more beautiful than any sunset my dear!"

That was all it took. The tears starting pouring out as she ran over to Jim and grabbed hold of him tightly. Jim gently stroked her hair until the sobs died away. When the tears stopped, Barb looked up at her husband with one of the biggest smiles he could ever remember seeing. "I'm free!" she whispered and gave him a long wet kiss.

“Wow!” said Robert looking at his wife, “What happened over there?”

Becky smiled, “It’s amazing how fast the Holy Spirit can set someone free from years of bondage. All those years she believed that her body was sinful and a cause for shame. God told her she was more beautiful than any sunset. So we got rid of the clothes and when Jim looked at her and said exactly the same thing that God had just spoken to her, well the dam just burst. All the sin that wasn’t sin was washed out and Wow, she is one happy women!”

Barb looked over at Becky and Robert, “I’m sorry, I just couldn’t help it. You’re right Becky, I feel so free and so... so ... so decent. Kind of like the feeling I had when sunbathing naked with my friends before I was a believer.”

“Oh,” said Jim, “I can see that there are more stories to be told. But if everyone else can walk around nude ...” Off came his shorts and t-shirt; some more clothes added to the growing pile on the blanket.

Robert grinned and pulled off his clothes too, “It’s not normal for me to be the last person in a group of naturists to doff the textiles.” he said.

They rearranged the blankets and sat down. Becky had a cooler with some drinks and some granola bars left. The girls, Cindy, Mandy and Lydia had watched the whole scene play out before them but were now stretched out on their own blanket and giggling away like any other group of normal teenage girls. Judy was busy pouring water into the lake beside the castle where her make-believe family lived. She hadn’t noticed anything. The boys were busy diving and swimming in the river having scared away all the minnows and frogs.

As they relaxed, the boys came running up. They looked and saw that all their parents were naked, just like themselves. “We’re getting thirsty.” was all that they said. Barb handed out some juice boxes and off they went again. This time they headed upstream. “I know where there’s a tree that we can jump off of into the water.” Robbie was saying to his new friends as they headed towards the large evergreen.

A while later, Jim looked at the sun and said, “We need to get going. It’s a fifteen minute drive to town for ice cream cones and then another half hour back to the campground. By then I’ll be ready for one or two of those burgers that are camping out in the cooler.”

“OK kids, time to get dressed and head out. I’m sure all the clothes are dry now. Hopefully Johnny’s General Store hasn’t sold out of black cherry chocolate chip ice cream and waffle cones.”

As they starting collecting their gear, Barb said to Becky, “Why don’t you come over for barbecued burgers too? We have lots. We should be back there in about an hour and a half.”

Becky looked over to Robert, “Sure, that sounds like fun,” he said. “OK,” she said to Barb, “I have a couple dozen buns that I can bring along.”

Backpacks and walking sticks gathered, clothes, nice and dry, put back on and the Saunders family was ready to head back to the pickup.

All the clothes except Barb’s bra. She was planning to have a bra burning party later on.

Johnny's General Store still had waffle cones and a huge variety of ice cream flavors, including black cherry chocolate chip. There were even several choices for hot sauces. Dad and Mark would not have to go through involuntary hot sauce withdrawal for the next two weeks. They headed out to the picnic area by the pond. The kids made short work of their cones and made a beeline for the playground.

Jim and Barb sat on a log and worked away at their cones at a more leisurely pace.

"So you used to suntan naked before I met you. Why did you never mention it?"

"Well, Sylvia and I had some friends that had a very secluded back yard with a pool. Their parents were often gone so we would all skinny dip in the pool and work on all over sun tans. Then Mom convinced Dad to go to a revival meeting. Over a couple of weeks we all got saved. Mom, Dad and the three kids. We kids really noticed the change the most in our Dad. No more arguing and fighting, we became a functioning family. Since we were now

Christians, our parents decided that we needed to start attending a church. One of the first that we tried was over on the East side of town. It was pretty big so we could kind of blend in with the crowd. We sat right near the back so we could make a quick exit if we got too uncomfortable. Well the message was all about how sinful Adam and Eve's nakedness was. I guess some kids had been caught skinny dipping at the church youth camp. Boy did they get a talking to!"

"I was at that same service," exclaimed Jim, "My family attended there for quite a few years before Dad was transferred. But we always had to sit close to the front. I had a real good view of Beth, the pastor's daughter from where I sat."

"We only went there for that one service," said Barb "the condescending tone of that pastor was not comfortable at all. But the message hit me really hard. Apparently I'd been sinning all those times I'd been skinny dipping and sun tanning nude. I began to feel guilty and ashamed but had no idea what to do about it. So for about 17 years I've been ashamed of my body and feeling guilt because I enjoyed my body. But there was

always a conflict. How could I enjoy so much physical pleasure with you, my husband, from a body that is sinful? Then you slyly admitted that you were skinny dipping this morning; my sister gives my daughter a book that has two chapters on sketching and painting nudes; my sons gladly pitch their clothes in order to go play naked in the water; my teenage daughter strips down with the twins and it seems – normal.”

“As we walked to those trees to hang up the wet clothes, I was in turmoil. ‘Lord what is happening!?’ Becky sensed that something was wrong and asked if I was okay. She knew that something was happening inside of me, so when I said that I had really enjoyed my nude sunbathing, she asked if I was ready to try it again. That’s when God said, ‘Barb, you are more beautiful than any sunset. What I have declared to be good, let no man call evil!’ That opened the first crack in the dam. Then when you repeated what God had just told me, the dam burst. And now I am free!”

“I can see that God did an amazing work in a very short time. But how did Sylvia handle it?” asked Jim, “Did she stop the nude sun bathing?”

“Yes, she did too. Maybe that’s why she has had such a difficult time finding Mr. Right. I think she may be breaking free from it though. She got the job at the hardware store and moved in with us and that’s when she met Tisha. Tisha the artist. Tisha who sketches and paints nude models. A couple of days before we left on this holiday she told me that Tisha had been trying to convince her to model naked for one of her art classes. She said that the only way she would consider doing that would be if Tisha found another women willing to model nude with her. She thought that there was no way that would happen.”

“Interesting, interesting,” said Jim, then, looking at the sun, “we had better head back or it will be Robert and Becky barbecuing our burgers waiting for us to arrive.”

Chapter 7 – The Studio

Sylvia could not believe this was happening. How had she let Tisha talk her into it? At least she wasn't going to be modelling all by herself. Tisha's friend from the other side of town, Kathy, was going to model with her, they were going to be moral support for one another.

It was one thing to have to try and sit perfectly still for 30 minutes while a group of art students scrutinized every part of you but quite another to do it when you were completely naked. And naked she would be, sitting on a park bench with Kathy. She had at first refused but Tisha had kept persistently encouraging her: the students needed a live model to help advance their sketching techniques, this was a really conservative community and potential models seemed to be non-existent, the pay would be really good for only 30 minutes of doing nothing (she hadn't let on how difficult doing absolutely nothing really was) and finally Sylvia had thought of a way out. "If you can find another woman to model with me for moral support, I will do it." Sylvia was almost certain that that would end the discussion.

But day before yesterday, Thursday, Tisha had called sounding very excited, “Sylvia, we are on for Saturday night! My friend Kathy is going to model with you! Her husband, Don, has cleaned up and varnished the park bench, we don’t want you getting slivers in your bottoms, and it looks really good in the studio. Saturday at 6:30, the students will all be ready to go by 7.”

“Wait, wait!” but Tisha had already hung up.

All sorts of thoughts were running through her head as she walked the few blocks to the studio in a light (easy to remove) sundress. What if Graham finds out? She had finally met a man who seemed to be seriously interested in who she was as a person. Most of the guys she had dated were only interested in having a good looking girlfriend to show off to their friends, or else they just wanted bed warming playthings, even the ones that called themselves Christians; ‘marriage commitment’ was not in their vocabulary; the phrase that came up most often was a variation of ‘I just want my best life now’. They never got a second date.

At least she didn't have to worry about what her church would think about her. She didn't have a church right now. After that episode that Barb and Jim had gone through they were all in transition. Right now they were just meeting at the Saunders' house for fellowship and hadn't come to any conclusion on how to proceed with church yet. But if this got out, they might all end up like the Johnson family. Tisha had told her about a family that were friends of Kathy and Don. Apparently they practised something that Tisha called Christian Naturism, and they were excommunicated from their church. Somehow all the churches found out and the Johnson's were not welcome to attend any of them. She wondered what really went on at those Pastoral Fellowship Breakfasts every Saturday morning.

She had brought up the subject of artistic nude modelling with her co-workers at the large hardware store where she worked. But most had laughed, "Just an excuse for a sex orgy!" seemed to be the common sentiment. When she had mentioned that to Tisha, Tisha got angry. "That's what almost everybody believes; that nudism means sex. But the real Christian artist

understands that the naked body is created in the image of God, like the pinnacle of His creation! Most cultures throughout most of history understood that but our western culture has completely perverted it. You can't make money selling birthday suits. You make money selling bras and panties and skimpy bathing suits and makeup!" She had added a lot more and it took a while for her to cool down again.

But here she was. "I'm not sure I feel like the pinnacle of God's creation," Sylvia muttered as she walked through the doors into the studio.

Tisha came over immediately to greet her. "Sylvia, you made it my brave friend. Don't worry everything will work out just fine. We are just missing one artist, he's usually early but he still has a few minutes yet. Kathy and Don are over there in the office where you will be changing. Let's meet the artists."

They walked into the studio class room. There was only a small group of artists. A grandfather, William with his granddaughter, Yvonne. He had started painting a number of years ago and

introduced Yvonne to painting. She loved it and was becoming very good. Two young college age students that seemed to be really good friends, Jimmy and Willow, and Debbie. Debbie had done some nude modelling herself when she was living on the West Coast. She enjoyed the artwork so much that she took it up herself. She had recently moved into the area with her husband and three children.

“Oh, and here comes the last one,” said Tisha as a tall, smart looking gentleman came in through the doors.

“Sorry for being late,” he started, “I stopped by my friend’s place to see if she would be interested in coming. I finally got brave enough to tell her about my art hobby,” he explained to Tisha and then he saw Sylvia.

Two faces have never gotten so red so fast. “And here she is. Sylvia! What are you doing here?”

“Sylvia is one of our models for the session,” explained Tisha, smiling broadly at both of them. She had put two and two together very quickly.

“Well, this is a little awkward,” stammered Graham. “If you would prefer, Sylvia, I can pass on this session.”

Sylvia closed her eyes and counted to 10. Then she made up her mind. She took the two steps toward Graham, planted a kiss on his cheek and said, “Do your best,” and turned and headed to the office to get changed.

Graham’s look of bewilderment turned into a broad beaming smile.

Tisha smiled at him, “I think you might have just hit a home run.”

Chapter 8 – Real Beauty

The sketching session had gone very well. Tisha had placed them in a very tasteful pose that would be relatively easy to hold for 30 minutes. Now 30 minutes is 30 minutes. If you are having a lot of fun playing a game with friends, 30 minutes goes by really fast. But when you are trying to sit perfectly still, even when that miserable fly lands on your bare shoulder – 14 times, 30 minutes seems to take forever. Sylvia's right calf was just starting to cramp and Kathy had muttered quietly, "This is taking forever!" when Tisha called out, "Time's up. Thank you so much Kathy and Sylvia, you can get dressed again."

They stood up and stretched. Sylvia put her right foot on the park bench and massaged her calf into proper working order again. The studio was quite warm and, oddly, neither of them felt inclined to don the robes that Tisha had provided for them.

Sylvia looked around at the artists. None of them were staring at her, still in her birthday suit, they were all concentrating on the sketches that they were working on. She looked at Graham, still

busily adding final details with his charcoal pencil. She walked over to him and, nodding at the easel asked, "May I?" He smiled, "Of course!"

He turned the easel sideways so she could have a good look. There on that 12 x 15 piece of sketching paper, were two beautiful, nude women, definitely Kathy and herself, looking like they were enjoying life to the fullest as they gazed into the distance.

"Beautiful, beautiful." marvelled Sylvia. Quietly she said to herself, "Maybe, just maybe, we are the pinnacle of God's creation." Then she took a closer look at Graham's signature. Underneath his name he had added three words - "Maybe, just maybe."

She looked up at him. How does one describe a face that is showing hope and love and some anxiety all mixed up in one expression? That was what she was seeing. But she understood. Reaching both arms around his waist and squeezing him, she smiled, "We are off to a great start." Then she picked up the robe from the chair where she had placed it and headed back to the office to change.

Don was in the office with Kathy as she changed back into her street clothing. “Should I leave so you can have some privacy?”

Sylvia laughed, “Don, you just spent 30 minutes wandering from artist to artist watching while they sketched me and your naked wife. I don’t think I have anything left to hide.” Don chuckled, “I guess you’re right.” “But then,” added Sylvia, “what are we really trying to hide, and why should we be hiding it? When I went to see Graham’s sketch I wasn’t sure what to expect. When I saw his picture of us looking into the distance what came to my mind was that I was not seeing two sex toys, I was seeing two beautiful images of the God who created us. Amazing!”

Don paused, thinking. Then he slowly said, while looking Sylvia straight in the eyes, “Sylvia, a woman’s beauty is not really in the shape of her body. Her real beauty is what you see when you look into her eyes and find there the love of the Master Artist.”

Sylvia pulled her sundress over her head and straightened it out. “Let’s go have coffee.”

Chapter 9 – A Body of Light

The Java Shop was only a 5 minute walk from the studio. It would be light for another hour and a half and the evening temperature had hardly dropped. They picked a table out on the patio overlooking the river.

“I wonder how Barb and Jim are doing.” said Sylvia. “Barb and Jim?” questioned Graham. “My sister and her husband. About 2 hours upstream from here is the campground where they are camping. My niece, Lydia, just turned 13 and I sent that watercolour book, the one you recommended Tisha, along with them for her birthday present. It was so late coming in the mail that I didn’t have time to look through it. When I saw the same book in your studio, I picked it up and found that there are two chapters on sketching and painting nudes. I might just be in trouble with my sister.”

“Would that be the Rocky Rapids campground?” asked Don.

“Yes, that’s the one. Why?”

“We usually fellowship with the Johnson's on the weekends but they just left for a three week holiday, camping at Rocky Rapids.”

“You know,” said Tisha, “next weekend is a holiday long weekend. I could sure use a break. Why don't we head up there on Friday night and spend the weekend with them all?”

“That sounds like a good idea,” said Kathy, “could we invite Tom? He usually spends the weekends with us to get a break from his college studies.”

Sylvia looked at Graham, “Would you be interested in doing something like that? Do you have any Sunday church commitments?”

Graham was smiling, “You know, I used to hike and camp with my brother and sister a lot. My parents took us to the mountains in Colorado regularly for holidays but they say they are getting too old to do any more hiking. I really miss Matthew and Jane. It was hard being transferred this far north. As for church commitments, I've only been here for a few

months and have visited a number of them. But being a 28 year old single guy means I don't seem to fit into any of the slots for the programs they've created. A few weeks ago I decided to try the Community Fellowship Chapel on James Avenue. It's only about a 15 minute walk from my apartment. About a block before the church a girl came from 22nd Street obviously going to the same place. I said good morning and we walked the last block together. She said that this was only the second time she was going there. I held the door open for her and followed her in. The greeters assumed that we were a couple and were very friendly. They directed us to a fellowship hall where we could find coffee and a bulletin board describing all the programs the church offered. Now comes the weird part. When I walked into the hall with Rhonda, that was her name, a number of people came and greeted us, pointing out the coffee bar and snack table. But when Rhonda headed over to the coffee bar and it became obvious that we were not a couple it seemed like I had instantly contracted leprosy. Gone were the smiles and suddenly I was all alone in a strange crowd. Weirdest feeling ever! I asked where the washrooms were and saw an

exit close to the men's room. I left and have no desire to go back there." He chuckled, "Kind of a long story just to say I have no church commitments yet. I would love to go camping again."

Plans were made and rides arranged. Sylvia and Tisha would go with Graham. Don and Kathy would invite Tom. They would leave from the studio at 4 o'clock Friday, hoping to arrive in time to help with supper preparations at the campground.

They were silent for a bit, enjoying their drinks as they watched the sun turn into a glorious sunset over the mountains to the west.

"Look at how the sunset colours reflect and sparkle on the water! Try and capture that in a painting," murmured Tisha.

"That's the work of the Master Artist using living colour," said Graham.

"The Master Artist ... ," said Sylvia quietly. "Don, you said something profound just before

leaving the studio. Something about the love of the Master Artist being in the eyes. Where does that come from?”

“It comes from a verse somewhere in Matthew. *The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.* An unusual word *single*, it’s describing a process where two things are folded together to become one single entity, like two lumps of dough folded together to become one lump. Very much like a husband and wife becoming one flesh. When a person is truly born again and the Holy Spirit is now living in them that person has been folded together with Jesus, through His death and resurrection, and is now *single*, one with Jesus – a part of His body. Jesus *knows* that person in a way very similar to the way a husband *knows* his wife. Jesus calls Himself the light of the world so when a person is *single* with, folded together into one with the light of the world, that reality shines forth and is communicated through their eyes. That is where true beauty is.”

“I’m sure I’ve heard that verse a thousand times but never understood it,” said Tisha.

Don smiled at Tisha, “A little while after meeting Kathy we had our first serious talk together. When I looked into her eyes it seemed like I could hear God saying, ‘This is the girl for you Don, she is going to be your wife.’ I didn’t say anything because I didn’t want to scare her away. We dated a few months and it seemed like our relationship was getting serious. When I confided my feelings with the youth pastor at my church he said, ‘Don’t rush into things, Don! You should date some other girls before getting serious. Make sure that you are compatible, that you have the same interests, share the same goals.’ I took his advice and talked to Kathy about it. She didn’t seem too happy but agreed to try dating others for a while. So I happened to know another lovely young lady who was a budding artist.” Tisha smiled, she remembered very well. “We had a good time, didn’t we Tisha. We enjoyed some fish and chips at that outdoor restaurant in the park and had a very nice walk along the river but you know what I felt like when I tried looking you straight in the eyes? I felt indecent! I felt like I was invading another man’s territory! I felt like God was saying ‘Why

are you doing this? I already told you that you are to be with Kathy!’ You know what I did after walking you home? I ran. I ran as fast as I could to Kathy’s place. I had no ring, no fancy proposal, no plan. All I had was God’s word – and that was enough! I barged right into her apartment, didn’t even knock. She was coming out of her bathroom wrapped in a towel. I grabbed her and shouted, ‘Kathy! I love you! Will you marry me!? God clearly told me that you are the woman for me!’ She didn’t even say yes, she said ...” Kathy stopped him, smiling, “I smiled and said, ‘I guess I will have to cancel my date with Brian.’” They both laughed.

“You know,” said Don. “we had next to nothing in common when we got married a few months later. We had a love for the Lord and a love for each other. And now we do almost everything together. God is so good!”

The sun was going down and it was starting to get dark when they left. Don and Kathy, hand in hand, walked back to the studio and their car. Tisha went with them. She had a few things to wrap up in the studio before heading home.

Graham looked at Sylvia, “May I walk you home?”

Sylvia gazed into his eyes. She didn’t have to count to ten this time. “Of course you may,” she said reaching out to take his hand.

They didn’t say much as they walked at an easy pace to her apartment. Lots had been said and both were deep in thought. But the kiss at her doorway said everything that needed to be said.

Chapter 10 – In Transition

The Saunders' arrived back at the campsite with enough time to get the burgers grilling over the fire before five bicycles made their way between the jeep and the front of the trailer.

“I hope we’re not too early,” said Becky as they parked their bikes.

“Becky,” said Barb with some emotion, “Good friends are never too early!”

Becky smiled, “Then one of you kids please get me a bread knife and I will start cutting these buns.”

Robert, carrying a small package, walked over to the fire where Jim was tending the sizzling burgers. “Hey, Jim, we as a family may be allergic to unnecessary clothes but we are definitely not allergic to bacon on our burgers. Do you have room on that fire to fry up this package?”

“If there isn’t, there soon will be,” replied Jim, “Somehow we managed to bring only one package, didn’t find out until we got back from the store. Another item for our ‘stuff we forgot’ list.”

The fire was spread out enough to make room for the frying pan and soon the smell of frying bacon was wafting about the campsite.

“If there are any bears around, that smell should attract them.” commented Becky.

“It sure would, if there were any close by. But there’s plenty of ‘bear food’ higher up in the mountains that all the bears prefer staying far away from us noisy human beings,” said Jim “The park ranger said they haven’t seen one around here since early spring.”

“Would anyone mind if I fried up some onions in that pan of bacon grease?” asked Barb.

There were no objections.

Lydia came out of the trailer with the twins. “Mom, Cindy and Mandy helped me finish the potato salad. I hope we did a good job.”

“You know the chef’s privilege ‘Sample while you assemble’?”

“Yes, Mom,” smiled Lydia.

“Then I’m sure it will be good. And you can wipe that bit of telltale evidence from the side of your mouth,” said Barb with a grin.

Jim looked at Robert, “I have some nice cold grapefruit beer in the cooler. Would you be interested in one?”

“Thanks, that sounds really good.”

“Okay kids,” called out Barb, “everything’s ready.”

The kids came running to the picnic table and started assembling their individual masterpieces. Lots of onions for Mark, no onions for Judy. And

hot sauce for those that enjoyed an elevated spice level.

The kids sat around the second picnic table while the adults sat around the fire in the camp chairs.

“Funny thing about camping,” started Robert after polishing off his second burger, “we can make this same meal at home and enjoy it indoors, but it seems like it’s ten times better when you have it out in the open air surrounded by trees.”

“Nature, good friends and good food; a fantastic combination,” added Jim.

“Barb,” said Becky, “the twins told us that they had talked a little bit about what happened to us; how we ended up being excommunicated from our church. While we were hanging up those wet clothes, you said that you felt like we were close friends because of what we had gone through. You must have had some kind of an experience as well. If you don’t mind me asking, What happened?”

“Jim can probably tell that story the best. The whole family felt the repercussions but Jim was in the front line,” said Barb.

“It’s a long story. I’ll give the very abbreviated version.” said Jim with a bit of a pained expression. “We started attending OCF many years ago. Lots of life there after the dry places that we grew up attending. Unusual, there were no offerings ever taken. There was a collection box right by the entrance into the sanctuary. I asked the pastor about it and he said that the Holy Spirit put it into the hearts of the members to give what was required. They had never run short and owned the building free and clear.”

“But something changed; a couple of young fellows got into leadership positions and all of a sudden we started having ‘Tithing and Offering’ messages. After a while it seemed like they were just as long as the regular sermon. So I asked the pastor what had changed. He said something about new members needing to learn the principles of tithing in order for God to prosper them; and that is certainly what the ‘tithing ministers’ taught every Sunday morning. We

were robbing God by not giving our tithes and offerings, Jacob was blessed when he gave ten percent to God. We needed to plant our seed in good soil and OCF was that good soil.”

“Then the pastor bought a brand new BMW SUV, needed to have reliable transportation to get to those urgent meetings. And then the straw that broke the camel’s back. Somehow, someone found out that the pastor was going to turn 50 on his next birthday. What a wonderful idea if the congregation got together and sent him and his wife on a two week cruise to Mexico. I knew people in that fellowship that struggled every month to make their mortgage payments. Barb and I had helped some of them out financially a few times.”

“Inside, I was angry. What was going on? So I grabbed my Bible and study tools and started. The story that seemed to be used most often was about Jacob giving ten percent in order to be blessed by God. Funny what you find when you read it for yourself. Jacob started his prayer to God with a big IF. IF you will bless me and bring me back to the land of my fathers, THEN I will

give ten percent of what You give to me. Exactly the opposite of what these tithing minsters were pounding into the people.”

“I went on and found a passage in Deuteronomy 14. The subtitle over the passage was ‘Tithing Principles.’ I couldn’t remember any of them preaching on this passage.”

“Boy what an eye opener! Basically it says that the man of the house was to take the tithe, the tithe of his increase, to the place where God had placed His name. Okay. But, if that place was too far away, he was to sell the tithe, take his family and the money from the tithe and go to the place where God had placed His name. Then came the big surprise. He was supposed to use the tithe money to buy whatever his heart desired, food, wine and strong drink and then he was supposed to eat it there with his family rejoicing in how God had blessed him!”

“So I showed the passage to one of the ‘tithing ministers’ in the church foyer the following Sunday, saying I would appreciate hearing a tithing message using that passage.”

“It didn’t take long and I was no longer on the worship team. Gone were the invitations for coffee with the pastor during the week. None of the leadership wanted to fellowship with me or members of my family any more.”

“So we just stopped going. I thought that someone in the leadership might call to find out why we weren’t coming any more – find out if we were having some kind of difficulty that needed their help. But nothing.”

“So we are in transition.”

The fire crackled, the light was starting to fade.

“I understand now,” said Becky.

Jim tossed another log onto the fire. It was going to be a quiet contemplative kind of an evening. He looked at Robert, “You know, I think I saw that the folks in B25 were scheduled to leave tomorrow. I know it’s kind of a hassle to relocate your stuff but would you be interested in moving next door if we can grab the site for you?”

“That sounds like a great idea. I believe we’ve just established a solid foundation for a lasting friendship.”

Quietly Barb added, “And I think that I and my whole family have developed that same allergy that you folks have towards unnecessary clothing,” as she looked over at the picnic table where seven naked children were happily playing UNO.

Chapter 11 – Hugs and Kisses

The folks in B25 packed up and left shortly after lunch. The next couple of hours were spent moving the Johnson family to their new site.

Packing up camping paraphernalia just to unpack it 5 minutes later at a new campsite is not usually considered a good time. But when you have a bunch of friends helping with the job, it goes from mundane to actually being fun.

Judy got to ride in the fifth wheel trailer while it was being towed to the new site to make sure none of the fragile items slid off of the table.

By emptying the dome tent that the twins slept in, the four oldest kids could carry it to the new site without taking it down. They got a few odd stares from some of the campers that saw them but most just smiled and waved or wished them good luck. They had probably done the same thing themselves.

Finally everything was set up and in it's proper place. It had taken a good bit of manoeuvring to

get the trailer in just the right position but when it was finally situated in such a way as to make Becky happy it turned out to have the added benefit of making the interior of the campsite invisible from the lane, just like the Saunders' setup in B24.

One of the features of B24 that really made it one of the Saunders' favourites was that it had quite a large cleared area at the back side of the site. It was big enough to set up their portable volleyball net, one that could easily be lowered to badminton height. Jim had inherited some horseshoes with solid metal pins from his Dad. They hadn't been used much because Barb didn't enjoy throwing horseshoes and Mark was just developing enough strength this summer to make it comfortable throwing the shoes that far. But Robert said he would be willing to learn the game so in went the pins.

Now that everything was set up for all sorts of activities in the campsites, they decided that they should go swimming.

Loop B was at the far west side of the campground. Loops C, D and E all had a number of sites alongside the river. The river, flowing east from the mountains made a big bend to the south around a rocky hill. As it flowed around the hill heading back northwest towards loop C there was a rocky outcrop from the hill that made for a wonderful waterfall. The quarter mile stretch from the falls to the turn at loop C is what gave Rocky Rapids Campground its name. There was a sandy beach area between D and E that had a number of picnic tables and a nice playground for children. That meant that the trail to the large pool upstream from the falls was rarely used. The trail head was somewhat hidden behind the outhouses located at the north end of the rapids. It ascended quite steeply for a short while then wound around the north side of the hill to join up with the river about a mile upstream of the waterfall. A trail heading south west from B24 connected up with the other trail shortly after it levelled out.

They put some juice boxes and snacks in a couple of backpacks, grabbed towels and blankets and made their way along the trail to the swimming

hole. Fifteen minutes later they arrived, starting to get sweaty from the summer sun. The blankets were spread out, backpacks placed in the shade of a tree and seven naked bottoms made a beeline for the water.

Barb looked down at her body. “I have some very distinct tan lines,” she said while noting that Robert and Becky were nicely tanned all over.

“Yes,” said Becky, “when the tanning season starts...” “and the earlier the better!” interjected Robert, “when tanning season starts,” continued Becky with a smile, “we make sure to limit exposure time to prevent sunburns. After a couple of weeks our tans have darkened to the point where we don’t need to worry about burning any more. We’ll have to keep an eye on your pale areas and cover up before any burning starts.”

“I’m getting plenty hot right now,” said Jim, “let’s go join the kids in the water, that should help extend the ‘in sun time’ before burning starts.”

The next hour was spent swimming, diving, playing tag, throwing stones at chunks of wood floating down the river and helping with sand castles on the shore.

They were enjoying themselves so much that they did not hear the older couple come down the trail and stop, just after passing the two poplars. Cameron and Hazel looked on quietly with big smiles. They had heard laughter as they came over the crest of the last rise and had purposefully been extra quiet for the final section, not wanting to intrude.

After watching for a few minutes Hazel looked over to Cam and whispered, “We have to introduce ourselves, this is bringing back fond memories.”

“Okay,” said Cam, “let’s go.” He took Hazel’s hand and they slowly starting walking towards the frolicking group.

Robert was the first to see them. He noticed their smiles. “Hey everyone, we have visitors!” Then

waving at Cam and Hazel to come closer, he said, "It's a beautiful afternoon. Care to join us?"

"You wouldn't be offended if a couple of old retirees joined the party?" commented Cam.

Robert walked up and stretched out his hand. "We are all created in the image of God, age makes no difference to Him, so why should it make any difference to us?"

"Well when you put it that way..." beamed Hazel and off came her blouse and down came the shorts. No bra, no panties and no tan lines.

Cam's shorts and t-shirt were off just as fast.

"I see that this isn't the first time you've been skinny dipping," said Robert.

They smiled. "We rarely wear clothes at home but it's been a long time since we've been able to enjoy naturism with a couple of young families." said Cam. "We retired early, about 9 years ago, and bought 120 acres along the river about 10 miles downstream from here. The kids and

grand-kids haven't had many chances to come out and visit us so it's great to see you all being families the way God intended families to be."

Everyone came up to meet the visitors. Introductions were done when Mandy took a step closer to Hazel and asked, "Do you like hugs?" Hazel looked at Mandy with a questioning look and nodded, "Yes, I do," and Mandy took the last step towards Hazel, wrapped her arms around her in a quiet soft hug. Hazel closed her eyes and smiled, tears started to flow. "My oh my oh my, I miss my own grandchildren so much, you have no idea how good this feels in my heart." She kissed Mandy's forehead. "Thank you so much!"

Mandy smiled back, "You're welcome." and turned and headed back to the water where the rest of the kids had started playing again.

They rearranged the blankets putting one in the shade for Jim and Barb.

Jim looked at Cameron, "You must have been very quiet coming down the hill. We normally

hear anybody approaching long before they get to the clearing.”

“Yes, we heard laughing and decided to have a peek first. We didn’t want to intrude, but when we saw all of you beautifully nude, we had to come introduce ourselves. Naturist families are rare indeed. We were going to head up to the falls but that trail was quite busy so we thought we would come up to this pool for a change. Not many people know about this trail and it is difficult to find so most folks stay on that beautiful stretch from the falls along the rapids and downstream from there. Lots of kayaks, canoes and air mattresses on the river today.”

Jim and Barb moved back into the sun, their pale skin ready for another tanning session.

“It’s pretty obvious that this is your first time out this season.” said Hazel looking at the tan lines on Barb and Jim.

“Yes,” said Barb, “this has been an amazing holiday so far with lots of surprises. Yesterday, the Lord used Becky to help set me free from

years of body shame; I have never experienced such a sense of freedom. Our bodies truly are created in the image of God and there is absolutely nothing indecent about them!”

They chatted for a while, getting to know each other. Cam explained how they found their acreage while camping here at Rocky Rapids campground. They would come to the campground regularly for a hike to the falls and to watch families enjoying being families in the great outdoors. He explained how to find their acreage and said that they would be welcome to come visit any time.

Jim looked up at the sun. Having been an outdoors-man for many years, he did not need a watch to know the time. “I think it’s time we headed back. There’s some potato salad and cold ham that needs to be eaten and Barb would like to take a run to Johnny’s General store for some milk.”

They called the kids to come get ready for the short hike back to the sites.

Hazel walked over to Mandy, “Thank you again for that hug. What made you decide to do that?”

Mandy smiled, “As everybody was being introduced I heard a quiet voice inside of me saying, ‘Hazel needs a hug,’ that’s why,” and she stepped forward and gave Hazel another long hug.

“God works in mysterious ways,” said Cameron, “just this morning she was saying to me how much she missed hugging our grandchildren.”

They gathered up their gear and started back up the trail.

They invited Cam and Hazel to stay for the meal but Hazel explained that there was a roast in the oven that would be due to come out by the time they got home. Invitations were extended in both directions. “Come join us any time,” said Barb “the more the merrier.” And Hazel added, “Now that you know how to find us, we are really looking forward to seeing all you pull into our driveway. We have lots of room.”

The potato salad and ham found a new home in the tummy's of some hungry folks. The campfire was lit and preparations for the evening were started. Barb and Becky hopped into the Toyota for the trip to Johnny's General with Judy and Benjamin going along for the ride. The older kids started a friendly volleyball game and Jim and Robert poured a couple of glasses of wine and relaxed by the campfire.

An hour and a half goes by quickly when chatting with new friends. Jim explained to Robert how he was able to work from home as a software developer. That made it much easier to home school all the kids. It also made the lack of cell phone and internet coverage at the campground a feature rather than a detriment. Robert talked about his years at Ace Machine Shop. He had initially trained as an accountant but found the hassles of dealing with constantly changing government regulations extremely frustrating. He had always been good in a shop whether wood working or metal working so he had switched over to machining and had been there long enough to become the senior man, hence four

weeks of holidays, usually three in the summer and one in the winter.

Soon they heard the Toyota pull up. There were quite a few more items than just milk that had to be put away.

Then Barb said, “I had a chance to talk to Sylvia, the cell reception was good at the store this evening. We are going to have more visitors next weekend. Apparently Tisha got her friend Kathy to agree to model with Sylvia. It seems that everything turned out really well at the studio. Sylvia and Tisha are coming with Sylvia’s new friend, Graham. Kathy and her husband, Don, will be bringing their nephew Tom. She was bubbling with excitement but said we would have to wait til Friday to hear the whole story.”

“Kathy and Don?” asked Robert with a look of surprise. “Yes,” said Becky, “Kathy is a good friend of Tisha who is a good friend of Sylvia who is Barb’s sister. Small world we live in.”

Jim was chuckling, “Divine appointments and mysterious ways. What a God we serve!”

“Don and Kathy have a tent trailer.” said Becky, “Maybe we should be looking for another site close by for next weekend.”

“Good idea.” said Barb, “and now we had better round up all these kids and get them ready for bed. Judy was yawning like crazy on the ride home. I think I heard Cindy and Mandy asking Lydia to join them in their tent. That would be fine. Robbie can come join us in the trailer or we could set up the other tent and let the boys camp out in there.”

The boys loved the idea of sleeping together in the tent and headed off to get their stuff ready. Lydia had already moved her sleeping bag into the twins tent. That would leave Judy all by herself, but that didn't matter as Judy was already sleeping, curled up in a camp chair by the fire.

Everything was ready for the night. Extra blankets in the tents, probably not necessary as the summer nighttime temperatures were staying quite warm. Flashlights in case a middle of the night bathroom break became urgent, and

instructions about absolutely no food of any kind in the tents.

It was dark now. The flames of the burning birch logs created their own special dance in changing colours of orange, red, yellow and blue. Four glasses of Cabernet Sauvignon were being slowly sipped. The scent of pine needles, campfire smoke and red wine became much more distinct with closed eyes and very few sounds.

“I have an idea,” said Jim looking over at Robert, “You and I should take Robbie and Mark with our fishing gear down to Cameron and Hazels place. They might enjoy some company.”

“Good idea. Let’s plan for for that. But now I think I am ready for bed too. This has been a busy day.”

Becky and Robert said good night and headed for the trail that connected the two sites – still nude.

“You know,” said Barb, “if this keeps up for the entire holiday, I am going to have very few clothes to wash when we get home.”

Chapter 12 – A Proposition

Robbie and Mark were excited about going fishing with their dads.

As most of Robert and Robbie's fishing experience was trolling from a boat, this was going to prove to be a learning experience. Fishing from a boat is a lot of fun but there is definitely an art to casting a fly line effectively.

After a leisurely breakfast they packed some sandwiches, snacks and drinks into a backpack, loaded the fishing gear into the back of the jeep and headed out. After about a fifteen minute drive they spotted the mailbox with the antlers mounted on top of it which marked the road they needed to turn on to get to Cam and Hazel's acreage. A few miles of gravel and a left turn into a lane marked with a simple sign. 'WALTERS' in large letters across the top and in much smaller letters underneath 'clothing optional'.

"Definitely the right place," said Robert.

The lane wound gently through rolling ground with lots of trees. After a hundred yards or so the trees thinned out and they drove into a large open yard. To their right was a log cabin style home with one of those lovely wrap around porches. A large stone chimney rose from the middle of the roof. To their left was a large workshop/garage type building and a nice sized greenhouse. Straight ahead was a large open meadow area with the river running along the southeast edge. There was a large garden, quite a few fruit trees, several chickens scurrying around and two springer spaniels with wagging tails waiting to greet them.

As they slowed to a stop Cameron and Hazel stood up from the chairs they were relaxing in and waved for them to come join them on the porch.

“Hello, hello!” called out Cam, “Good to see you. Come on up and join us for coffee.”

“Duke, Daisy! Stay down!” The two springers obediently dropped onto all four legs but the tails

kept on wagging and the snouts kept on looking for attention.

“I’m telling you,” muttered Cam as he walked up to greet them, “teaching those dogs to stay down when visitors arrive was one of the hardest things I’ve ever done. They seem to love everyone!”

“Come on up to the porch. I think Hazel went in to check out the cinnamon buns she baked this morning. She had a feeling that we were going to have guests today.”

Robbie and Mark, already naked having tossed their clothes into the jeep the moment they saw that Cam and Hazel were nude, were throwing sticks for the dogs to fetch.

“Duke, Daisy! To your mats!” called out Cam to the dogs. They grabbed the sticks and dutifully made their way to a large mat spread out in front of a large dog house. “I think your arms will wear out long before those two get tired of fetching,” he said, laughing.

They were just getting themselves comfortable on some chairs when Hazel arrived carrying a large tray with coffee, juice and a plate full of sticky buns.

“Hey Dad,” said Mark, “they look and smell just as good as those apple fritters you love so much.”

Jim helped himself to one, took a bite and said, “And they taste even better.”

“Mr. Walters,” started Robbie. “Just wait, just wait,” interrupted Cam, “no ‘mister’ or ‘missus’ here. You boys can call me Grampa Cam or just Grampa and Gramma Hazel or just Gramma for my wife.”

“Okay, Grampa,” continued Robbie with a big smile, “It’s really nice here, lots of trees and everything is so nice and green. But what’s even nicer is that I don’t see any mosquitoes buzzing around.”

“Son, that’s a good observation.” said Cam. Then he pointed towards the garage, “Can you see that

thing mounted in the trees just behind the garage, kind of a funny looking birdhouse?”

“Yes, I can see it. It’s pretty high up.”

“Right, it’s a bat house. I learned that bats love mosquitoes so I built that bat house the first spring we were here. It didn’t take long for a bunch of them to start living in there. Every evening they come out and start swooping all over the place doing a great job keeping those ‘skeeters to a minimum, an absolute must for those of us who like to run around nekid.” he added with a laugh.

“Yes,” added Hazel, “we do have some organic repellent but it’s not often that we need it.”

“Boys, have another bun. Don’t be shy. I still have another dozen in the house and I can’t have Grampa Cam eating them all and getting himself fat and lazy!”

She continued, “And where are the rest? It’s great having you four men come visit but I was

hoping to see your wives and the rest of the kids too.”

“We were planning a men’s morning out to do some fishing practice.” replied Jim, “Robert and Robbie haven’t done any fishing with fly rods so we thought we would find a place where we could start some lessons. We brought the spinning gear along in case the trout weren’t interested in our flies. We thought that since you had invited us out that we would come see if there was a place here where we could do some teaching. Didn’t think we would get to enjoy some delicious cinnamon buns. They were great, thank you Hazel.”

“Well,” said Cam, “most of the river running through our land has trees and bushes coming up pretty close to the banks but we cleared a good piece of land right from here to the river and a ways south. Needed some cleared land for gardens, out buildings and things like that. So right over there you can see about 300 feet of shoreline with pretty clear land right up to the bank. Should be ideal for some fly rod casting.

But lets go for a walk and I'll give you a tour and you can see it up close for yourselves.”

They went first to the jeep to collect their fishing gear then headed toward the river. As they walked Cam explained the layout of the acreage and how he and Hazel had wanted to keep it as natural as possible. Hazel had been researching a land development technique call ‘permaculture’ and they had been implementing many of the concepts of permaculture into the acreage.

When they arrived at the river, Jim had a good look around. No overhead wires, only a few small bushes on the shore with quite a bit of open space between them, a good clear stretch of water with no tree trunks or other obstacles to make fly fishing difficult and a few larger rocks sticking up out of the water about half way across making good targets for casting practice.

“This will be perfect.” Jim said.

“That’s great,” replied Cam, “and if you have a few minutes before lessons start, I’d like to show you something else and make you a proposition.”

“That sounds interesting,” said Robert, “we are definitely not in a hurry. What do you have to show us?”

They put down their fishing gear and continued walking towards the end of the clearing.

“Something that the Lord has impressed on us from the moment we first starting looking for an acreage after retiring was that we needed to make an area for people to come visit, either short term, like weekends or a week or two, but to also be prepared for some that may need to stay for much longer periods of time – maybe even permanently. We had no idea who might be interested in or needing to stay on an acreage with a couple of retired naturists but we went ahead and started making preparations.”

“So right over there you can see the first of four rustic cabins that we built. Built them out of logs for good winter insulation and put good wood stoves in each one. Then we added a loop to this lane way and cleared out six decent sized camping sites. We have good water not far down

so we installed three water pumps, the old fashioned hand powered type, and built some outhouses. We put in solid picnic tables and fire pits so we have a pretty decent tiny campground back here just waiting for some people to call home for a while.”

“Okay, that is what I wanted to show you. Now for the proposal. Hazel and I talked it over after leaving the campground yesterday. We are inviting you folks to come spend the rest of your holiday camping here with us. That’s the proposal. You are welcome to come visit any time even if you aren’t camping here but we would sure appreciate having some more folks to fellowship with.”

“Well, that is very generous of you,” said Jim, “We’ll have to talk to our wives and the rest of the kids. We’re also expecting six more for the weekend.”

“I’m sure we can accommodate quite a few more than an extra six.” replied Cam.

“Great, and now it’s time to learn some new fishing techniques.” said Robert.

They headed back to the river and for the next hour and a half Jim explained to Robert and Robbie the basics of fly fishing. They went over the equipment and talked about casting fly line versus casting lures. They got into the life cycles of mosquitoes and may flies. They practised casting using bits of coloured yarn instead of real flies with sharp pointed hooks, a good idea as several casting attempts resulted in those bits of yarn making good contact with some bare backs, bare bottoms and bare legs. They found out why you never approach a fly fisherman from behind without letting him know you are there.

While Jim was teaching the two Roberts, Mark waded out into the river and started practising his roll casts. Just as Jim was wrapping up the lesson for the day Mark called out excitedly, “Dad!, I’ve got one!”

Jim grabbed his net and waded in while Mark patiently played out the fish. A few minutes later Jim was able to net a very nice trout. “Good

work, Mark, you did a fine job keeping the line taut.”

They took a break, ate their lunch and went for another walk around the mini-campground.

“Cam sure did a good job on these cabins.” said Robert as they walked through each one of them. “He put a lot of effort into making these rustic cabins pretty comfortable.”

“I think it would be a great idea to move here.” added Jim, “I just wonder how Sylvia and the rest are going to react when they find us running around without a stitch of clothing.”

“It won’t be a surprise to Don and Kathy. They are good naturist friends.” said Robert, “We will have to see what the others think. Maybe we should ask Cam and Hazel if we could come out for a wiener roast and campfire this evening.”

“That sounds like a good idea,” nodded Jim, “Now let’s go back to the river and see if we can add a few more fish to the creel.”

They returned to the river and spent the next hour perfecting the techniques they had learned. They caught a few, lost more and spent more than one occasion untangling fly line messes from casts gone wild.

Just when they were getting ready to pack up their gear, Cam and Hazel arrived.

“We just came to see how the lessons were going.”

“Completely different from fishing from a boat,” said Robert, “but it sure is a lot of fun and a pretty good challenge too! I can see that it would take quite a bit of time to become a proficient fly fisherman.”

“Now, about your proposal. We have been talking it over and think it would be a great idea. How busy are you this evening? Because we thought that we might bring out the whole gang for a campfire wiener roast and let them all see the place before dark.”

“That would be wonderful!” beamed Hazel, “because I took advantage of a hot oven and put in a large recipe of oatmeal raisin cookies. Three times I had to tell Cam to keep his fingers off of them.”

Cam smiled, “She didn’t see the other two times when I just had to do a taste test.”

“Okay, it’s a deal.” said Jim, “We’ll head back to the campground and round up the rest of the gang and come back in a couple of hours. Should be lots of time left for a tour and campfire roasted hot dogs.”

They gathered up their equipment and headed back to the jeep. Just as they were getting ready to depart Hazel added with a chuckle, “and don’t forget to put some clothes back on before you climb out of that jeep at the campground.”

“Oops! Forgot all about that.” laughed Jim as they pulled away.

Chapter 13 – Decision Time

The men were gone, breakfast dishes all cleaned up and put away and the four older kids were making Judy happy by playing a few more games of UNO.

Barb went to the trailer and returned with the ‘INTERMEDIATE WATERCOLOURS for the Serious Painter’ book. She and Becky browsed through the chapters that covered various topics: brushes, various grades of paint, gouache, masking fluid, watercolour paper, various techniques such as ‘wet in wet’, ‘dry brush’ and ‘glazing’. There was a chapter on perspective then chapters covering various subjects: still life, landscapes, flowers and finally the two chapters on sketching and painting nudes.

As Barb slowly studied the details on painting nudes, she started to smile, “You know, Becky, when I first glanced through these pages Saturday morning I had very conflicting emotions running through my mind. My first reaction was a bit of anger, how could my sister give my innocent daughter a book with pictures of naked men and

women. But as I glanced through the pages it came to my mind that there was nothing sexually suggestive or lewd or obscene being depicted at all. Then I came to this page,” and she flipped the page to the large picture of Michelangelo’s David, “and a big question occurred to me, Why does so much early Christian art contain naked people? It didn’t make sense to me. But then I had to put the book down and keep getting ready for the day. I can see now that God was preparing me for something much more dramatic later on. Thank you again for being so honest and open with me.”

Becky smiled, “I find it amazing how God can use anyone who has the Holy Spirit living in them to say just the right words at just the right time and then He is able to move right in and do a boatload of emotional healing almost instantaneously.”

“But it’s really nice for me too. It’s hard to find other women who understand Christian Naturism so it is wonderful having another friend with whom I can be totally honest.”

As Barb continued to browse through the art book she began to get an understanding of why Lydia enjoyed watercolour painting so much.

“There are some beautiful paintings here,” she said, “When I was in middle school I used to sketch a little bit but then too many other things got in the way and my sketchbook got left in the dust. Maybe I will ask Lydia if she would be willing to help me get back into it.” She chuckled to herself, “and if I need a model I think I wouldn’t have to bargain too much to get my sister to model for me.”

“Speaking of Sylvia, maybe we should go for a walk or bike ride with the kids and see about finding another site.”

“Let’s do that,” said Becky, “we will just have to remember to put some clothes on before venturing out of our campsites.”

They walked over to where the kids were playing just as Judy called out “Uno!” with a big smile on her face. The play went around the table and the colour changed twice before Judy jubilantly

played her last card – a wild card, she was going to win no matter what colour was chosen.

They decided to walk around the campground in order to be able to read the checkout dates on the cards hanging from the little posts at the site entrances. They walked down the slope then through loop C, took a short break at the outhouses by the end of the rapids and watched a few brave kayakers negotiating the white water. They finished loop C and started down D stopping for another break at the beach area between D and E. The weather was beautiful and there were only a few empty sites. Lots of campers were out enjoying nature at its finest.

Judy was starting to get sore feet so they walked straight back to their own sites and got some lunch ready.

“It looks like it might be difficult to find a big enough site that is close to ours.” said Becky.

“We’ll have to talk it over with the men when they get back.” said Barb, “I wonder how they are doing?”

Becky laughed, “If I know my two guys at all, if there is any privacy at the Walters acreage, they will be naked in two seconds flat once they step out of that jeep. Come to think of it, that would be the twins too – and me.”

“There is definitely something to that clothing allergy.” smiled Barb.

They ate some sandwiches and debated what to do for the afternoon. Benjamin wanted to hike to the swimming hole again. Mandy suggested playing some volleyball and Judy was sure that there were some more UNO games that needed to be played. Lydia said she would like to play volleyball too but would really like to try out her new water painting materials.

Cindy asked Lydia, “Would you mind if we watch while you paint? We saw many nice paintings when we had a tour of Tisha’s studio but I’ve never seen someone actually painting something.”

“That would be interesting,” said Barb, “After looking through your new art book I think that it might be something that I would like to try.”

“I don’t mind if you watch me,” said Lydia, “but you have to remember that I’m still a beginner and the end result might not be very good.”

“That’s not a problem,” said Cindy smiling, “we won’t be comparing you to Tisha. It will just be nice to see how it’s done.”

“Okay. How about I get my stuff ready and when it’s time for the painting to dry we can play some volleyball then?”

“That sounds like a good plan,” added Barb, “and by the time we finish volleyball it will probably be time to start thinking about supper. We might have to wait til the guys get back to see if we have fresh fish or need to plan something else.”

Lydia headed to the trailer to collect her art supplies. Judy went along to find her pencil crayons; if her big sister was going to do some artwork then so was she.

Benjamin went to look for the volleyball while the moms and twins gathered a few refreshments to enjoy throughout the afternoon.

Soon Lydia had her materials ready. She taped a sheet of paper to her easel board using the tape to form a border around the page. She drew a nice straight line lightly across the page about a third of the way up. She explained that that was where the horizon was going to be. She said that when she first started painting landscapes that she naturally wanted to put the horizon halfway up the page dividing it into two equal parts, but when she did that the picture didn't look right; apparently too much symmetry in a landscape is not a good thing.

Then she did something that surprised everyone watching. She took her largest brush, dipped it in her container of water and started painting the top part of the paper with water.

“Why are you doing that?” asked Benjamin, “no one can see water in a painting.”

“Wait a bit and watch what happens when I put some blue paint in the wet area.” said Lydia.

She made sure the sky area was thoroughly wet and then squeezed some blue paint from a tube on to her palette. She took another brush and used it to add some water to the blue paint forming a blue puddle. Then she loaded up the brush with the watery paint and stroked it along the top of the page and added a few more strokes down through the sky area. They all watched as the wetness of the paper caused the paint to wick around in different patterns. She then added some light grey colour to the sky area closer to the horizon line. She explained that as you look into the distance the colours of the sky naturally fade into a lighter grey. The exceptions were sunrises and sunsets.

She waited a couple of minutes for the paint to start drying then she took a paper napkin, clumped it up into a kind of ball and started removing some of the paint from the sky. As she dabbed the napkin in various places on the sky Cindy blurted out, “Look, they are turning into clouds!”

Becky smiled, “That’s pretty neat. You are painting clouds by removing paint, not adding paint.”

Watching the colours blend and edges soften, Becky added in amazement, “I always thought that artists had their paintings all planned out and then dabbed tiny points of paint in all the right places, just like a paint-by-numbers set. This is completely different from that. Look at the way the colours blend and move around – very interesting. It looks like watercolour paint has a mind of it’s own.”

Lydia was smiling with sheer enjoyment, “Yes, and when you start to understand how the different colours work with each other and how different techniques and brush strokes produce different effects it opens up a whole world of possibilities for a creative mind. It’s like what the book describes in it’s introduction: that it is quite easy to learn the basic techniques of watercolour painting but it takes a lifetime to master them. That’s why I like it so much.”

She laid it down flat and said, “Now it’s time for it to dry completely.”

Benjamin was looking at the picture she was using for reference and then at her painting. “The picture has trees on the sides that go up into the sky but you have already painted that part with the sky paint. How are you going to paint the trees now?”

“For most paintings,” explained Lydia, “artists start with putting the light colours down first and adding darker layers on top. With these transparent watercolour paints it does not work to try and paint light colours over a dark background but it is quite easy to paint dark over a light background.”

“Very neat, but I am ready to play some volleyball now.” he said.

They spent the rest of the afternoon playing volleyball taking frequent breaks to drink water and cool down in the shade. They did not bother to keep score. They switched the teams around regularly and had a lot of fun trying to make sure

each team got three hits every time the ball came to their side. The winning came for all of them in the form of great exercise and wonderful fellowship working together as a team.

They were played out and ready for a change when they heard the Jeep pull up.

“The guys are back!” called out Barb walking over to give Jim a hug. “Did you have a good day? Were you able to find a good place to practice at their acreage?”

“And how long did it take for the clothes to get tossed?” asked Becky with a smile.

“Not long,” replied Robert, “as soon as we saw that they were already nude we dumped them all in the Jeep. They were expecting us. Hazel baked a bunch of cinnamon buns and they were already cooling when we arrived.”

“But talking about God working in mysterious ways, meeting them at the pool was definitely one of those mysterious ways. Cam gave us a tour of the area around the home and along a nice cleared

area to the river. It was a great place to learn how to cast with a fly rod. But then he said he had a few more things to show us and wanted to make a proposition.”

Jim continued, “Yes, he brought us to a lane which made a big loop through some beautifully wooded land. He had built four solid, rustic cabins and cleared out 6 camping sites. He put in outhouses, water pumps, picnic tables and fire pits. He said God had told him to prepare for people to arrive for short or longer terms. Then he asked if we would be interested in spending the rest of our vacation with them on their acreage.”

“We talked about it and thought that we should head out there this evening for a campfire wiener roast and then everyone can see the place and we can make a decision from there.”

Robbie added, “And Gramma Hazel really wants us to come. She even made a big batch of oatmeal raisin cookies to share with us.”

“I guess that means our supper decision is made. Let’s gather up the things we’ll need and head out soon. I think we have some hungry kids after all the volleyball playing.” said Barb.

They collected everything they needed and packed it into the back of the Jeep. They piled into the Jeep and the Toyota and headed back to the Walters’ acreage.

When they arrived, they found a fire already burning in the big campfire pit close to the house. Hazel had loaded one picnic table with condiments, coffee and juice and sure enough, one large plate of fresh oatmeal raisin cookies.

“I thought you might all be hungry by the time you got back so I started the fire for you. There are lots of roasting sticks on that other picnic table and Hazel got all the fixings ready on this table.” said Cameron.

Everyone got busy roasting hot dogs and smokies. Somehow, being in the mountains breathing in fresh air made even the roasted wieners taste like a meal fit for a king. The oatmeal raisin cookies added the finishing touch to a great outdoor meal.

Becky patted her tummy, “I think I need to go for a walk. I shouldn’t have had that second cookie but they tasted so good that I couldn’t resist. Let’s go for a tour.”

They started to clean up the picnic tables when Hazel shooed them away. “No, no, you folks go for the tour. I am so glad that you came that I am more than happy to get everything cleaned up here.”

“Let’s head straight for the camping area while there is still plenty of light.” said Cam, “some other time I will give you all a tour of the house, shop, gardens and the rest of the yard.”

They walked at a good pace along the cleared meadow area, past the river bank where the fishing lessons occurred and to the lane which led to the cabins and campsites.

“This is every bit as beautiful as the campground we are in and much more private.” Barb commented to Becky.

“Yes, and there is plenty of room for all the rest when they arrive Friday evening.” said Becky.

“What do you think, ladies?” asked Jim.

“I think we should pack up early tomorrow morning and have breakfast here.” said Barb.

“What will the kids think about moving again?” asked Becky.

“I think they have already cast their vote.” smiled Robert as they walked back to where they could see seven nude children playing tag on the playground setup Cam had built for all the kids that he thought would be coming some day.

“All right.” declared Jim, “Decision made. Tomorrow we move.”

Chapter 14 – Ears to Hear

There was a lot of work that needed to be done early Tuesday morning. But no breakfast until the move was completed was an excellent incentive. It certainly helped that all the kids had been good helpers when getting ready for the holidays so most of the tasks could be accomplished without numerous instances of “What do I do with this?” and “Where does this go?” Knowing that the move was to another beautiful place to camp and not the final pack up at the end of vacation also helped keep the whole process moving along like a well oiled machine.

As they were starting to hook up the RV’s to the pickup trucks, a big van pulling a long trailer came slowly up the lane and stopped. Out jumped six kids with their mom and dad. “Are you folks pulling out? Or are you just arriving?” asked the father with a slightly frustrated voice. “We’ve been through the whole campground and none of the very few open sites are big enough for our unit.”

“Well, you arrived here just in time.” said Jim, “We’re just about ready to move out. If you wait about 15 minutes you can move your trailer into this one, lots of room here. Why don’t your wife and kids grab some lawn chairs and come on in? You can park your unit in the visitor parking until we’ve pulled out.”

“Well praise the Lord, that’s fantastic! I was beginning to think that we were going to have to travel another 2 hours to get to the next campground.” replied Carter, the dad. “Valerie, get the kids to collect some chairs and put them around the fire. I’ll move to the parking lot and walk back here to help.”

Val called for her children and a school room full of kids came bouncing from the campsite to the lane; they were busy getting to know each other and were already having a great time together.

Val laughed in amazement, “Where did all these kids come from? Okay, Simpson family, let’s get some camp chairs and set them up in the site.”

The chairs were set up, Carter drove his unit to the parking lot and the rest finished loading and hooking up.

They were getting ready to head out when Luke, the oldest at 16 said, “Maybe you guys could come visit us here. It sounds like you know all the good places to go.” Then looking at his mom he said, “They talked about a big swimming hole where we could skinny dip.”

Val’s eyebrows went up in surprise and Becky, with a large smile immediately replied, “Yes, we enjoy skinny dipping as a family. It’s great for body, soul and spirit.”

“You’re not some kind of free love hippy group, are you?” asked Val with a look of concern just as Carter returned from parking the RV.

“No, for sure not. As a matter of fact we are born again, Spirit filled believers in Jesus.” responded Becky.

“Well that’s a pretty complete description.” said Carter, “and you have no trouble skinny dipping together as Christians?”

“One of the most wholesome activities that a Christian family can partake in.” explained Robert, “If you are at all interested in learning more we would be happy to have you come for a visit and answer any of your questions. Tell you what, when we are finished our move and done eating breakfast, Becky and I will come back to see your setup and explain a little more. But right now we need to get going because my tummy is telling me that pancakes and sausages are long overdue.”

“Okay.” said Carter, “It’s a deal. I look forward to seeing you later in the day, but I think my tummy has been talking to yours and is telling me the same thing. Time for brunch!”

They said their goodbyes, packed themselves into the four vehicles and started the short trip to the acreage. Carter waved at them with a wide smile as they drove past his RV and headed for the exit.

The trip to the Walter’s acreage was only about ten miles but it took them about half an hour going at nice leisurely pace. Cam and Hazel were out on the porch enjoying the sun when they

pulled in. The twins and Lydia collected the pancake and sausage ingredients and were in charge of getting breakfast ready. Hazel offered to oversee and they headed into the house to get started. Benjamin and Judy made a beeline for the playground while Robbie and Mark helped their parents with the set up.

Cameron came to lend a hand and showed them the electrical hookup that was connected to a number of solar panels. He explained that there was no electrical service to the acreage but that by being very frugal in electrical usage the solar panels provided everything they needed.

It did not take long and the basic setup was completed. They were all ready for breakfast. They walked back to the main house and soon could smell the delicious scent of frying sausages wafting through the open windows.

The kids had done an excellent job on the pancakes – golden brown and no runny batter in the centres.

Hazel had made coffee, tea and juice. She was just beaming with delight. “Grampa Cam,” she said smiling at them all, “they were great in the kitchen and were very generous with their hugs. I am so happy that you decided to join us!”

After breakfast, they all pitched in with the clean up and then sat on the porch to enjoy coffee and decide what to do for the rest of the day.

Robert said that he and Becky should go visit the Simpson family at the campground soon to see if Carter and Val were serious about learning more about naturism. Mandy and Robbie suggested that they come along to see how well they could really get along with the rest of the Simpson kids. Fifteen minutes was not really enough time to see if they could really connect together as kids. Better to find out at the campground where they could make a quick easy exit than have them arrive at the acreage and have to suffer through 3 hours of bullying and pestering. They had had those kind of experiences at school and had not enjoyed them at all.

Barb suggested that she and Jim head out to Johnny's General Store to pick up some supplies and try to connect with Sylvia. Hazel said that she could use a trip to the store so maybe she could go with Barb and Jim could stay here and Cam could give him a detailed tour of the whole acreage.

Plans were made, a few donned some textiles and one vehicle headed back to the campground while the other made it's way to Johnny's General.

The trip back to the campground only took 15 minutes. Robert and Becky were cautiously excited about meeting with Carter and Val. They were getting pretty good at gauging initial reactions of people being confronted with naturism for the first time. Val's initial look of concern was normal but Carter's wide smile and wave as they left had been very encouraging.

But they still remembered that couple from early last summer. The meeting at the grocery store parking lot had gone well. They looked interested and had invited them to their home the following evening. Everything seemed normal

when they parked in front of their home and walked up and rang the doorbell. But as they were about to take off their shoes before walking into the carpeted living room Robert carefully nodded at his wife and pointed to several pairs of black oxford type shoes of different sizes. Becky clued in and asked the hostess if it would be alright if they kept their shoes on. They were ushered into the living room and sat down on a comfortable love seat. That was when the host said, "Oh, I hope you don't mind, we have a few 'friends' that would like to talk to you too, elders from our church." He then opened the door to the kitchen and five older men dressed in their Sunday best marched in and sat down with some very nasty looking scowls on their faces. Without introductions the first one started in an angry tone, "We heard that you call yourselves Christians but that you are nudists. Don't you know that our bodies are sinful and that the Lord God Almighty had to cover up the sinful nakedness of Adam and Eve!"

They did not even begin to try to answer. The wall of resistance was a mile high and just as wide. They stood up and made their exit as

calmly and quickly as they could, glad to have kept their shoes on. The unplanned for coffee time at the Java Shop had been very pleasant that evening.

Hopefully this meeting would be different but just in case, Robert said to Mandy and Robbie, “If you hear me call ‘Home time, kiddos’, then you two bundle your little bottoms to the car as quickly as you can, so stay close by for the first 10 or 15 minutes. We should know before then how things will go.”

They parked the Toyota in a good position for a quick exit and squeezed past the van into site B24.

“We have visitors!” called out a voice, “and two of the kids came along too.” Carter, just finishing hanging out a clothesline string, came walking over to greet them. Val stepped out of the RV and several of the kids ran up and started giving Mandy and Robbie hugs. Things were looking positive.

“Come on in,” called out Carter, “Just in case you haven’t caught it yet, my name is Carter and my wife is Valerie or Val.”

Jim stretched out his hand but Val stopped him. “We are okay with handshakes but just like our kids,” she said as she pointed to them hugging Mandy and Robbie, “we prefer hugs.”

Big smiles broke out and hugs were exchanged all around. This was going to be good.

“What a lovely site you left us.” declared Val, “The place you are moving to must be really nice.”

“Yes,” said Becky, “very nice and very private with a large play area for the kids and the river running right close by, and the owners are wonderful folks who love kids.”

“Sounds like quite the place.” remarked Carter, “but come sit down. It’s getting very warm. Would you be interested in a vodka cooler or cold light beer?”

“I would love a cold beer.” said Robert and Becky added, “and I’ll take you up on one of those vodka coolers.”

Carter fetched the drinks and they moved some lawn chairs close to the trees so they could move in and out of the shade as necessary.

Carter took a deep breath and began, “I would like to start by saying that I love your description of who you are, ‘born again, Spirit filled believers in Jesus’. I’ve never heard it expressed like that but that would describe us as well. Are you okay with me being very direct?” Both Robert and Becky nodded yes, “because this is what I believe to be the root of being Spirit-filled. If we can’t see eye-to-eye on this then we might as well switch over to talking about football and the weather. If I truly believe that Jesus sent the Holy Spirit to live in us and to guide us into all truth then that means that I do not know all truth yet. And that means that I have some or maybe many beliefs in my own mindset that are wrong. Now comes the key point – you are in exactly the same position as I am. I’ve had many conversations with people claiming to be ‘spirit-filled’ who

were more than ready to straighten out Brother Carter's errors but were not willing to consider that maybe, just maybe, they might have a few of their own."

He paused while looking at them both. Then he continued, "So, do we talk football or do we talk revelation?"

Robert returned his gaze, "Talk about striking at the root of the matter. But, brother, I love you. I would be happy to have the Holy Spirit use you to reveal more of His truth to us."

Becky added, "There is a story in the New Testament about two ways, a wide way leading to destruction and many people are on that way. Then there is the narrow way leading to eternal life but there are few that find that narrow way. In order to find something you have to be actively looking for it. We have found that when the Holy Spirit reveals some truth to us, that He confirms it in at least two ways and that it never contradicts the truth found in scripture. The reality of it is that we have a life time of being students of the Holy Ghost as we search for the narrow way."

Carter smiled, “So much for the Seahawks then, tell us how the Holy Spirit revealed to you that male and female believers can skinny dip together.”

Robert started, “I will ask two questions. One, does God ever tempt us to sin? And two, where is the source of lust?”

“People usually get the answer to the first one correct, but surprisingly, not always. But James 1 is very clear: God does not tempt man. If you take James along with Mark 7, it is very clear that lust comes from within a person’s heart. The essence of the answers to those two questions is that the human body, which God created in His own image and He declared them to be very good, can not cause a person to lust. The source of lust is the evil thoughts that proceed from the wicked hearts of men. Once you catch the revelation of that truth you are able to look at any human body and praise God for His wonderful work of creation. If lust arises it is caused by the evil thoughts that come out of my wicked heart. But with the power of the Holy Spirit I can be

transformed by the renewing of my mind and lust loses it's power. I told that truth to the board of the church we were attending and they excommunicated us.”

“One proof of that truth is the history of many cultures that have little or no clothing. Those cultures do not have a pornography problem. Only when they are forced to conform to Western clothing standards does lust and pornography gain a foothold.”

“Our own experiences have also confirmed that truth. We are often nude with other families and never have we experienced a sex or lust related problem. It just becomes natural – and decent.”

“That’s a very short summary. Whole books have been written about the subject but you won’t find them in your local church library. In fact, there have been a number of honest Christians who started out researching the matter with somewhat biased opinions – they were sure they would find scriptural evidence proving naturism was wrong for Christians. They ended up becoming naturists.”

Robert looked Carter straight in the eyes, “So what are you hearing?”

Carter was very thoughtful, then he started slowly, “I seem to hear God saying something like ‘What I have declared to be good, let no man call evil.’”

Then Valerie added, “And I am hearing something about sunsets. Does a beautiful sunset lose it’s beauty when man hides it with a cloud of pollution?”

Robert smiled, “I believe that you folks have good hearing. Well, my cold beer is empty and I think it’s time we headed back. If you are interested you are welcome to come visit us at the Walters’ acreage.” He added with a chuckle, “It’s clothing optional, we won’t force you to strip when you arrive.”

“You know,” said Carter, “I think we will take you up on that offer. When would be a good time to come?”

Robert explained how to find the Walters' acreage. Then he added, "As for the time, why don't we leave that up to the Lord. When you think you hear God saying you should head out to the acreage at such and such a time, then come at that time. If God is in this, Hazel will probably have a plate full of cinnamon buns waiting on the table for your arrival. If God is not in it then you will probably never find the mailbox with the antlers mounted on top."

Valerie smiled, "That's a really good idea. Can I bring something?"

Becky answered, "Not the first time. But I will give you a warning. You may develop an allergy towards unnecessary clothing." Then she added with a smile, "and that means a lot less time doing laundry."

Chapter 15 – Dreams Come True

“Something unusual must have happened at the campground.” said Sylvia.

Sylvia, Graham, Tisha, Don and Kathy were enjoying dinner at the outdoor restaurant in the park.

“I turned my cell phone on after work and there is a text message from my sister: ‘I tried to leave a phone message but the cell service isn’t working well right now. Hopefully this text will get through. We met up with the Johnson family and have moved to a beautiful acreage. Twelve miles past Johnny’s General Store there will be a mailbox in the right hand ditch with a set of antlers mounted on top. Turn left there. A few miles of gravel and a lane on the left with a simple sign that says WALTER’S. Don and Kathy do not have to bring their tent trailer.’ That’s a pretty normal message but then she adds one more line: ‘Don’t forget your birthday suits!’ with an exclamation mark at the end.”

Don laughed, “I can’t remember ever forgetting my birthday suit.”

“That means that we probably do not need to pack much in the way of clothes,” added Kathy, “and that’s just fine with me.”

“I wonder what kind of an acreage it is that they found?” questioned Tisha, “If you don’t need to bring your tent trailer then there must be some kind of sleeping accommodations there. But I can’t recall hearing about any naturist resort in our area.”

Graham chuckled, “How many times have we heard that God works in mysterious ways? Maybe we will be experiencing one of those mysterious ways when we arrive Friday evening.”

“This has been the most momentous week in my entire life!” exclaimed Sylvia, “First my best friend talks me into posing nude for an art class. There God shows me that the man who is going to be my husband gets to stare at me in all my naked glory for a half hour while he sketches me and my new naked friend, Kathy. Now my sister

is telling me to come camping and expect to spend most of my time in my birthday suit! And I won't be surprised if when we get there we meet a bunch of naturists who love the Lord and we won't be in church transition any more."

Don looked at Sylvia with a rather intense gaze, "Why did you add that last part about church transition?"

"I don't know, it just came out that way." smiled Sylvia.

"I think this is going to be a momentous weekend for all of us." stated Don with a smile of confidence.

"I sure hope so," thought Tisha to herself as she wistfully watched the two couples as they made their way to the exit, hand in hand.

Meanwhile, two vehicles were making their way back to the Walters' acreage. Robert and Becky with the kids arrived about ten minutes after Barb and Hazel.

Mark and Benjamin were out by the river practising their fly rod casting. The girls were around one of the picnic tables playing a couple of games of UNO.

“Hi girls,” called out Becky, “where is everybody?”

Cindy called out, “UNO!” then looking at her mom said, “the boys are fishing at the river, Grampa Cam and Jim are over by the cabins making sure they are ready for visitors and Barb and Gramma Hazel went to the kitchen. Gramma Hazel was saying something about having to make a big batch of cinnamon buns.” as she played her last card and declared, “Game over! Time for the playground.”

Robert looked at Becky with a grin, “A big batch of cinnamon buns? We may have visitors much sooner than we expected.”

Over at site B24, the brunch cleanup had been completed and the rest of the unpacking and organizing was nearly done.

The three oldest kids, Luke and the twins, Tony and Sandra had decided together that they would love to go swimming. But not here at the campground. Mandy and Robbie had explained to them how nice and private the acreage was and how much Grampa Cam and Gramma Hazel loved kids so they went to their parents and asked if they could please, please join their new friends at their acreage for the late afternoon of swimming.

Valerie looked at Carter, “That would be arriving on real short notice.”

Carter looked at his three oldest, all patiently waiting for an answer with very expectant faces. “You know, maybe this is God’s way of saying, ‘Put me to the test in this and see if I am in it.’” He paused, thinking, listening, then, “Okay, let’s go see what else the Lord is going to do today.”

Val smiled, “Let’s go kids! Collect your towels and find the beach toys and let’s go see if we can find a mailbox with antlers on top.”

Robert and Becky walked into the kitchen to find Hazel and Barb well on their way to setting out three trays of cinnamon buns to rise.

Becky looked at all the trays with amazement, “How did you put these together so quickly?”

Hazel smiled, “Sometimes when I am baking I hear the Holy Spirit say, ‘Make a few more than you were planning.’ so I made three extra recipes of these buns and had them in the freezer waiting for the right time. Then, as we were packing the items away I heard, ‘Better get those cinnamon buns ready.’ so out they came and here they are and in an hour and a half we will have enough buns for a small army.”

Just then, Cam and Jim arrived. Cam took a look at the trays, “Are we expecting more visitors?”

Robert explained how their visit with Carter and Valerie had gone and how they had left with an understanding that they would be listening to the Holy Spirit about timing for a visit. “So, I guess we shouldn’t be surprised if they show up later today.”

“I guess we will have to wait and see,” said Jim, “but right now I think I will grab a cold one and head out to the river to see how the boys are doing. Who’s coming with me?”

The three men collected some refreshments and lawn chairs and made their way to the river. Hazel put some water on to boil for a pot of tea for the ladies while they waited for the buns to rise. As they sat on the porch enjoying the views Barb commented, “Seven children, two husbands, one Grampa and not a stitch of clothing! Is this what God intended the garden of Eden to be like?”

“Yes!” said Hazel, “Naked and not ashamed.”

The kids were all ready for a refreshment break when the scent of baking cinnamon buns wafted its way to the river and playground. It did not take long for seven nude children and three nude men to make their way back to the house where that delicious smell was coming from.

As they gathered round the picnic tables they heard the sound of a vehicle slowly making its

way along the lane. Duke and Daisy raced out to welcome even more visitors. A large van arrived and the whole Simpson family exited with lots of happy shouts of greeting.

“Come on over and join the company!” shouted out Cameron while getting the dogs to settle down. Hazel walked up with a big smile, “The cinnamon buns just came out of the oven. You are right on time.”

When Hazel mentioned ‘cinnamon buns’ the whole Simpson family stopped what they were doing. They all looked at each other, then kind of bashfully they all slowly took off all their clothes.

“I have to explain,” started Carter, “On the way here we talked about everything you explained to us. We decided to look for signs, kind of like Gideon in the bible. The first was if we found the antler mailbox easily then we would know that we were at least on the right track to investigate. But we were not sure about participating right away. The second sign was, that since you had mentioned cinnamon buns, if you had cinnamon buns ready for us then that would be God saying

‘I am with you in this.’ So if God is in it then for sure it is safe. So we decided that we would all get undressed together right away if someone offered us cinnamon buns when we arrived. And though I feel kind of strange standing here in front of a whole bunch of people in my birthday suit I don’t feel like I am sinning. In fact I feel decent and I think that I can hear God rejoicing with us right now. Does that make any sense?”

“It sure does.” said Cameron, “What you are experiencing right now is the way God created Adam and Eve, naked and not ashamed!”

“That’s good enough for me,” said Robbie with a laugh, “Let’s go guys, cinnamon buns and swimming!”

They emptied one tray of buns in short order and raced off to the river. Six very white bottoms among a bunch that were starting to get nicely tanned.

The adults made their way to the porch and made themselves comfortable.

Hazel was beaming with a big smile but tears slowly started running down her cheeks. “When we started building this place God gave me dreams that look exactly like what I am seeing now. Hopefully, one day, my own kids and grandchildren will be part of this group.” She gratefully took the tissue that Barb handed to her, “But I am so happy to see all of you here.”

Chapter 16 – No Longer Stifled

Sylvia answered the phone. She was pretty sure she knew who it was even though it was quite late. “Hello.”

“Hi Sylvia, sorry for calling you so late,” started Graham, “but I just got off the phone with Matthew, my brother. Apparently there was a big storm there last night and a lightning strike caused a lot of problems in the electrical service at his office. They gave him the rest of this week and all of next week off as a paid holiday until the problems are fixed. He asked if it would be alright if he came for a visit.”

“Did you tell him that we were heading out on the weekend to a place that is probably clothing optional?”

“Yes. He said ‘If I can handle skinny dipping with my big brother and younger sister, I am sure I can handle a resort with a bunch of naturists.’ So he is planning on starting the drive tomorrow morning. He should be here in time for supper. I

hope the rest are okay with me bringing my brother along.”

“I think everyone will be fine with it but maybe it would be a good idea if we all got together for dinner at a restaurant just to make sure of that. We could also use the time to plan what kind of food we should bring.”

“Okay, that sounds good. How about we go to the outdoor restaurant in the park. I think the Java Shop will be really busy at supper time and it might be hard to get a good table for six without reservations.”

“Okay, I will call Tisha and Kathy in the morning to confirm and let you know at lunch time.” said Sylvia.

Matthew checked the time – 12:30. Three hours to go if the traffic stays good and no road construction. He needed this break, needed time to think. His job was good in some ways, good pay, good benefits, decent holidays but working in a cubicle on the fourteenth floor of a

downtown office tower was not his idea of a good time. Stifled. That's what he felt like. He missed his brother; he missed the hiking and camping times; he missed being creative. Each new project seemed to be exactly the same as the one he had just completed. Engineering technology was supposed to stimulate all the creative juices of an active imagination, so said all the guidance counsellors who had steered him into this career choice. But instead he felt stifled. Graham had mentioned going camping to some kind of naturist resort with a few friends. He had talked about meeting Sylvia. Matthew could read his brother well enough that he knew that Sylvia was much more than his brother's friend. He was excited for Graham but he wondered where in the world God had hidden all the creative women. It seemed like all the girls he had dated were like his job, they all fit into certain types of slots without creativity, without surprises. They would probably make great wives for lots of men but for the most part they left him cold – and stifled.

Before he knew it, Matthew had arrived in Oakville. He had no difficulty finding the

restaurant following Grahams directions. Still a half hour to go. The trip had gone well.

He decided to take a walk along the river to wind down before heading to the restaurant. A slow saunter following the river upstream brought him to a nice viewpoint overlooking a wide section of the river. He stopped to admire the view.

“Graham! Graham what are you doing here?”

Matthew looked around. Some girl was calling out his brothers name but there were no other guys close by. But there came a girl walking straight towards him. She slowed down and stopped, looking very puzzled. “You are not Graham” she said.

“No,” he replied, “I have a brother whose name is Graham and we used to be mistaken for twins when we were younger. My name is Matthew.”

“Matthew”, she said at exactly the same time. The puzzled look was gone, replaced by a wide smile.

“Yes.” he said, “How did you know?”

“I’m Tisha. We are supposed to be having dinner together with a few others. How was the drive?”

“The drive went very well. I was early so decided to go for a walk to wind down before going to the restaurant. This is a beautiful park. Do you walk here often?” he asked as he gazed out over the river toward the mountains.

“Yes, it is very nice.”

He turned to look at her. She was gazing intently into his eyes, not saying anything. He returned her gaze, then, as if to himself but it came out quietly, “What beautiful eyes!” Then realizing he had said it out loud, “Oh, I’m sorry. That just kind of slipped out.”

She just quietly looked up at him and then asked, “Do you know the Master Artist?”

He paused, then looking around at the scenery surrounding them he said, “If you mean the one

who created all of this, then yes. But He knows me much better than I know Him.”

To herself, Tisha thought, “Don was right about this weekend being momentous.” as she looked up at the tall man gazing at the scenery.

“He knows me too.” she said quietly, then as he turned to look into her eyes again, out came, “Oh, by the way, the answer is yes.”

He laughed, “The answer is yes? And what may the question be?”

“You will know when the time is right.” was all she said.

She reached out her hand, “I think the others will be waiting. Let me show you the way.”

He took her hand and they started walking down the path towards the restaurant.

As they walked he thought to himself, “Lord, I don’t know what just happened and what all of

this means but I can certainly say ‘Bye bye’ to ‘stifling’.”

As they slowly walked along the path they started talking, getting to know each other. This was the girl who had the art studio where his brother had sketched a nude Sylvia. The Sylvia that he was pretty sure was going to be his own sister-in-law. They talked about camping, hiking and about how the Master Artist used living colour to reveal His own creativity. As they got closer to the restaurant he stopped. He let go of her hand and turned to face her. He put both his arms around her waist and said, “I think I know what the question is.”

She looked up at him with loving eyes, “And?”

“I’ll ask you when the time is right.”

She smiled, reached up and planted a big kiss right on his lips. “Let’s go find the others.”

Chapter 17 – Christian Community

Valerie slowly nibbled away at her cinnamon bun while sipping her tea. She watched thirteen children playing joyfully in the water. Seven girls and six boys, from preschool to high school seniors. And my, were they having fun. They hardly knew each other but there they were, laughing, swimming, splashing, playing tag and piggyback. No bullying, no making fun of each others nude bodies, just kids having a lot of fun.

She gazed around at the adults. Cameron and Hazel in their mid sixties and very well tanned, obviously experienced naturists. They appeared healthy and trim but their bodies were not about to be featured on the cover of the latest fashion magazine. Robert and Becky, two more experienced naturists by the look of their tans but again, the airbrush artists would be hard at work trying to make them a couple to feature on the billboard of a health products company. Then there were Barb and Jim. Very new to naturism as the tan lines were still very evident. But one would never have known that Barb had given birth to four children. And Jim obviously kept

himself in good shape from all the outdoor exercise he talked about: fishing, swimming, hiking and ‘creek stomping’. She hadn’t heard of a sport called ‘creek stomping’ before but it sounded like a lot of fun. If the airbrush artists were given a picture of Barb and Jim, they could hang up their tools and go for a holiday.

She had carefully observed the expressions on the faces of the kids and adults when they had stopped and disposed of all their clothing. She had seen how almost all of them had been looking over each others bodies but then all the gazes had shifted to eye to eye contact with lots of smiles and hugs. Body age, shape and size did not seem to matter. She was especially impressed when Tony, her 15 year old twin son, had walked over to Hazel and given her a long hug. The expression of joy and happiness was just as much evident on her son’s face as it was on Hazels.

And then when the two beautiful Johnson twins had engulfed Luke, her oldest at 16, in a group hug – the expression on his face was sheer happiness, not at all like the expression she had seen on his face a few weeks ago at the public

beach. A very shapely young woman in a very skimpy bikini had walked slowly by their blanket on her way to the water. She was not at all happy with the way Luke's expression had started to display all the signs of lust. She had not said anything because she was not yet sure how to approach the subject with him. But here two completely nude girls every bit as shapely as the bikini clad one at the beach were giving him bear hugs. One had even playfully smacked his bottom as they headed for the water but that other awful expression was nowhere to be seen.

Even now, watching and listening as the adults talked about solar panels, various ways of composting and how they were looking forward to six more of their friends joining them for the long weekend, one would never have known just by listening and looking only at their faces that from the top down to the very bottom they were all as naked as the day they were born. No sexual innuendos, no lewd stares, no provocative gestures, just eight adults enjoying a wonderful time of fellowship.

A Bible verse came to her mind, a verse from Acts 2, *and they continued stedfastly in the apostles doctrine and in fellowship . . .*

She looked around again, the kids playing like they were in the garden of Eden, the adults sharing with each other, building each other up. This was the Body of Christ at work.

“Carter.” she said softly. The others stopped what they were doing and looked over to her, sensing something in the tone of her voice.

“Carter, I would dearly love to move here. All the things my heart desires, the peace, joy, happiness, the loving relationships, the caring, the giving, the Body of Christ at work. I am seeing it all right here, right now! This is home, this is Christian community the way God intended it to be.” Tears were flowing. “The only thing better than what I am witnessing right now will be what we experience when Jesus returns.”

Chapter 18 – God’s Agenda

One more move accomplished. Six kids very excited at the prospect of camping with a bunch of new friends made for extremely high energy levels early Wednesday morning. No need to worry about breakfast – Hazel, Becky and Barb had assured them that there would be lots of pancakes, sausages, eggs and toast, enough to feed a small army, all ready for when they arrived. Everything was packed up in short order.

Val made one last tour of the site after Carter pulled the RV out just to make sure nothing had been left behind. All was good – not surprising as they had hardly spent any time there.

She still found it difficult to believe that this was actually happening. All the years that she and Carter had been searching for fellowship that resembled what they saw when reading the book of Acts together rolled quickly through her mind. They had met many very nice people, people with good hearts and good intentions at most of the places they had attended. But when it came to actually putting Christ before all else it seemed

that a Christianized version of the American Dream superseded all else.

So what was different?

As she thought back to all she had observed yesterday, an answer started to take shape.

When Judy got tired of the water and had asked who would play UNO with her, Mandy at 17, Sandra, Tony's twin at 15, Jude, her youngest at 6 and Judy's brother Benjamin at 7 decided to play along with her. There were no age or sex boundaries. She saw in her mind again the expressions of joy on the faces of Hazel, the grandmother and Tony, the young teenager when they had hugged right at the beginning.

There was a sincere desire among all of them to make sure that the needs of others were being taken care of – Hazel making sure that everybody had had enough to eat at supper time but not being offended when someone did not want to have a piece of her apple pie for dessert. It was like seeing Jesus washing His disciples' feet.

There was a vulnerability between them all. There was nothing to hide. It had seemed to her that when she took her clothes off that she was removing a disguise. She wondered how many women were hiding behind man made disguises of clothing, makeup and jewellery – ‘fondant’, that was the word for it, another way of saying ‘eye candy’. The statement ‘I wouldn’t be caught dead wearing that outfit!’ took on a whole new meaning. She understood now that a woman making that statement was a woman who had no idea of what her true identity could be in Jesus Christ.

And why do we wear bras? We are told that Christian women are supposed to dress modestly in order not to entice men. Then why do we wear bras designed to hold up our breasts in order to make ourselves more appealing to men? ‘To prevent them from sagging.’ was the presented reason. Well who really cares if my breasts sag? And if bras prevent breasts from sagging then putting my arm in a cast and sling for six weeks should make my arm ligaments stronger. Try telling that to a person in physio trying to regain strength after breaking an arm.

“Well,” she thought to herself, “No more hiding for me!” Barb had talked about having a bra burning party after learning that Becky’s mother had died of bra related breast cancer. She was going to be an active participant. All of hers would provide some more fuel for that fire.

Carter glanced at his wife after making the turn at ‘antler mailbox’, “You are very quiet this morning, is everything alright?” She reached across the console and took his hand, looked into his eyes with an excited smile and said, “Everything is just fine.”

Carter squeezed her hand, “Yes, yes it is.”

Duke and Daisy met them halfway down the lane and escorted them with lots of barking all the way to the site they had decided on yesterday. Most of the group was there to help get everything in place and organized. They were just about done when Judy arrived, “I have orders from the Kitchen Captain that the small army is to proceed to the picnic tables for breakfast duty!” Carter looked at Jim, “That’s about as level as it gets,”

looking at the level on the RV one last time, “we had better head over and do our breakfast duty. Don’t want to get into the bad books of the ‘Kitchen Captain’.”

“Which one?” asked Jim, “I thought I saw four of them busy as bees around that outdoor stove as you drove in.”

Everyone made their way to the picnic tables.

Val was standing beside Barb as they helped themselves to various breakfast items. “Look at this setup!” she exclaimed, “All these chafing dishes, serving bowls, dinnerware and cutlery – where did it all come from?”

“Hazel told me that as Cameron was starting to get campsites and cabins ready for a bunch of people that God told her to get ready the things needed to operate a community kitchen.” replied Barb, “So she has been buying all the items that she thought would be useful in a large kitchen setting. She explained some ideas to Cam and he started coming up with ideas as to how to set it all up. That’s why there is such a large wood fired

stove over there. He was going to build an outdoor pizza/bread oven but he said God told him to wait. He asked 'Why?' but the answer was, 'You will know when the time comes.' So they have been waiting. Hazel said that just last week she had been thinking about her own grandchildren and how much she missed them. She had commented to Cam that it seemed like God was taking a long time to bring people to start making use of the campsites and cabins. She said that they talked about Joseph in Egypt and about Noah building an ark. Her comment was that the 'ark' they were building right here could handle a lot more than eight folks. And that's when God gave him the verse at the end of Acts chapter 2, . . . *and the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.* Two days after that conversation they went for a walk to their favourite remote swimming hole and that is where they met us."

The eight adults were all sitting together at one of the picnic tables. They were enjoying the fruit of the labours of several kitchen workers, with lots of maple syrup for pancakes and hot sauce for eggs.

Val explained some of the insights that God had been revealing to her. She explained how she and Carter had been looking for a fellowship that had no hidden, personal agendas. “But when I watch what is happening here, it seems like I see only one agenda at work – God’s agenda. It is like all of us have laid down our own desires and are trying to really hear how God is leading. And it appears that much of God’s agenda has to do with building each other up and not trying to exercise control over others. We truly are members of one body that has Jesus as it’s head!”

Just then Cindy, Mandy, Lydia and Luke walked up to the table. Cindy asked, “Where are the tubs and dishcloths for cleaning up. We are going take care of all these dishes this morning.”

Hazel looked at the four of them, “Well thank you very much, but why?”

Mandy stepped over to Hazel, bent down and gave her a hug. “For the same reason that I gave you that first hug at the swimming hole.”

The adults were quietly enjoying coffee and tea as they watched the four oldest children gather up the dishes and start the washing and drying.

“Look at them,” commented Becky, “that’s not work that they are doing, they are having fun!” as she watched their smiles and listened to their laughter.

“Four naked teenagers, desiring to hear God, having a great time with each other while doing a whole bunch of dishes. What a surprise!” added Jim.

Chapter 19 – Everything is Just Fine

“Coming up on twelve miles.” said Graham and started slowing down. “Keep your eyes open for that mailbox with antlers mounted on top.”

“There it is!” called our four voices all at the same time. There was no way they were going to miss that turn off.

“Almost there.” said Sylvia with a sense of anticipation.

“Yup.” murmured Graham as he checked the rear view mirror for the red Ford Ranger. “There they come, not far behind.”

“A simple sign that says ‘Walters’, that must be it over there. But there are some more words underneath.”

As they got closer the smaller letters became legible – ‘clothing optional’.

“For sure it’s the right place.” laughed Matthew from the back seat. He gave Tisha’s hand a bit of

a squeeze. ‘Stifling’ had been left in the dust. Never before had he been so excited about a holiday in the mountains. He glanced once more at the beautiful woman sitting beside him. God’s timing had been perfect. Now he just needed to wait for the perfect time to ask the question that he was sure she knew would be coming soon. He leaned over and gave her a peck on the cheek. She smiled and kissed him back, right on the lips. “We’re here.” she said as Graham came to a stop.

Don, Kathy and Tom were right behind them.

They all got out to stretch. “What have we here?” laughed Don as thirteen naked children all trotted up with waves to greet them.

“We are the welcoming brigade.” said Cindy, “Welcome to the Walters Community. You may dress up or down as you wish. As you can see, we kids are not interested in dressing at all.” she added with a laugh. “Let me introduce ourselves, I am Cindy, my twin sister Mandy and my brother Robbie. Over here is the Saunders family, Lydia, Mark, Benjamin and Judy and the latest family to arrive, the Simpson family, Luke, Tony and twin

sister Sandra, Eleanor, Maya and Jude. And we would like to add that we all like hugging!”

Sylvia said, “Well thank you very much. I am Sylvia, Barb’s sister, this is Graham and his brother Matthew who came on short notice to visit his brother. The lovely lady who can’t seem to let go of Matthew’s hand is our wonderful artist Tisha. And out of the little red truck we have Don and his wife, my dear nude modelling accomplice, Kathy and their nephew Tom. But before we start with the hugs . . .” she paused, looked at Graham and asked, “will you please unzip me?” Graham unzipped the zipper at the back of her dress. Off it came. Then the bra was removed and finally down went the panties. “I am choosing to dress down with all of you.” she said with a big smile. It did not take long for the rest follow suit.

By then the rest of the adults had arrived, all introductions were made and lots of hugs exchanged. Val was watching again. Sure enough, the same expressions of happiness and joy on each of the faces regardless of age or sex and of who was hugging who. She looked up

into Carter's face, "Everything is just fine." she said with a big smile.

Carter squeezed her in a big hug, "Yes, yes it is."

End of Book One