



Elizabeth "Libby" Hanna Miller

February 23, 1937 – September 19, 2017

Greystone



*"Although you were in the spotlight, you had a way of turning it around to uplift and expose those you loved.
Thank you for being a shining light in a world filled with darkness."*

– Sally, in a letter to Libby

"Your impact is eternal, and your future is certain! To us you have been a guiding light...unselfishly."

– Cammy Bethea, in a letter to Libby

Greystone

**OPEN THOU MINE EYES,
THAT I MAY BEHOLD WONDROUS THINGS OUT OF THY WORD.**

Psalm 119 : 18





ELIZABETH "LIBBY" HANNA MILLER

1937

Libby Hanna born on February 23 to Virginia and Joe Hanna

1951

Chosen for Permanent Honor Council

1944

Libby's first summer as a camper was Joseph Sevier's last summer as Director

1952

Receives Riding Cup

1953

Elected as Odds captain and recognized as camp's Queen of Love and Beauty

1954

Last summer as a camper; Served as Evens lieutenant and chosen as Best All Around

1955

Voted Most Popular and Best Dressed upon High School graduation; Libby enrolled at Agnes Scott where she was voted president of her freshman class



"Last Sunday we sang 'Come Thou Fount' in church. I'm so thankful for the message I learned in this beautiful hymn through your heartfelt leading each summer at camp. All through the 80s as a camper and even into the 90s as I served as a counselor, 'To God be the Glory' and 'There's a Sweet Sweet Spirit in this Place' are two hymns that instantly take me back to the greatest place on earth."

— Dore Atwell Kesterson, in a letter to Libby

1957

Transferred to University of Kentucky and was on the synchronized swimming team; Love bloomed as she started dating Jim Miller

1958

Jim proposes, and Libby announces their engagement on the television show "The Price is Right"

1959

Libby marries Jim on August 22; married at camp on the Pageant Court by Dr. James Crook

1963

James F. "Jimboy" Miller IV is born

1960

Libby welcomes her first child, Katie Miller Grant

1967

The first summer with Libby and Jim as Directors; they renovated Grey Gables to live year-round at camp

1965

Libby and Jim's third child Stuart Miller is born



ELIZABETH “LIBBY” HANNA MILLER

1971

Libby rededicates her life to Christ

1972

Libby makes a stand for Christ within camp, reclaiming Biblical teaching and rededicating camp to its future course of being a camp "dedicated to the glory of God"

1973

Corrie ten Boom visits camp, much to Libby's excitement!

1974

Libby and Jim add the 3-week June session

1975

"The Toast to Libby" song is written by Cynthia Sturges, Val O'Flaherty, and Sue Johnson

1979

The two-week August session is added as well

1981

Libby's mother Virginia passes the Council Fire torch to Libby



"This is my fourth year at Greystone and every year I love it more and more. Whenever I hear stories about you, I smile because it amazes me how many people you have touched in special ways. I see your face on the Dining Hall windows and pictures of you in White Hall, and get so jealous thinking of how you get to spend so many summers at Greystone. I hope I will too."

– Brooke Self, in a letter to Libby

1984

Libby and Jim add the gymnasium and dedicate it to her mother Virginia

1987

Jubilee joins the Miller family as a 50th birthday gift for Libby

1988

The swimming pool is added; Libby's mother passes away, prompting the start of the Virginia Sevier Hanna Honor Council Cup in her honor

1992

Jimboy comes on as Assistant Director

2000s

Libby continues as Senior Director and teaches Bible classes and memory verses

2016

The Elizabeth Hanna Miller Horsemanship Trophy is given for the first time in honor of Libby

2017

September 19, Libby passes away

A WONDERFUL LIFE

By Jimboy Miller

Taken from his message at Libby's memorial service.





Elizabeth "Libby" Hanna Miller celebrated all stages of life and the people that made it special... the cheerleading squad in high school, the halls of Agnes Scott, the Chi O house at Kentucky, the Pavilion at Greystone, the village of Tuxedo, her church in Hendersonville... but most of all, her family.

Mama loved her sisters: Kacky (already with the Lord) and Edith, who was by her side to the end. She delighted in her husband of 50+ years – Jim Miller, a man who was bigger than life who loved Mama dearly and worked tirelessly to make her dreams come true. She loved her nieces and nephews, and their visits were always marked by joy. She loved her grandchildren, celebrating each birth and each addition with delight and watching them grow into their own unique personalities with wonder and admiration. Perhaps most of all, she loved her children. My father always said that "nobody will ever love you like your mother," and he was right. Losing that love has created a void in our hearts that will not be easily filled.

Her years at camp were golden. Libby was proud of the fact that she spent every summer at Greystone...then she would clarify by admitting that she did miss her skip year because her mother wouldn't let her come (Mama was very truthful and always did what her mother asked). She loved camp; no, more than that – she loved directing camp. She shaped Greystone into a community that reflected the love of God in a tangible way. Her words, notes, letters, and glances were powerful and expected to be obeyed! Mama was committed to keeping the campers healthy, happy, and learning about Jesus. She made camp a bubble: safe and wholesome in every detail.

Her protection was palpable and no detail was too small. After "retiring", she insisted on hearing detailed reports from the office. I would let her know what was going on, and she would ask questions – probing questions – down to the name of every supervising counselor and what their specific duties would entail. It was exhausting and always left me feeling like I could have done better. She would always end the meeting with a hug, and tell me that she thought I was doing a wonderful job. She voiced this same pride in Katie and Stuart. She was grateful for the way each of us were living our lives and the work that we did. She loved the fact that we were married (she was a serious romantic) and always wanted a full report on what was going on at home. Those talks were long, and they were memorable.

Libby loved teaching her Bible Class to the campers. She also encouraged every camper to memorize Bible Verses (always giving nice awards at Council Fire). She was our Spiritual Leader at camp, a role she naturally assumed and enjoyed.





As time went on, she no longer asked for the reports. She gradually stepped back from daily camp life. While she still came to meals, attended Camp Church, and delighted in her Bible classes, she gracefully moved over. We encouraged her to just enjoy camp: to sit on the Adirondack chairs by the lake and just soak in the joy of camp life; but, she never did so. For Mama, camp was directing. She couldn't imagine anything else.

She receded from view but her impact remained. All of us were aware that she might appear at any moment and hold us accountable for what we were doing. The campers and counselors teared up when I told them that this was most likely Mama's last summer. We couldn't imagine her gone.

Mama encouraged us to set priorities in life, and she was very clear on what those priorities were for her. She would quickly point out that the number one priority in her life was Jesus, not camp, not us. Jesus was her Lord and her Master. She put Him first in all things. She lived a Christ centered life and that single fact changed everything. It changed camp, and it changed our family. It was wonderful to grow up in such a place. I remember Mama sitting by the fire in her library on Sunday afternoons, surrounded by her books, reading *Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Whole Bible*, a cat purring on her lap and a dog sleeping at her feet. Hymns playing softly in the background. She would look up with a smile and say, "Isn't it wonderful?" In such moments she was completely enraptured with the glory of God.

Mama loved going to church, and she demanded the very best! She contributed significantly; her impact at Reformation Presbyterian Church was powerful but usually in the background. She did not want to be a focus of attention in the church. At Church, it was all about Jesus; she wanted every detail to glorify Him. We benefited from her strong opinions on design. The beauty of our church owes much to her time on the building committee. She labored over every decision, and in the end said, "it is good".

She anticipated Sunday Worship like a teenager anticipates a rock concert. Every part of worship was savored: the sacraments, the prayers, the singing, and most of all, the sermons. She always listened carefully, taking notes and discussing them afterwards. She was well-loved and well-served at her church, a fact that brought her great comfort.

So it is with joy that I think of her now...for she is worshiping at the feet of Jesus, surrounded by a community that is glorious beyond words, finally able to just sit and enjoy, looking back on her life from the perspective that eternity affords, how she was used to bring light and love to the world and camp.

Isn't it wonderful?





THE GIFT OF LOVE

By Katie Miller Grant

Taken from her message at Libby's memorial service.





Mama had a love of all things beautiful – a color, a scarf, a wavy full head of hair (which she did not have and always wanted), the love of a tree, the sky with big fluffy clouds, flowers beautifully arranged....really ALL flowers!! She had a talent for interior design and putting things together to make sense, to make a room beautiful. A good friend recently wrote this to us, which perfectly

described Mama: "I appreciated HER appreciation of beautiful things and places, never pretentious but always tasteful" - so well said!! Mama loved helping others with this interior design gift, and also loved architecture and floor plan design. She and Jimboy would spend hours working on camp buildings and landscapes; the result of this gift over decades is the physical beauty of Camp Greystone, her favorite place in the world.

She had a love of animals – while visiting with Mama during her last week, Stuart, Jimboy, and I were reciting the names of our cats and dogs that were family pets over the years: cats – King Tut, Furr Furr, Mazie, most recently Molly Kitty (now Trousers); we all decided that cats live a LONG time!!! Dogs – Heidi, Hildy, Herman, her favorite Jubilee, and many others, some who did not last too long in the household because they were BAD dogs, and Mama only liked good dogs!! In fact one of her last coherent phrases before she left us was, "I - DO - NOT - LIKE - THAT – DOG," as Murray the dog came running through her bedroom after her kitty. Honey is her current dog, who brought her much joy. Mama got her shortly after Daddy died, and Honey quickly became Mama's constant companion and head of the household!

Mama had a thankful and appreciative spirit – the GIFT of LOVE - There was not a task I performed, a meal I made, a medicine that I would give her, that she did not say thank you...in fact there was hardly not a day that went by that she did not say to me, "thank you for being here and I love you". Those words, that thankful spirit, delighted my soul and made the caregiving task easy for me. For every doctor, every nurse, every visitor friend or family, there was always a "thank you" and her beautiful smile. Our sweet hospice nurse Lorraine was a blessing to Mama. One day after a visit, Lorraine made the comment to me that she had been with hospice for years, and had never met a family with such an obvious love for each other and their mother; she said that it really was such a special feeling in the home, and she told me that visiting with Mama was always a highlight in her week. As for Mother, she could not imagine that EVERY family would not love that way. It was a pureness of her spirit, an absolute love of God and her family, a LIVING of life following biblical instruction on HOW to love, that produced this fruit that people noticed, even if in a brief encounter.





"I've come across very few people in my life who truly embody Christ, but I always know immediately when someone does. Libby believed the truths she taught, but she lived far beyond simple belief. She allowed the Scripture to transform her and the light of the Lord to shine through everything she did. I understand now that it was the Lord in Libby that brought me back to her Bible class every summer. Allowing the Lord to transform your life is powerful. It not only changes you, but everyone around you as well. Libby laid the foundation for my faith by being a beautiful example of what it looks like to lead a Christ-Centered life."

— Porter Grant



For Jimboy, Stuart and myself, the upcoming days will be a time of adjustment and change as we deal not only with the loss of our beloved mother, but also with the challenge of now becoming the heads of our families...becoming the matriarchs/patriarchs of the next generations of our children and grandchildren. But our Mother taught us well: to love each other wholly, unconditionally, not holding fault or hurt, placing love of the LORD first and then EACH OTHER above all else so as not to divide the family. She taught us to share meaningful moments with each other, celebrating occasions and having fun times together, to pass on to our children, grandchildren and all of our special friends who ARE family, the JOY of the Lord and the fruit of the Spirit that when practiced, create a family that while not perfect, is a reflection of what God wants in each of our lives. Thank you Mama AND Daddy for this priceless gift that we now practice and will carry on until we one day are reunited with you in Heaven.

I want to end on one final thought and remembrance. We have all been given gifts and talents which God directs us to use in His name. He asks us to do these things to the BEST of our abilities, and with a JOYFUL heart. One of my gifts is cooking and entertaining which I love to do, and there were many days and nights when Mama would sit in her chair by the window watching me cook and tasting along the way. She would always say to me, "I just don't see how you do that. I could never do that". And to her I would reply, "it is a gift, and so it is easy for me to do this. You have gifts that have always been hard for me to do", and she would smile. As we all do, sometimes she would get down about not "feeling" that she was useful or important; it is easy to fall into comparing each other's gifts and talents, thinking that one gift is better than another and then becoming discontent with who WE are. Right after I moved home 6 years ago, Mama and I had a quiet moment alone. She was still pretty down and sad about the loss of JimDaddy the year before, and she started reminiscing, saying to me in all earnestness, "Everyone loved JimDaddy; he was so outgoing, fun, and positive, and I miss him so much. I will never have the influence on people's lives that he had. All I ever did was tell people what to do in camp and teach Bible – that was not much compared to Daddy." It hit me so hard that she really did not see that teaching Bible at camp to the girls had SUCH a huge influence....that the seeds of salvation and God's love that were planted in young hearts, in the name of Jesus, DELIGHTED the Lord and would have lasting effects on generations to come. I know with everything that I am and believe, that as she entered into Heaven, she heard these words from her Savior, "WELL DONE, MY GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT"!!





LIBBY MILLER'S COURAGE IN RECOMMITTING



GREYSTONE TO THE LORD IN 1972

By Elizabeth Abernathy

Sincerity, courage, honesty, kindness, and truth.

Libby Miller lived the values expressed in Greystone's Honor Council pledge throughout her life. But courage was the value Libby most demonstrated in 1972, the summer she recommitted Greystone to its Christian roots. My firsthand perspective was that of a 17-year old camper who became a Christian several weeks into the 7-week session.

Before recounting events at Greystone in the summer of 1972, some background is needed. In February 1967, Libby and Jim Miller (then aged 33 and 30) moved to Greystone with their children Katie (6), Jimboy (3), and Stuart (1). Thus began the transition years between the second and third generations of Greystone's leadership. Libby's mother, Virginia Sevier Hanna, remained very active as the camp's senior director. A remarkable woman, Virginia Hanna was an awe-inspiring speaker and exceptionally strong role model. Under her leadership, Greystone was extremely successful, impacted thousands of girls' lives, and enjoyed very loyal alumnae support.

In the 1960s, Greystone described itself as a Christian camp founded by a Presbyterian pastor, Dr. Joseph Sevier. Sunday mornings were devoted to Sunday school and church services, but directors and counselors rarely spoke about their faith. Morning Assemblies were dull. Cabin devotions before "Taps" might consist of *Winnie the Pooh* stories for younger campers and contemporary poetry readings for older campers. In keeping with tradition, at the opening of the session, the entire camp recited the Bible verses in the Pavilion, but generally the Bible was not emphasized except on Sunday mornings. After dutifully bringing a Bible to the 1967 session as suggested in the catalogue, I concluded that I would not need it for future summers.

In the late 1960s and early 1970s, Greystone held fast to its values amid the cultural upheaval of the Vietnam War years. However, during the school year, Greystone's counselors and older campers were naturally affected by cultural changes, including challenges to Christian faith. After a counselor explained that she could not teach Sunday School because she did not believe in God, Libby realized that it was no longer safe to assume that Greystone counselors were believing Christians.



"My family always attended church, but it was really my summers at Greystone that awakened my heart to the love of Christ. And what a gift that has been!"

— Marjorie Sennett, in a letter to Libby



"Thank you for having the courage to rededicate Greystone to its Christian roots. Most people probably have no idea of the courage and conviction that took. Because of your life, I cannot imagine the number of people that will be in heaven...The world is a much better place because you were obedient to God."

— David Vining, *in a letter to Libby*



Beginning in 1970, Libby experienced a time of great renewal in her Christian faith. In 1998, she described this time: "From an early age, I had a spiritual nature. I think that's a gift; it's not something I earned. I tried to do what I thought God wanted me to do. In the early 1970s, I came to know Christ personally. That is what made the difference. I didn't know Him secondhand, now I knew Him in me. I had read the Bible since I was a child, but now the Scriptures came alive... I realized that, no matter how hard I tried, I fell short of God's standard of perfection. I began to understand the cost Jesus paid through His death on the cross, and I knew that only through abiding in Him on a daily basis could I be the wife, mother, and camp director whom God called me to be."

Libby discerned that Greystone faced a fork in the road. Her first choice as director was to "go with the flow" of cultural change, with Bible teaching generally relegated to Sunday mornings and a counselor staff holding a wide variety of religious beliefs. In essence, Greystone's Christian heritage would then become past history. Libby's second choice was to "swim upstream" culturally by recommitting Greystone to its Biblical Christian roots. She courageously chose the latter.

Greystone's summer of 1972 was tumultuous. There were pronounced divisions among both staff and campers about the new emphasis on Bible teaching and personal relationships with the Lord. Many alumnae were upset. Virginia Hanna and Jim Miller both questioned whether Libby had gone too far, too fast with the changes. Virginia's questioning turned to acceptance within a year when she invited Christian speaker Corrie ten Boom to Greystone in 1973. Soon Jim came to wholeheartedly embrace Greystone's Biblical emphasis.

In the 45 years since 1972, Libby and I have spoken often about that summer, a shared experience that created a bond between us. In remembering those events, she never "sugar coated" the challenges she faced. However, she wanted no praise for her actions then, for she viewed them as a clear calling from the Lord that He gave her the grace to fulfill.

Even for those of us who welcomed the new Biblical emphasis, the summer of 1972 was not our most fun at Greystone. But from the perspective of Greystone's 98-year history, the changes Libby made in 1972 were necessary, for she was acknowledging that all blessings ever received at Greystone have come from the Lord. As a result, thousands of Greystone campers since 1972 have clearly heard the Gospel and witnessed Christian faith in action from the camp's directors and staff. Many lives have been changed, including mine. I am eternally thankful to Libby for her courage and her faithfulness to the Gospel in that summer of 1972.



LESSONS FROM LIBBY

By Laura Green Hollowell





I am eternally grateful that I had the privilege of camping under, working for and with Libby for over 40 years!

The lessons I learned during those years are far too great to mention in one column and range from minuscule to life-changing. While sometimes it was not easy, I am thankful for each one and for Libby's willingness to work with me,

her patience as I faltered, and her belief in me that I could do it. I learned so much because Libby was Godly, wise, strong, amazing and the greatest role model.

Libby was a Godly example for every Greystone girl of putting Christ first in all things. She prayed about everything, applied Scripture to all circumstances and openly shared how she came to a personal relationship with Christ. She encouraged us to study and grow as she pointed us to examples like Hannah Whitall Smith's book, *The Christian's Secret to a Happy Life*, and the teaching and books of Elisabeth Elliot and Corrie Ten Boom. Libby was a great journaler, and her camp notebooks were filled with both details of camp and pages filled with her personal thoughts, struggles, prayers and verses she was relying on. Her faith was woven in every aspect of her life. Libby loved God with her whole heart!

As a director, Libby exuded confidence. She had a clear vision of what she wanted and how she wanted it to be done. She also fully expected that we would support each decision and would make it happen as instructed. And we did. Evening Programs, counseling campers, activities, staff, Dining Hall seating, cabin placement, Council Fire, Honor Council, announcements, awards, the Sparks, the G, setting up photos for the catalogue ... there was no detail too big or small that she didn't have an opinion about. And, I learned from experience that she was typically right. She was wise!

Libby did not back away from hard situations. She would talk to us and hold us accountable. She had some very hard conversations with many of her Greystone girls. (And with some of us, more than once.) When the Alumnae gather each fall, we reminisce about those times and are deeply grateful that Libby "sat us down on the honesty bench" or in her office or by the lake. Those moments and the lessons learned are among our favorite memories. We knew Libby loved us and wanted us to be our best, even though it didn't feel good at the time. I specifically learned from Libby how to ask forgiveness. "I am so sorry about ____, I was wrong to ____, will you please forgive me?" I got to learn that one more than once. I am thankful! She also taught me how to handle tough situations with campers and counselors. Even in the years when she wasn't in the office daily, I often marched myself up the hill for advice, which she readily gave. She was strong!

Libby showed great courage in the face of personal crisis. When she first received her diagnosis of breast cancer, she called a staff meeting in the hut after breakfast. I was

so nervous because I knew what she was going to tell everyone. She very calmly said, "I have been diagnosed with breast cancer and I want you to know that there is not a single thing I can do to add a day to my life or take away a day of my life. My days were numbered before the foundation of the earth. In the meantime, I am going to do all I can to live a healthy full life." And that was it, no tears, no nerves, no panic. I was in awe and admired it so. Libby was amazing!

Libby juggled a million details and at the same time was a picture of calmness and grace. Every phone call with parents was even and confident. When I would get flustered and didn't know what to say, she would take over and very calmly tell the parent that their daughter was not contributing to the cabin in a positive way and would be coming home. I saw that same steely grace during JimDaddy's funeral. I was a crying wreck, while Libby stood tall and sang every word to every hymn. Calmness and grace, Libby was a great role model!

At camp, most of what I say, when and how, so much of what I do, even where I sit, is based on lessons I learned from Libby; no one knew how to run camp better! While the intangible lessons are far greater, I am grateful for both. I am thankful for her love, support and the privilege of getting to spend so much time with her. The last words Libby spoke directly to me were, "I love you" and the last moments I spent with her, Katie and I were helping her. I think it was as it should be.

Libby's legacy lives on through her children, grandchildren, and every Greystone girl she influenced. They each reflect Libby's love of God and commitment to excellence. The great work that God started so long ago through Libby's grandfather that grew stronger through Mrs. Hanna and then Libby is now continuing through each of them.

In closing, Libby loved to remind us (from the catechism) that "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." I am comforted knowing that she is with JimDaddy and enjoying God forever!

"When Jim and Libby asked me to come back to camp, it was 1978. From that time on until around 1990, we worked together, meeting in early spring to put together plans for the summer. She was always on top of things and could get to the heart of a challenge very quickly. You would see her around camp talking to campers and taking a real interest in what they were saying. Homesick campers would soon be happy campers – she had a magic touch."

– Anna Bryan Sisk, in a letter to Libby

LOVE OF GOD'S WORD

By Sandi Taylor

I will fear no evil,
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;
You anoint my head
with oil, and my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and love will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.



I admired Libby Miller for so many reasons...she was a godly, confident, poised and loving woman.

She was direct and commanded authority when she walked in a room, all the while exuding warmth and kindness. She greeted each person she knew with that trademark big smile. She was fierce in her love for God, her husband, her family and this camp. But one of the qualities that I admired most about her was her passion for God's Word.

Libby loved the Bible because Libby deeply loved God. She believed the Bible was a book about God - given to us by Him as a love letter and our only rule for wisdom and life. Her unabashed love for God and His glory expressed through her deep, abiding love for His Word was clear to all of us. She carried a Bible everywhere she went and easily and regularly spoke Scripture as she talked with and counseled her family, friends, campers, and the staff.

One of my favorite traditions on Opening Day was at the end of the first Evening Program when Libby would read the four Scripture verses that are inscribed into the upper walls of the Pavilion. Before she would close in prayer, she would remind the girls that God's Word is the foundation for our hearts, minds, our very lives. She would have the girls read the verses with her and then explain what they meant. For example, one of the verses, Philippians 4:13, says, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." She would tell the girls that in Christ, God enables us to do

everything He has called us to do. Her confident, calm tone brought motherly comfort and encouragement to each girl as Libby pointed them to their Heavenly Parent.

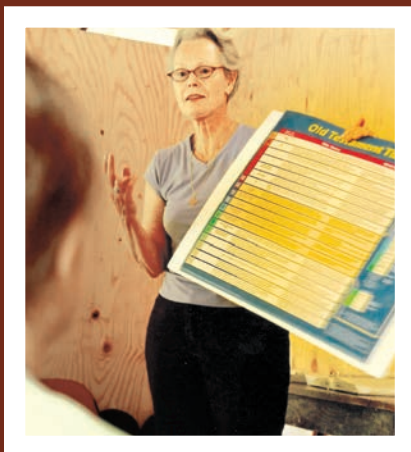
The next day, at the first Morning Assembly, Libby always gave the opening devotion. It was tradition and we all looked forward to it. She would read from God's Word and teach the girls that all Scripture is God-breathed and profitable for teaching, correcting, rebuking and training in righteousness (1Tim 3:16). Then she would explain to the girls that the Bible is really just one big story, from start to finish, about a Person. A really special, unique Person. Jesus Christ. All of Scripture, Libby encouraged, was about the love of God expressed to His people in the person of Jesus. She would set the course for the summer that EVERYTHING we do at Greystone is founded on God's Word. She unapologetically declared Camp Greystone to be a place where God would be glorified and everyone who entered the gates would be blessed by their time spent here. And so it was, and so it continues to be.

I am thankful for her example but more so I am thankful that she pointed all of us to the One who is the Word made Flesh. Jesus. Her Savior and ours. May we all walk in the wise ways of this godly woman who left a legacy of family, staff and campers who are learning, loving and being changed by the Word of God too.

Thank you Libby. We'll see you soon.

"If it had not been for you, your bible class, and memory verses, I am not sure I would have ever found a love of Scripture. Receiving the 'Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart' award is one of my fondest camp memories to this day...I still remember my memory verses from my first few years of camp, and they are helpful to know especially now as I transition into my first year of college."

— Carson Staples, in a letter to Libby



OUR KEEPER OF THE FLAME



As a gangly child dressed in all white – minus the brown dirt that inexplicably found its way onto my otherwise clean attire, my shoulders would rise and my back would straighten with attention when Libby stood up at the Council Fire ring.

She artfully wove together stories with descriptive settings, memorable detail, and convincing dialogue. I will never forget the fabled chirp of the Me-Me bird as he followed his momma around begging for worms or the upbeat monologue that Georgia recited as she polished silverware in "her corner." Libby used her graceful words to paint images and create characters that are preserved in the memories of Greystone girls far and wide.

The story that I looked forward to the most was the one that Libby told at Opening Vespers, the one known as "The Keeper of the Flame." Sitting on the floorboards of the Pavilion in the dimming evening light, I recall listening attentively as Libby recounted a Southern Appalachian legend about an excited bride-to-be and her linsey woolsey dress. Libby told us that, after the wedding, the newlyweds started a small fire to warm their bodies and their new homestead. The fire was tended continuously, at first for practicality, and ultimately as a symbol of their love and devotion. Throughout their life, they never let the fire go out. Then, when the couple ultimately passed away, their children and their children's children continued the work of stoking the embers, stirring the fire, and keeping a legacy aflame.

When I last saw Libby, she was seated in a chair on the pageant court with row after row of friends and family behind her. Before her, under a handmade wooden arbor, stood her granddaughter wearing a beautiful white wedding gown.

Suddenly, I thought back to the linsey woolsey dress and the Keeper of the Flame. It struck me that Libby has been the person primarily responsible for stoking the embers, stirring the fire, and keeping a legacy alive at Greystone. She has passed on the traditions and stories of her grandfather, Dr. Joseph Sevier, and her mother, Virginia Hanna, on to her children and grandchildren and to tens of thousands of campers. She is the link between the camp's origins and its future. Camp is nearly one hundred years old and Libby was a part of its history and legacy for over eight decades. She was the storyteller and the story. Libby, more than anyone else, has kept the fire alive.

– Jennifer Pharr Davis



My favorite memory of Libby Miller is during an evening she was teaching at the Council Fire ring. It was a cool night with the breeze stirring the pine trees, probably during late July. The campers and staff sat quietly on our wooden benches in our white shorts and t-shirts. I had been pondering what an amazing experience I was having so far at camp; it was like nothing I had ever experienced before, and I didn't quite understand what was happening to me. Libby began speaking as she held her Bible. She told the campers that the special feeling they feel every time they come to Greystone—that indescribable joy and peace or whatever it was I felt but couldn't name—is the spirit of Jesus Christ.

That was it. It was Jesus.

It wasn't the great programming, the wonderful counselors, the amenities, or even the unmatched community. No, Libby stood by those tall pines with the Council Fire illuminating her face, and she told the truth: The joy we feel at Greystone is always Jesus Christ. Something stirred in my heart that evening, I became more enthralled with my Savior than ever before.

– Heather Brown Holleman



HELPING OTHERS



One summer, as the session was just starting, a young camper was feeling terribly homesick. Her wonderful counselor had encouraged her in every way she could, but eventually the Group Leader's skill and attention were needed. That didn't work either. This child was desperate to go home, crying, missing classes, unable to participate in activities. Finally she was brought to Libby. I got to sit in. As Libby began to talk, and the teary camper began to listen, it felt like watching a miracle unfold. Libby kindly assured her that she most certainly was not going home, and that she would most certainly have a wonderful camp experience. The words she spoke were undoubtedly important, but it was that confident spirit she imparted – the expectation that this girl could and would succeed in this challenge. As I watched the child's wide-eyed response, both trusting and tentative, I again witnessed Libby in the process of transforming a young life. Shaping a girl's heart to prepare her for life.

– Joan White

Libby inspired my parenting of my two daughters by her example.

When I wanted to coddle campers who insisted on not eating anything served in the Dining Hall, Libby said, "No. When they become hungry, they will eat." And they did. Once, I sat with Libby outside the Group Leader office as she counseled a young camper who only complained and wouldn't follow rules. Libby leaned down with her hands folded on her lap and calmly said to her, "You can follow two paths in your life: God's or Satan's. Right now, you are on the wrong path. What kind of girl do you want to be? What kind of woman do you want to become? You are not becoming that person right now." Listening to Libby speak so clearly--with authority matched with encouragement and wisdom--amazed me every summer. Years, later, when I became a mother, I learned how to parent with the firmness and authority I saw Libby model.

– Heather Brown Holleman

"Because of you and the rest of the Greystone family, I knew since the age of sixteen that I wanted to serve the Lord by getting my degree in counseling. I now have my license and live in Alabama. I have you to thank for inspiring me."

– Harriet Smith, in a letter to Libby

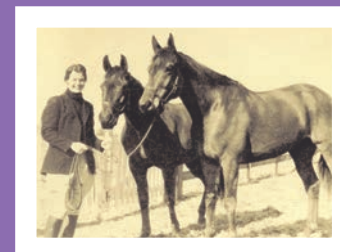


PASSION FOR ANIMALS



I remember Libby riding in the ring, doing very well & handling her horse skillfully; I was still in T1 and wishing I could ride as well as she. Libby was a beautiful rider—heads up and heels down—winning all kinds of camp show ribbons and cups. She also won at the Hendersonville Horse Show, riding against other camps and riders. She was truly a skilled rider, and you could tell she loved every minute on a horse.

— Anna Bryan Sisk



Libby and I met in the 1970s, soon after she had made her stand for Christ at Greystone. My husband Jerry and I were working with Campus Crusade, and JimDaddy invited us to a movie showing near our house. Camp was having trouble with their Riding program, and Libby wanted Jerry and I to take over the program. Libby had a great passion for horses, having grown up riding, and wanted the Greystone Riding program to have a fresh start.

It took a year, but they finally convinced us to start running the barn. Libby and I quickly became wonderful friends. We had many things in common – our love of horses, children, and Jesus – making it a natural friendship between the two of us. Whenever she would see me, Libby would call out, “my dear friend”, which was always so special to me. Libby would often come down to see how the horses were doing and watch the girls ride.

Jerry and I had many wonderful years at the barn, working alongside Libby. Our daughter Lisa also worked at the barn, making it a sweet time for our family. Lisa quickly took over as head instructor and had a beautiful way with teaching girls the love and care of horses. When JimDaddy and Libby stepped back from directing camp, we all stepped down at the barn too, but remained great friends with Libby. Riding was always a common topic that brought back many fond memories when we would visit with her.

In 2016, my daughter Lisa started running the barn, and Libby was just thrilled to see the program return to the way she remembered it from her years of directing camp. Libby’s granddaughter Elizabeth also started working down at the barn, and this thrilled Libby to no end! When the riding staff arrived in 2016, Libby came down to the rings, as they lined up to introduce themselves to her while she watched them ride. She was just delighted!

We’ve had two riding trophies over the years at camp, but both cups are covered in names from past Greystone winners. When Lisa took over the barn, she wanted to start a new Riding trophy: the Elizabeth Hanna Miller Horsemanship Trophy. It was a wonderful way to honor Libby, a woman who invested so much of her time and love into horses and the Greystone riding program.

This past summer, Libby was not very involved in camp. As the Horseshow neared, we assumed she wouldn’t make down to present her trophy to the winner. As the Show was winding down, we look up to see Libby unexpectedly riding down on a golf cart, arriving for the final show. Libby was able to present her trophy to this year’s winner, as her two grandchildren, Catherine and Elizabeth, who love riding just like their grandmother, surrounded her. This was Libby’s last appearance in camp, making it a very special memory for me.

– Jeanne Ashmore

Libby loved animals. She loved every one of her dogs, cats, and horses over the course of her lifetime. It was unusual to see Libby at camp without a devoted dog by her side.

Libby grew up with horses. She rode with a natural grace, elegance, and confidence. As a young girl, she participated in horse shows, and later belonged to the Tryon Hunt Club. Libby taught Pony Club and knew not only how to ride, but also how to take care of her horses.

Libby made sure that Katie, Jimboy, and Stuart all learned to ride at a very early age. When Libby’s back became so painful that she could no longer sit on a horse, she still loved to visit the horses in the barn to say hello. JimDaddy used to laugh and say that one of Libby’s favorite pastimes was just watching her horses graze contentedly in the pasture.

My personal memory of Libby and horses will always be one of my Greystone favorites. When I was 9 years old, Libby was my counselor in Tentalow U2. (The week after camp ended in late August that summer, Libby married Jim Miller!) In addition to her tentallow responsibilities, Libby worked in the riding department. Back in those days, there was only one 8 week session, so all the campers had plenty of time to learn new skills.

Riding was my favorite activity at camp, and Libby made sure that I was given every opportunity to progress past the beginner level. I will never forget the morning when I finally cantered for the very first time on “Sunny,” a plump golden palomino. Libby ran along beside me as we circled the entirety of the hot dusty big ring, all the while encouraging me and cheering me on (and making sure I did not fall off!). When we all returned to the tentallow after lunch, she celebrated with me again as we relived the shining moment together. It was the GREATEST OF DAYS!



Libby also had a special love for dogs. She always made sure that her dogs were treated as part of the family. Her dogs were usually included in family pictures, next to her side. When Libby decided to commission beautiful individual oil portraits of each of her family members, she also made sure that her Golden Retriever, Jubilee, had his formal portrait painted (dressed as a country gentleman). The masterpiece is proudly displayed in the front hall of her home.

– Barbara Pharr



A TOAST TO LIBBY



A toast to you we raise tonight
Dear Libby
To us you have been a guiding light
Unselfishly
Golden days of Greystone may pass
But the memory of your love shall last
Proud are we now to honor thee
Dear Libby

MEMORIAL GIFTS

Memorials can be sent to the Great Day Fund, our camp scholarship program providing camperships for girls whose families cannot afford camp.

Donations can be made online:
www.campgreystone.com/alumnae/the-great-day-fund

Or mail a donation to:
The Great Day Fund
21 Camp Greystone Lane
Zirconia, NC 28790



COUNTDOWN TO THE 100TH

This upcoming summer marks our 99th summer of Greystone, making our centennial celebration just around the corner in 2019. Please make sure you are following our blog and social media accounts, as we will use both to share information about celebratory events.

Follow along with us:

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Greystone

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*"In the early 1970s, I came to know Christ personally. That is what made the difference.
I didn't know him secondhand, now I knew him in me."*

– Elizabeth "Libby" Hanna Miller

Greystone