

## President's Message

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We had a great Family Days camp even with the rain. A few brave souls stayed through the storms Saturday night. It didn't seem fair to get rained on two years in a row, but that's life. Like the storms of life that come, God takes us through them and this helps to build our faith. I believe God can turn the storm clouds around if He chooses to do so, but we would miss out on great learning experiences. If we are going to do a work for God we must not let the weather hinder us. "He that observeth the wind shall not [sow]; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." -- Ecclesiastes 11:4

We had a good turnout for the fall Phase II. Eight new members braved the rain and cold.

I'm looking forward to next year and the great events we are planing. Hope you all had a good Christmas and remembered to keep Christ in your Christmas. Hope to see you at the next event, whether it be here or up there...

Sherman "Roadrunner" McDaniel



# Look What's Happening . . .

## Basic Ranger Training

The BRT's will be February 26-27. This year we are going to try something different. We are going to have 3 BRT's at 3 different locations: Austin area call David Wills (512)272-4232, Jacksonville area call Harley Wilcox, and Wichita Falls area call Tom Hankins. These men will be heading up the BRT's in their areas. We plan on having some good classes and we also plan on teaching a NMLRA course (for your FCF shooters card) at each location. Let's try and have a good showing at each BRT!

## Horse Camp

The horse camp is coming up Jan 15-17. This will be a camp to make. I hear there are going to be some real challenging events and some great prizes for the winners. If you would like more information please call David Wills at (512)272-4232.

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## Question

What is claustrophobia?

It is either the fear of buying Christmas gifts or the fear of getting stuck in a chimney.

## Local-Non-FCF Rendezvous

- Jan 15-17 : Texas Pioneer Muzzle Loaders @ San Patricio call Dan Overpeck (512)991-3223
- Jan 22-24 : Dallas Muzzle Loaders Frozen Foot @ Tool call Judy Rasco (214)932-3614
- Jan 22-24 : Sabine Valley Cabin Fever Shoot @ Longview call Lefty (903)643-7023
- Jan 29-31 : T.A.B. @ Deanville call Berry Shechter (713)473-1558
- Feb 5-7 : Indian Creek @ Mineral Wells call Dick Lassiter (817)295-2112
- Feb 26-28 : Dead Horse Creek @ Aquilla call Pinky (817)694-5688

If you would like to attend any of the above camps with other FCF folks or would like to know more about it, please call Sherman McDaniel (214)660-1117 or Gary Bierschwale (214)442-1325. Most Camps require pre 1850 dress and campstyle.

## Brush Poppin'

The Brush Poppin' will be March 12-13 at Maypearl. The competition will be a little different this year but I think you will really like it!

## Enduring Hardships

by Sherman McDaniel

The frontiersman who went out into the uncivilized wilderness of our country in the beginning of our nation were courageous, rugged, and they were able to endure many hardships. They paved the way for civilization to keep moving further west. We owe a dept of gratitude to them for what they did.

Throughout the Bible we find that there were people who endured hardships to bring to us the Christian heritage that we now have. Many of them scarificed their lives, were tortured, or put in prison for their faith. We owe a dept of gratitude to them because they kept the faith and paved the way for us to have the gospel of Jesus Christ.

John the Baptist was a man seasoned in the ways of the wilderness. He came eating locust and wild honey. He wore a garment of camel hair and a belt of leather. He was accustomed to a harsh lifestyle and was a very rugged individual much like some of our early frontiersmen. He wasn't spoiled by the man-made doctrines of his day. He came preaching a simple message which did not require a degree in Theology. His message was *repent and be baptized*. When Jesus was speaking of John he said "What did you go out into the desert to see? A reed swayed by the wind? If not, what did you go to see? A man dressed in fine clothes? No, those who wear expensive clothes and indulge in luxury are in palaces" - Luke 7:24-25. Many people are looking for all the right things in life like peace, joy and happiness, but they look in all the wrong places. Many people say they are looking for God's will, but they are looking for something soft and easy. God may ask us to do something that is hard, difficult, and beyond our ability, but He wants to show us what He can do through us.

As a boy growing up on a farm in the Texas Panhandle, I experienced the hardships of working many long, grueling hours in the fields. After coming back to the Lord as a young man the Lord called me into the Royal Ranger ministry. This was not an easy task for me. I've had to endure all types of weather conditions, insect bites, and all the hardships that go with a camping ministry, but by the help and grace of God I've been able to endure.

When hardships come our way we need to keep the right attitude. Hardships will either make you a better or a bitter person. If we look around we can always find someone who is having worse hardships than we are. We can pray for them and ask God to help us not be bitter about what is happening to us. As we approach the coming of Jesus Christ we know that there will be hardships to face, but we must hope and pray that we will be saved by the trumpet and counted worthy to escape all these things that are coming on the earth. We should not worry about the future, but leave it in God's hands, and take it one day at a time.

Are we committed to follow Jesus regardless of the cost? Or do we try to go around the hard places! "Endure hardship with us like a good soldier of Christ Jesus" - 2nd Timothy 2:3. When the going gets tough, the tough get going. Let us do our part to reach a harvest of souls for Jesus Christ.

# The Cowboy's Christmas

retold by Jeremiah Tailor

It was late December in Montana. The snow was blowing flat across the plains as the cowboy rode west. He knew the sun was setting, by the darkening sky, but the sun was invisible behind the snowpacked clouds. "It's gonna get cold tonight," he thought, "Really cold." There didn't seem to be a good place to camp out of the wind here, so he kept on, the icy blast pushing his collar up under his hat and swirling his bandana around his chin. He reached down and shook his canteen. No sound. It was frozen solid.

He was glad for his wooly coat, and that his saddlebags had enough food for his dinner and breakfast. After that, he'd have to find something else. He rode to the top of the next hill and looked down into the valley below. There was a farmhouse and a small barn, and what had recently been a garden, though now all it showed was a few cornstalks and furrows of snow. Just over the hill was a small calf, lying motionless on the ground, mostly covered with snow. He rode over to it, and noticed it was still alive. He got off his horse and struggled to lift it onto his saddle. He climbed back up, and with the calf in his lap, made his way down the hill to the farmhouse.

When he was close to the door, he called out, "Hello the house! Is any one home?" One of the feed sack curtains on the window opened a little, and a small boy's face looked out for a second. Then the curtain swung closed again. After a short pause, the door opened, just a bit.

A woman said, "Are you traveling through this storm? Please come in and get out of the wind."

"Thank you, ma'am, may I put my horse in the barn first? He's cold and tired, too, y'know -- and I found this calf up on the hill there, near froze to death. Reckon we could use a stall in the barn?"

"Yes, of course. When you get your animals taken care of, please come in." She closed the door and set about tidying the place a little. There had been no visitors in a long while, and she was glad to have another person to talk to. That was how folks found out the news, by talking to travellers.

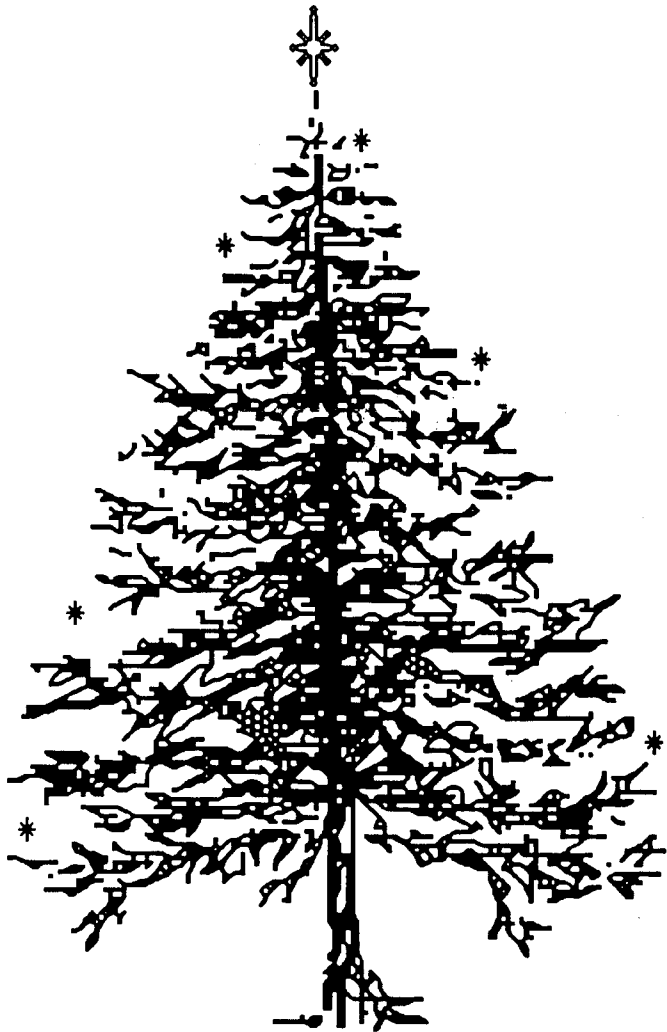
"Thank you, ma'am." He touched the brim of his hat in salute, as well as the wind would allow, and headed off to the barn. It was more of a shed than a barn, but it had a couple of stalls and some hay already cut, but no livestock. He put the horse and calf in the stall farthest from the wind, and hung a sheet of canvas over the side to break the wind so they could warm up. He gave them a scoop of oats and some hay. The horse began to eat, but that calf just stood there shivering. He tied his wooly coat around the calf's body, hoping to give it a chance to warm some. He flopped his saddle in the tack room, and wrapping his blanket around his shoulders, hurried back to the house.

Before he opened the door, he stamped his feet to get the snow off, and stepped into the small room. He quickly closed the wooden door behind him. He took off his hat and looked around. Three sets of eyes met his, the woman's, a boy's and a little girl's. There was no wind in the room, but it was still cold. He looked over by the fireplace. There were no logs cut, only kindling. It made a quick fire, but not too warm. The two children were sitting on their bed, wrapped in a thin blanket. Their mother was standing near the fireplace, wearing her coat.

"Sir, would you like something to eat? We have some bread and some vegetable stew here."

"Yes, ma'am, and I'd be glad to toss some jerky into the pot if you'd allow me." He was beginning to get the picture. There was little food in the house, no firewood cut, not enough blankets, and not much chance of getting any. It was pretty clear that the man of the house was either away, or gone for good. In either case, they needed help. "I'd be honored to share some grub with you." He'd noticed how the little one's eye's had brightened up when he mentioned the meat. "I'll just have to go to the barn for my saddle bags."

He turned and moved back into the barn. He wanted to check on his horse anyway, and the calf. His eyes slid around the tack room, and located the tools he'd need. Moving to the stall, he saw the calf was down. He'd been too cold, and couldn't warm up, so he'd just died there. "Aw, that's too bad. Maybe if I'd come along a couple of hours earlier, or if he'd come down to the barn on his own... well, now he don't feel cold anymore, at least." He made sure his horse was alright, and recovered his coat from the calf. It felt good to put the sheepskin wool over his vest. He took the saddlebags and coffeepot from his



gear. He headed back into the house, warmer, and with a plan.

) "Here's the meat, ma'am, and there's more in the barn. That calf didn't make it. In a bit, I'll go out and butcher him for later. You can eat a couple of weeks on that, and with this cold weather, the meat will keep just fine. While you're warming that up, I'll just go around back and chop some wood for the fire. I don't suppose that kindling will hold out much longer." Before she could answer, he was out the door.

He looked around the back yard. There was a recent grave, with a cross over it. "Probably the man of the house. Bad time to leave, in the winter. They ain't got a place to go, and no one to help them get there. Good thing I came along when I did, or they'd all likely freeze." Chopping the logs was hard, but the steady work kept him warm. He cut a couple of stacks, and put them next to the house in the back. He grabbed a dozen thick chunks of wood and carried them to the chopping block. He split them so they'd burn faster and carried an arm load back into the house. By the time he got there, the stew was ready. He put two of the split logs on the fire, and stacked the rest by the hearth.

The lady spooned out steaming bowls of stew and placed one at each of the four chairs around the table. They sat down. She said, "Mister, would you ask the blessing over this food?"

"Yes, I'd be glad to." They folded their hands, and he said, "Lord, thank you for letting me find this family, and for the food we have here, and for their hospitality. Thank you for giving me a chance to help these folks, and for the warm place out of the wind. And thank you for your blessing this night, on Christmas Eve. Amen."

"Mister, where did you come from? What's your name? Where are you going?" The boy was asking a list of questions that all of them had on their minds. It was usually considered impolite to ask questions of strangers.

"Jubal, mind your manners. Please excuse my son, he's seven. I'm Dinah Finley, and these are my two children, Jubal and Leah. Thomas, that's my husband, is...away."

"Yes, ma'am, I figured that, I saw when I was cutting wood. Has he been...uh, away long?"

Her eyes began to water, and she looked down at her bowl. "No, I

guess there's no sense in trying to hide it. He died of a fever two weeks ago. Just before the snows started. We've had a hard time of it since, can't get out much to do anything in this weather."

"Yes, ma'am, that's so. It's pretty chilly out there. Would you mind if I stayed over in the barn tonight? I need to get the calf ready, and that would be a good place to do it, considering the weather ain't much for camping."

"Certainly you may. Thank you for the work and the meat."

"Don't mention it, ma'am. By the way, my name is Gabriel. Gabriel Bradley. I'm from Wyoming and on my way to Idaho. This is some of the best stew I've had in a long time. Thanks for the food, ma'am."

They ate their food, dunking homebaked bread in the gravy left in their bowls. After dinner, they talked a while, then Dinah sent the children to bed. She tucked them in their blanket and listened to their prayers. Jubal said, "God bless Mr. Gabriel for helping us out. And Merry Christmas, I mean, Happy Birthday, Jesus. Amen." They went to sleep.

Gabriel looked around the room. There were no decorations, no presents, no food, not enough blankets. He said, "Well, ma'am, I better get on that calf. Might take a couple of hours to quarter and clean him. Besides, I need to check on my horse. Thanks again for the food and conversation. By the way, would you mind if I brought a little spruce tree in and sort of fixed it up for the children? It wouldn't be trouble, and they'd like to see it in the morning, don't you think?"

"Mr. Bradley, you're like an angel. I'll get some things to put on it. That would be very nice. They'd really like it."

Once again, he headed out to the barn. He walked up the hill and chopped a small, but full spruce tree. Then, using the tools in the tack room, he flattened the base and nailed a stand on the bottom. He brought it into the house, and they strung berries and bits of colored paper into garlands. When it was all done, they stepped back and looked at their work. It wasn't the best tree either had seen, but under the circumstances, it was as good as any could be. It's not the price of the decorations that make a Christmas tree beautiful, it's the love that goes into the decorating.



He said good night and went to the barn. The first work was to butcher the calf. When that was finished, he hung several large pieces from cords in the top of the barn to freeze. He cut most of the smaller pieces into thin strips to dry into jerky. Then he took out his pocketknife, and selecting a smooth piece of pine pole, began to whittle a doll for Lea. He cut his bandana into a wrap for the doll's dress. He was sure she could improve it later, and with the remaining part, he wrapped up the knife for the boy. "There, that should do. It ain't much, but it's all I got. Hope it's enough. I 'spect I can get another knife pretty soon. Anyway, I've got my sheath knife." He tacked the calfskin to the wall of the barn to dry. They'd be able to make something out of it later. Before it was dawn, he was finished with all his work. He saddled his horse, and walked him over to the front of the house.

As quietly as he could, so he wouldn't wake anybody, he went in and put the doll and the knife under the tree. He slipped another log onto the fire. The room was warmer than the barn, but still pretty cool. He took his blanket and folded it neatly under the tree for Dinah. Then he turned, walked out the door, and rode off. He was not much for goodbyes, and knew they'd feel uncomfortable if he were there when they woke, and had no present to give him. He remembered the Scripture, "It's better to give than receive" and thought about that. "Yes, that's true," he said as he looked back from the top of the hill. "Merry Christmas, little family. God bless you." He turned and rode off, still heading west. Overhead a hole in the clouds opened, and a shaft of sunlight fell across his shoulders.

When they woke, Gabriel was gone. Jubal said, "Mom, do you think Mr. Gabriel was the Gabriel from the Bible?"

"I don't know, Jubal, maybe he was." As she looked up the hill, she saw a sunbeam shining down. Maybe the weather would take a turn for the better. ┌

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**Live your life so that if someone says, "Be yourself," it's good advice.**

**Robert Orben**

## Classified Ads

**Jeremiah Tailor Mercantile.** For all your buckskinning needs call David Wills @ (512)272-4232. *Are your clothes Tailor made? Well, they should be...*

**James Townsend & Son, Inc.** Historical Clothing - Hats - Lanterns - Tomahawks - Knives - Trade Silver - Books - Guns - Tentage - Blankets - Accessories. To order your catalog send \$2 along with your name and address to: James Townsend & Son, P.O.Box 415-MB, Pierceton IN 46562

**Crazy Crow Trading Post.** P.O.Box 314 D-5, Denison TX 75020, (903)463-1366. Send \$3 for catalog #11. 80 pages... many new items!

## Chapter Affairs

What do Jerry Atkinson, Nathan Strickland, and Gary Bierschwale have in common? They all recently advanced to Buckskin (finally...).

Reaching the level of Wilderness in FCF is not an easy task, but we recently had two brothers obtain this goal. David Wills and David Kellum attended a Pow Wow in South Texas last month and advanced to Wilderness. David Kellum is still a young buck which means he had to work extra hard to reach this goal. Very few young bucks have done this!

A hearty congratulations to all the individuals mentioned above for their hard work in obtaining the advancements listed. The advancement trail is something we should all be striving for. If you have something you would like to report for our Chapter please call Gary Bierschwale @ (214)442-1325 so we can get it in the next *Chapter Affairs*.

## 1993 BRT Schedule

Feb 26-27

There will be 3 BRT's this year at 3 different locations on the same date. The cost of \$5 and format of the training will be basically the same at all three locations. Listed below is the itinerary of all 3 BRT's:

Friday	*:** - 7:30 pm	Sign In
	7:30 - 8:30	Correct Uniform Class
	8:30 - 9:30	Awards Ceremony Class
Saturday	9:00 - 10:00 am	Camp Area Set-up
	10:00 - 11:00	Ropecraft
	11:00 - 12:00	Cooking
	12:00 - 1:30 pm	Lunch Time
	1:30 - 2:30	Compass
	2:30 - 3:30	Lashing
	3:30 - 4:30	Toolcraft
	4:30	Time to go home!

There will be a NMLRA course available if you wish to take it (there will be an added charge of \$5 for this course). The NMLRA class will start at 9:00 and run to 5:00.

Straight Arrow/Buckaroo classes will be running during the day also. Call Dwain Klopfenstein for more details @ (817)281-0081.

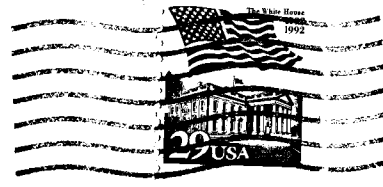
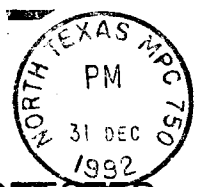
The 3 locations and contacts are: David Wills in Austin area @ (512)272-4232, Harley Wilcox in Jacksonville area @ (903)489-2787, Tom Hankins in Wichita Falls @ (817)525-4203.

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President	Vice President	Scribe	Historian
Sherman McDaniel	Clyde Poldrack	Gary Bierschwale	
(214)660-1117	(512)441-2323	(214)442-1325	

FCF Chairman  
 District Commander  
 Leonard Ward

**FRONTIERSMEN CAMPING FELLOWSHIP OFFICERS**

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