

NORTH TEXAS DISTRICT SIGNAL FIRE

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July 2005



**North Texas Recognized
by Thomas Trask
at 2005 National Royal Rangers Council**

Reaching, Teaching, and Keeping Boys for Christ in the North Texas District

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Commanders Corner

By Paul Patterson, NTX District Commander

Pastors and commanders,
 Thanks for a great year in Royal Rangers. We lead the nation in the number of Gold Medals of Achievement and also the greatest numbers of medals overall for 2004. This is from your hard work and dedication from your outposts. A big thanks because your commanders worked hard, and it shows. At the time of this newsletter, we are still in the lead for the number of GMAs for 2005.

As you review the calendar, you will see we still have a lot of activities coming up for the remainder of the year. Come to these events and they will help you and your outpost move forward.

This year's theme "Each One Teach One" moves us into the winter camp this November with the theme of "Heart to Teach."

Let's keep pouring ourselves into these boys. As I have told each commander at Pow Wow, the theme for next year is "Pour Him Out." We can continue to develop our outposts to be warriors for Christ. Our theme is taken from 2 Kings 4:1-7 where Elijah told the widow

woman how to pay her debt. Her sons were to go to all the neighbors and get all their empty "jars" and bring them to their house. She was then to pour out her oil into these jars. When there was no more oil, the jars were to be taken and sold to pay off the debt and they could live off the rest. I look at this story as a commander going and getting all the boys they can find in their neighborhood and bringing them to their outpost meetings. They are to "Pour Him Out" until the boys are full. At this time they are returned so that they can pay off our debt to Christ.

I pray and hope that you will get the burden to bring in these boys and fill them up with the Holy Spirit. This is our objective. To reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ.

If my staff or I can be of assistance, please contact me at the district office.

In His Service,

Paul Patterson, District Commander
 paul@royalrangers.net

2005 Pow Wow Praise Report

	Friday PM	Saturday PM		Friday PM	Saturday PM
Saved	1.....	7	Refilled	2.....	7
Rededication	35.....	14	Healed	6.....	9
1st time Holy Spirit	14.....	1	Other.....	1.....	5

North Texas Recognized by Thomas Trask At the 2005 National Royal Rangers Council

By Jonathan Trower, SCR Regional Coordinator

During the 2005 National Council in March, the Royal Rangers from North Texas were recognized for excelling in many areas. The photo on the cover of this issue of the Signal Fire shows District Commander Paul Patterson receiving one of many awards from General Superintendent Thomas Trask during the Silver Eagle and Awards Banquet.

Awards received by the North Texas District among the largest districts (350 or more churches) include:

1st place Number of Gold Medals of Achievement

1st place Total number of boys medals earned (Bronze, Silver, and Gold Medals of Achievement)

1st place Number of churches with Royal Rangers (ACMR self-report)

2nd place Total number of boys and leaders

3rd place Number of chartered churches

Individual awards presented during the National Council included:

Silver Eagle Award	Paul Patterson (12 th year)
National Medal of Merit	Ronnie Franklin
	Mark Oliver
	Darrel Russell

Who is this Man?

Could this man be the glue that has held North Texas District Royal Rangers together for decades? Maybe he's just a man that stays awake at

this is just a man that is the friend to all he comes in contact with at the many Ranger functions he has attended over the years. Maybe one who injects a little humor in every situation some try to take too serious. I believe this is a man who looks at all situations, which could be distressful, and makes them seem easy. I would bet he is one that is not afraid to roll up his sleeves and take on the dirtiest of jobs, regardless of circumstances and criticism. This might be a man that is always there when the door is open and has a kind word to say to everyone. It looks like this man could be every ones friend... and probably is.

I pulled this photo off the post office wall while mailing a letter the other day, and said to my self... this could be a man that has his own special way of lighting a fire for people and making them feel right-at-home. I bet he would be someone you could make paper air planes with and have a contest of whose will go the furthest.

If you ever see this man at a camp out... give him a big hug... and tell him Thank You! But please, don't tell your mother!



nights praying for all the boys in the North Texas District, that maybe they would have the opportunity to come to Camp Sarge Sellers and learn all about nature... and have the pleasure of meeting the Master Ranger, Jesus Christ, personally. It could be,

2005 Pow Wow Highlights

by Jeff Kersey, District Productions Coordinator



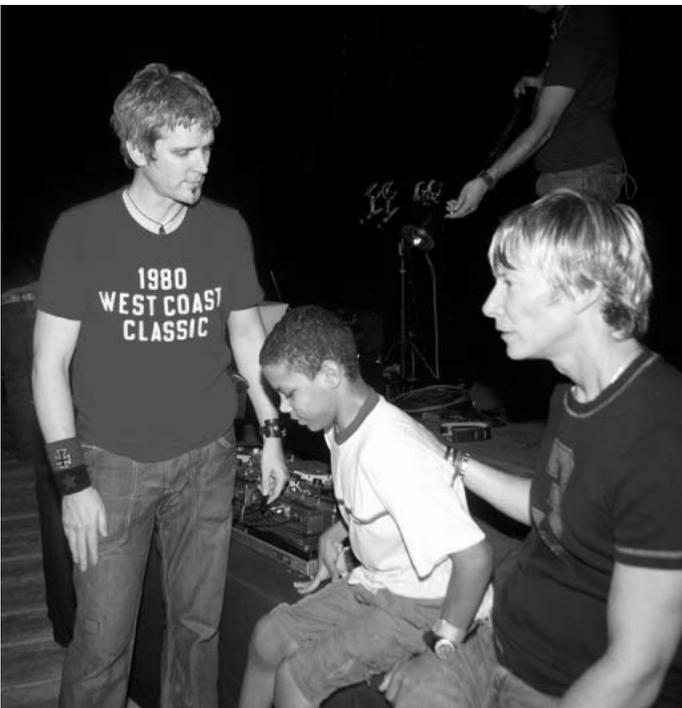
those who were looking for God's outpouring in their lives.

On Saturday we saw a lot of unique and well-made entry ways. Everyone had different ideas and different materials used for these campsite showcases. Watch for the winning entry way in the next Signal Fire. Once again Buddy Calzada brought a powerful message, challenging us to reach the generation of today and make an impact in boy's lives.

Congratulations Commander Jimmy Sill on your Medal of Courage. We are proud to have commanders like you in this district who are willing to do whatever is necessary when the time arises.

Next year's theme has been set as "Pour Him Out." Watch through the year as next year's Pow Wow begins to take shape.

Wow! God is good. With the threat of rain in the forecast it looked like there might be some wet weather for the weekend. But after a little storm front early Friday, God cleared out the clouds and looked down upon us during a fantastic Pow Wow. SONICFLOOD came out and presented a great concert and ministered to us through their work with World Vision and with the fantastic healing testimony of Rick. God's healing power is able to heal when doctor's think there is no cure. The altar time saw again a mighty move of God's hand as the band members and commanders prayed with



Fort Richardson Artillery School

By Gary Bierschwale, FCF President

On the weekend of March 18, 2005, the North Texas District 1812 Cannon Crew had the opportunity to attend an artillery school given by the U.S. Field Artillery Association (U.S. FAA) at old Fort Richardson in Jacksboro, TX. Also in attendance were the Texas Volunteers.

Let me give you a little history regarding Fort Richardson. The fort was established in November 1867. It was named in honor of General Israel B. Richardson, who died in the Battle of Antietam during the Civil War. The fort was the northernmost of a line of Federal Forts established after the Civil War. The soldiers arrived in Jacksboro in 1866 with orders to establish a fort at Buffalo Springs, 20 miles north of Jacksboro. Due to unhealthy conditions at Buffalo Springs and the constant Indian raids, the fort was abandoned. The soldiers returned to Jacksboro and eventually received orders to establish a fort on the South Bank of Lost Creek. Expeditions sent from Fort

Richardson arrested Indians responsible for the Warren Wagon Train Massacre in 1871 and fought Comanche's in Palo Duro Canyon. The Fort was abandoned in May 1878.

Our adventure started at old Fort Richardson on Friday evening. As you drove through the northwest territory of Texas and strolled onto the fort grounds, a certain nostalgia over took you as the sun set over the restored buildings. The buildings that have been restored on the grounds are the hospital, officers quarters, morgue, and the enlisted quarters... which is where we bunked. Since the grounds are intended to be as realistic as possible, there was no



electricity... so you had to do without. The inside of the enlisted quarters has been restored as it was... right down to the straw stuffed mattresses. Although the nights were very quiet and restful... the straw bedding has definitely been improved on in recent years. The fort is situated very close to downtown Jacksboro, but the nights were still very quiet, except for the occasional coyote songs.

The U.S. FAA instructors were all civil war re-enactors and wore the uniforms of this era. Although our uniforms were different, the safety, drill, and artillery were all basically the same. What we intended on gleaning was the safety aspects of firing artillery and contacts for future endeavors.

Friday night was spent getting bedded down, getting to know the other 40 people attending, and relaxing to old time song and music provided by Ken & Tom Harris.

Saturday morning after breakfast, our instructors took over and introduced themselves. We spent the morning going over history of artillery, safety, artillery facts, how to safely make squib loads, and a time of question and answers. After the notes and lecture time was over... it was



Fort Richardson Artillery School

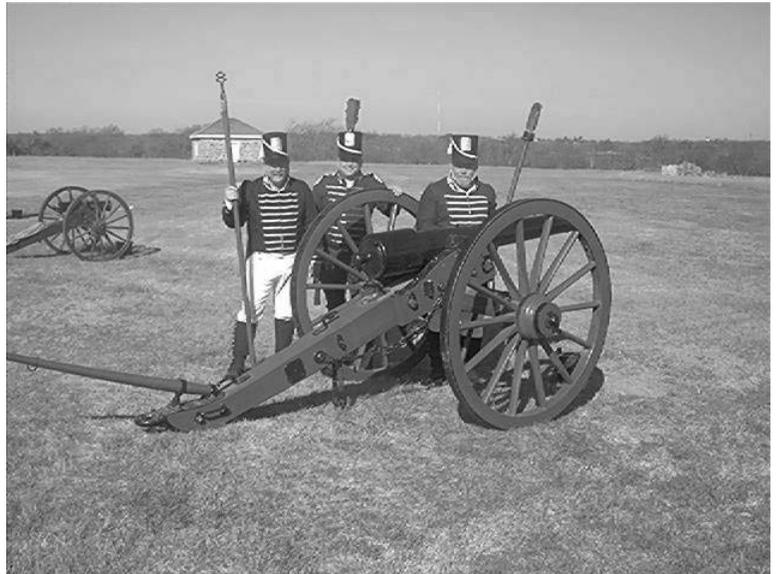
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time to burn some powder!

As far as artillery pieces, we had 5 six pounder mountain howitzers, and one 12 pounder field howitzer with caisson... Yeah Baby! Of course, everyone wanted to get on the 12 pounder... and we all got our chance! Our instructors divided us into batteries of 6 people and placed us on a piece. We were instructed on procedure and safety, safety, safety. After we got the drill and safety down and the instructors were happy with the progress, we were able to start live loads and burn some powder! I am not sure how many pounds of powder we burned that evening, but we got our fill.... And I am sure Jacksboro got theirs to!

That evening, there was a civil war dinner and ball at an abandoned warehouse adjacent to the old fort. It was a big-to-do and a lot of the town people wore their fanciest dress civil war uniforms and dresses as they dined with an important civil war general (re-enacted by the town judge). The ball lasted until about 10:00 p.m. and ended with a night shoot of the 12 pound howitzer. The Texas Volunteers had the honor of manning and shooting the piece and did an outstanding job under the careful eye of one of the instructors. It was a beautiful display of light, sparkles, and noise! We heard there were several complaints phoned into the police department... of those not quite so enthused with 12 pounder artillery fire at 10:00 p.m. That

night we slept well indeed, dreaming about the 12 pounder....

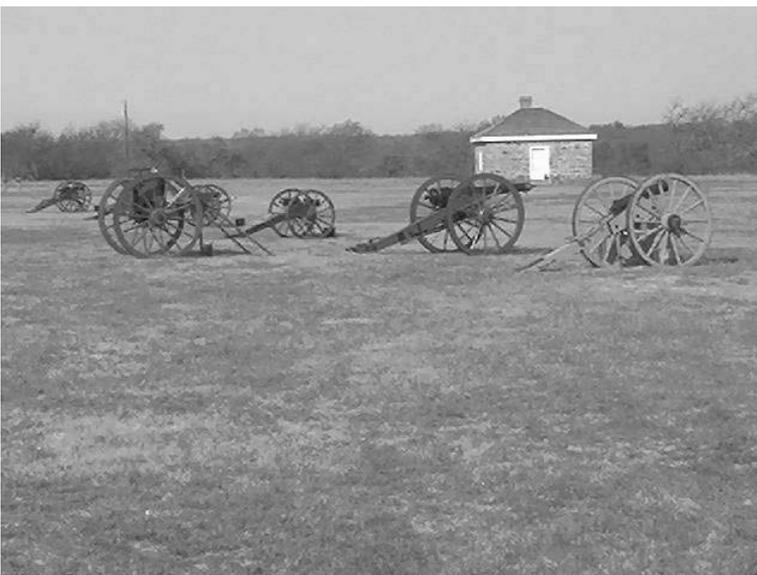


Sunday morning was started with breakfast, Praise and Worship, and a message given by Mark Horner. Mark did a good job tying in artillery with the Word. After this, it was time to burn some more powder! We got to practice what we had learned and were given our final test (hands-on test) under the watchful eye of our instructors. By the afternoon, the class was over and everyone said good bye to their new friends and headed home.

The class was very good and we learned a lot about safely shooting artillery. We had the opportunity to make new friends from Colorado, Louisiana, and Texas. The 1812 Cannon Crew found out we were doing some things correct and... found some areas that need some improvement. We might start an artillery class in North Texas, if given approval and there is interest.

If you get a chance, visit Fort Richardson in Jacksboro with your family or outpost. It is very historical and interesting and they might let you camp on the grounds if you ask!

Gary Bierschwale, NTD FCF President



He Wanted More, Much More

By Randy Woods, Deputy District Commander

We have all learned the six verses for the Royal Rangers plan of salvation. Those verses, however, are more than just a road map to heaven. God has always wanted relationships, even with the hard headed, stubborn creation called man. Go back to Genesis. God took time from His day to personally visit and talk to Adam and Eve. He came to where they were. That was His eternal plan until man gave it away. Sometimes Satan doesn't have to take so much because we often just give it to him. There is a relationship progress in these verses that should not be missed, overlooked or ignored. Take a look at a few of those verses.

A – Admit – John 3:16 This verses states that God so loved...that He gave...so we could have. He could have just given us eternal life, never spoken to us again and left it at that. This would still fulfill is promise. **He wanted more, much more.**

B – Believe – John 1:12 He gave us the **right** to become the sons of God. God decided rather than just give us eternal life He wanted us to be part of His family. **WOW!** First, we were just a created being and now we are a part of the Royal Family. We have become princes and princesses and are heir to all our Father has. He has promised to provide all our needs. He gives many of our wants because He wants to.

But as I look at the children of royalty, even the very wealthy, in our world, children may not be treated as family members. Sure, they have the money and things but they often miss relationships. Daughters may be sent to boarding schools. Sons may be sent to military academies. Most attend private schools and are raised by nannies. The

caretaker, not the parent, gives the training and fills the emotional needs of the child. God could have done that and still fulfilled his promises. **He wanted more, much more.**

C – Confess – Revelation 3:20 He is knocking on our heart's door. He wants to come in. This scripture actually has nothing to do with salvation but rather Jesus wants to be invited into His own church. But it still expresses His will.

When our friends drop by whether expected or not, we eagerly open the door and invite them in. Often, our closest friends just come in with out being asked. They know they are welcome. We don't make them stand on the porch ringing the door bell while we ignore them. We save that for the solicitors. **He wanted, more much more.**

Jesus is asking to come in for supper but He does not want a meal. This is where the family gathers together to talk about school, work, events of the day or plans for tomorrow. He wants to be in the inner circle and be our best friend. **Wait!** The one who created the earth, sky, plants, animals and the universe wants to be **my** best friend and a family member? Yes, He does. He wants to know about your day and your plans, even though He already knows. God loves to be with you.

Our pastor once stated "God has your picture on His refrigerator."

The plan of salvation scriptures are more, much more than just salvation. **They are a road map to God's heart.** Make Him your closest friend and a family member. He will like that.

More 2005 Pow Wow Photos



The Value of Royal Rangers Through the Eyes of a Single Mother

When first asked to put my thoughts in words, I was at a loss, how do I put what is in my heart into words? I could write that Royal Rangers is a program dedicated to reaching and keeping boys for Christ. While that is true, it goes so much deeper. As I prayed over it, and thought about it, I kept remembering a story my pastor has told many times. It is a story of a little boy walking with his father. I can picture it so clearly... the little boy not wanting to leave his precious toys behind, is insistent, 'please Daddy, let me take my toys in my wagon.' The father, seeing the desperation in his son's eyes, shakes his head, smiles, and says, 'OK'. They walk along for a while, the father walking slowly to match the short steps of the small boy. After a while they come to an intersection and the father, knowing how badly the boy wants to be a 'big boy,' watches as the child struggles to lower the wagon off the curb. They cross the street and the little boy steps up onto the curb; he pulls the wagon up to the edge. The wagon is so over-loaded with toys it is just too heavy. The little boy struggles, the father tells him to pull with all his strength. The little boy digs his heels into the ground and pulls with all his might, his little hands turning white. The wheels of the wagon inches up to the top of the curb but the weight is just too much, the wagon slips back to the ground, The father tells the boy, 'you aren't using all your strength, pull harder!' The little boy with tears streaming down his face tells his father, 'but I am, Daddy, I am pulling with all my strength.' The father smiles at the little boy and says; 'No son, because you haven't asked me to help you yet.' The little boy finally says 'Daddy, please help me.' The father reaches down, grips the handle and easily pulls the wagon up onto the curb. Joyfully the little boy once again takes the handle and they walk on.

Although this, of course, was just a story, it is exactly what life is like for all of us. In a perfect world, the mother and the father, each with their own strengths, help a child overcome the many obstacles life brings. Ideally the child

will grow to be a strong man or woman, who is a productive member of society. Truth is, reality does not even come close.

My son's journey to his GMA began with his father at his side, encouraging him and helping him through. His father is no longer a part of his life and in a house with a mother and two sisters, I am sure there have been times when my son has felt alone and discouraged. I know there were many times when I faced those feelings. I was so afraid that my son would not have a man in his life to teach him that real men really can be broken before the Father.

Someone once said, "It takes a village to raise a child". Well, I disagree. I look around at my village and I see wonderful people, but I also see that our society is made up of people who would take advantage of my children and not give it a second thought. Royal Rangers in itself is just another program, it has a vision and a mission, designed to attract a boy, drawing him into a structured environment. The program teaches discipline and commitment to God, church, and family. The true value of Royal Rangers is in its heart and soul. The program being Christ centered is its soul. But, the heart of this program is in the men who devote so much time and effort to the boys. They have a God given love for the boys they reach.

There have been many times when as a single mother I have felt so alone and at the end of my rope. Now, when you get to the end of the rope, the smartest thing to do is tie a knot and just hold on. Well, the men of our outpost have been the knot at the end of my rope, men who have given all that is in them. They will not pamper my son or cut him any slack because he is from a broken home. They have taught him honor, respect, and accountability. They have been the fathers he needed so badly.

I am often told that I have done a wonderful job with my children. And for the most part, my children are well adjusted and happy. No one will ever know the heartache we've been through, or the many nights I spent

The Value of Royal Rangers (continued)

outside their rooms on my knees in prayer. The answer to my prayers has taken in many forms. For my girls it the Missionette program that was awesome. For my son it has been Royal Rangers. I see in my son a little part of every commander he has ever had. I want to thank those men and their families for their commitment.

We all face struggles and how we choose to handle those struggles determines

the kind of person we become.

Commanders of Outpost 72.....Thank you for being there to take the handle of my son's wagon when he and I together were not strong enough to pull it up onto the curb. My prayer is that you will all be proud of the Mark you have made in this world.

Liz Musquiz, Outpost 72

West Central and North Division Winter Camp—Mission Possible

Get READY for MISSION POSSIBLE! Our winter camp will be held November 18-19th at Camp Burnett in Southlake, Texas. The West Central Division (North Fort Worth, South Fort Worth, Mid-Cities sections) will be joined by Martin Smith and the North Division (Denton, Greenville, North Dallas, and Plano sections).

Do you have what it takes to be a MISSION SPECIALIST? Find out? Patrols will be formed to compete in something unlike you have ever seen. A cross between SURVIVOR and the AMAZING RACE, patrols will be formed with the goal of becoming a MISSION SPECIALIST! It will take courage, teamwork, and a good knowledge of Royal Ranger skills to complete this mission.

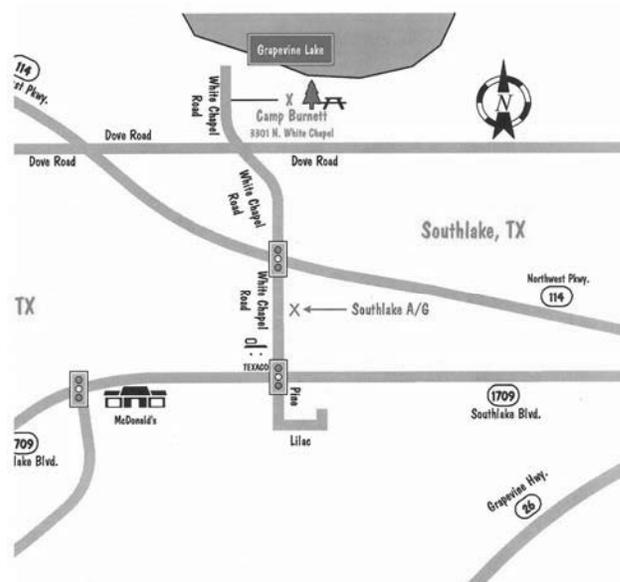
Each patrol will be given a country to represent that is part of Royal Rangers International. Various stations will be set up with tasks to complete. As you complete the task, you will be given part of a code. You will also be awarded play prize money for your country's missions program based on how quickly you complete the task. Mess up and you may be sent on a detour with extra work.

When you get all of the codes, you will use your codes in one race to bring Royal Rangers and missions into your country. Everyone completing all tasks will be awarded a special MISSIONS SPECIALIST patch. The play money will then be converted into REAL

money to be donated to ROYAL RANGERS INTERNATIONAL for use in the country your team represented. Our goal is to be able to donate \$1000 to RRI from North Texas from this event.

The cost will be \$10.00 to cover the patches and insurance.

Rick Beebe, West Central Division Commander
iraescue@yahoo.com



Health and Safety Corner

By Scott W. Stamps, District Health and Safety Officer

Greetings Commanders,

The majority of you should be very familiar with camping in the hot, humid weather of Texas. With temperatures routinely reaching the century mark, one must take every precaution not to become overheated. Getting too hot can easily lead to heat cramps, heat exhaustion or ultimately heat stroke — a true emergency.

Heat cramps are extremely common in our hot, Texas climate. They seemed to be more connected to heat, dehydration and poor physical conditioning, rather than to a lack of salt or other mineral imbalances. Heat cramps will generally ease with rest, drinking plenty of water, and moving to a cool environment.

A person with heat cramps may have cramps in the fingers, arms, legs or abdominal muscles. Generally, they are mentally alert, with hot sweaty skin, a rapid heart rate, normal blood pressure and a normal temperature.

Heat exhaustion is more a result of excessive heat and dehydration. The signs of heat exhaustion may include muscle cramps, a decreased urine output, paleness, dizziness, nausea, vomiting, headache, diarrhea, a rapid heart rate, an abnormal blood pressure, fainting and a moderately increased temperature, (101-102°F) which, is not truly a fever, but rather caused by the heat. Rest and water may help in the milder heat exhaustion cases, as well as ice packs and moving to a cool environment. The more severely heat exhausted people may require IV fluids, especially if vomiting keeps them from drinking enough water.

Heat stroke is the most severe form of heat illness; and is considered a true emergency. It can occur even in people who are not physically exerting themselves, if the weather is hot enough. People suffering from heat stroke will have warm, flushed skin, but may not sweat. They may also have a rapid heart rate followed by a slow heart rate, low blood pressure and rapid, shallow respirations. These people usually have very high temperatures (106°F or higher). They may be

delirious, unconscious, or possibly having seizures. Since heat stroke can cause many body organs to fail, these people need to have their temperature reduced rapidly, often with ice packs. They must also be given IV fluids for re-hydration. EMS is certainly appropriate here, because these people need to get to the hospital as quick as possible.

To prevent heat related illnesses, stay well-hydrated to make sure your body can get rid of excess heat. Also, be sensible about physical exertion in hot, humid weather.

Sweat is your body's main system for ridding itself of excess heat. If you do not sweat enough, you cannot get rid of the heat. The more water you sweat out, the more water you need to take in to replace that which was sweated out. Becoming dehydrated will only hinder your body's ability to sweat and get rid of the heat; and if you cannot get rid of the heat, your body will shut down just like your car's engine.

Just like your car, the most important thing is to keep plenty of water in your radiator. Caffeinated drinks such as colas, tea or coffee are among the worst things you can drink, because caffeine acts as a diuretic, which causes your body to rid itself of excess fluids. When your body is trying to rid itself of excess heat, it needs all of the fluids it can get. Kool-Aid and fruit drinks are also ill-advised, because they have the tendency to make you nauseous when you become over-heated. Gatorade and other sport type drinks may help, depending upon the person's ability to tolerate such a drink on an already upset stomach. Water is usually the best medicine.

Remember, your body will run just like a fine-tuned machine, as long as you take care of it. So don't let the radiator go dry.

May the Lord bless each of you and your outposts; and I'll see you at Lakeview.

Scott W. Stamps
District Health & Safety Officer
Scott.Stamps@Juno.Com

Leave No Rocket Behind

by Martin Smith, North Divisional Commander

It was a beautiful April day – sun shining, hardly a cloud in the sky with a fairly stiff breeze but still under the 20mph maximum required for safe model rocket launching. A group of Discovery Rangers, commanders and parents from OP108 (Grace Community Church of Flower Mound, TX) assembled at a local elementary school lot for what was for several their very first experience at rocket launching.

The next couple of hours were most exhilarating as the Ranger boys watched their Alpha 1 creations take flight, soaring 175-200 feet into the air. And then it was time for the rockets to return to earth. Initially, the tree line some 300 yards away seemed to be at a reasonably safe distance. But that first rocket just drifted on and on and on until it stopped...at the very top of a 25-foot elm tree surrounded several feet in every direction by thick briars.

After adjusting the launch angle back against the wind to compensate for drift, the launches resumed and each rocket was successfully recovered – all but Colin Rhodes' rocket stuck up in that tree. It didn't seem fair to lose one boy's rocket. In fact I assured Colin that we could get it after the launch. Losing was not an option at this point. The decision was made – ***we would leave no rocket behind.***

The launch was past, all the boys left for home, and I arranged for another Ranger dad and a few of the boys to return later in the day to execute our recovery mission. I brought along a 20-foot pole with a few extensions which surely could reach up and pry the rocket from the tree's clutches. "Piece of cake", I assured myself.

Since the tree line was a few hundred yards from the paved road, we decided to drive our vehicle down closer to shorten our walk. We quickly discovered that the dirt path to the tree line was quite muddy. We could hardly keep from slip-sliding back and forth, practically getting stuck. With mud up into the fender wells and no path left, we stopped but were undeterred as ***we would leave no rocket behind.***

On foot now, we searched for the tangled rocket and eventually found it. Taping two PVC extensions to our 20-foot pole, we got a length that just made it to the rocket's height. Prying as we did, however, the rocket was too entangled to be freed. But we had already decided that ***we would leave no rocket behind.***

Plan B consisted of climbing the tree and plucking it out by hand. Of course the first trick was to get to the tree. With the tree being surrounded by some 20 feet of very thick and painful briars, it seemed we were done. Nonetheless, ***we would leave no rocket behind.***

I had to locate another path other than a straight on approach. A little bit of a clearing about 50 feet down from the tree seemed doable, but after getting inside the briar patch, it was an arduous (and did I mention painful) 45-minute journey to our favorite tree - taking half-steps, moving the briars off my body, taking another half step, and so on. At this point, we were determined that ***we would leave no rocket behind.***

Having arrived at the tree, it seemed docile enough by itself. On the other hand, the 7-inch diameter trunk wasn't very reassuring for this somewhat full-figured commander, and the branches didn't start until about 5 feet from the ground. But that's not what bothered me. It was the dozen or so prickly vines that ran lengthways up and down the tree that gave me that glazed-over look. I couldn't touch the tree without grabbing a hold of 2 or 3 at a time. And yet, ***we would leave no rocket behind.***

Now the challenge course training kicked in. With arms, legs and stomach nicely marked with lines of red, I somehow found myself climbing, one branch, one prickly vine, one hand and foot hold at a time. In a few minutes, I could see the rocket! It most certainly was in the very top of the tree which was now swaying nicely in the breeze. Standing on two-inch branches and holding onto smaller, I was still 5 feet from reaching the rocket with my hands. I could go no further. I sat there in the tree asking

Leave No Rocket Behind

(continued)

God what to do. We had come so far, and were only a few feet away, but it might as well have been a mile. I was worn out, my body shaking from fatigue, skin sliced up by the thorns everywhere. But in the back of my mind I could still hear the words - ***we would leave no rocket behind.***

And then this Holy Ghost thought came into my mind, "If you can't go to the rocket, ...". I reached up as far as I could stretch, grabbed the longest branch and started to pull. It took 6-8 tries, but eventually the tree top bent down far enough so that the rocket was now under me. All I had strength to do now was to slide down to the rocket. Although it was incredibly tangled around the branch, it was all there! Truly, this is the day that ***we would leave no rocket behind.***

If you thought getting up the tree was difficult, the trip down wasn't much easier. Letting my weight carry me down through the vines worked until my feet were about a foot off the ground and I was suspended in midair by

the vines. Fortunately, my grandson Joshua had tossed me his sheath knife just before I started up the tree, otherwise I might have still been hanging there. Cutting through the 1/8-inch vines one by one, I was finally free from the tree, and a few minutes later free of the briars. ***We would leave no rocket behind.***

Some might ask, "Why did you go through so much for just one little rocket?" I'm reminded of one incredible Savior who went through so much for you and me. Jesus bore the thorns and briars of the whip to provide a covenant of healing for each of us. He climbed up on a tree and stood in the gap for someone as insignificant as me to assure an opportunity to live with Him in heaven for all eternity. The scratches on my body have all but faded away, but the marks on the One who sits on the throne in glory will never fade. Jesus did what He did because He loves us more than we could ever justify. Jesus paid the price so that ***He would leave no soul behind.*** Now the rest is up to us.

2005 Ranger of the Year

by Dwain Klopfenstein, Ranger of the Year Coordinator

Greetings Sectional Commanders/Divisional Commanders,

The Ranger of the Year evaluation is fast approaching. We will again be doing the evaluations by divisions.

The Ranger of the Year study information can be downloaded from the national website-royalrangers.ag.org. The evaluation study guide has all the information needed to prepare your boys for the Ranger of the Year evaluation.

The date for **all Divisional Ranger of the Year** evaluations will be **August 27th**. I will be contacting and assigning divisional commander (s) teams for the Ranger of the Year evaluation. The CD will be sent out as soon as we get it from the National Office (currently scheduled for the middle of July)

We will follow the same procedure as last year. 1 - 2 divisions along with their sections will work as a team to administer the Ranger of the Year. I will send all information about the divisional teams later

Sectional Commanders should contact their Divisional Commander for location and time.

Date for the District Ranger of the Year is September 24. Location TBD

All Section/Division ROTY results are due in the District office no later than SEPTEMBER 9, 2005.

If you have any questions please feel free to give me a call.

One Super Sectional Spring Round-up !!

by Martin Smith, North Divisional Commander

Three Sections, two themes, one God-filled weekend. That all-too-briefly describes the tri-sectional round-up weekend where North Fort Worth Section joined forces with Denton and North Dallas Sections at Camp Burnett in Southlake, TX on March 18-20, 2005. All 146 Royal Ranger boys and commanders in attendance benefited from Denton/North Dallas Section's theme "Reaching for Him" based on Acts 17:27. This very smoothly transitioned into North Fort Worth's theme "The Fields are Ready for the Harvest" based on John 4:35.

Saturday morning activities involved some fun and informative classes, including flint & steel, creative lashing, hawk & knife throw, using GPS, and adventures in cooking where Cmdr. T.J.Crabill showed us all how to cook a turkey in a trash can – clean, of course. Cmdr. Pat Reilly also conducted a Camp Safety merit class in the morning and Compass merit class in the afternoon.

Saturday afternoon was filled with more cooking and a ton of games, including 3-man plank race, Frisbee golf, stilt race, potato sack race, slack line tug-o-war, javelin throw and ultimate Frisbee where you play a friendly game of football using a Frisbee. And an all-day scavenger hunt had commanders

literally pulling out their gray hairs and boys wielding dead animal carcasses as an extra auspicious prize in their catch. We're talkin' boy fun here...

In parallel with the regular round-up activities, the Adventure and Expedition Rangers spent most of the weekend on their own High Adventure Camp experience. The challenges included building primitive snares, primitive shelters and general feats of survival in the wilderness.

Their encounters were quite rewarding in the growth as young men and in the Lord.

The most rewarding highlights of the round-up weekend were the council fires and devotion times. We talked about how the Ranger code was not just for the boys but also for the commanders – a code for everyone to live by. We talked about the Lord's baseball team and how witnessing to these ready fields of souls was hitting a home run in God's book. High Adventure put on a pageant called "The King is Dead" where the importance of the condition of our souls was vividly underscored. And the worship team of half a dozen guitars and a banjo took us to new heights as heaven touched earth, resulting in 5 salvations, 11 filled for the first time with the Holy Spirit, 9 lives rededicated to the Lord, and 2 called into the ministry.

One of the things that was birthed out of the planning activities for this camp was a song shown herein. It follows the tune of the song John Denver made famous, *Thank God, I'm a Country Boy*, and encompasses much of the experience our Ranger boys have on these memorable campouts. And even though I'm a commander in the greatest scouting program in the world, I'm still a Ranger boy at heart. Please use and enjoy this tune as the Lord moves you. **Thank God, I'm a Ranger boy!**



THANK GOD, I'M A RANGER BOY !!

(key of D)

VERSE 1

THE BACON AND THE EGGS ARE
SMELLIN' MIGHTY FINE

THE CAMP'S SET UP; PATROLS ARE
RIGHT ON TIME

I KNOW ALL THE PLEDGES AND THE
CODE IS ON MY MIND

THANK GOD, I'M A RANGER BOY

VERSE 2

CAMP DONUTS AND S'MORES ARE
TASTIN' PRETTY GOOD

PICKIN' UP THE TRASH JUST LIKE A
RANGER SHOULD

JESUS IS MY COMPASS AS HE GUIDES
ME THROUGH THE WOODS

THANK GOD, I'M A RANGER BOY

CHORUS

WE'RE SINGIN' TO THE LORD AND
PLAYIN' SONGS ON THE FIDDLE

COMMANDER'S TEACHIN' SKILLS, SO
LIVING'S NOT A RIDDLE

LIFE'S NOT MUCH WITHOUT THE
LORD RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE

THANK GOD, I'M A RANGER BOY

VERSE 3

STARS ARE SHINING BRIGHT; WE'RE
'BOUT TO CALL IT A DAY

BEEN WORKIN' PRETTY HARD TO
EARN MY GMA

KNIFE AND HAWK ARE SHARP; A
FRONTIERSMAN'S ON HIS WAY

THANK GOD, I'M A RANGER BOY

REPEAT CHORUS

Lyrics by Martin Smith

2005 District Calendar

July	14-16	Territorial Rendezvous
August	12-13	FCF Frontier Adventure
September	10	Instructor Certification Seminar (ICS)
	24	District Ranger of the Year
October	13-16	National Training Camp (NTC) in Oklahoma
	28-30	FCF Family Days
November	18-19	District Winter Camp
	19	Regional Ranger of the Year (Christ Church A/G, Fort Worth)
December	10	FCF Banquet

Who Am I? Where Am I?

By Dan "Metalbender" Syrcle



One of the things that I try to bring to FCF as a Buckskin member is an appreciation of history. Each of us in FCF should not only support the local chapter, but we should also work to

develop a persona. A persona is like your alter ego in the reenacting environment. Contrary to what most of us would like to believe, once we start wearing the funny clothes and pretending to be from another era in history, each of us has taken a step on the path to becoming a re-enactor.

So, how do we start to develop this thing called persona? Developing a persona is just as easy or difficult as you make it. Many of us start with the shotgun effect. We have dozens of ideas of what we like, and just combine them all and throw them out there and hope we hit something that works. This is how many of us end up dressed as a long hunter/mountain man/southwestern fur trapper/farmer. It is because we have no clear cut idea of who we are that we end up with such a confusing grouping of clothes and equipment. I think persona is a process; it is a process that needs to start on paper. Let's start to examine this process and see what happens. At the end of the process, I will tell you who I am and you can see how I did.

First, write down what era in history you would like to portray. This gives you an over all idea of clues you need to look for. Once you do this, write down all you know about America's early history; preferably group it by time period. If you want to be a long hunter or colonial, does your initial idea match what you know? If not, you have two choices. Start doing research or redefine your persona idea based on what you know. For example, if you find out you know a lot about the American southwest, and nothing about the French and Indian War or the early settlement of the Ohio River valley, it is safe to say you should not try to be a long hunter. Your best bet would be a southwestern fur trapper/trader. If you still want to be a long hunter, then research that period in history to find out what they wore and carried, etc. As part of the writing down process, I would also look at what equipment you already have. A lot of the items we use are

universal to several historic periods. Some things are not. Simple things like cut and style of pants, shirts and waistcoats/vests determine a lot about an era.

Once you have picked a period in history, start developing the person you are. Important things that allow you to be someone else are a family history. What year is it? Where did your family come from? Where did you grow up? Are you a tradesman, runaway apprentice or indentured servant? How did this person develop a walk with Christ? What year were you born? As you start to work on these things, a person begins to emerge. As this person emerges, you can start to flesh out his life. Things like a wife, children, Indian encounters, when you went to the mountains, military service, etc. are all bits of information that will make this person more real. A good place to look is family history. Do you have an ancestor you could use as an example?

After you have the background information, the where am I part starts to make sense. Part of the where am I part is regional. We live in Texas, but that does not mean you are limited to Texas personas. It just means Texas personas are easier to find information on. If you want to be a long hunter then do the research. Perhaps one of your hunts brought you into this part of the country. Or maybe it was just a desire to see what was over the horizon. Maybe it was rumors of Spanish gold. Make it interesting; remember, boys not only like to pretend, they love a good story.

So, who am I? I am Dan Zirkel. A lot of folks call me "Metalbender." I have some skill as a blacksmith, you see. I was born in 1799 on a small farmstead carved from the woods of Kentucky, close by the great river Mississippi. My daddy Ron was born in 1769. He missed the war for freedom, but his daddy served with the Green Mountain Boys. Daddy was one of those men known as a long hunter. He had kind of itchy feet and left my mother (Janet) home quite a bit so he could hunt, explore, and scout for the military, trade with the Indians etc. My mother was the same age as Dad and educated in the cities. Dad met her during the Great War for Independence and they fell in love. Momma taught me how to read, write a cipher a little. She was a good woman. She and Daddy both loved the Lord

Who Am I? Where Am I?

Continued

and raised me up right. Around 1810, Dad decided that too many people were moving in so it was time to move on! We traveled across the river to a place called Missouri and settled about two days ride north of St. Louis.

In 1812, two important things happened. I was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and Dad went south to fight the British. Dad never came home. We heard sometime later he fell at the battle of New Orleans. In 1820, Momma went to her reward and I had learned all I could about blacksmithing.

With my journeyman's papers in my pocket, I sold the farm. I wanted to see the sights, and so I set off for St. Louis. This was a busy town! I found a job in a small family blacksmith shop and thought I could be happy. Sadly that was not the case; I had that same itchy foot my daddy did. Since Lewis and Clarke had pointed the way back in 1804, more and more folks are heading west. I kept hearing how this was a wild free untamed land. Just like Dad, I just could not stand to have folks around me. So, after saving up a bit I decided to head out and see how my "stick floated." I had no desire to be a company man so I was a free trapper.

Growing up on the edge of the frontier, I felt pretty woods wise and savvy. I had my dad's fine flintlock "Sassy," my beaver traps, a horse, and an ornery mule. I set out and did not make it all that far! Got mixed up with a bad crowd and before I knew it was broke, had no horse, no mule, and no traps. That was in 1822. Momma always told me about the wages of sin, but you know a young man has to learn for himself. I spent two years earning enough in a blacksmith shop in Independence to hit the trail again. With my new mule, horse and traps I threw in with some gents headed to the "Far Blue Mountains." These were good men and true. We had some hardships, but in the fall of 1824, I was in the foothills of the mountains. Beaver were falling off their dams and into my traps! Whaagh, what a shinning time it was! I still had that itchy foot so, with complete faith that my partners would take care of my interests, I let them have my furs to take back to the states. I believe that was in 1825. I headed off to see what was over the next hill and agreed to meet my partners in a year down by the South Fork of the Platte River. A year in the mountains is a long time.

The following spring I headed down the river. Big doings were going on. My friends went to something called a rendezvous. There was another one the next year down in the Cache Valley. Seemed like the east was coming west far too fast for me. I



needed elbow room! I spent the next six years in the mountains. Attended the rendezvous and banked my money in the states. In 1833, I headed back to my home in Missouri. My sister and her husband had been farming it. When I got to St. Louis, I found out

that my friends in the trade had not taken very good care of my money! Guess I should have done that myself, but the mountains were calling. Civilization had grown up around my family farm. I could not stay there.

I heard about some ruckus down in Tejas or North Mexico. Man name of Houston was making war talk. I headed down that way to see how my stick would float. In 1836 I made it to Tejas. I was too late to help out those poor souls at San Antonio, but with a promise of land for the taking I decided to float my stick with Houston. That Sam Houston, lots of folks think he is a big man... Coward is my word! He drug us all over Tejas running from Santa Anna. Finally he got lucky at some little farm field in the middle of nowhere. We whipped old Santa Anna something fierce! At the end of the war, I went back to farming. But, the Comanche are always on the prowl, the Mexicans are constantly sneaking across the boarder to harass us. So in 1838, I joined back up. Now it's 1839, and at 40 I am kind of old for the military, but, I am doing something important. I still smith a bit for the army, scout, trade with the Indians, and get to teach these young pups a bit about Indian fighting. I expect I have forgot more about Indians than these wet behind the ears pork eating green horns will ever learn! Whaaagh!

How Healthy is Your Outpost?

by Kevin Sluder, GMAA Coordinator

Physically? Spiritually Mentally? Socially?

Physically:

- How is your outpost organized?
- Do you have a regular place to meet?
- Do you have enough financial support for your outpost?
- Is your outpost sufficiently staffed for the number of boys in your outpost?

Spiritually:

- Is your Pastor involved in your Outpost?
- Do you have an Outpost Chaplain?
- Is the altar call at the devotion / council fire time the most important part of your meeting / campout?
- Are you having devotions?
- As a leader, how committed are you to this ministry God has put you in? (What could be more important than molding boys into Godly men who will lead their families and the church of tomorrow in following the Lord Jesus Christ wholeheartedly?)

Mentally:

- Are you challenging your boys or are you doing

everything for them? Boys need to learn through practical application when possible, and yes, they are going to make mistakes.

- Is your outpost using the Patrol System? Spend some time and effort training those in your outpost in junior leadership positions and watch your outpost be more effective and productive (it will also make your duties as a leader easier.)

Socially:

- Is your outpost reaching the boys in your community for Jesus Christ?
- Is your outpost active doing Christian service (visiting shut-ins and the sick, maintaining the church grounds, etc?)
- Does your outpost cooperate with other ministries in the church?
- Is your church chartered?

YOUR OUTPOST'S SCORE?

This article is not to be judgmental of you or your outpost, but rather to be a tool for you and your outpost staff to start brainstorming on how to make **your outpost the best that it can be for the Glory of God.**

In His Service,
Kevin Sluder, NTX GMAA Coordinator
Kevindeena3@aol.com

More 2005 Pow Wow Photos



North Texas District Survey Results

by Mark Oliver, District Public Relations Coordinator

I would like to thank each of you who took time to participate in this anonymous survey a few months ago. With your input it will allow me to communicate issues that need to be brought to the attention of different staff members. As always, anything you send to me will be kept anonymous but comments and ideas will be forwarded to the correct person. Here is a summary of some of the questions that were asked.

This survey was sent out to those who have subscribed to the North Texas District email list. Out of the 400+ subscribed, 75 people responded to the survey.

- 98.6% of them were chartered for the October 2004-September 2005 chartering year.
- 20.8% attended Academy of Ranger Training during 2004.
- 33.3% attended the 2004 FCF Brush Poppin.
- 30.6% attended the 2004 Training Day in April 2004.
- 84.7% had attended a previous North Texas Pow

Wow.

- 51.4% had been involved with Sarge Training Academy before 2005.
- 70.8% have sent boys to participate in Sarge Training Academy.
- 84.7% of Pow Wow attendees stay through Sunday.
- 80.6% feels the commanders meeting on Sunday morning is beneficial.
- 4.2% leave the council fire before prayer time.
- 61.1% have attended FCF Family Days before.
- 69.4% attend the district Winter Camp.
- 80.6% said that their section is offering training.
- 68.1% hear from their sectional staff quarterly.
- 86.1% say the Signal Fire is effective in promoting district events.
- 68.1% would be willing to receive the Signal Fire electronically instead of in the mail.
- 94.4% of the respondents say their sectional staff members are knowledgeable about Royal Rangers.
- 6.9% say their sections have too many events.
- 8.3% say the district has too many events.

More 2005 Pow Wow Photos



A man who wants to lead the orchestra must first turn his back on the crowd

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.



Mayonnaise Jar and 2 Cups of Coffee

When things in your life seem almost too much to handle, when 24 hours in a day are not enough, remember the mayonnaise jar and 2 cups of coffee. A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly, he picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with golf balls. He then asked the students if the jar was full.

They agreed that it was. The professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was. The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full. The students responded with a unanimous "yes" the professor then produced two cups of coffee from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar, effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed. "Now," said the professor, as the laughter subsided, "I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life.

"The golf balls are the important things - God, family, children, health, friends, and favorite passions -- things that if everything else

was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full.

"The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, house, and car. The sand is everything else -- the small stuff. If you put the sand into the jar first," he continued, "there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls. The same goes for life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important to you. So...pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness.

"Lay with your children. Take time to get medical checkups. Take your partner out to dinner. Play another 18. There will always be time to clean the house and fix the disposal. Take care of the golf balls first -- the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand." One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the coffee represented. The professor smiled. "I'm glad you asked.

"It just goes to show you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of cups of coffee with a friend."

Please share this with someone you care about.

Author Unknown

More 2005 Pow Wow Photos

[The called man] sees himself as a steward...He's obedient rather than ambitious committed rather than competitive. For him nothing is more important than pleasing the one who called him. 1 John 3:22



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NEWS NEEDED

Is there anything specific you would like to learn more about? If you have some ideas or articles to place in the Signal Fire, the next deadline to receive news is August 21, 2005. Please send your information to Mark Oliver at mark@royalrangers.net.

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