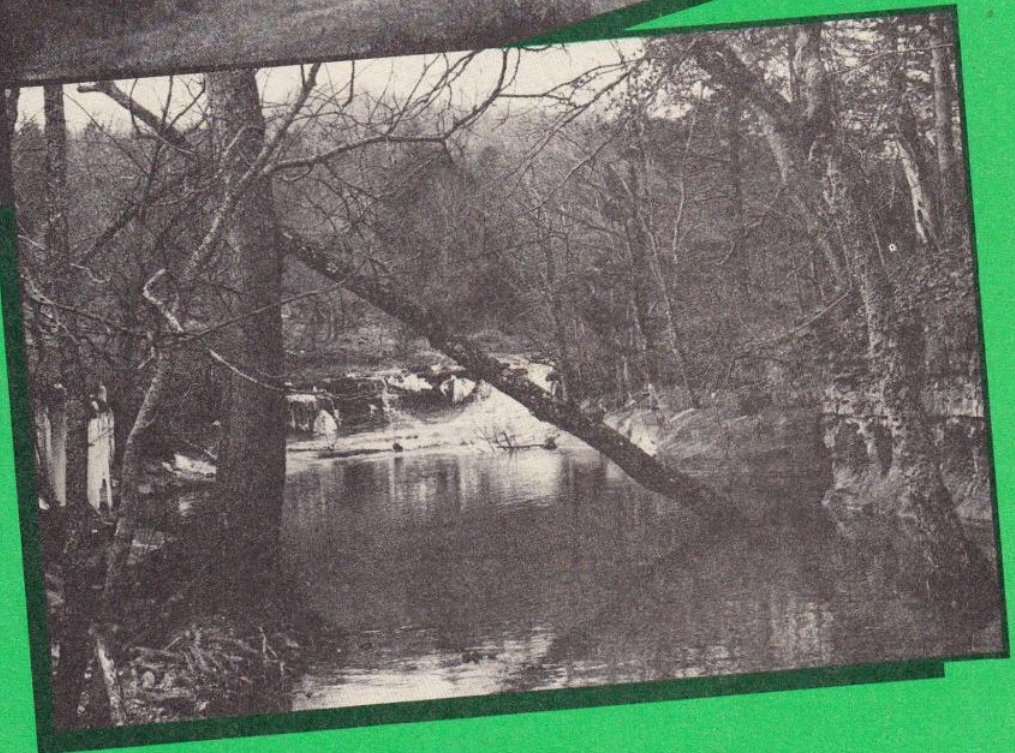
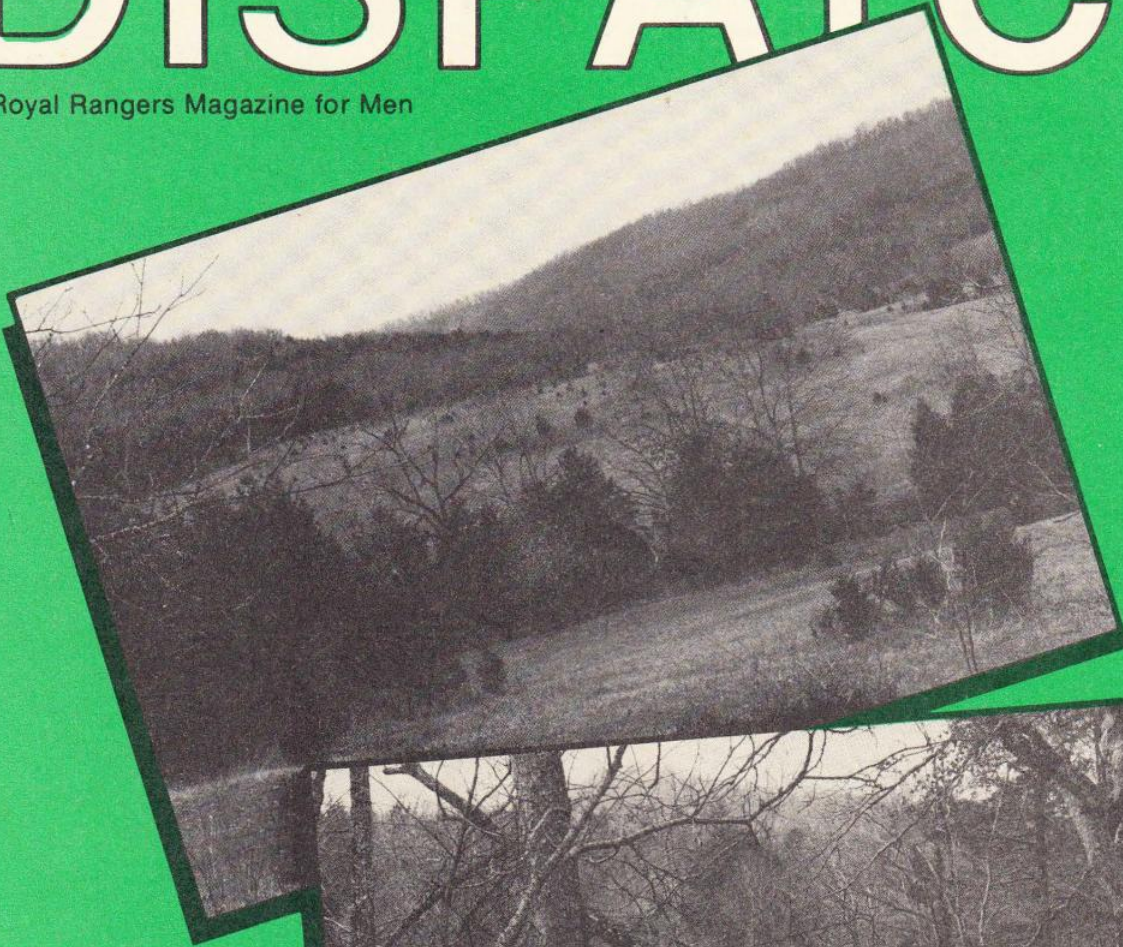


USE WHAT YOU HAVE • NATIONAL TRAINING
CENTER: *A DREAM COME TRUE!*

DISPATCH

A Royal Rangers Magazine for Men

SPRING 1985



**It's a
place
to train
leaders,
hold National
events, and
provide specialized
camping opportunities
for boys across the nation!**

DISPATCH

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W H A T

Y O U

H A V E

Spring 1985

Vol. 21, No. 2

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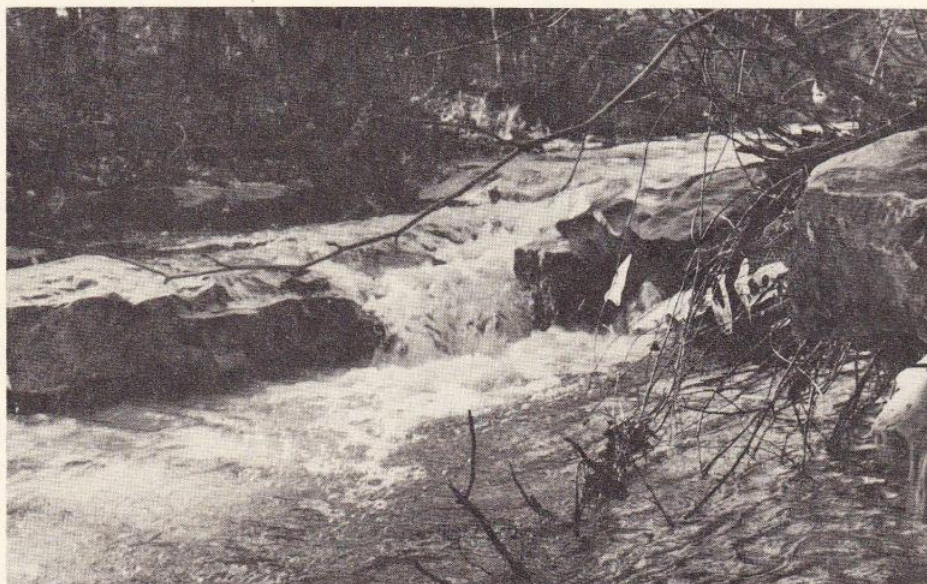
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"LEARN TO ADAPT AND MAKE USE OF WHAT IS ALREADY AVAILABLE FOR A PARTICULAR CIRCUMSTANCE."

As the Royal Rangers ministry continues to grow and expand, there is an increasing demand for new materials and the updating of older ones. These are not problems. They are challenges!

At the national level, we are making every effort to keep up with demands from the field. Our list of available materials continues to grow year by year in the form of supplies, promotional items, and training.

Field acceptability to what we provide has been very encouraging. While we must make occasional adjustments in what we offer, by and large, the field has given us gratifying response.

This is not to say we have been able to fill all requests for special items. On the contrary, there have been good ideas presented to us over the years that may work well in a certain locality, but would not be in demand nationally. Time and budget constraints are also considerations.

When this occurs, two important areas come into focus. The first is understanding from the field that some local situations may not need to be nationalized. The second is encouragement to *adapt and make use of what is already available for a particular circumstance.*

There will always be things in the "talking stage" which may or may not materialize. For this reason and others, **the national office is always open to the discussion of new ideas and concepts.** We want to be sensitive to your needs!

Meanwhile, let's continue to make full use of what we have!★

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DISPATCH



NATIONAL TRAINING CENTER

ANOTHER DREAM IS COMING TRUE

BY ERNIE LAWRENCE
PUBLICATIONS EDITOR
MEN'S MINISTRIES

In 1974, David Summers wrote a biography titled *Johnnie the Barefoot Dreamer*. The book was about Royal Rangers founder and National Commander Johnnie Barnes.

Johnnie readily admits to being a dreamer, but says that over the years through hard work, God's help and the cooperation of thousands of people, many of his dreams have come true.

Johnnie said recently, "I have had a dream for many years of a National Training Center for Royal Rangers. A center to train leaders in this far-reaching ministry: a site for national events and specialized camping opportunity for boys across the nation."

On October 18, 1984, the Executive Presbytery of the Assemblies of God authorized the purchase and development of nearly 1500 acres of land for just such a facility.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►

The 1445 acre site of the training center is located on the Missouri/Arkansas border between Roaring River State Park and Eagle Rock, Missouri. It is bordered on 3 sides by the Mark Twain National Forest. The southern edge is in Arkansas and includes the mouth of Cedar Creek where it flows into Table Rock Lake.

The property is mostly white oak and hickory forest, with a 1500 foot mountain, several streams, springs, ponds, and hundreds of acres of meadowland. It is ideally suited for camping, hiking, mountain and rock climbing and cave exploration. Cedar Creek and Table Rock Lake, with its over 1000 miles of shoreline, offer excellent opportunities for swimming, boating, canoeing and many other aquatic activities.

The land has been in the same family for over a hundred years. It has a rich historical heritage. Some of the legal descriptions on the deeds still list landmarks such as "from the large pinon tree due north to a flat rock etched with a cross." There is even a legend of a lost silver mine on the property.

As a training center for Royal Rangers leaders it would be used for National Training Camps, National Training Trails, Advanced National Training Camps, National Canoe Expeditions, NTC Staff Schools, Buckaroo and Straight Arrow Leader's Conferences, District Staff Training Conferences and Junior Leader Training Camps.

As a site for special events, uses include National Camporamas, National and Regional Rendezvous, Regional Conferences, or Camporees, District Powwow and Buckaroo/Straight Arrow Field Days.

Plans also call for the establishment of facilities to allow boys to live for a week or more in a Plains Indian village, a western ranch, or a frontier fort. A specialized aquatic camps facility is also planned.

Money for the purchase, development and maintenance of the land will come from one-time donations from churches, Royal Rangers groups and individuals. Under the "Stake A Claim" program each claimholder will underwrite the purchase, development and perpetual maintenance of one of the 1445 acres with a single \$500

donation, or if you wish you may pay your pledge over a two year period. This is only around \$25.00 a month. This is well within the reach of almost all Royal Rangers leaders.

As Johnnie Barnes says, "Dreams are wonderful, but they must be shared by many people before they become a reality."

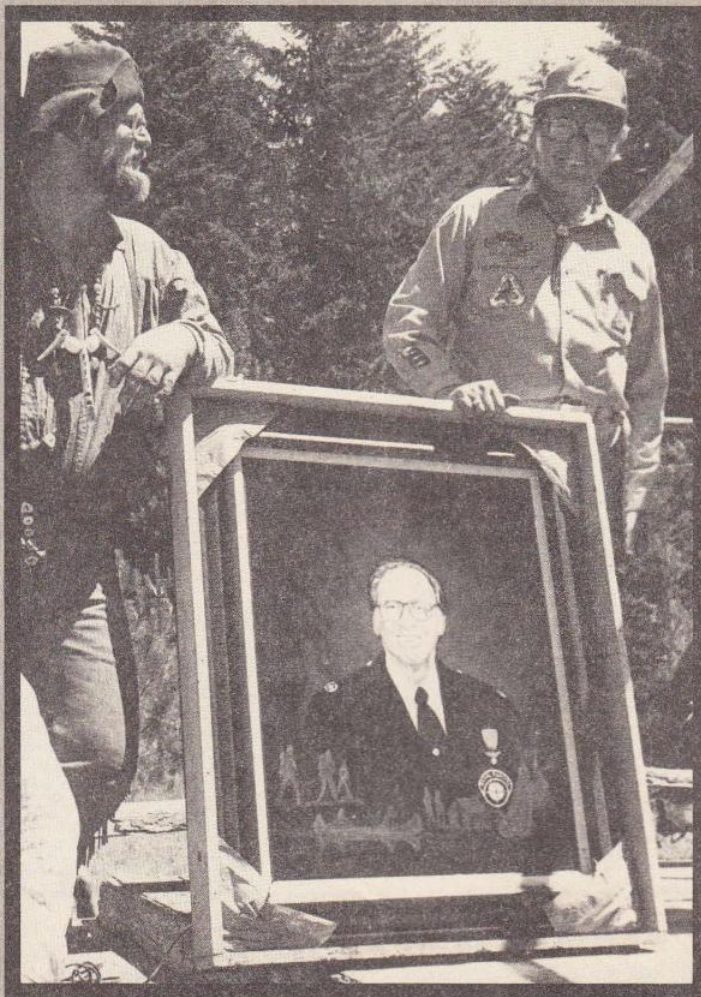
You can share in fulfilling his dream of a training center that will provide outstanding dividends in the lives of boys and their leaders for years to come.

Each individual who "stakes a claim" will receive a special claim certificate and will have their name listed on a special honor roster as a testimony to succeeding generations that they believed in Royal Rangers and leadership training, and become a member of the *National Training Center Stake A Claim Club*. All members will have their names listed on a special club roster.

The silver anniversary of Royal Rangers will be 1986. Investing in the National Training Center is an excellent way to show your appreciation for the 25 years of service this ministry has given to boys. It will also help Commander Johnnie Barnes to fulfill a long-standing dream.★

"The property is mostly white oak and hickory forest with a 1500 foot mountain, several streams, springs and ponds, and hundreds of acres of meadowland."





PHIL WAYMAN'S DAY IN COURT

BY DEAN KIMBER
DISTRICT FCF PRESIDENT

A most unusual case happened at "Frontier Court" on Saturday, July 14, 1984 at the annual Northwest District Royal Rangers Powwow. The Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity (FCF) usually puts on a 1 hour "Kangaroo Court" to prosecute various offenders of the "law" and other infractions which incur certain judgements or fines.

One such "offender" was Phil Wayman, our district men's director and Royal Rangers commander. He was the subject of a number of accusations as follows:

- 1) Loving boys with all his heart ... guilty!
- 2) Serving Royal Rangers longer than anyone in his district ... guilty!
- 3) Doing all he possibly could to serve Jesus ... guilty!
- 4) Taking Royal Rangers overseas more than anyone else in the North-

west ... guilty!

The unanimous verdict of the jury (everyone present) was that Commander Phil was indeed *guilty!* Just as he, himself pleaded. Sentence was passed down by FCF President and Judge of the Court, Dean Kimber. His sentence was not a measly \$5.00 fine or 2 minutes in the stocks as many others were given, but Phil deserved a much more significant "sentence."

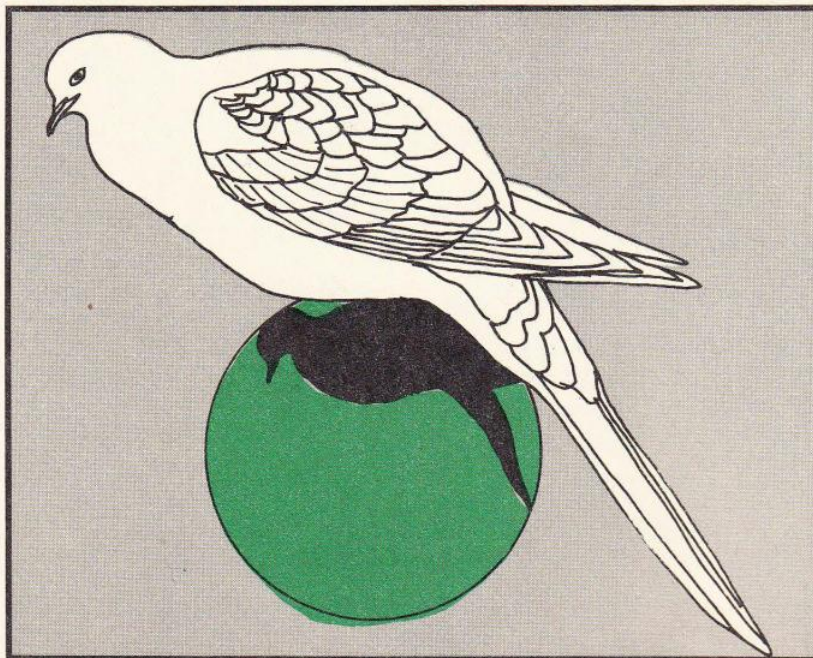
At that time a large wooden crate was lifted onto the platform. The sentence was read as follows: "For the rest of his life to keep in his possession the contents of the wooden crate. If ever a Royal Ranger were to check on him he must show that he still had possession, or be in a *heap of trouble!*"

At that time the crate was opened, and to the surprise of most of the 800 in camp, a beautiful oil portrait of Phil Wayman

painted by our national FCF president was revealed. Fred Deaver is a well known western artist. For months FCF members assisted by Alma Wayman, had planned behind the scenes. They commissioned Fred to do the painting, gathered pictures for reference, and raised the funds. Many FCF members, outposts, sections and individuals contributed most of the necessary funds and a pass-the-hat offering at the presentation made up the rest.

It was a unique way of presenting a token of love and appreciation to a great pioneer and leader of the Royal Rangers ministry in the Northwest. It would be impossible to place a value on the tremendous work and ministry Commander Phil has contributed. This beautiful portrait also includes silhouettes of a man and a boy together in various outdoor settings.★

THEY CAST A SHADOW OVER THE EARTH



The annual aerial ballet of the passenger pigeon was once the most common event by the most numerous species on this planet. But that belongs to history, because **they no longer exist!**

BY FRANCIS X. SCULLEY

From horizon to horizon, in a seemingly never-ending torrent of flight—casting a shadow over the earth below—the great flock headed eastward toward the beech groves of Pennsylvania's Bells' Run in northeastern McKean County. Dipping toward the ground, the armada passed over the pastures and herds of lowing cattle. Moving in unison, a ribbon of pink that extended for miles was revealed to those fishing from the banks of the placid Oswayo.

The noise from the fluttering of wings, coupled with the din of a million voices sounded like the approach of a great storm. All other noise was stifled as if by a modern mechanical silencer. As the birds alighted in the feeding area the branches of the trees were almost bent to the ground by weight of numbers. Bells' Run was buried under a feathered avalanche of slate-blue and iridescent burgundy.

It was a magnificent spectacle, and did happen, not once, but many, many times throughout 18th and 19th century America. Alas, it will never be witnessed again. The annual aerial ballet of the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*) once the most common event by the most numerous species on this planet, belongs to history, an indelible part of Americana.

The northern Pennsylvania flight was by no means the largest

ever recorded, in fact, it was but average. Today, other than mounted specimens in a dozen or more museums, plus a few hundred dog-eared photographs, little tangible evidence remains of the species' existence. From time to time a budding outdoor writer will produce a passable article on one of America's greatest tragedies. Every library in the nation has factual material on the extermination of a race of birds once described as "the most plentiful wild thing on this planet."

It was in 1878 when the last great slaughter took place. While the "harvesting" of the birds occurred throughout eastern United States during that fateful year, it was at Petoskey, Michigan where the slaughter reached its climax. The flock's roosting area covered the distance from Boston to Worcester, and was several miles deep. **Perhaps 10 million birds roosted in the groves—**give or take a few.

For months on end, several boxcars left the siding each day, all loaded with 50 or more barrels of dead pigeons. America must not be denied the delights of roast squab. With nets, clubs, flails, shovels or whatever means the hapless birds were slaughtered. Children were hired to tear out the crop of the quivering birds. This prevented spoilage. The N. Judy Company, wholesalers of wild game prided itself on the quality of its product.

Professional hunters were hired to assure a bountiful harvest. At 2 cents per bird they could earn \$100 or \$200 per week—a princely sum a century ago. The telegraph was used in order to bring the opposing forces together at precise points, another assurance of well stocked meat racks in big city butcher shops.

With similar orgies taking place in Pennsylvania's Forest County, eastern Vermont and Appalachia, the flocks were reduced by but a fraction. Still, a decade later the passenger pigeon was in danger, and America began making excuses for the decline. An epidemic, a frightful spring blizzard, a drought, a tornado, were blamed,—all calamities which the flocks had endured and survived. A few blamed the debacle on the chestnut blight—which did not peak until 1904. To this day any article written on the extermination of the passenger pigeon which even suggests human slaughter as a reason is met with a deluge of protests.

In 1878, New York enacted legislation to outlaw the market hunter. The law was as meaningless as a fortune cookie message. Early in this century a lone specimen was encountered near Piqua, Ohio by a schoolboy. Naturally he shot it. Meanwhile, the only known pair in existence passed their final days. On September 1, 1914, Martha toppled from her perch in death. (Her photo illustrates this article.) Four years prior, she had been preceded in death by her mate. The pair had steadfastly refused to mate in captivity. So ended the saga of the passenger pigeon.

On February 21, 1918, in the same Cincinnati Zoo, the last Carolina parakeet succumbed to the frailties of old age and perished. While never in the numbers of the pigeon America's only native member of the parrot family was numerous. While primarily a bird of the deep south, it made infrequent visits to all of what is now the northern states, in fact, there is a record of a flock over Albany, New York, during the midst of a snow-storm. Captain John Smith, who saw these birds in Virginia mentioned the cold weather was no problem for this handsome bird.

About 13 inches long, it wore a bright-green suit, a yellow vest and an orange scarf. Its face was red, no doubt due to contrasting the colors of St. Patrick with those of William of Orange. *Conuropsis carolinensis* was a non-migratory bird, but ranged far afield in search of food. Originally it was extremely fond of cockleburrs, thistles, and cypress seeds. With the coming of the pioneers it changed its whole eating pattern, assuring its doom. It developed a fondness for fruit—mainly the seeds of the ripened fruit. Hordes of the garrulous birds would descend upon an orchard and remain until they had eaten the seeds from every apple. Due to these raids the parakeet fell into disfavor and pioneer orchardists declared war of extermination upon the species. During the 19th century the gaudy plumage of the "apple thief" was much in demand by New York and London milliners. They paid high prices for it, and this attracted professional hunters. Devoted to one another, when one was killed or wounded, the remainder of the flock would remain until all were killed. The birds could not long survive this type of warfare and by the mid-19th century were rare anywhere and unknown in the north.

In 1889 a flock of about 50 were discovered in the Santee Swamp; they were the last of their kind, although there are claims that a flock was discovered in the 1930s. No proof exists of this discovery. The Carolina parakeet is extinct, and there are only a few mounted specimens in existence as well as photographs.

In the spring of 1931 Thornton W. Burgess, one of the nation's greatest writers of children's books gathered with a number of other naturalists on Martha's Vineyard to witness the love ritual of the world's last heath fowl. The moving description of the forlorn drumming of the male to which there was no answer brought a lump to America's throat. The heartbroken cock burst into flight and headed toward the setting sun. It was never seen again. The heath fowl had joined the passenger pigeon and Carolina parakeet in extinction.

A bird of open fields, meadows and wastelands the plump grouse-like bird was common throughout eastern America during colonial days. It was particularly numerous on Long Island and on mainland New Hampshire, Maryland and Virginia. It was

even known in southern Maine. Its flesh was delicious and for this reason it was hunted extensively. Often served in colonial homes, it became so common that many domestics had it written into their agreement that it would be served but once a week. British soldiers flatly refused to partake of its flesh more often.

Almost identical to the prairie chicken, the heath hen was a symphony in brown, yellow and black. The males had two orange colored air sacs on the side of the head which they would inflate to the size of a lemon during the mating ritual.

Exterminated everywhere on the mainland around 1845, the heath fowl continued its survival on Martha's Vineyard and nowhere else. The wild barrens were ideal to the species' survival. The heath hen became a part of the little island's tradition. At one time their numbers soared to over 2,000, and there was talk of restoring them to the mainland. But it was all talk and no action.

A series of serious grass fires early in the century destroyed over half the flock, and free-roaming housecats (a new enemy) became a serious menace. Disease destroyed another large number. By 1929 but three birds remained, and as ornithologists girded themselves to save the species, one of the birds was killed by an automobile, and another by a marauding feline. Then came the end.



It's a sad lesson for America!

While the passenger pigeon, Carolina parakeet and heath hen have gone to their reward, the last member of the quartet survives. Many ornithologists claim that as few as six Eskimo curlew remain on this earth. Only two have been reported since 1965, and none in the past 5 years.

A sandpiper, the long-billed bird from the tundras resembled a softball on stilts. Making the longest flight of any migratory species, the curlews would leave Canada in late August. Heading eastward toward the Atlantic coast, the flock would rest briefly in the Labrador peat bogs.

Then the birds would follow the American coastline south, touching down in Bermuda. They would fly over America's great cities in flocks so dense they would darken the sun for hours on end. The ultimate goal was the pampas. In the springtime the flight pattern was reversed, and the flocks would return through mid-America. Shot from the skies by the tens of thousands, along with the golden plover, wagonloads of the plump birds were hauled off to city markets. The flesh was delicious and was a feature on the bill of fare in the great hotels.

No one can even closely estimate how many individual birds made up the four extinct species—but it was in the many millions, and perhaps billions.

To bring down the curtain one must mention the handsome black and white Labrador duck. The last member of this family was killed on Long Island in 1875, although there is an unconfirmed account from Elmira, New York in 1878. The bird disappeared so fast that little is known of it. Some claim the eider-down-like qualities of its feathers hastened its doom. Whatever, it is gone from New England and Chesapeake Bay, where once it was common in the early 19th century.

It is not a pretty tale to relate, but America has learned much from the passing of the above.

Will the lessons be put to use?★



Y O U R O U T P O S T P L A N N I N G G U I D E

MARCH

WEEK 1. Show slides of nature study. Make up posters with leaf identification. Tell how animals, birds, and butterflies spend the winter. Identify poison plants, insects, and reptiles.

WEEK 2. Tell how plants grow and give off oxygen so we can breathe. Draw a picture of the basic structure of a plant. Give each boy a paper cup, some soil, and a bean to plant, and care for at home.

WEEK 3. Plan a nature hike. Tell the boys where they will go, what to wear, what to bring, etc. Prepare the boys for

their field trip—then take them. Gather cocoons, etc. for later classes.

WEEK 4. Talk about your trip. Go over all the good points and point out some of the mistakes and tell what should have been done. Try to benefit from the good and the bad.

WEEK 1. The same basic format can be used for the older boys with a few minor changes.

WEEK 2.

WEEK 3. Let the boys help plan a nature hike. Also this is a good time to pass them on their advancements in the field. Pitch a tent, build a fire, etc.

WEEK 1. Study about the different kinds of birds there are. See how many the boys can name. Tell how they differ in nature. Have the boys save their empty milk cartons and bring them next week.

WEEK 2. Tell some more about the nesting habits of birds and kind of nests they build. Have the boys cut holes in their milk cartons and paint them up and attach a wire hook for hanging.

WEEK 3. Review the last field trip and make plans for another one. A field trip can be fun in rain or shine *if* you are properly prepared. Teach boys how to in class first, then take the trip regardless of the weather.

WEEK 4. Have a lesson on cloud formations and how they help us tell the weather. Draw a diagram on the blackboard showing the rain cycles cycle.

WEEK 1. The same basic format can be used for the older boys with a few minor changes.

WEEK 2.

WEEK 3. Teach the use of map and compass, marking a trail, and trail first aid.

WEEK 4. Study weather instruments and how they measure the weather. Visit a weather station.

WEEK 1. May is the month of flowers and growth. List the flowers, plants, and trees that sprout first in the spring. Perhaps you saw some on your last field trip. Animal and bird tracks are another thing to look for and identify.

WEEK 2. Don't forget to be taking pictures and slides on your outings and show them at your meetings. The boys like to see themselves and their friends in action. Have a lesson on taking good pictures.

WEEK 3. Stress health—fresh air, sleep and exercise together with a proper diet makes strong bodies. Tell the boys about the President's Physical Fitness Club and how they can join in the fun.

WEEK 4. Plan to take another field trip. This time teach them how to build a fire with one match, and how to make a foil lunch. Teach them, show them, let them do it.

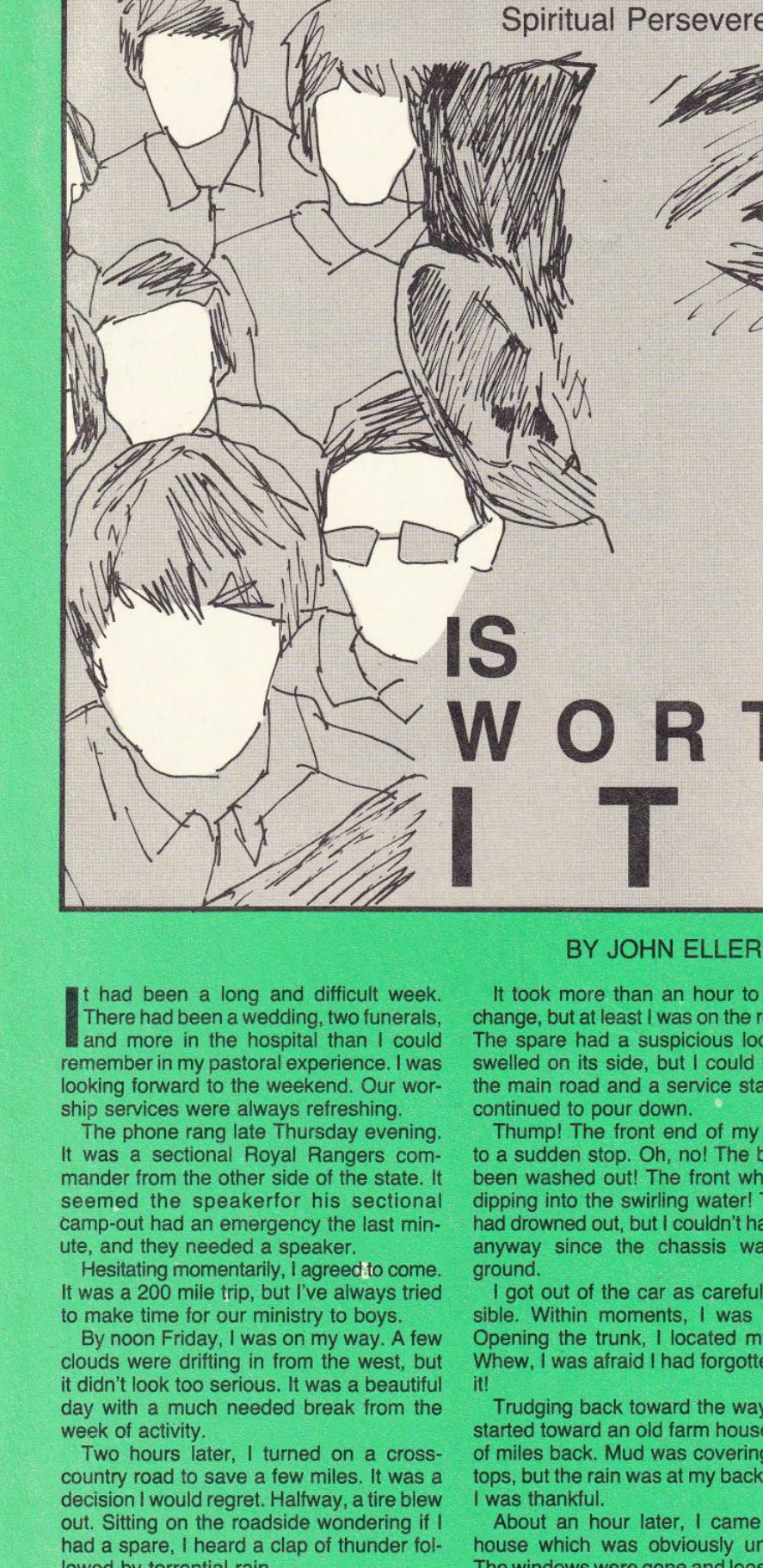
WEEK 1. The same basic format can be used for the older boys with a few minor changes.

WEEK 2. Identification of poison snakes and plants. First aid for snakebite—what to do and what not to do.

WEEK 3. How to pack a light pack for trail hikes.

Nature Study & Nature Hikes





A Lesson In
Spiritual Perseverance

IS
W O R T H
I T ?

BY JOHN ELLER

It had been a long and difficult week. There had been a wedding, two funerals, and more in the hospital than I could remember in my pastoral experience. I was looking forward to the weekend. Our worship services were always refreshing.

The phone rang late Thursday evening. It was a sectional Royal Rangers commander from the other side of the state. It seemed the speaker for his sectional camp-out had an emergency the last minute, and they needed a speaker.

Hesitating momentarily, I agreed to come. It was a 200 mile trip, but I've always tried to make time for our ministry to boys.

By noon Friday, I was on my way. A few clouds were drifting in from the west, but it didn't look too serious. It was a beautiful day with a much needed break from the week of activity.

Two hours later, I turned on a cross-country road to save a few miles. It was a decision I would regret. Halfway, a tire blew out. Sitting on the roadside wondering if I had a spare, I heard a clap of thunder followed by torrential rain.

It took more than an hour to make the change, but at least I was on the road again. The spare had a suspicious looking knot swelled on its side, but I could make it to the main road and a service station. Rain continued to pour down.

Thump! The front end of my car came to a sudden stop. Oh, no! The bridge had been washed out! The front wheels were dipping into the swirling water! The motor had drowned out, but I couldn't have moved anyway since the chassis was on the ground.

I got out of the car as carefully as possible. Within moments, I was drenched. Opening the trunk, I located my poncho. Whew, I was afraid I had forgotten to bring it!

Trudging back toward the way I came, I started toward an old farm house a couple of miles back. Mud was covering my shoe tops, but the rain was at my back, for which I was thankful.

About an hour later, I came upon the house which was obviously unoccupied. The windows were gone and loose shutters

creaked in the wind. It looked like a house from a ghost story.

I sat on the porch for a while, wondering what to do. Time was getting away, and I had promised to speak at the council fire. That concerned me more than the car at the moment.

Presently, I heard the sound of a truck coming my way. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was a wrecker, lights on, and with a driver stopping to talk to me!

It seems someone traveling east on the same road had come upon the washout, saw my car, and called for help! My only regret was I would never know who placed that call so as to thank them.

The car had to be towed to the station, where a mechanic dried out the electrical system and got me on the road again. This time, I made it without incident to the camp-out, arriving just a few minutes before the evening assembly.

The rain had let up and it looked as though it might clear off. The council fire was lit, and we prayed that the service would produce spiritual results.

I was just concluding my devotional and preparing to make the altar call when the rain set in again, coming down in buckets. Undaunted, I slipped into my poncho and continued.

The council fire, built by well-meaning but inexperienced leaders, began to flicker and go out. Digging a penlight from my pocket, I extended the appeal.

Three boys had just stepped forward when the sectional commander whispered in my ear. He would take the boys to a shelter nearby for prayer. There was an urgent telephone call waiting for me at the headquarters area.

Moving as fast as I could, I started out for the main lodge, breathing a prayer for the three boys, unknown to me, who had come forward.

It was my wife, Bonnie, on the phone. A young man from our church had been involved in a tragic automobile accident. The family was asking that I come.

Bone weary, I crawled behind the steering wheel once again and started for home. My son, John David, would be disappointed. I had promised to sleep in his tent that night.

Driving through the long and rainy night, I began to ponder the events of the day. I thought of the blowout, the washed-out

bridge, and the rained-out council fire.

What bothered me most was just three boys coming forward! I didn't get a good look at them, but with some 75 boys present, surely there were more unsaved present! What would this do to my reputation as a speaker? I almost began to ask myself if it was worth it.

My thought then turned to the boy who was involved in the wreck. I began praying for him, both spiritually and physically. But for the grace of God, it could have been my own son.

I arrived at the hospital around 2:00 a.m. The boy was in intensive care, but still conscious. He was calling for the pastor.

Stepping to his bedside, I realized he was in serious condition. Tears were in his eyes.

"I'm not going to make it preacher," he gasped, "and I'm afraid to die!"

Bending over him so he could hear, I briefly explained the plan of salvation which he had heard so often before. I took his hand as we prayed. A light came over his face.

"I'm ready now, preacher," he smiled.

And with that, Chad went to be forever with Jesus.

I spent the rest of the night with the family, seeking to bring comfort. How thankful

I was to have made it in time for Chad to get saved!

It was daybreak before I finally got to bed. The family had needed me to be there. Relatives began arriving at sunup, so I felt free to get some rest.

Once in bed, I couldn't go to sleep. I was just too keyed up and off schedule. Thoughts about the problems of yesterday began to flash through my mind. All of that trouble, and just three boys came forward. Was it worth it?

At that moment, God began speaking to my heart. I thought of Chad, a boy just on the verge of eternity, who accepted Jesus. That one soul was worth more than all of the world. For if a man lost his soul, what would he give to reclaim it?

In my spirit I said, "Yes, Lord, it *is* worth it. It was worth the effort for three boys, or even just one!"

I slept until early afternoon.

"Wake up, John," Bonnie was saying, "if you want to pick up John D. at the church."

I was waiting when the van pulled in, filled with weary but happy faces. The first one out to meet me was my son.

"Guess what, Dad," he was saying. "I got saved last night." My son was one of the three boys.★

FIVE MINUTES TO DECIDE

BY DANIEL SCHANTZ

"THIS POOR MAN, HIS WIFE AND I HAD 5 MINUTES TO DECIDE WHAT WE COULD SAVE BEFORE THE ROOF FELL IN!"

We were almost home. My wife and I had been visiting friends in Iowa, and we left late in the day for home. My two girls were asleep in the back seat. I was sleepy, too, from the hum of the tires, and wished I were home.

"Is that house on fire," my wife Sharon, said, pointing to a lone farm house in a field. I glanced to my left.

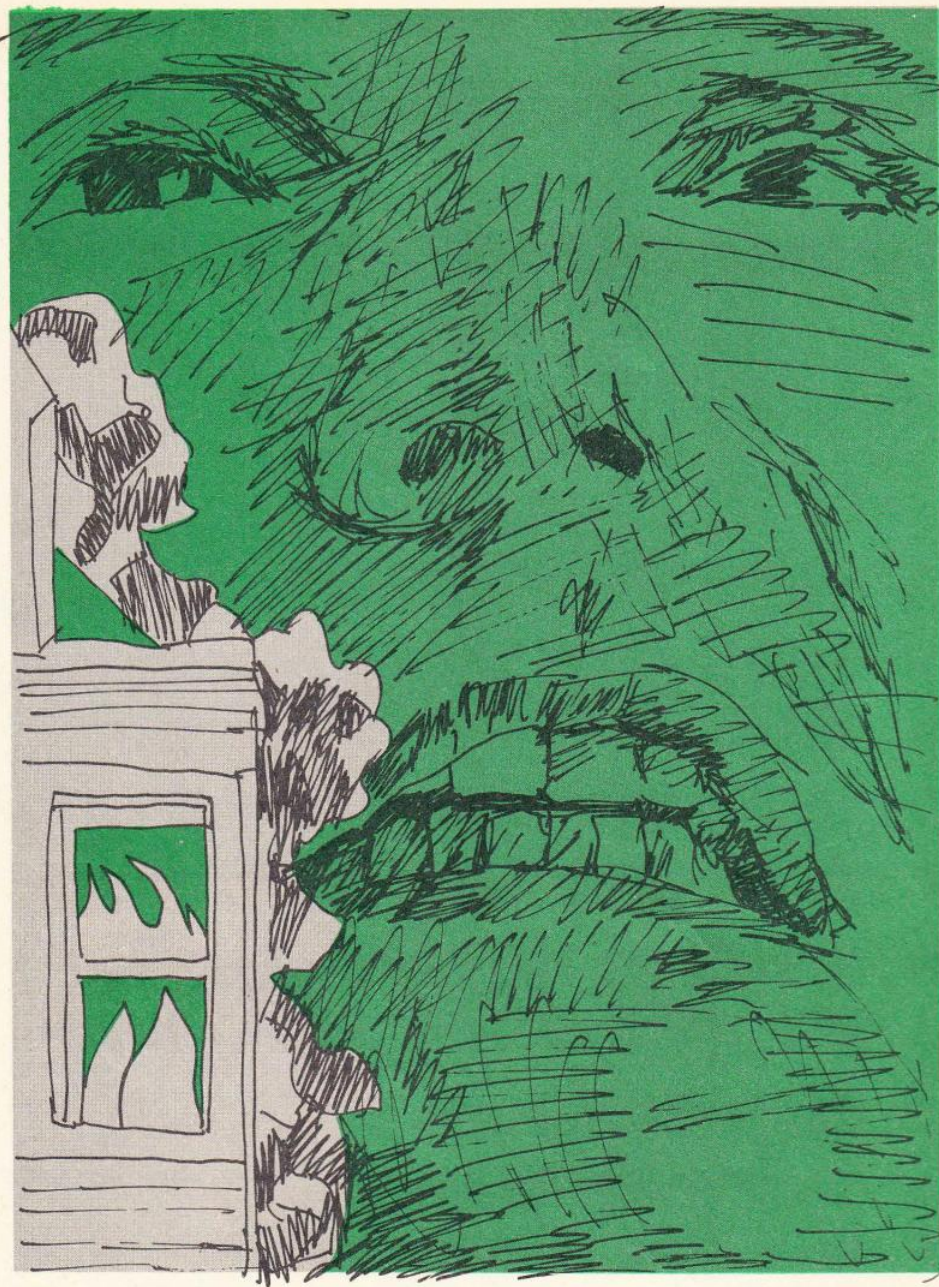
"Naw, I don't think so," I replied. "I think it's just the setting sun reflecting off the windows."

"But there's smoke!" she said.

"You're right," I answered. "Better check it out."

I slowed the car and turned left at the next dirt road which seemed to lead to the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



“Don’t try to be a hero—watch out for the propane tank—don’t panic—get the people out first.”

house. As I stepped hard on the gas I could see more plainly that the entire attic was a blazing orange. I kicked the car into passing gear, but it seemed to take forever to arrive at the house. My mind whirred with cautions: *Don’t try to be a hero—watch out for that propane tank—don’t panic—get the people first.* We could see a pickup coming in a cloud of dust toward us. More help on the way.

I veered into the yard and parked away from the house, out of danger. I sprinted to the front door and crashed it. When I stepped in, I was shocked. A poor family—mother, father, and two children were just

sitting there, relaxed and unaware of the danger. Suddenly I realized why people die in house fires, even where there is plenty of time to escape. The living room did not smell of smoke at all. I could not hear the crackle of the flames and there was no heat. It was eerie. At once I saw the probable cause of the fire—an old wood stove with a rickety pipe going into the wall.

“Get out! Get out!” I hollered to the family. They just stared at me. “Your upstairs is on fire!” I added. They didn’t seem to believe me for a moment. Then the father stood up and shoed the kids out the front door and glanced up at the attic and swore.

What happened next will be in my mind always. This poor man, his wife and I had 5 minutes to decide what we could save before the roof fell in. (The man in the pickup was busy trying to hook up a hose.)

The wife headed for the kitchen. Incredibly, she opened the refrigerator and began loading her arms with food! For a moment her husband stared at her, unable to believe what she was doing. Then he realized her mind was not working right and he got behind the refrigerator and pushed the whole thing out onto the back porch. It went that way for 5 minutes. We would pick up something, then decide it was not important and drop it to look for something better.

I headed for the children’s bedroom. It was sparsely furnished. I grabbed a record player, noticed it was broken, and dropped it. Next I pulled all the drawers out of the desk and chest but found nothing worth saving. Opening the closet door I swept all the clothes out with one scoop of my arm and threw them on the bed. They would need clothes, I was certain. Then I grabbed pictures, letters, mementos, anything with sentimental value and dumped them on top of the clothes. I rolled the whole mess into a ball and headed for the door. My foot accidentally kicked the door shut and it wouldn’t budge. I dropped the clothes to see what was blocking the door. A broom handle had wedged under the door, and by the time I got it out it was too late to save anything else in the room. I headed for the front door, grabbing a rack of guns off the wall as I went. These I heaved over the porch railing and started to go back in again.

“Don’t go back in,” my wife screamed, so I ran over by the car and turned around to watch. In minutes the house was a huge, orange cube of fire that burned my skin from 50 feet away.

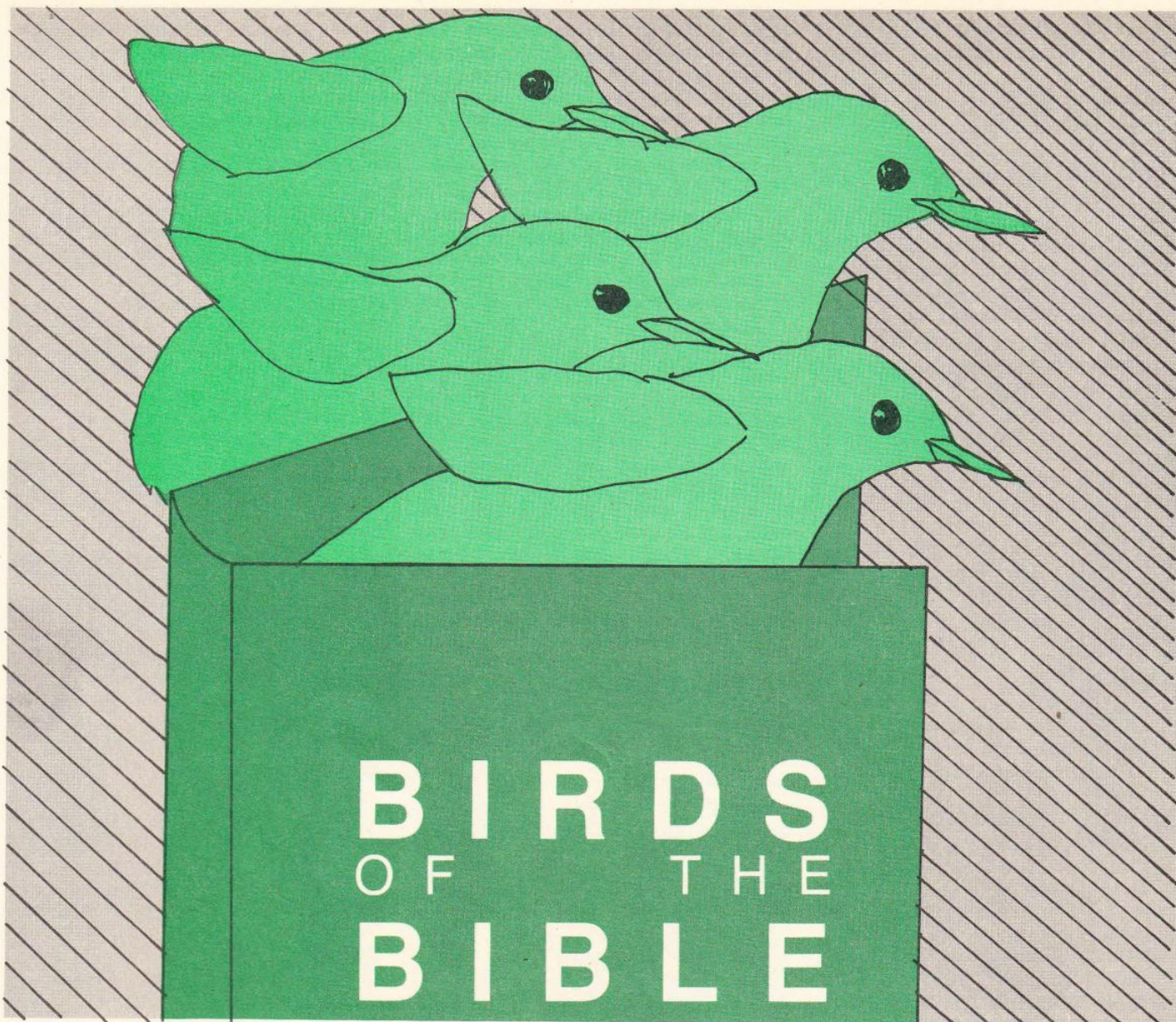
Other cars and trucks arrived, bringing friends too late to help much. Now we were just in the way, so we left. I was still shaking when I got home.

After supper I walked through our house, thinking. Often I had complained about the place with its wavy floors, its chipped woodwork, and its rattling windows. Right now it looked wonderful. I asked myself, “If you had 5 minutes to save what you could, what would you save?”

It is surprising how little is really vital to our well-being. Finally I decided I would want to save a mere handful of items: some of my teaching notes for my work, a few irreplaceable books, a personal file or two, and a box of pictures and important papers.

“Having food and raiment be content,” the Bible says. I had read it many times. But it took a fire to show me what is really essential in life. Now I am glad for my work, my family, my faith, and my health. What else really matters?

The poor family never rebuilt their house. Every time I head north out of town I see a single pine tree in a field that marks the spot where I learned a sense of values in 5 dramatic minutes. ★



BY J. "GRIZZ" SMITH

In the following pages, you will find a list of several birds mentioned in the Bible, reference and verse, as well as educational and spiritual concepts that you can use to teach, motivate and lead your Rangers into a deeper understanding and spiritual awareness of God's hand in His creation and plan of salvation for all mankind.

INTRODUCTION

There are more than 300 bird references in the Bible. Most Old Testament references have to do with wild birds, while the nearly 50 New Testament occurrences deal, to a much larger extent with birds which have been tamed or raised by men.

One of the major challenges facing the

Bible student is that of identifying, with any assurance of correctness, the species mentioned. Some of the difficulties are:

1. The lack of scientific classification.
 - a. The ancients had a tendency to use the names of species loosely and interchangeably.
2. Biblical writers were not addressing natural history but rather a way of life and salvation.
 - a. The Bible records for the most part the phenomenal aspect of natural history and not necessarily the technical aspect.
3. The lack of literature for comparative purposes.
 - a. Most of the Bible animals are those mentioned in the Old Testament. However, there is little Hebrew literature from that period of time.
4. Changes in habitat.
 - a. Many environmental changes have taken place in the Bible lands. With the many changes, some species

of animals/birds have migrated to more desirable areas.

5. Biblical use of terms.
 - a. There is no sure way of knowing in which instances the writers of the Scripture employed species designations peculiar to the locality and time in which they lived.

While our challenges in identification are hindered by several factors, which are limitations outside our control, we do have some sound sources of identification at our disposal.

1. Archaeological evidence, frequency of Hebrew names assigned to certain species, contextual data as to the habits, sounds and habitat of the bird often assists in determining the intended species.

Some authors, F. S. Bodherheimer for example, venture to say that less than 20 percent of the animals and birds mentioned in the Bible can be identified with any certainty. This percentage is unquestionably

being reduced with the increased interest in natural history as it pertains to the Holy Land.

REFERENCE GENESIS 2:19-20

And out of the ground the Lord God formed every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. 20) And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him.



BIRD

Fowl of the air.

CONCEPT

- 1) Birds created by God on the 5th day.
- 2) God brought the birds to Adam.
- 3) Adam named all the birds.
- 4) Adam needed help and none was to be found.
- 5) Fowl have the same origin and creator.

GENESIS 8:6-9

And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the ark which he had made: 7) and he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth. 8) Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground; 9) But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth.

Raven
Rock Dove
(Pigeon)

- 1) Noah-an ornithologist.

RAVEN:

a-powerful
b-resourceful
c-endurance
d-no fear of storms.
e-scavenger
f-cliff dweller

- 2) Raven did not return.
- 3) Two types of doves—Rock & Turtle-dove.
- 4) Rockdove:
a-strong bird
b-powerful in flight.
c-nests on valley floors.
- 5) Turtledove is symbol for the Holy Spirit.

GENESIS 15:5,9,11

And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he

said unto him, So shall thy seed be. 9) And he said unto him, Take me an heifer of three years old, and a she goat of three years old, and a ram of three years old, and a turtledove, and a young pigeon.

11) And when the fowls came down upon the carcasses, Abram drove them away.

GRIFFON VULTURE

- 1) Most abundant bird of prey in Palestine.
- 2) Eight plus foot wingspread.
- 3) Can go for days without food but when it does eat it gorges itself.
- 4) Sacrifices upon the ground—He fought all night.
- 5) Bald head.

LEVITICUS 11:13-19

And these are they which ye shall have in abomination among the fowls; they shall not be eaten, and the ossifrage, (metire) and the ospray, 14) and the vulture, and the kite after his kind; 15) every raven after his kind; 16) and the owl, and the night-hawk, and the cuckoo, and the hawk after his kind, 17) and the little owl, and the cormorant and the great owl, (ibis) 18) and the swan, and the pelican, and the gier-eagle, 19) and the stork, the heron after her kind, the lapwing, and the bat.



HAWK

The word hawk as the writers of the Bible used it is very ambiguous for it referred to both hawks as well as falcons. Two examples are the Krestrel and the Black-shouldered Hawk. "After his kind" indicates that birds were of many species.

FALCONS

- 1) Peregrine—most known 2) No hunting.

Bat
(Meat-eater)
Eagle
Osprey
(Fish Hawk)
Kite
Swan
Heron
Lapwing

The bat is a mammal but the word fowl in Hebrew means "winged."

Blood eaters

Many times translated "vulture" (Mic. 1:16). Only mentioned in unclean list.

Only one species

Hebrew word translated "ibis" (Sacred IBIS).

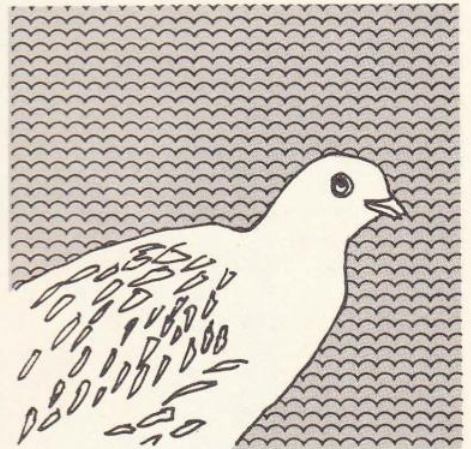
Buff-backed Heron known as the "White Ibis" is one of 11 species of Israel.

Believed to be Common Lapwing.

Most elegant bird.

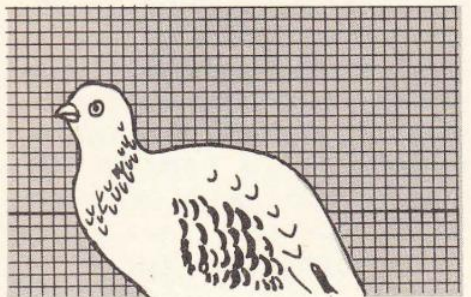
NUMBERS 11:31-32

And there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought forth quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it was a day's journey on the other side, round about the camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth. 32) And the people stood up all that day, and all that night, and all the next day, and they gathered the quails:



QUAILS

- 1) Most species not migratory—exception the European Quail.
- 2) Three prior miracles
 - a) Red Sea
 - b) water from rock
 - c) manna
- 3) What was the miracle?—the wind
- 4) estimated that 9 million were gathered
- 5) a days journey—(Acts 1:12) A "sabbath days journey—2,000 cubits—half mile.



I SAMUEL 26:20,21

Now therefore, let not my blood fall to the earth before the face of the Lord: for the king of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains. 21) Then said Saul, I have sinned . . .

PARTRIDGE

(Red-legged Partridge)

1) Refers to how the Partridge was hunted. When frightened the bird runs on ground—sometimes men throw stones and sticks at the birds.

I KINGS 4:22-23

And Solomon's provision for one day, was thirty measures of fine flour and threescore measures of meal, 23) ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures, and a hundred sheep, besides harts, and roebucks, and fallow deer, and fatted fowl.

CHICKEN

(Domestic Fowl)

1) First mention of domestic fowl.

2) As a rule the Israelites did not domesticate birds.

I KINGS 10:22

For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks.

PEACOCK

1) was not native to the Holy Land.

2) Not known to Hebrews until Solomon's time.

3) Was sign of wealth.

4) After Solomon peacock spread thru Mediterranean area.



JOB 39:13-17

13) Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich? 14) which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, 15) and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. 16) She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers: her labor is in vain without fear; 17) because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding.

OSTRICH

(African Ostrich)

1) Hebrew word for Ostrich may be translated as owl or peacock.

2) They are omnivorous.

3) Primitive bird, brain size of walnut.

4) Female incubates eggs by day and covers eggs at night.

5) African Ostrich is now extinct.

ISAIAH 14:22-23

For I will rise up against them, saith the Lord of hosts, and cut off from Babylon the name, and remnant and son, and nephew,

saith the Lord. 23) I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water: and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts.

BITTERN

(Old World Bittern)

1) Symbol for loneliness.

2) Inhabits marshes.

3) Camouflage is main protection.

4) Hides for safety, seems to disappear.



ISAIAH 38:14

Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter: I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward; O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me. (King Hezekiah was sick. Isaiah gave him a message from the Lord. Sent the sun backward.)

CRANE

(European Crane)

1) Large wading bird.

2) Known for migratory habits and sounds.

3) Symbol of oppression and for sorrow.

4) Powerful voice, sound carries for miles.

PSALMS 102:6

I am like a pelican of the wilderness: I am like an owl of the desert. (This was David's prayer when he was overwhelmed with trouble.)

PELICAN

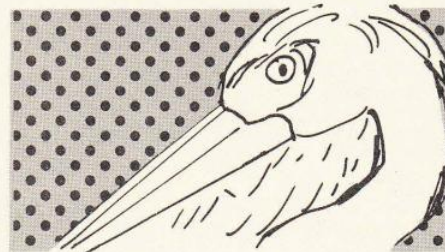
(White Pelican)

1) Water bird

2) Gorge themselves with fish and fly off to the desert.

3) Feeds young by regurgitation.

4) Ancients believed it fed it's young it's own blood & therefore took on symbol of Christ who shed his blood for man.



ISAIAH 40:31

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.

MICAH 1:16

Make thee bald, and poll thee for they delicate children; enlarge thy baldness as the eagle; for they are gone into captivity from thee.

EAGLE

(Golden Eagle)

1) Referred to in Bible as having keen sight, swiftness, longevity, and care for its young.

2) This scripture is equated with New Testament salvation.

3) Hebrew word for eagle is same for vulture. ex. Micah.

LEVITICUS.

UNCLEAN BIRD (HOOPEE STORY)

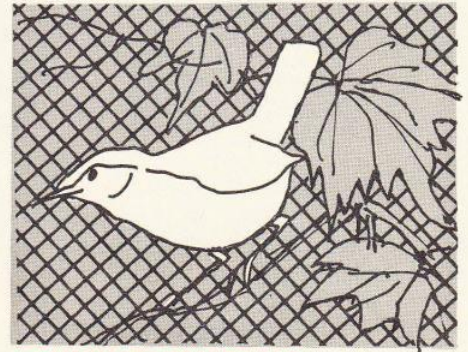
1) Name from sound.

2) Desert bird.

MATTHEW 6:25,26

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?

26) Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?



FOWL OF THE AIR

1) Hebrew word is translated, "Little bird" which will apply to all small birds.

2) God's concern for all creatures.

3) Man has a special place in God's creation.

MATTHEW 10:28-31

28) And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. 29) Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing: and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. 30) But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. 31) Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

SPARROW

1) Possible the House Sparrow.

2) Sparrow of low value but God provides for them.

3) "Farthing"—2 cents or about 40 minutes wages.

MATTHEW 26:34

Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, That this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.

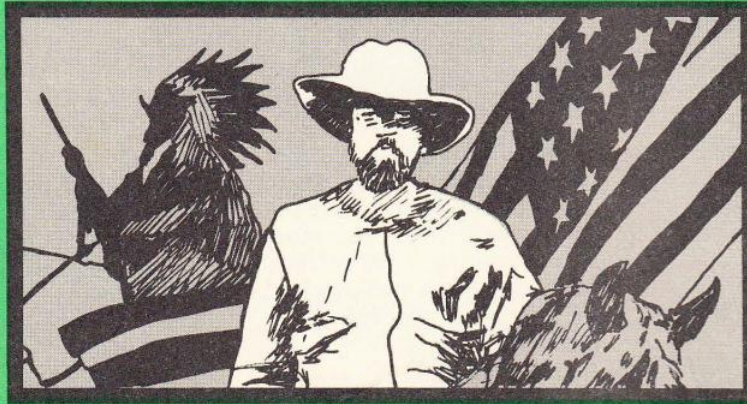
COCK

1) Unknown when the Cock became domestic. Some time between the OT and NT.

2) Used as measure of time.

3) A spiritual warning.★

“There are many misunderstood warriors in the ranks of the men and women who are aggressive in their stand for the Lord of Glory. That is all right. Don't be discouraged in your stand. One day a nail-pierced hand will add a notation to the book of life, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' ”



MISUNDERSTOOD WARRIOR

BY DORIS FISCHER HARRIS

Major Marcus A. Reno survived the famous Battle on the Little Big Horn. General George Custer and more than 200 other soldiers did not. General Custer and 264 of his men were killed in the legendary Custer's Last Stand. A national monument exists in Big Horn Co., Montana. The nearly 800 acres includes the Custer Battlefield and the Reno Battlefield. General Custer's body was removed to West Point and the others are honored by a granite shaft. This is common knowledge, but few are aware of the second memorial commemorating a skirmish of troopers under Major Reno and Captain Benteen.

But Marcus A. Reno's survival of the controversial battle was not to be considered as honorable. He survived but General Custer's widow, convinced that his escape must brand him a coward, dedicated her life to proving her point. The pressure was effective, for 4 years after the battle, (which many contemporary historians feel was politically motivated), Major Reno was dismissed from the United States Army with a less-than-honorable discharge.

But time changed the historical interpretation of these events. Eighty-seven years later the Army changed its records to an honorable discharge with the rank of Major. The only tangible effect of this unjust view of a good soldier is a notation added to a burial book reference which is the only identification of the grave of a misunderstood warrior.

“Major Reno was dismissed from the U.S. Army with a less—than—honorable discharge.”

There are many misunderstood warriors in the ranks of the men and women who are aggressive in their stand for the Lord of Glory. They are crucified by the world, mocked by the liberal, intellectual establishment and thought to be a menace to the good of contemporary society by a humanistic oriented system. That is all right. Don't be discouraged in your stand. One day a nail-pierced hand will add a notation to the book of life, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."★