

DISPATCH

A Royal Rangers Magazine for Men

Fall 1985



DISPATCH

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Vol. 22, No. 5

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Outdoor Life Books/Van Nostrand Reinhold, New York. Hardcover, 506 pp., illus.

COMPLETE GUIDE TO GAME ANIMALS

by Leonard Lee Rue III

Outdoor Life Books/Van Nostrand Reinhold, New York. Hardcover, 638 pp., illus.

THE MYSTIC WARRIORS OF THE PLAINS

by Thomas E. Mails

Doubleday, Garden City, NY. Hardcover, 618 pp., illus.



Here's a couple of outdoor classics, along with a new book destined to become a classic. The first two, *Complete Guide to Game Animals* and *Complete Guide to Game Fish*, are indispensable field guides. Well-written and well-illustrated, these two books are a "must" for any outpost library. Besides being great field references, you'll find these volumes are tailor-made for meeting feature plans, games, Rangercraft and devotions.

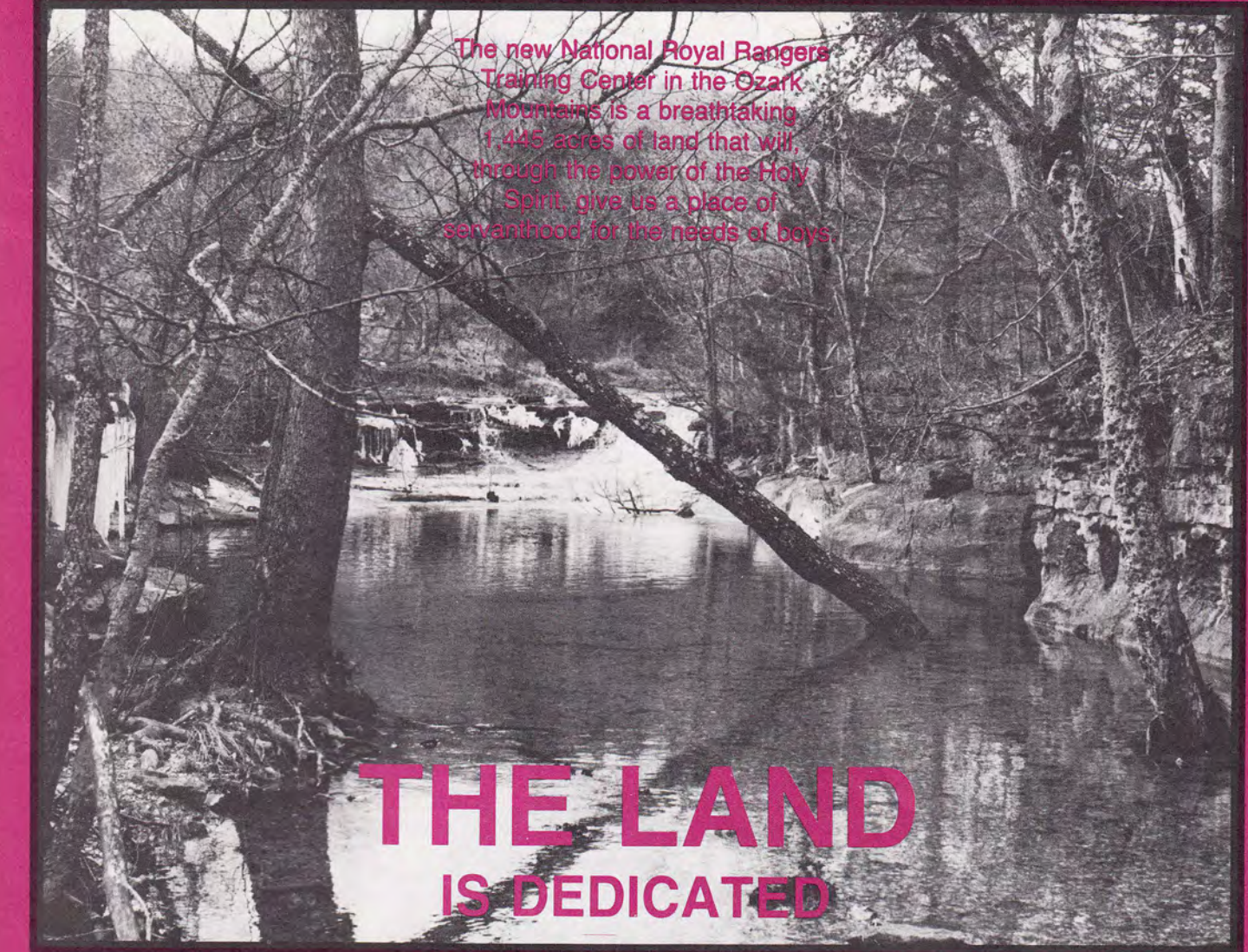
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DISPATCH



The new National Royal Rangers Training Center in the Ozark Mountains is a breathtaking 1,445 acres of land that will, through the power of the Holy Spirit, give us a place of servanthood for the needs of boys.

THE LAND IS DEDICATED

BY JOHN ELLER

Saturday, March 16, 1985, is a day that will live in the history of Royal Rangers. Beautiful weather favored the morning dedication of "the property," some 1,445 choice acres in the Ozark Mountains, which has become the new National Royal Rangers Training Center.

Silas Gaither, National Director of Church Ministries, opened the service by reading the "Creation Psalm." This passage, Psalm 148, proved to be a most appropriate selection. Those present were encouraged to offer praise to the Lord for what He had wrought. This set the tone for this historic occasion.

Johnnie Barnes, founder and National Commander of Royal Rangers, spoke of his vision and dream.

"This has got to be a miracle from God!" Johnnie began, "I get

overwhelmed every time I come and stand on this property! The first time we came, and prayed (after the decision was made), we had a sense that the things that were going to be happening here were far beyond our wildest imagination.

"These grounds are going to become fantastic assets to the Royal Rangers ministry," Johnnie continued, "and the dividends and results of their usage will have a tremendous impact."

Johnnie said the exact spot where the crowd was standing would become the Parade Grounds of the National Royal Rangers Training Center, used for National Training Camps, Advanced National Training Camps, and various other events. It would also be utilized as the general headquarters area at the National Royal Rangers Camporama in 1986.

Johnnie pointed to the brow of a

hill where the lodge would be constructed for use by training classes and seminars. He mentioned that a caretakers cabin would be situated near the entrance to the camp, with the entire area utilized in its natural state as much as possible.

Johnnie called attention to a location further up the valley which is the headwaters of Radium Springs, which has a confluence with Cedar Creek before emptying into Table Rock Lake and its more than 1,000 miles of shoreline along the Missouri/Arkansas border.

Johnnie told the crowd that campsites for the National Camporama would be up the valley to the west, while the area to be east would be used for parking and additional camping for large groups.

Directly across from Radium Springs on a sloping hillside, Johnnie

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called attention to the location for the 5,000-seat amphitheater.

Our National Commander's favorite spot, he said, was directly behind an old barn. Here, a beautiful waterfall cascades below to a natural swimming hole with sandstone on either side. A dam will be constructed to enlarge the swimming area to Olympic size.

Johnnie said some of the old buildings would be torn down. Those buildings replacing them will be made of rustic logs such as an authentic old-fashioned Ozark log cabin might appear.

The National Commander promised, with God's help, to not only rejoice over the acquisition of the land, but to use it to its fullest potential.

"This is an historic moment," Johnnie said, "and one to which we will look back in years to come, never having dreamed what would be accomplished. Pray with us that God will supply all the needs and cause this long-time dream of mine to come true."

Those present were encouraged to promote "Stake-a-Claim," a program by which individuals or groups would underwrite the purchase, development, and perpetual maintenance of one or more acres.

The Farwell Family who had made the property available to the Assemblies of God were recognized. Johnnie said they were some of the finest people he had ever met, possessing a congenial and cooperative spirit.

Johnnie also indicated that our spiritual heritage would be recognized with a one room log church to be known as "Farwell Chapel" in honor of this fine family.

Silas Gaither said this property was made available for the work of God, and that eternal blessings and reward from this people would emerge in the development of young men for the work of Christ.

Serving on the Research and Development Committee were: Fred Deaver, Mark Gentry, and Don Jacques.

Fred Deaver spoke of their first

visit to the site, and how they felt like "little boys turned loose in a candy store." The committee began to visualize, he said, what the future might be like.

"This property is like a piece of art, developing a sculpture," Fred said, "and I can foresee a grass airstrip for the Air Rangers, a Pirates cove for the Sea Rangers, and lots of trails for the Trail Rangers.

Fred went on to speak of an 1840 bunkhouse, complete with corrals for cattle and horses, where commanders and boys could live for a while like cowboys.

Fred envisioned an old fort, complete with block houses and signal tower, where boys could see how our pioneer forefathers lived.

He described an Indian village complete with tepees and council fire area.

"The potential here is unlimited," Fred said, "and what happens here can outshine anything that the devil could ever put together. But it takes teamwork. There's lots of work ahead of us, but it will be *fun!*"

Mark Gentry, who sang for the dedication, spoke of an awareness of the move of the Holy Spirit in this project.

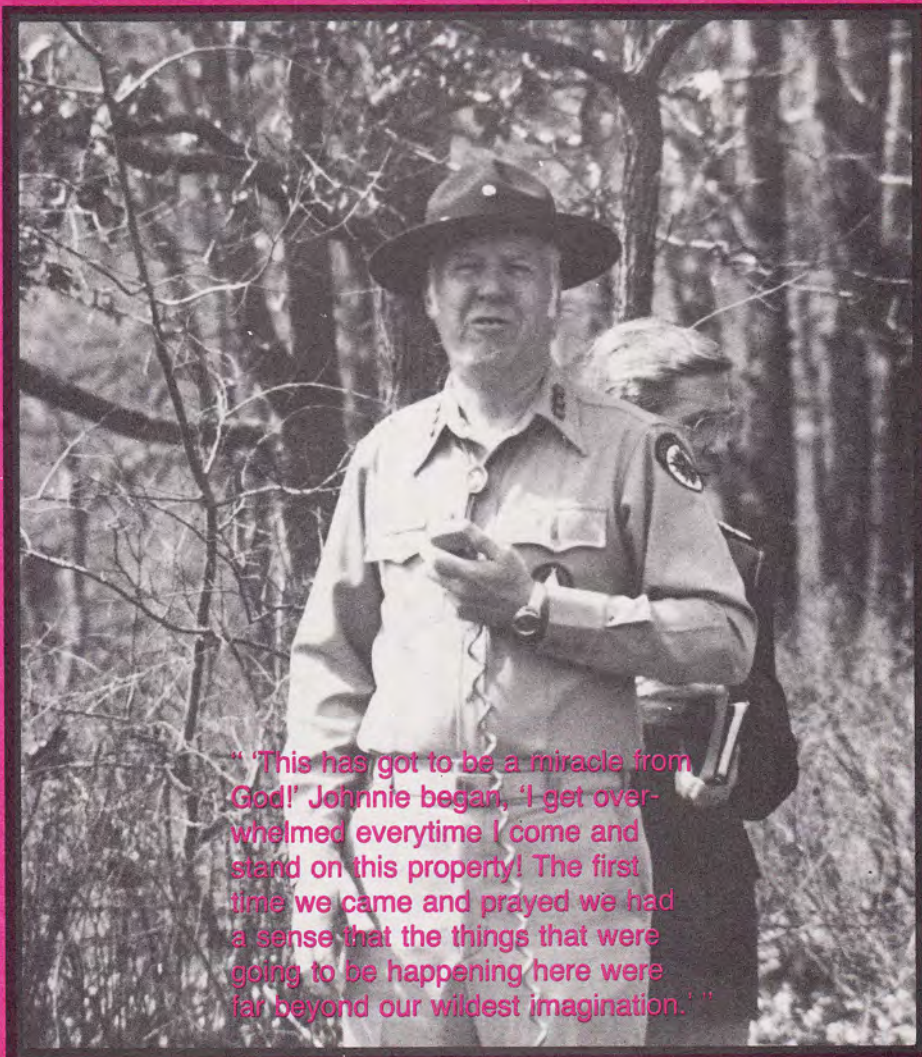
"This hasn't been hammered out with tools and the strength of men's arms," Mark said, "but God has gone before us to direct this plan. This dream is made possible by the power of the Holy Spirit in our lives, and this gives to us a place of servanthood for the needs of boys in our fellowship."

Thomas F. Zimmerman, general superintendent of the Assemblies of God, was main speaker for the dedication. He spoke as a constant supporter of the Royal Rangers ministry.

Calling Royal Rangers a "tremendous" ministry, Brother Zimmerman paid special tribute to the Farwell family, who had, in the providence of God, felt disposed to make their property available for this magnificent utilization.

"I trust this will bring to you a great sense of fulfillment as you see come to fruition this dream which will bring great honor to your family and your family name," Brother Zimmerman said.

The General Superintendent then spoke of how this land would meet the needs of boys in the present and the future. He said that our program



"This has got to be a miracle from God! Johnnie began, 'I get overwhelmed everytime I come and stand on this property! The first time we came and prayed we had a sense that the things that were going to be happening here were far beyond our wildest imagination.'"

has literally exploded around the world.

He then gave special tribute to the ladies who support their husbands in Royal Rangers, and to those ladies also who serve in leadership positions.

"Royal Rangers is a magnificent work," Brother Zimmerman said, "and the plateau of effectiveness is blessing the work of God in general."

Referring to Fred Deaver, Brother Zimmerman said an artist starts with vision, seeing the finished product before he begins.

"Too many are creatures of improvisation," Brother Zimmerman said, "trying to find ways of coordinating what we accidentally discover. That is why so many of our products turn out to be menageries. But Royal Rangers is no accident, rather, it is a beautifully envisioned dream."

"This dream is not left to be inherited as someone else's nightmare, he said, "nor is it pie-in-the-sky. It is something obtainable through hard work and diligent application of blood, sweat, and tears."

"Anything worthwhile must have commitment," Brother Zimmerman said. We have identified with vision in personal commitment. We have an achievable goal, something that can be realized."

"The Lord did it because He had you to do it through," he continued. "God works through that which is available."

Turning again to the value of the land, Brother Zimmerman asked where could you find 1,445 choice acres in one plot.

"It is usually divided, subdivided, and divided again," he said, "but this family stuck together, because of the pride of their family and the will of God, and special blessings will be theirs."

"All aspects of the Royal Rangers ministry can now be worked out," Brother Zimmerman observed, "not a single detail needs to be lacking. To God be the glory! Where God guides, He always provides. In the limited time you had to raise the down payment, you came through beautifully because Royal Rangers is God's plan!"

Brother Zimmerman then read from Proverbs 22:6—"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart

from it."

"Training young people in outreach and discipleship, with the full gambit of Christian education and evangelism, whose activities all point to building the kingdom of God will happen at the training center," Brother Zimmerman said.

Speaking of achievable goals, Brother Zimmerman referred to the walls of Jerusalem which were built because the people had a mind to work.

Viewing the crowd present as the "cutting edge of a vanguard," Brother Zimmerman said they represented thousands who know there is no short cut to hard work.

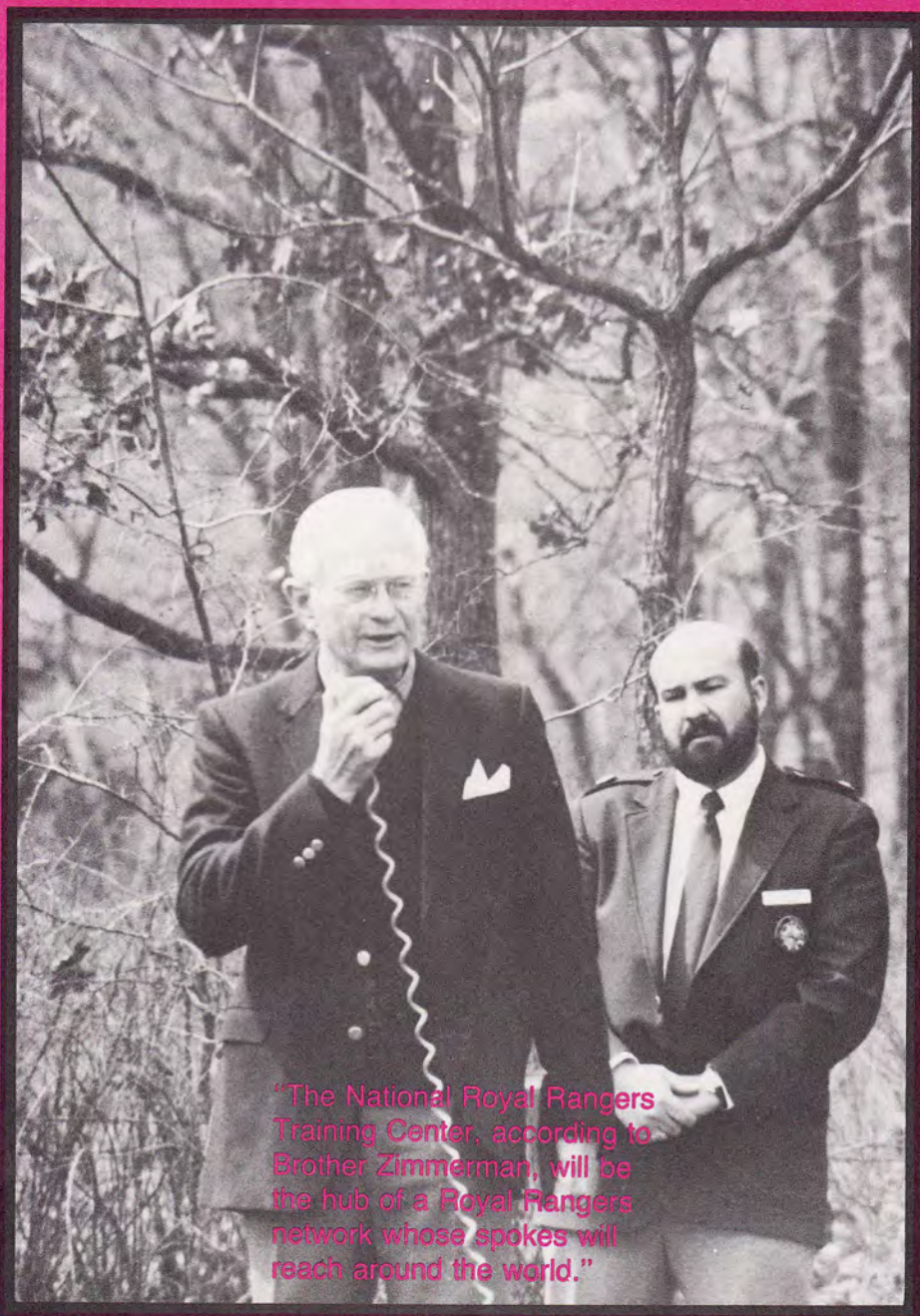
The National Royal Rangers Training Center, according to Brother

Zimmerman, will be the hub of a Royal Rangers network whose spokes will reach around the world.

In dedicating the grounds, Brother Zimmerman said his heart "leaped with joy," because from that time and place of dedication would arise "inspiration and dedication interpreted into action that brings results.

"Johnnie," addressed Brother Zimmerman, "I can hear the sound of multitudes of youthful voices, and it's such a wonderful sound! Let's determine to be faithful to the heavenly vision!"

And so, the land was dedicated back to the God who had created it for the building of His kingdom on earth. ★



"The National Royal Rangers Training Center, according to Brother Zimmerman, will be the hub of a Royal Rangers network whose spokes will reach around the world."

Good Advice

Take time to think—thoughts are a source of power.

Take time to play—play is the secret to perpetual youth.

Take time to read—reading is the fountain of wisdom.

Take time to pray—praying is a rock of strength in time of trouble.

Take time to love—loving is what makes living worthwhile.

Take time to be friendly—friendships give life a delicious flavor.

Take time to laugh—laughter is the music of the soul.

Take time to give—any day of the year is too short for selfishness.

Take time to do *your work well*—for it pleases the Lord.

Take time to show appreciation—thanks is the frosting on the cake of life.



1986 NATIONAL CAMPORAMA

EAGLE ROCK, MO - JULY 22, 1986



1986



Search for Excitement

by Gail Denham

Ray slumped in his seat. It was just as he'd imagined. They had spent all evening stuck in chapel listening to the director outline the camp rules. Then there was a missionary speaker. And following that, Mark Rollins, the head counselor, gave a Bible study.

Mark's talk wasn't bad . . . he was pretty funny in places. But Ray could feel boredom creeping up on him. Two months isolated in camp, first for a week of counselor training, then responsible for cabins full of rowdy kids, with nothing to do at night but sit around a campfire.

But he hadn't had much choice. His folks were anxious that their son "learn to serve the Lord." Ray wasn't sure he wanted to fit that mold. He'd been a Christian since he was eight and knew all the right answers, but lately he'd been bored with church and even with his Christian friends.

Everything was predictable. Everyone always said the same thing. No excitement. He'd stopped reading his Bible and praying . . . couldn't understand what he read anyway, and it didn't seem to relate to his daily life. Besides, praying seemed phony when



he had so many doubts.

On top of everything, Ray was teamed in a cabin with Todd Morris. Todd had to be the slowest, most bumbling counselor in camp. He was always stumbling over something.

Todd was nice enough, but very quiet. Didn't say more than two sentences at a time. What would happen when they got their first batch of campers. Ray would probably have to do most of the talking . . . the devotions and everything. What a drag.

There was still frost the next morning when the boys were startled out of their cabins by the early morning bugle call. "I thought they only did this in the military," Ray mumbled, pulling on a pair of clammy jeans. "Where do we wash up anyway?" he asked Todd.

"There's a bench with basins in back of the kitchen," Todd said. "The director believes in roughing it."

Ray grimaced and followed Todd to the camp kitchen. Shivering, droopy-eyed counselors were slowly lining up to wash . . . hesitantly splashing the cold liquid over their faces, then quickly heading for the warm dining hall.

Ray had to admit the food was terrific. Stacks of pancakes, sausage, and lots of juice kept coming. "Eat hearty," Mark called out mid-meal. "You'll need your strength. This morning we start our training with a five mile hike."

Five miles! Suddenly Ray remembered the camp instructions he'd received. "Be sure to run a mile every day," it said, "so you'll be in shape." He'd run . . . a little, but he wasn't sure he was ready for five miles the first day.

All Ray saw was the vanishing backs of most of the counselors all day. The only time he caught up with them was at the log across the creek. This wasn't just a hike . . . it was an endurance run. He didn't recall seeing all this in the brochure. Maybe he should have read closer.

But at least he kept ahead of Todd. He'd never seen anyone run so slow. Yet Todd had gumption . . . he stayed at it. It was an hour after everyone else got back that Todd finally showed up. Mark hurried over to the exhausted boy and put his arm around him. *He'll never keep up with the campers*, Ray thought,

then promptly forgot the other boy as he gently eased his aching muscles down for a nap before dinner.

Ray's head kept dropping forward on his chest during campfire that night. But he did catch a few comments. "Who ever said the Christian life was supposed to be smooth sailing?" Mark said strongly. "It's hard. Living an honest, loving Christian example in a world of hatred and evil is like running uphill all day." Ray felt his leg muscles twitch in sympathy.

"God is looking for courageous people to run His race," Mark said. "The Apostle Paul was talking about the Christian life when he wrote, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith' (2 Tim. 4:7)."

As Ray collapsed on the bed that night, he reflected on what Mark had said. *What race is he talking about? he thought. Most of the Christians I know aren't running anywhere. More like they're stuck in the mud, just existing. I've never seen much challenge in being a Christian.*

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Mark, the camp's head counselor warned, "Our goal is to help you counselors be strong, learn to endure. It's a lot like the Christian life. God allows us to go through hard things at times, but we come out a lot stronger."

The next morning at breakfast, Mark announced cheerfully, "It's going to be another great day. Today we take the canoes to the river. We put in at Beaver Falls and row six miles, then portage back to the park for lunch.

Ray wasn't the only one who groaned audibly. "Why can't the trucks haul the canoes back?" someone asked.

Mark smiled sympathetically. "Our goal is to help you counselors be strong, learn to endure. It's a lot like the Christian life. God allows us to go through hard things at times and we come out stronger."

Mark's comments were beginning to impress Ray. Was he missing something in this Christian life business?

Ray was paired with Sid, a senior counselor, for the canoe trip. He felt pretty flabby by the time they'd rowed a mile. His arms began to sing the same tune as his aching legs. He noticed Todd was having even more trouble than he was. Yet when Todd saw him looking back, he grinned and shouted, "Isn't this great?"

Except for aching muscles, it wasn't too bad until they came to the first rapids. Sid laughed at his nervousness "This isn't anything," he said. "Wait till you see Showdown Rapids." Ray was glad Mark had prayed for safety that morning.

That evening Ray and Todd were assigned their regular camp duties. Every day they had to feed and water the camp horses. Once a week they worked in the kitchen. Ray felt sorry for Todd as they went out to the barn. He looked exhausted. *Why does he put himself through all this if he isn't strong?* Ray wondered.

After devotions that night, Ray



“For the first time in weeks, his prayers were from the heart and right to the point. “Lord,” he murmured, “help.”

sprawled on his bed and started a letter to his folks. Mark had spoken again about giving your best for the Lord. *Haven't I always done the right thing?* Ray thought. *Isn't God satisfied with that? What is all this about striving and endurance?*

“Dear Mom and Dad,” Ray began, “having a great time . . . send vitamins . . .” and he fell asleep.

The days that followed brought one test after another. Ray felt good that some of his stiffness was wearing off. He worried about Todd though. Every day was a struggle for him. It was as if his strength only went so far. He was tempted to ask Todd why he bothered, but didn't want to hurt his feelings. He was developing real respect for the other boy's courage.

On Thursday morning, Mark made the announcement that caused Ray to wonder if he should stuff himself in an envelope and mail it home. “On Friday,” Mark said, “we will be rappelling down Header's Point. It's not very steep, but we figured you'd all want to have this experience.”

Ray's heart pounded. Running and canoeing were one thing, but hauling yourself up a cliff with only a few ropes. . . . For the first time in weeks, his prayers were from the heart and right to the point. “Lord,” he murmured, “help.”

Ray had made several friends by this time. He and Todd sat with Sid and Ross that night at the campfire. He noticed they all paid close attention. Ross was taking notes. They seemed sold out to following God. They even brought the Lord naturally into their conversations. It was like Jesus Christ was the most important part of their life. If only

he could feel that way.

After the service, Ray didn't rush back to his cabin as usual. He hung around, hoping Mark would notice him. They were things he had to get straight in his mind.

“The things you're saying are beginning to make sense,” Ray told Mark as they sat down together on a log. “Like the importance of following Christ and being strong. But it's easy here . . . with all the exciting things going on and great people around. It's tough to be enthused about the Christian life at home. These other guys probably have tremendous homes and churches.

Mark smiled. “Hardly,” he said. “Take Sid for example. His folks announced two weeks ago they're getting a divorce. No surprise, Sid tells me, since all they ever done is fight. They're not Christians, of course. Sid has real questions, but he's trusting God for the future.

“Then there's Craig. He got expelled from school for smoking pot. For some reason his church turned against him too. Only by God's grace did he run into a Christian brother who helped him get straightened out. Now he's one of the most enthusiastic Christians I know.

“Of course the best example of Christian courage, I think, is Todd,” Mark said thoughtfully.

“Todd,” Ray exclaimed. “I've been meaning to ask about Him. He worries me. It seems like he's pushing himself beyond what he should. He comes in totally spent.”

Mark laughed. “I know. But don't worry about him. I've never seen a guy with more endurance.

“You see, Todd has a muscular disease,” Mark went on. “He's had it since

he was ten. It's in remission right now, thank the Lord, but it's left him with weakness nothing can cure. So he just keeps pushing himself. He refuses to give up. I suppose you've noticed how cheerful he is? He figures God is going to keep him going as long as he does his part and tries. I attempted to talk him out of rappelling, but he insisted. And you know, I think he'll make it.”

It wasn't just the upcoming cliff climbing that kept Ray awake that night. Long after the camp was quiet, he lay there with his eyes wide open. He had some heavy thinking . . . and praying to do. He couldn't get Mark's last words out of his mind.

“Maybe you've been looking for the wrong signs,” Mark had told him. “You think things will be exciting by world's standards.”

Sometimes it's the quiet strength, the daily endurance that's hardest. It's the steady trusting and obeying God that is the biggest challenge.”

“I guess you're right, Mark,” Ray had replied. “Now I'm not sure I'll be a good counselor. It's a big responsibility. When I came I thought it would be a snap. I'm not convinced I can lead the kids the way I should.”

“None of us are totally confident,” Mark had said. It's a challenge . . . learning to turn our fears and uncertainties over to God, trusting Him to do something through us, in spite of our weaknesses. That's what makes it exciting. We never quite know what He's going to do, because He's such a creative and original God.”

And as Ray fell asleep that night, it was with fresh appreciation for the exciting privilege of being part of God's family. ★

UPDATE

COMMANDERS, ARE YOU USING THE NEW "OUTPOST PLANNING GUIDE" NOW AVAILABLE FROM THE GOSPEL PUBLISHING HOUSE? THIS BOOK CONTAINS A FULL THREE YEARS OF DETAILED OUTPOST MEETING PLANS. WE HIGHLY RECOMMEND YOU USE THIS NEW BOOK AS A GUIDE FOR YOUR OUTPOST MEETINGS.

—EDITOR



A VERY UNUSUAL TRAINING SESSION

On June 19, 1985 at the San Diego Stadium, Section Commander Tony Snesko and 12 of his instructors held Class 5 for 30 Royal Rangers leaders. What made this class unusual and exciting was not only the fact that there were 13 instructors to teach all 13 sections of the Advanced Class, or that the classes were held at the San Diego Stadium, but that they taught the class in the San Diego Chargers' locker room all day Saturday followed by a Tailgate Barbecue in the parking lot. After dining on ribs, beans, and sodas, everyone went back into the stadium and watched the San Diego Padres beat the Cincinnati Reds and then celebrated the birthday of the famous San Diego Chicken.

Can you outdo San Diego? ★

SMOKE



GETS IN MY EYES

BY G. FRANKLIN ALLEE

We were sitting on opposite sides of our campfire, my friend, Don Steel, and I sank down into the restful quiet of a night among the northern woods.

"Rowing's really hard work, especially on a fellow's hands," I said, somewhat complainingly, holding up my blistered "tenderfoot" hands for him to see. "I'll have a nice set of callouses to show the others in our office."

Don looked at my hands casually, as though he didn't really see them, said "Uh huh," and lowered his head to stare into the crackling fire again. There was actually no need of a fire on a warm night like that one, but it made the night more companionable.

I wasn't exactly happy with him right then. There I had done much of the rowing that day; my back and arms ached. And he acknowledged my blistered hands with a mere grunt. I rose,

"... I saw him draw the back of his hand across his eyes and thought I could see moisture on his cheeks. He said, 'That smoke sure gets in my eyes.'"

dropped a few dead branches on the fire, picked up my pencil and writing pad, and sat down on the damp ground again.

But I was wondering why Don seemed so thoughtful. He sat humped up, staring into the flames as though he were seeing the faces of people

there. Glancing in his direction I saw him draw the back of his hand across his eyes, and thought I could see moisture on his cheeks. He said, "That smoke sure gets in my eyes."

And this time it was my turn to say "Uh huh," although I doubted if it was smoke that had brought the sudden moisture to his eyes.

He picked up a pebble, toyed with it a moment, and then, flicking it over his shoulder into the brush, spoke again. "I never see anyone with blistered or calloused hands, but what I think of my father."

Although I tried to keep from looking too interested, I was instantly alert. Knowing Don as I did, I had the feeling that the making of a good story could be in the offing. "I can imagine that he was a hard worker," I said.

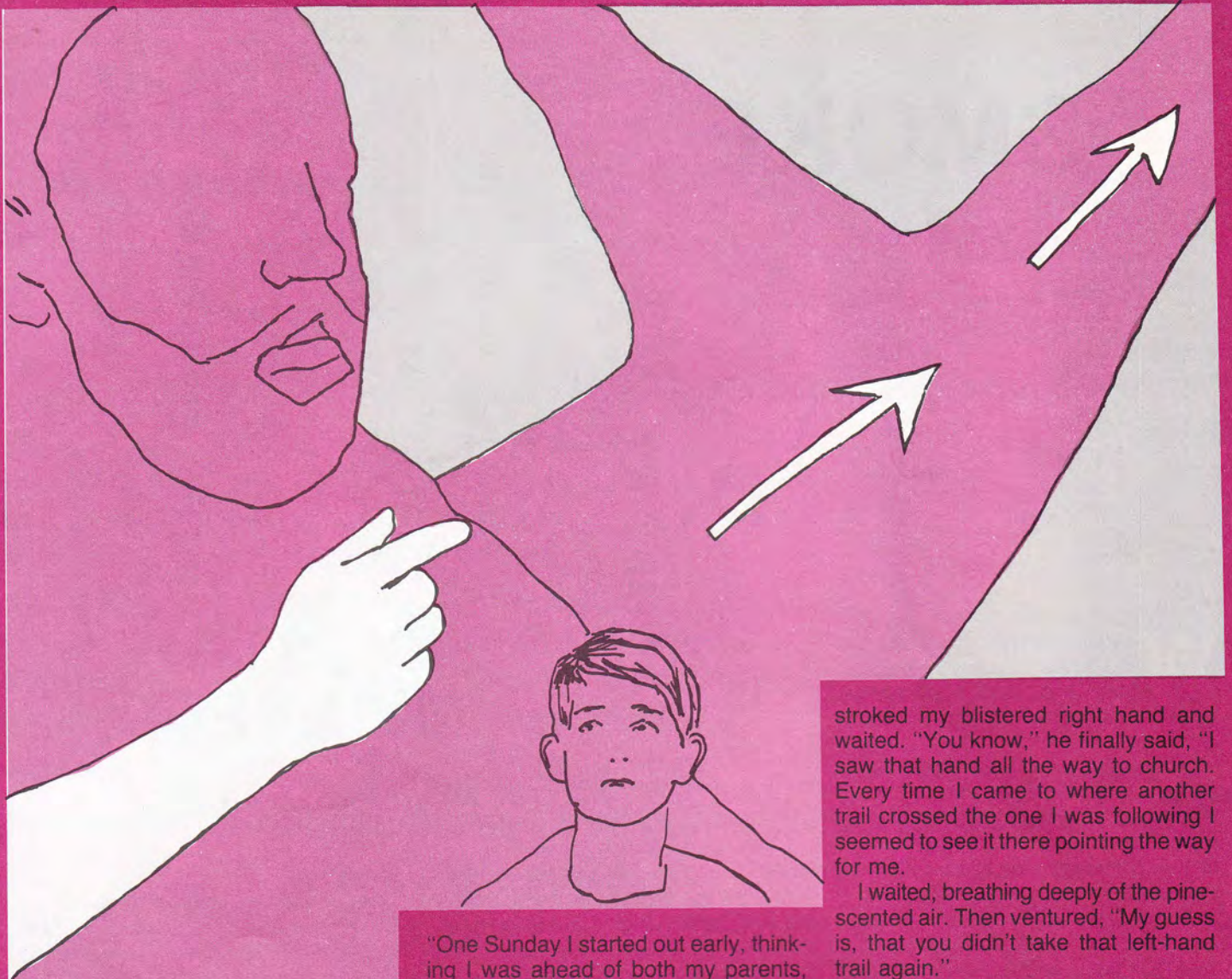
"Always," Don replied. "Worked hard all his life. Never had time to play or enjoy life the way I do. You see, there were eight of us kids. And that's enough to keep any father going to make a living for them. Can't remember him ever having a vacation. And whenever he comes to my mind, it's his hands that seem to stick in my memory tightest. Big, heavy hands, calloused and hard, with deep seams crisscrossing

the palms."

He paused, brushed his eyes again and muttered, "That smoke!" I knew the smoke of our campfire was going straight up until it was beyond the treetops, but I knew better than to mention it. Don waited, his head bent low. A night bird called from across the lake. Above the marsh I could see the flash of countless fireflies—"lightning bugs" most people of that area called them. Finally, Don resumed his story.

"I was a big, awkward lunk of a kid, crossing 'fool's bridge,' when a rough kind of a family moved onto a farm about two miles up Sand Creek from our place. It wasn't long till I was spending most of my spare time there. Their name was McCullough. They taught me how to play cards, smoke, and do a lot of other things my folks had never practiced. It wasn't long till I quit going to the little country church I had attended all my life till then. It hurt Mom and Dad pretty bad. But I didn't care. I've kicked myself a-plenty since then, but I was determined to have my way, and wouldn't listen to Mom's pleas or Dad's advice."

He paused to stir the fire, while I listened to the singing of frogs, (frogs
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stroked my blistered right hand and waited. "You know," he finally said, "I saw that hand all the way to church. Every time I came to where another trail crossed the one I was following I seemed to see it there pointing the way for me.

I waited, breathing deeply of the pine-scented air. Then ventured, "My guess is, that you didn't take that left-hand trail again."

"How right you are!" he replied. "You see, Dad was fatally injured in a saw-mill accident a few weeks later. And before he died, he asked me to promise him I would always follow the right-hand trail in life. I promised him, and a few minutes later his big right hand lay open there on his bed. Dad was in heaven. I knew that was the direction in which he'd traveled so long there couldn't be any mistake about where he landed. I've seen that hand of his at a lot of crossroads since then. And it has always pointed toward the right."

"I can understand that, Don," I answered, knowing my voice was husky. "And, if I know you as I think I do, you've kept to the right-hand trail in life."

"Not as well as I should have, I'm afraid," he replied, brushing his eyes again. "That smoke sure gets in my eyes."

But I knew it was not smoke that was bringing moisture to Don's eyes; it was a pair of calloused hands tugging at his big heart. ★

"One Sunday I started out early, thinking I was ahead of both my parents, and planning on going to McCullough's instead of to Sunday school. About a half mile up the creek from our house I came to where the creek forked. The path to the left followed Sandy Creek to McCullough's place. While the one to the right led up Swan Creek to the church. I had started to take the left-hand trail, when there stood my dad. Unknown to me, he had come there to head me off.

Don slapped at a hungry mosquito that was poking its sharp beak through his shirt, kicked at the fire, and fell silent.

"Yes?" I urged after a minute or more of waiting.

"Oh, yes," he said with a start. "Well, Dad didn't say a word. He just raised one of his big calloused hands and pointed toward the right-hand path. I didn't say anything, either. I could see the tears in his eyes, but I also knew the firmness of his will and the power that backed that work-hardened hand. So I turned to the right."

During the silence that followed, I

do sing in the north country) and waited for him to resume his story.

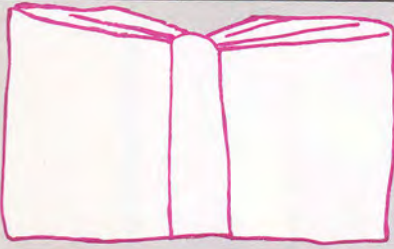
"What fools kids can be," he muttered, then retreated into silence again.

I waited a few moments, then anxiously to hear the rest of his story, asked him how his parents finally handled the situation.

Don brushed a lock of wire-like hair back from his forehead, and resumed:

THE WELL-READ RANGER

CONTINUED
FROM PG. 2



The *Complete Guide to Game Fish* covers every major (and most minor) sportfish in the U.S.—both fresh and saltwater species. The fish are described in detail, with complete notes on feeding, mating and angling characteristics. It's a tremendously helpful volume by Byron Dalrymple, a prolific outdoor author.

The *Complete Guide to Game Animals*, by Leonard Lee Rue III, another prolific outdoor author and exceptional wildlife photographer, covers dozens of American animals. It answers questions like: "Do possums really play 'possum'?" "Does the raccoon always wash its food?" "Do mountain lions scream?" and more. Le Rue's excellent photographs, and easy reading style, make this book a book you'll refer to often.

Thomas E. Mails is a Lutheran minister, Indian expert, and author of our modern classic, an intense study of Plains Indians titled *The Mystic Warrior of the Plains*. Well-written and finely detailed with 32 color plates and over 1,000 drawings (all done by Mails), Mails' book gives the reader a complete picture of the life of the Plains Indians—the most complete and accurate picture ever painted, in this reviewer's opinion. Different chapters cover social customs; medical practices; the buffalo and the horse; arts and crafts; battle strategies; birth and training of the boy; decline of the Plains tribes and more. Forget the Hollywood version of the American Indian—Mails' book tells it like it really is, in an easy to read and understand style. Every Ranger outpost and FCF member needs to read this book. ★

FALL 1985

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

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many interesting brothers in the Bible. Cain killed his brother. Joseph was sold into slavery by his. Jacob stole his brother's birthright. There are many sad stories. But there are those that are happy. "He (Andrew) first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, we have found the Messiah, which is being interpreted, the Christ."

Finding your own brother or sister is often the hardest task of all. They have been watching our lives. "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city: and their contentions are like the bars of a castle" (Prov. 18:19).

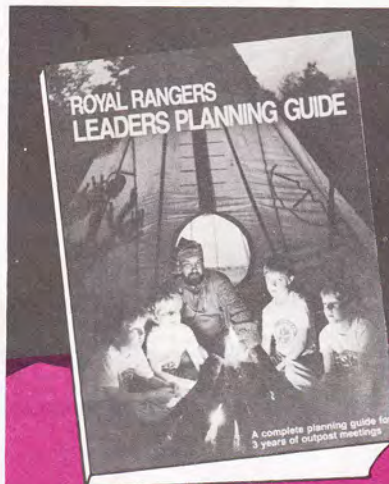
God asked Cain, "Where is Abel thy brother?"

God asks each of us, "Where is your brother or sister?" The physical

murder of Abel was a horrible crime but what about the spiritual murder of your own brother or sister through carelessness or a direct failure to spend a lifetime in dedicated effort to bring them to Christ?

There are two graves in Pickens County, South Carolina. They are the graves of brothers. Those who put the markers there indicated clearly that one, in their opinion, was in heaven and one in hell. South Carolinians have been pondering that tragedy for over a century. What about your brother? "He first findeth his own brother," have you taken that simple step in discipleship?

Write! Call! Phone! Invite to dinner! Surround that sibling with love and affection and find your own brother! Lead him to Christ. ★



NEW

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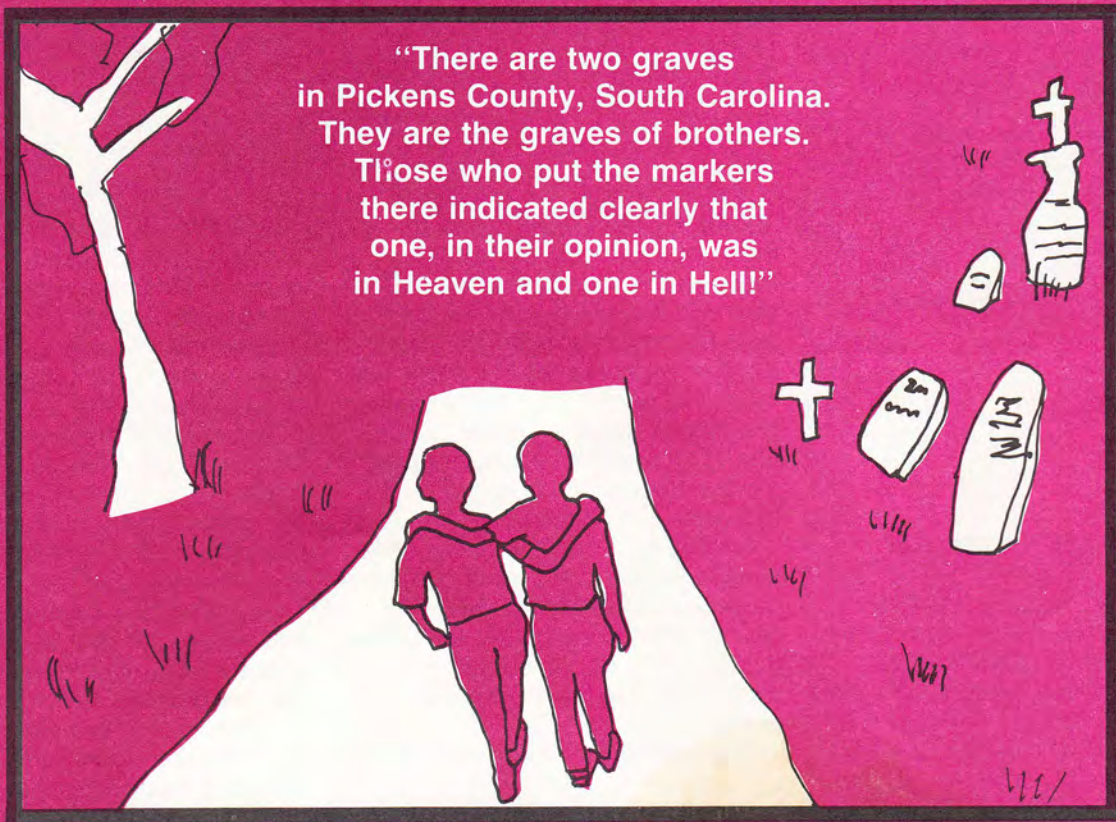
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“There are two graves in Pickens County, South Carolina. They are the graves of brothers. Those who put the markers there indicated clearly that one, in their opinion, was in Heaven and one in Hell!”

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

BY DORIS FISHER HARRIS

“WHAT ABOUT YOUR BROTHER? HAVE YOU TAKEN THAT SIMPLE STEP IN DISCIPLESHIP?”

The two graves are side-by-side. They are among the many fascinating gravestones in South Carolina that are a candidate for conjecture because of their aura of mystery.

The graves are near-famous in this part of the country. People go to the eastern Pickens County cemetery to see them. There are two graves side-by-side. They are graves of brothers. Thomas Hunt died in 1884 at the age of 28. James Hunt died six weeks later at the age of 26. They died a few weeks apart. Thomas on September 11 and James on October 28.

Thomas' headstone is tall and bears a confident and rather common engraving of a hand pointing toward heaven. But James'

headstone is smaller and a hand, wreathed in chains, is pointing downward.

Everyone who sees the graves is intrigued by the story. Who were they? Why do the carvings on the headstones seem to declare that one is in heaven and the other in hell.

A reporter recently inquired of the old timers and heard many possible answers. Perhaps it was a Cain-Abel story and one had killed the other. One was hanged for the murder of the other. Others remind us that if one was executed it would be unlikely that he would be buried in "holy ground" the cemetery. Some think they died of typhoid. But no one knows the reasons for the gravestones. The stones are clearly judgmental. But a reporter asked,

“Who was the judge? What was the crime?”

Brothers! One confidently placed as a citizen of heaven, the other, just as confidently, placed as a citizen of hell.

But if the hand of God should choose to place a finger on every gravestone pointing out the eternal abode of each citizen, how many brothers of Christian men and boys would be seen as having their hands wrapped in chains and living in hell.

What about your brother?

What a tragedy it would be if your brother went to hell.

One of the first questions a human being ever asked was the question, “Am I my brother's keeper?”

The answer is yes. There are

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