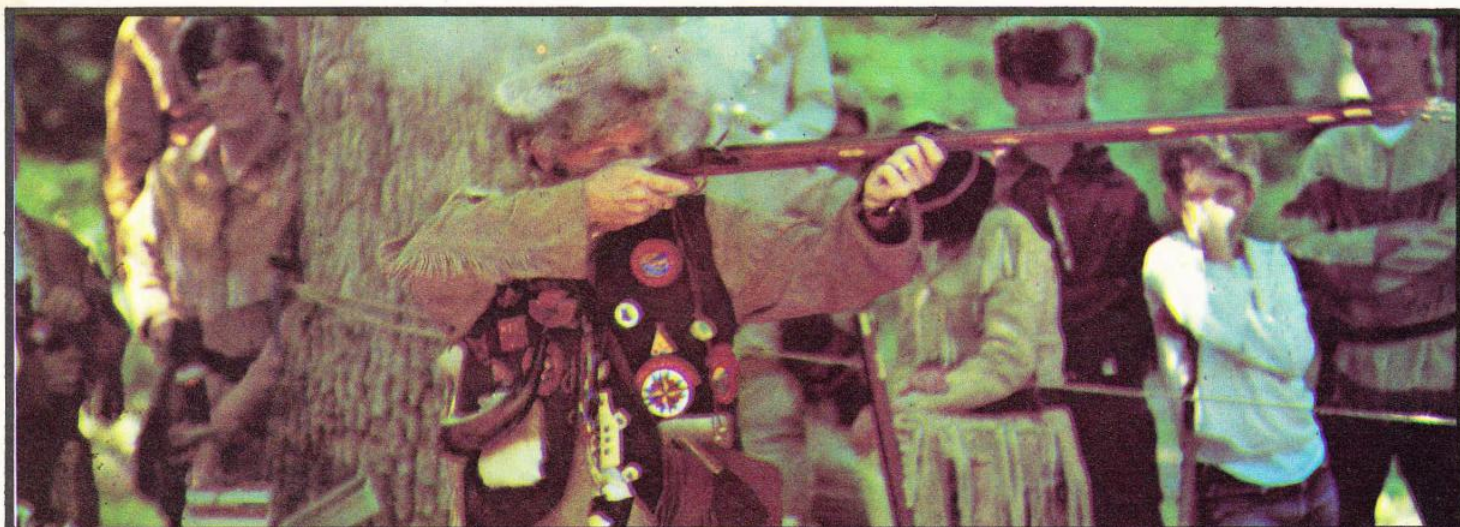
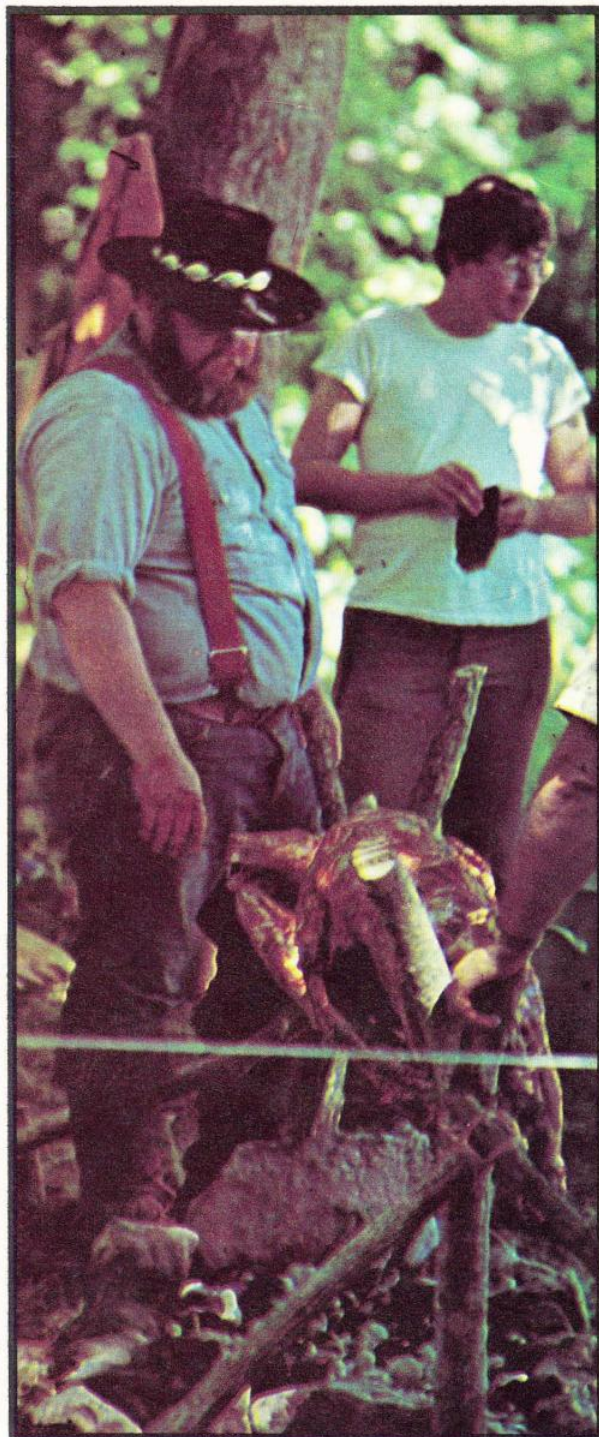


High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

FALL 1972





IN THIS ISSUE

TANEYTOWN LETTER

A group of Royal Rangers search for an old Civil War letter—with unexpected results.

BARNSTORMER

A true adventure of a pilot during the early days of aviation.

F.C.F. RENDEZVOUS

A report on one of the most spectacular events in Royal Ranger history.

THE EXCITING WORLD OF NATURE
An interesting trip into the mountaintop area of nature.

CAMP CRAFT

Detailed instructions on building a tripod tower.

COMEDY CORNER

The latest jokes to make you chuckle.

THE SEARCH GOES ON . . .

An inspiring devotional about an important search.

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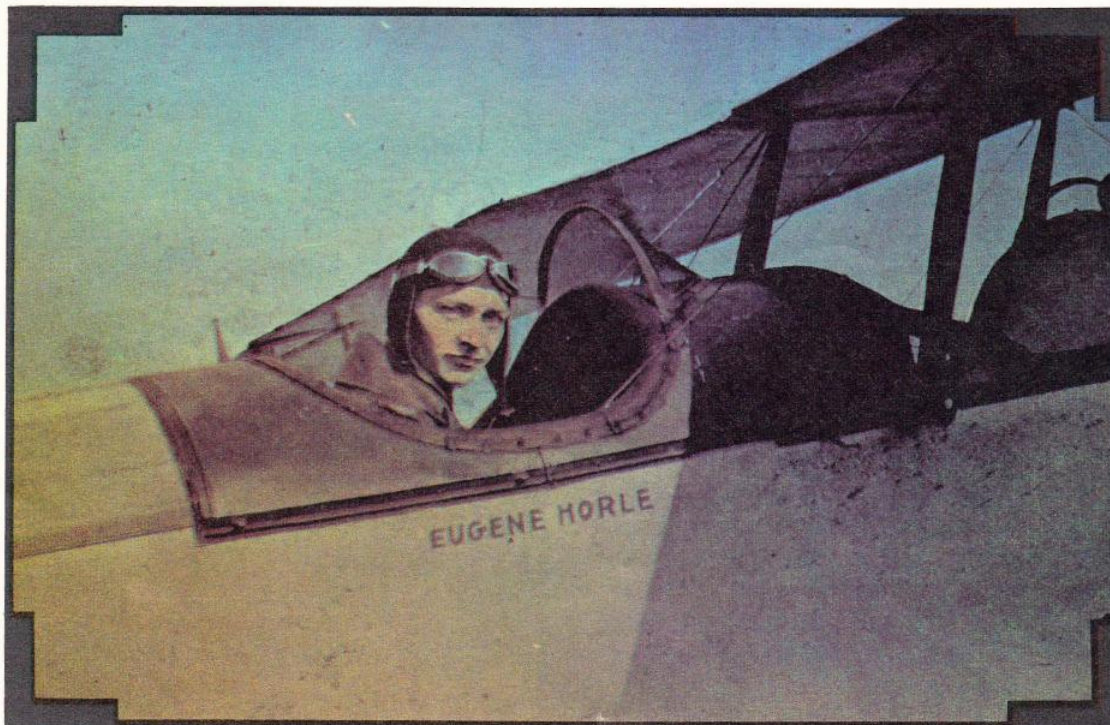
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BARNSTORMER

By: Eugene Horle



Webster's Dictionary describes barnstorming as the act of, "piloting one's airplane, for a livelihood, in irregular sight-seeing flights with passengers, or in exhibition stunts, in an unscheduled itinerant course, especially in rural districts." This is a fairly correct description of my first experience as a pilot.

I started in the pioneer days of airplanes, when a hayfield often doubled as an airfield.

In 1924 I got flying fever when I saw a plane flying over Syracuse, N.Y. I could hardly wait to find out where it landed. The next day I found the pilot and his airplane on a cleared hayfield south of the city. I gave him \$5 and he gave me my first airplane ride. The next day I went looking for one to buy.

I found a Curtiss "Jenny" tied to a fence on a hayfield near Binghamton, N.Y. The pilot said he would sell it to me, with flying lessons, for \$750. We made the deal. I soon had enough dual time to solo, but the field was not large enough. I found a larger hayfield near my hometown of Skaneateles, N.Y.

Almost everyone in town knew I had bought a Jenny, and most of them were there to see me solo.

People came on bicycles and horses, and in cars, trucks, and automobile. My instructor jumped out of the front cockpit and yelled, "Take off." Just as I started to push open the throttle a man pushed through the crowd and ran to the airplane and yelled, "Are you carrying passengers?" I looked at my instructor and he winked and I yelled, "Yes." He climbed into the front seat, my instructor buckled his safety belt, and I took off on my first solo flight—with a paying passenger!

A few days later a man asked me to fly him to Cortland, N.Y. He wanted to throw out handbills over the county fairgrounds. With only about 30 miles solo time, I started on my first cross-country air trip. My passenger said he really enjoyed the trip. We did not have any compass, so I followed roads and railroad tracks. After we threw out the handbills, I found a nice hayfield along the main road. A few moments after we landed, men, women, and children crowded around the Jenny. I bought gasoline from the nearest station and started carrying passengers.

As a real Jenny "barnstormer," I flew from town to town in New York and Pennsylvania, gaining
(Continued on next page)

experience, giving flying lessons, and earning money.

I bought my second Jenny in Hartford, Ct., for \$400. I flew cross-country for many hundreds of miles without any compass. The standard instruments were altimeter, tachometer, oil pressure gauge, water temperature gauge, and gasoline gauge. The 44-foot wingspread made Jennys easy to take off and land. However, with a gross weight of 2,200 pounds and a 90-horsepower engine, they were slow at climbing. Cross-country speed was 70 mph in still air. We took off according to the pitch of the roar of our motors and maintained our flying and landing speed according to the whistle of the wind through the wires. The name Jenny was taken from the original manufacturer's model number which was J.N.4.D.

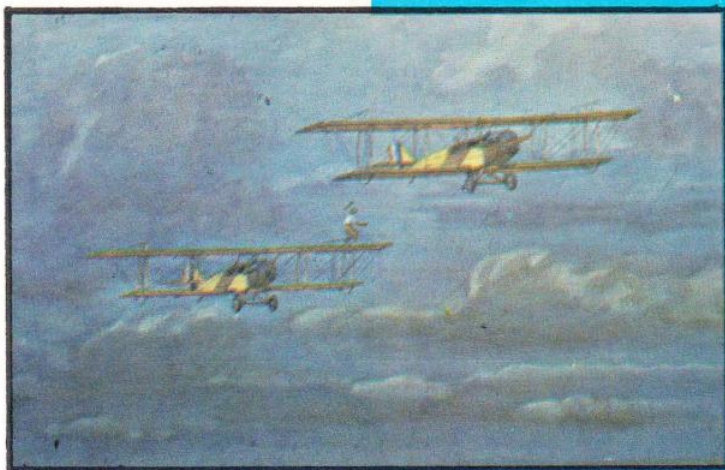
The end of the 1920's was also the end of the easygoing, carefree pilots and the "good old" Jennys, and other war-surplus planes. If I had been ready to take my written examination the first time a government aeronautical inspector came to Syracuse, my pilot's license number would have been lower than 100. However, after studying meteorology, air navigation, air traffic rules and regulations, engines, and airplanes, I took my test about two months later and was issued number 2904.

In 1931 I went to work as a licensed engine and airplane mechanic. Through the next ten years I worked in factories and airports in New York and Pennsylvania. I also bought, sold, and traded a number of airplanes to keep up to date on the progress of aviation.

On December 7, 1941 I received a telegram from Washington: "Japanese attacking Pearl Harbor; all airplanes and pilots grounded; contact C.A.A. inspector." After being fingerprinted, photographed, and investigated by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, I drove to Ithaca, NY to see the Civil Aeronautics inspector. My pilot's license was reinstated on December 18 and I enlisted in the Civil Air Patrol in Syracuse.

My assignments during the war included cadet orientation flights, spotting and tracking missions, formation flying, and giving free rides to war bond purchasers.

Thirty days after World War II ended, I made my last flight from the Auburn Airport. A heart attack had put me on my back in the hospital. I went home after 30 days and was kept in bed for 60 more days. After being laid up for five months, I was able to go outside and drive my car again, but my doctor said I could not live over one year.



Stunt pilot changing from one plane to another without parachute



I bought my first Jenny in 1926.



Jenny barn-
storming crew



Stunt man in
action

My wife and I sold our home and bought a travel trailer. Our trips took us from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico City. In the winter of 1954, we were staying in Tampa, FL, and I read in the paper that Captain Mitsuo Fuchida, the commander of the air force that attacked Pearl Harbor, would be speaking in a local church. I was not interested in going to church, but I was interested in seeing that famous pilot.

At the service, Fuchida told about planning and leading the attack. He told about being shot down into the ocean and into jungles in later battles. He told about the Americans attacking Japanese carriers in the Battle of Midway. One bomb blew a hole in the side of his ship and another bomb blew Fuchida out through the hole. His aircraft carrier, the Akagi, from which he had led the attack on Pearl Harbor, sank, taking every airplane and every other pilot down with it. He could not understand how he was still alive at the end of the war.

Then Fuchida learned the reason. He heard a Christian missionary, Jacob DeShazer, tell how he had been captured and imprisoned by the Japanese during the war. DeShazer despised his captors, but they did give him a Bible he requested after he began to remember his Sunday School days as a boy. DeShazer read the Bible avidly, and his heart filled with love for Jesus Christ.

DeShazer's heart also began to love his Japanese enemies, and after the war, DeShazer took missionary training and returned to Japan where Fuchida heard him.

At first Fuchida couldn't believe the missionary's story, but he talked to DeShazer and became convinced that Jesus Christ had indeed died for his sins. Fuchida trusted Christ on April 14, 1950, and later came to America to tell his story. With tears in his eyes he begged listeners to forgive him for what he had done, and they did.

My hard heart was deeply touched, and after meeting him personally I too made my decision for Christ. It was January 17, 1954. Since then I have attended Sunday school and church regularly. I continually speak to church and civic groups, telling my story and showing colored slides of the exciting history of flying and my small part in it.

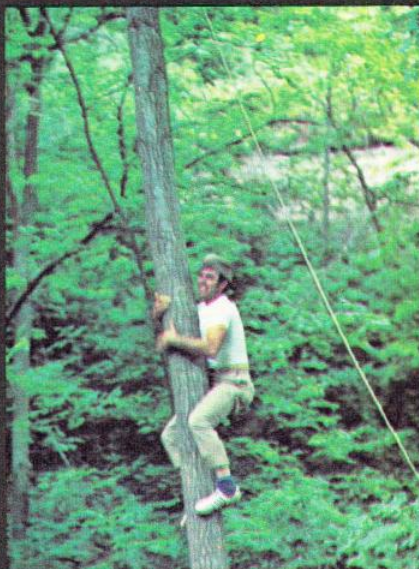
I truly thank God for sparing my life through the barnstorming, flying-circus, and pioneer days of aviation, and for allowing me to hear the Pearl Harbor Japanese pilot who showed me the way to God. All the thrills of flying do not compare with the joy and satisfaction of knowing the Creator of the skies—and of pilots—as the Saviour of my soul. ●

Over 200 members of the Royal Rangers Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity converged in Springfield on June 14th to begin activities of the first National Rendezvous, which was acclaimed as the most spectacular event in Royal Ranger history. Activities and events rivaled those of an old-time Rendezvous of frontier days.

After officially opening the Rendezvous with a blast from the National Presidents's horn, the delegates began two jam-packed days of fun and fellowship.

Events included: a tour of National Headquarters, swap time, an "F.C.F. Olympics," black powder shoot outs, knife and tomahawk throwing pole climbing, log rolling,

FIRST NATIONAL



frontier singing, squaw calling, pioneer tales, and the selection of the F.C.V. outfit.

Demonstrations included "How to: shoot a flintlock rifle, make beef jerky, smoke fish, mold bullets, tool leather, and do Indian beadwork.

The big feed on the last day featured the cooking of an Ozark razor-back, Kansas antelope, and two turkeys on spits over an open fire. The

menu also included Indian corn, wild greens, venison, and quail.

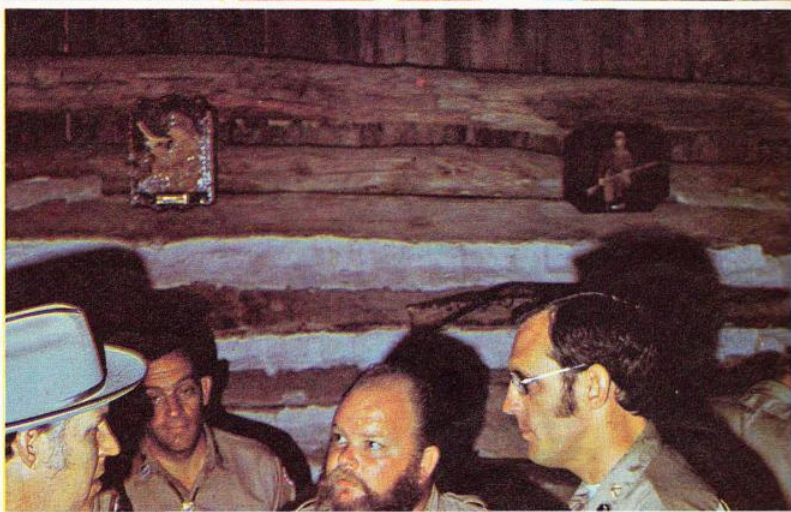
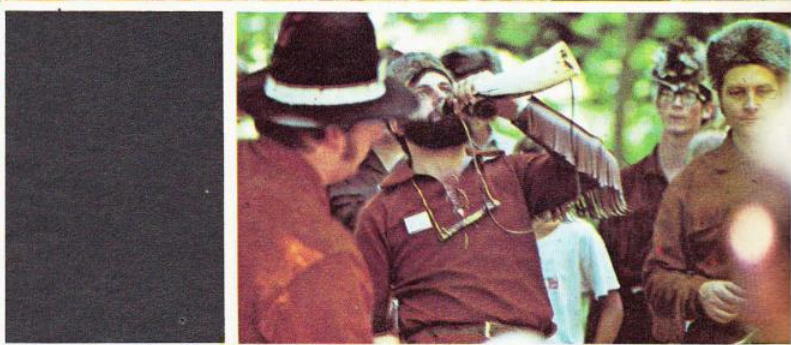
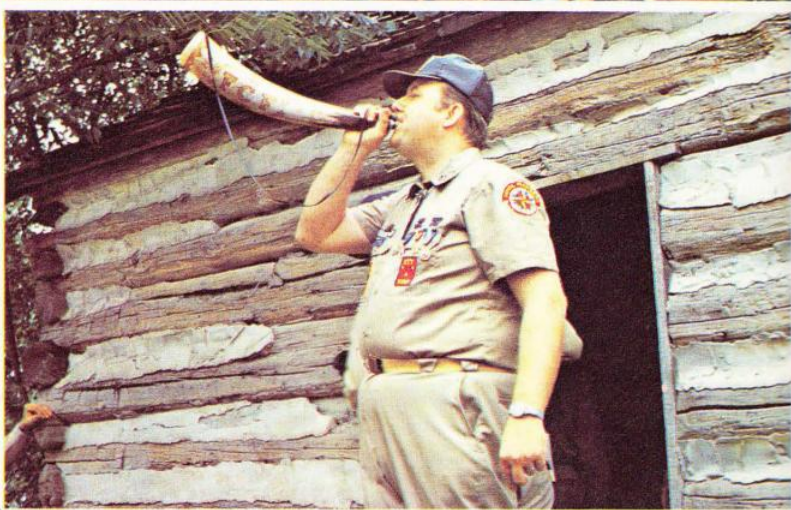
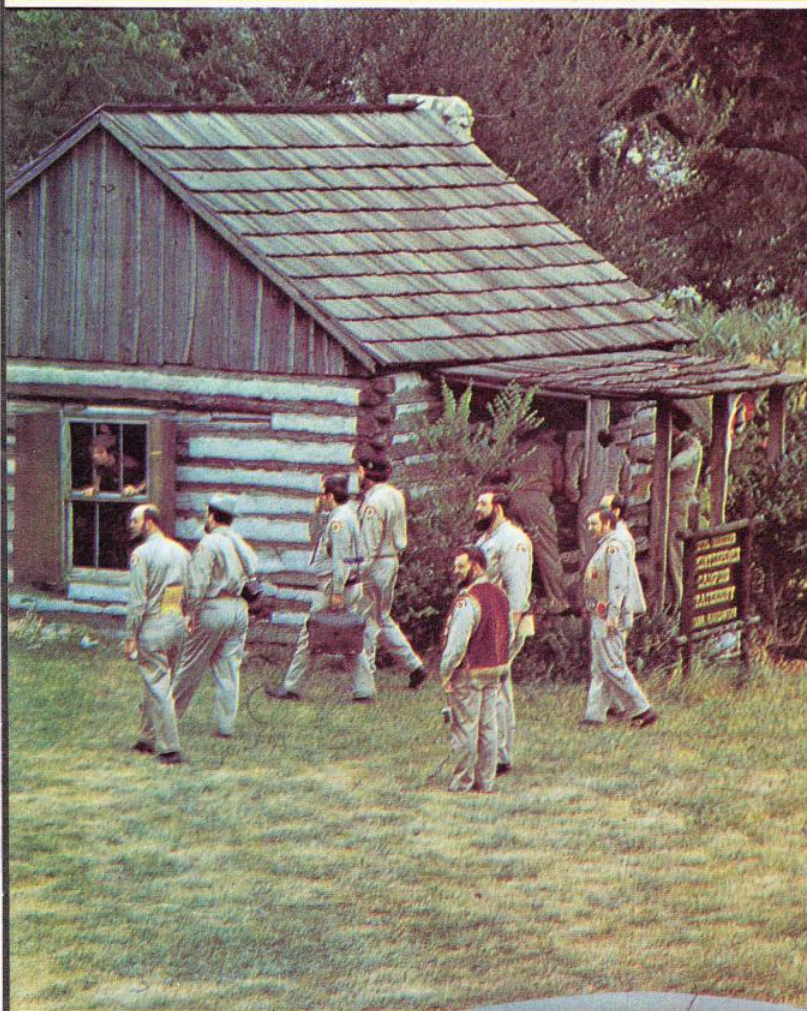
A rally in Fantastic Caverns auditorium featured the presentation of awards for the various contests and the selection of "Mr. Frontiersman" for the Rendezvous. The winner was Keith Weaver of Oklahoma City.

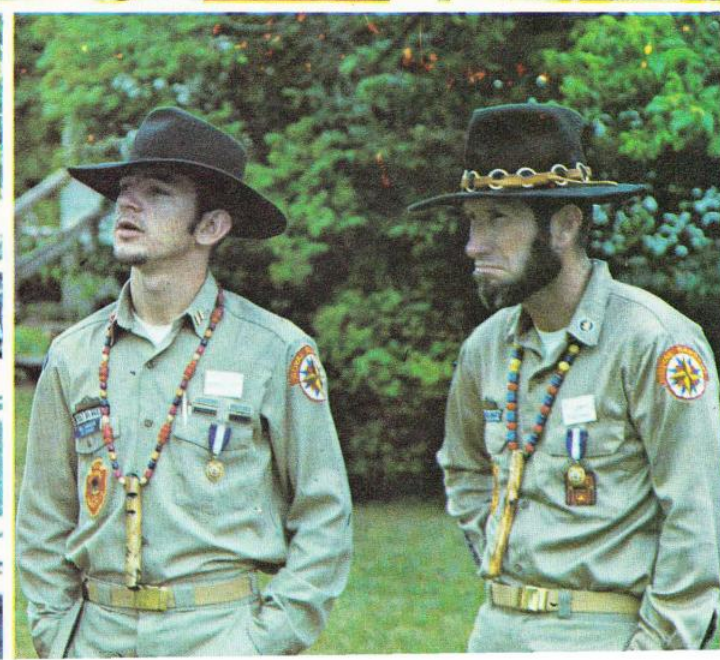
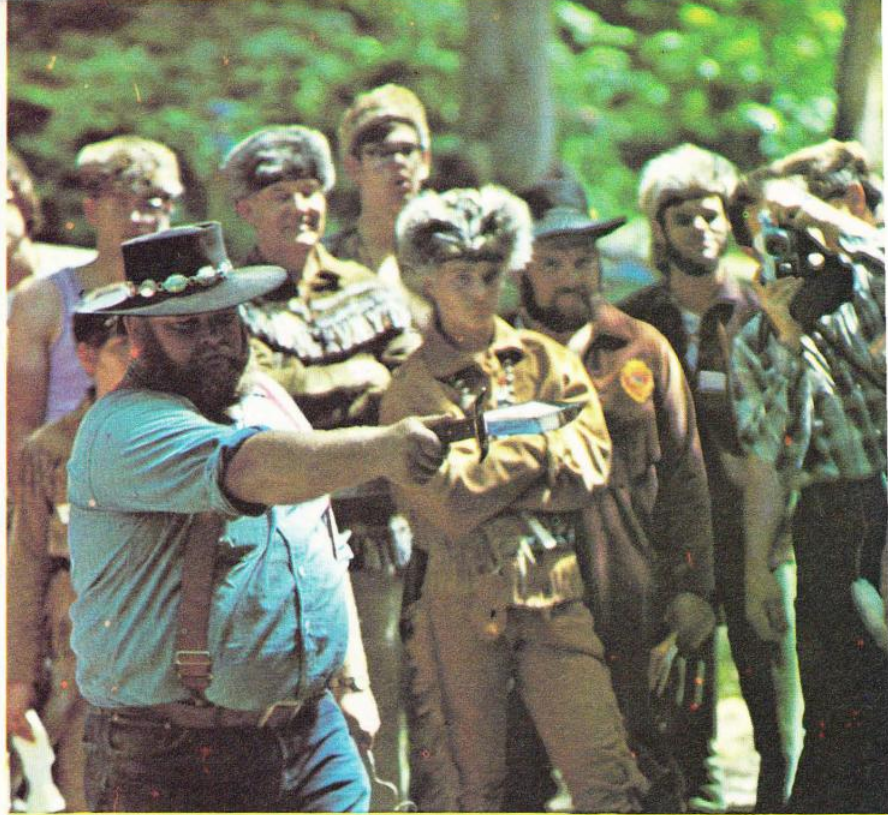
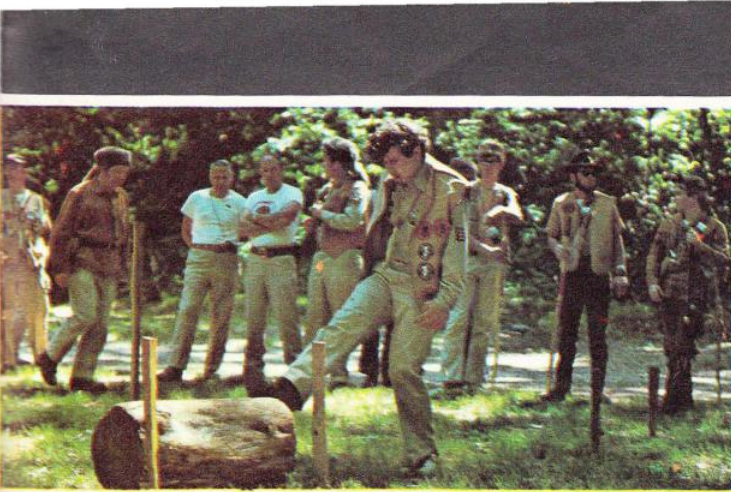
The festivities were terminated with an impressive friendship fire on an island in the Sac River.

NEXT PAGE

FANTASTIC CAVENS RENDZVOUS







TANEYTOWN



Mike, Freddie, Len and I were deciding what to do Saturday when Leroy Buchcana came up with this old letter. The envelope was so yellow and wrinkled that it looked as if it had been delivered by the pony express. "Would you fellows know if this stamp is valuable?"

Freddie Wilson, our stamp expert, took the faded envelope. He gingerly inspected the front and back, then he passed it around. The date seemed to be July 1, 1863. It had been posted by General G. Meade in Taneytown, Maryland.

Len Carter whispered, "I don't know about the stamp, but hasn't anyone recognized the date?"

"July 1, 1863? Not me," Freddie admitted.

Len Carter explained, "July 1 was the first day of the Battle of Gettysburg. The Union forces under General G. Meade camped in Taneytown. We have the envelope. The question is—where is the letter? It is bound to be important!"

Leroy broke into our knot and asked, "Does it possess any monetary or historical value?" He talks like that.

"Maybe," Mike said. "Where did you find it?"

"In the attic of my dad's homestead on Brooks' Lane," he said.

So Saturday morning we trooped to Mr. Buchcana's old homestead. When Custer was making his last stand the house might have been the pride of the Buchcana family, but now it looked as if it was making a last stand itself. It was two stories high, with gables and a vine covered brick chimney. The house was hidden in gloom. There was a musty, damp smell.

We found Leroy sitting on the porch, munching an apple and reading a book. He looked up. "What brings this exodus to my ancestor's humble abode?"

Mike said, "I invited the patrol members—to sort through the junk in the attic."

Leroy shrugged, as if it was completely unimportant to him. He led us into the old building. The dim outside seemed positively brilliant compared with the dungeon gloom inside. A thick coat of dust, dead spiders and spider webs was everywhere.

We tagged along behind Leroy. The dust kicked up so bad that those in the back must have thought they were bringing up the rear of a cavalry charge. The first two flights of stairs swayed and creaked with each step. The final flight to the attic was narrow and cocked at an angle.

LETTER:

By John
Hudson Tiner

Freddie eyed the sway-back stairs. "They don't look safe."

"There's no danger," Leroy assured us. To prove his point he jumped up and down. A board splintered and flecks of plaster pelted from the ceiling; the walls shook and faded wallpaper fell in tatters. But the steps did not collapse.

We went up one at a time. The house should have been crushed years ago by the tons of junk stored in the attic.

Mike picked up a musty smelling book. "Turn on the lights."

Leroy laughed. "This house used gas lights until my grandfather had it wired for electricity. But the electricity has been turned off for years."

"We will need some light to search properly," Mike said.

Freddie volunteered, "I could go for flashlights."

"You're wanting an excuse to leave," Mike grumbled.

"We can't stay here," Freddie said. "We would die of dust inhalation."

Leroy spoke up. "Why not carry the boxes to the porch? There will be better light and more room."

"And air!" Freddie coughed. He staggered down the stairs with a heavy box.

As we worked that morning, I had visions of Currier and Ives prints, Civil War diaries of General Meade and Beauregard, Wedgewood pottery, and top hats worn by honest Abe. We found tons of clothes, thousands of books, hundreds of jars and vases and bottles and several dozen framed pictures.

But the clothes fell apart, the books were spotted with water, the vases and bottles cracked. The people in the yellowed pictures were unrecognizable.

"We've carried down half of that junk," Freddie said with emphasis on the word junk. "Let's go home."

"No," Len Carter said. "We've just now dug down to the really old stuff."

"But we haven't found a single thing," Freddie complained.

A metal sheet about the size of a postcard fell out of a book Len Carter was flipping through and rattled to the floor. He picked it up and studied the black metal. "It's a photograph!"

"Is it worth anything?" Mike asked. He is always practical like that.

"No . . ." Len said, "But I remember! These are

called tintypes! Tintypes were popular during the Civil War."

"Back to work!" Mike ordered. We set about it with renewed vigor. By late afternoon we had gone through the remainder of the attic's store. A confused jumble was piled on the floor.

"Nothing!" Mike said with a voice seeped with disgust. He eyed Leroy. "Are you sure that you found that envelope in the attic?"

Leroy spoke as if he had not heard the question. "I hope you fellows get that back up stairs before night."

"Take it back! Not me," Freddie said. He pleaded, "Surely you don't expect us to return it."

Leroy paused, and considered the matter. Finally he said, "You are satisfied that nothing of value remains."

"Yes," Mike said.

"Then you can leave it here," Leroy said. "I'll have dad cart it to the city dump."

"Thanks!" Mike said.

I heard the crunch of footsteps from the gravel road. It was Mr. Buchcana, Leroy's dad. "Good afternoon boys," he said. "Very good of you to help Leroy. I've been admonishing him for months to carry through with his promise to clean the attic."

We stood speechless. Finally Mike asked, "You wanted the attic cleaned out?"

"Yes, fire hazard," he explained. "Leroy assured me last night that he would have it to the porch today."

Mike asked, "We thought we might find something of value?"

"No," Mr. Buchcana said. "The antique dealers have gone through it several times. Last year the State Historical Society sent a man to examine it."

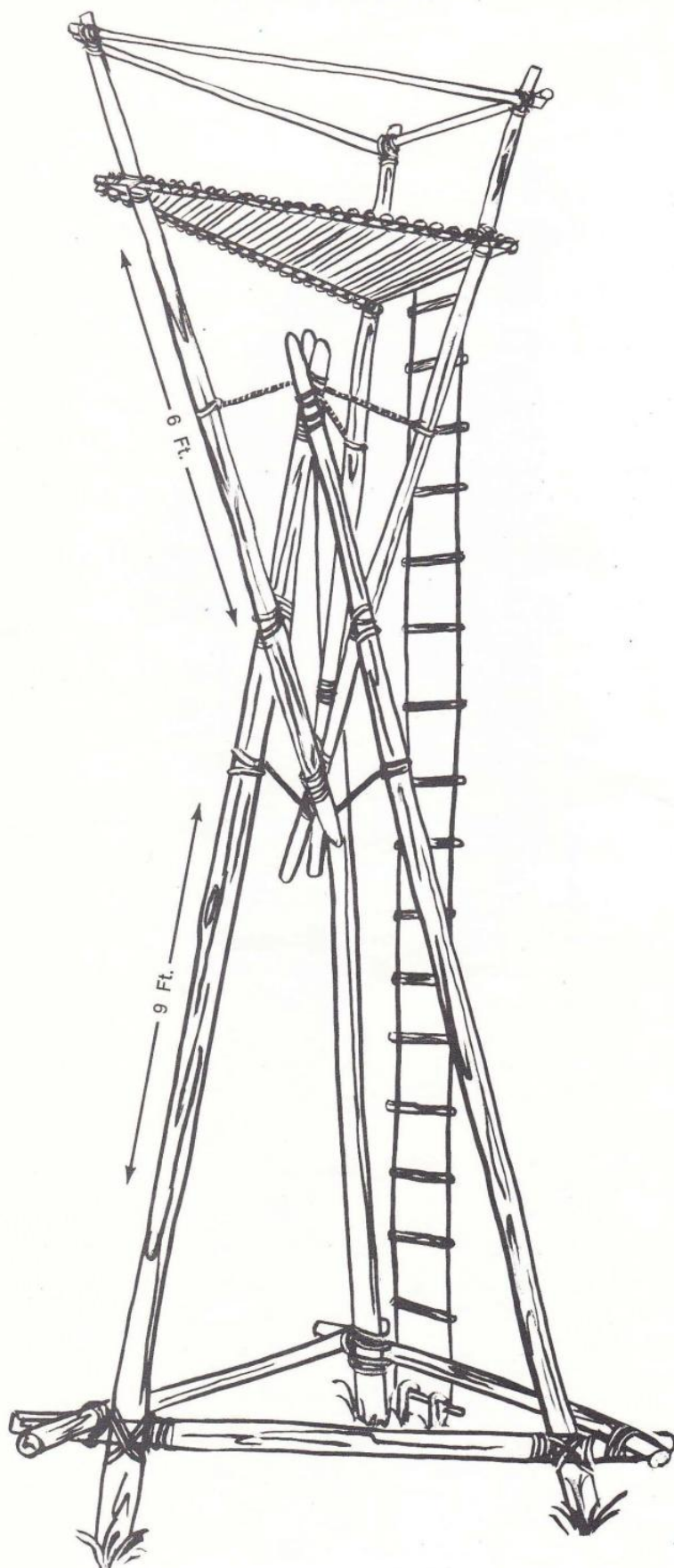
"What about the envelope from General Meade?" Len Carter asked.

Mr. Buchcana examined the envelope. "The stamp might be worth something, but the letter would be a fake. The Army would never use the common mail during the war. A military courier would be used. You boys should have known that."

We should have known that, but we thought we were so superior to Leroy. We thought that because he talked peculiar he wasn't as sharp as we. For a moment we were angry, then realized we'd learned an important lesson. ●

Tripod Tower

By Elton Bell



An ideal group campcraft project is building a signal tower. It gives the Rangers an opportunity to demonstrate campcraft skills, cultivates teamwork, and develops a real sense of accomplishment.

A simple, yet sturdy tower is the tripod tower. Construct bottom tripod on its side. Then build second tripod inside the first. After lashing together, erect the tower with ropes and man power. Sink base of tripod 3 or 4 inches into the ground for stability. Add platform either before or after raising.

See *Adventures in Camping*, chapter 5 for proper type lashing.

The Exciting World of Nature

By John Eller

Our nature study turns upward to the higher elevations of this planet to have a look at *Mountaintop Communities*. These portions of the world not only challenge the plant and animal life existing there, but man himself must solve an array of problems and difficulties even to visit some of these remote areas.

Mountain climbing, an art developed in Europe hundreds of years ago, has contributed greatly to our present knowledge of life at higher altitudes. Men not only climb mountains "because they are there," but like the legendary bear, the trek is made "to see what they can see." We are indebted to these brave and heroic individuals as we study mountaintop communities.

Famous mountains of the world include Japan's sacred Mount Fuji, Italy's Mount Etna (both are volcanic), Asia's 29,028 feet high Mount Everest (highest on this planet), and Israel's Mount Calvary, where Christ died.

Famous peaks in the United States include Tennessee's Clingman's Dome, highest point in the Great Smokies; California's Mount Whitney, highest in the adjacent 48; and Alaska's Mount McKinley, tallest in North America.

A certain mountain in Colorado has fame in American history for a particular slogan as wagon trains moved westward. "Pike's Peak or Bust" was the rally cry as pioneers sought to master the 14,110 foot summit.

(Continued on next page)

ARCTIC-ALPINE
ZONE

HUDSONIAN
ZONE

CANADIAN ZONE

TRANSITION ZONE

Like polar regions, mountaintops are cold, but for an entirely different reason. Everywhere on earth, heat from the sun is absorbed by surface materials and then reradiated back into space. Near sea level the dense atmosphere acts as an insulating blanket with dust and water vapor impeding heat loss.

But in the thinner, clearer air of mountaintops, heat escapes rapidly. As a result, the average temperature drops about three degrees for every thousand-foot gain in altitude.

Ecologists, the scientists who study the relationship of living things to each other, are especially impressed by the San Francisco Peaks of Arizona. This range is practically unique, and, because of a special set of circumstances, forms an ecological paradise.

On the basis of temperature changes resulting from increasing elevations, C. Hart Merriam has described a series of *seven life zones* in the peaks' area with each zone characterized by distinctive plant and animal populations.

The southernmost life zone in Merriam's system, and the only one not included in the San Franciscos, is the *tropical zone*. It is found in areas near the equator, where frost seldom or never occurs.

Slightly to the north is the *lower austral zone*. (Austral is derived from a Latin word meaning "south wind.") This is warm, but not entirely frost-free.

The next life zone, the *upper austral*, is slightly cooler and more moist. This is the area of piñon and junipers. This particular zone includes the *Carolinian* and *upper Sonoran subzones*.

The fourth of Merriam's life zones is the *transition zone*, an area where living things from north and south meet and intermingle. This is similar to how forest creatures mix between the canopy and forest floor.

Still farther north on the slopes is the *Canadian zone*. Here are Douglas firs mixed with aspens and limber pines. Temperatures drop considerably.

The *Hudsonian zone*, named for the forested lowlands of Hudson Bay, is dominated by Engelmann spruce and foxtail pine. The upper or northern margin of this zone is clearly defined by the timber line. Trees will not grow beyond this point. Trunks and limbs are twisted and wind-blown with stunted upward growth, branches that continue to elongate, and trunks that only grow thicker. While the treetop, or leader, shoots upward in summer, it dies the following winter.

The northernmost zone in this system, the *arctic-alpine zone*, includes the cold, treeless areas which in places will bear likeness to the great Arctic Tundra.

Merriam's system was developed in 1889, and revolutionized the concepts of biology. While this system is still useful and meaningful in mountain

country, most ecologists have adopted the concept of *biomes*, which are much broader ecological units that include all the plants and animals characteristically found living together in a given area.

The major biomes of North America are: chaparral (dense thickets of stiff or thorny shrubs or dwarf trees), tropical forest, desert, grassland, deciduous forest, mixed forest, coniferous forest, and tundra.

But mountaintops are equally fascinating regardless of what they are called. Some refer to the summits as "islands in the sky." That is precisely what they are! Like islands rising from the sea, mountaintops have their own populations of living things that can survive under the special living conditions imposed by the environment of high elevations.

Certain plants, animals, fowl, insects, and even flowers are adaptable only to where "the land touches the sky." For example, the Appalachian Trail winding through the White Mountains of New Hampshire remains above the timber line for almost twenty miles. During the summer, you can expect to find medium-sized pale brown butterflies with unspotted wings. The females are most likely to be hovering about weeds and grasses, where they lay their eggs. Despite fierce winds and bitter cold, they cannot survive at lower elevations.

While a variety of plants and animals inhabit mountaintops, one that has long been a symbol of remote, inaccessible heights is the mountain goat. These are found in the northern Rocky Mountains, from Alaska to Central Idaho.

Mountain goats are close relatives to the *chamois* of Europe and are actually not goats at all, but belong instead to the antelope family. Nonslip pads on their hoofs enable them to pick their way across forbiddingly-steep slopes. Calm and deliberate, these animals seem indifferent to dizzying heights. Even their agile youngsters can stand on their feet within ten minutes after birth and can jump within thirty minutes.

The exciting world of mountaintops is both strange and inspiring. Lured upward by the spell of the heights, climbers look for adventure at the brink of a glacial crevasse or on an unmarked trail seeking a deeper understanding of alpine life.





the Comedy Corner

Question: What did the little pig say when the farmer caught him by the tail?

Answer: He said, "This is the end of me!"

—Dodd Williams

Teacher: What is a comet?

Johnny: A star with a tail.

Teacher: Name one.

Johnny: Lassie!

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Bill: Why does Tarzan yell when he beats on his chest?

Glen: I don't know.

Bill: Because it hurts!

Commander (instructing his Trailblazers in the woods): "Remember, boys, if you should get lost at night, get your bearings from the sky. A glow in the sky indicates the nearest shopping center."

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Bob: I didn't sleep well last night.

Jack: Why not?

Bob: I plugged the electric blanket into the toaster by mistake and kept popping out of bed all night.

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

A Sunday school class read in the Bible the words that are said against hypocrites who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." The teacher turned to the chapter and asked, "Children, what in particular was the sin of the Pharisees?"

"Eating camels," they said, in chorus.

—Charles Mathis
Wildwood-by-the-Sea, NJ

Question: There was a man driving his car on the highway and he came to a bridge two miles long. He drove his car across, but also walked across. How did he do that?

Answer: Also was the name of his dog.

—Bradley Monn
Mont Alto, PA

Sales Manager: This new model has 520 horsepower, will go 150 miles an hour, and stop on a dime."

Customer: Then what happens?

Sales Manager: Then the wipers clean you off the windshield.

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

For the first time in her life a dear old lady had a telephone installed in her home.

Soon she dialed the operator. "I wonder if you would help me out. My telephone wire is a little long, and it gets caught in my vacuum sweeper. Would you pull it back a little from your end?"

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

John: My uncle once invented a fool-proof burglar alarm.

Joe: What happened?

John: Somebody stole it.

—Billy Behr
Richmond Hill, NY

"Say that's a bad wound on your forehead. How did you get it?"

"I bit myself."

"Come on now—how could you bite yourself on the forehead?"

"I stood on a chair."

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Doctor: Did you go to another doctor before you came to me?

Patient: No, I went to a druggist.

Doctor: What foolish advice did he give you?

Patient: He told me to come to you.

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Wife: I baked two kinds of biscuits today. Would you like to take your pick?

Husband: No thank you, I'll use my hammer.

—Ray Glunt
McKeesport, PA

As she studied her Sunday school lesson, she read: "And the king of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes." This was a puzzler. Finally, she said, "Dad, what kind of ashes is satin ashes that the king of Nineveh covered himself with?"

—Charles Mathis
Wildwood-by-the-Sea, NJ

Bill: I hear that fish is brain food.

Joe: Sure is! I eat it almost every day.

Bill: Well, there's another good theory shot to pieces!

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA



AND THE SEARCH GOES ON...

By G. Weatherly

Every summer since 1949, Mrs. Mayes has traveled across the continent of America in her search. Some years ago her son Gaston and another young man climbed into a small training plane at Sand Point, Washington, and took off across Lake Washington toward the Cascade Mountains.

At 11:30 that morning, several loggers at Black Lake saw a plane circle around the area and knew it was in serious trouble. One man saw the propeller turn more and more slowly and finally stop. Then the plane was lost from sight. A careful and extensive search failed to uncover evidence of the wreck, and no part of the plane was ever found.

When Gaston's parents heard the news, they jumped into the family car and drove across the country to search for their son. They spent the entire summer questioning loggers, woodsmen, and campers regarding their son. They offered a reward of \$2,000 to any person who could tell them what had happened. But the questioning and the reward were in vain. No one was able to give the coveted information.

Even so, Mrs. Mayes is not without hope. She has said, "I just won't give up. Someday they'll find my son." What an example of love and hope this is.

Persistent as this search has been, an even more important search is going on which vitally concerns each of us. The One making this search is Jesus Christ, God's only beloved Son. The journey He had to make in His search was much longer than the mother's transcontinental travel. He left heaven and came to earth. While the mother is making her search for the benefit of one person, Jesus Christ makes His for all.

Jesus revealed a love deeper than any motherly love and a sacrifice greater than any reward. He had to give His life to fulfill His mission. "The good

shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." (John 10:11), He explained.

But why did He come to earth to make this search? Christ told us why when He said, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," (Luke 19:10).

Jesus told the story of a shepherd who had 100 sheep and one of them was lost. The shepherd left the 99 sheep in the wilderness and searched for the missing sheep until he found it. Then He said, "I am the good shepherd," (John 10:11).

Isaiah wrote, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way," (Isaiah 53:6). Going our own way means we have left the path God has marked out for us. He wants us to obey Him, but instead we live as we please with little thought of doing what God desires.

Some people are lost but don't realize it. One time a man went to a police station and saw a four-year-old girl sitting there. "What is she doing here?" he asked a policeman.

"Oh, I found her wandering along a main street," he explained.

"Well, she looks quite contented even if she is lost."

"Yes," concluded the policeman, "she doesn't know she is lost."

Her lack of knowledge did not alter her situation, however. She was lost! Likewise, we are spiritually lost, even though we may not know it.

Being lost is a terrifying situation, and one in this condition longs to get back on the right path.

A lost sheep is unable to get back to the fold through its own efforts. It will never return unless a shepherd goes to seek for it. So it is with us. We have strayed from God through our own choices, but we can never return to God by ourselves. We need the Good Shepherd to take us back to God.