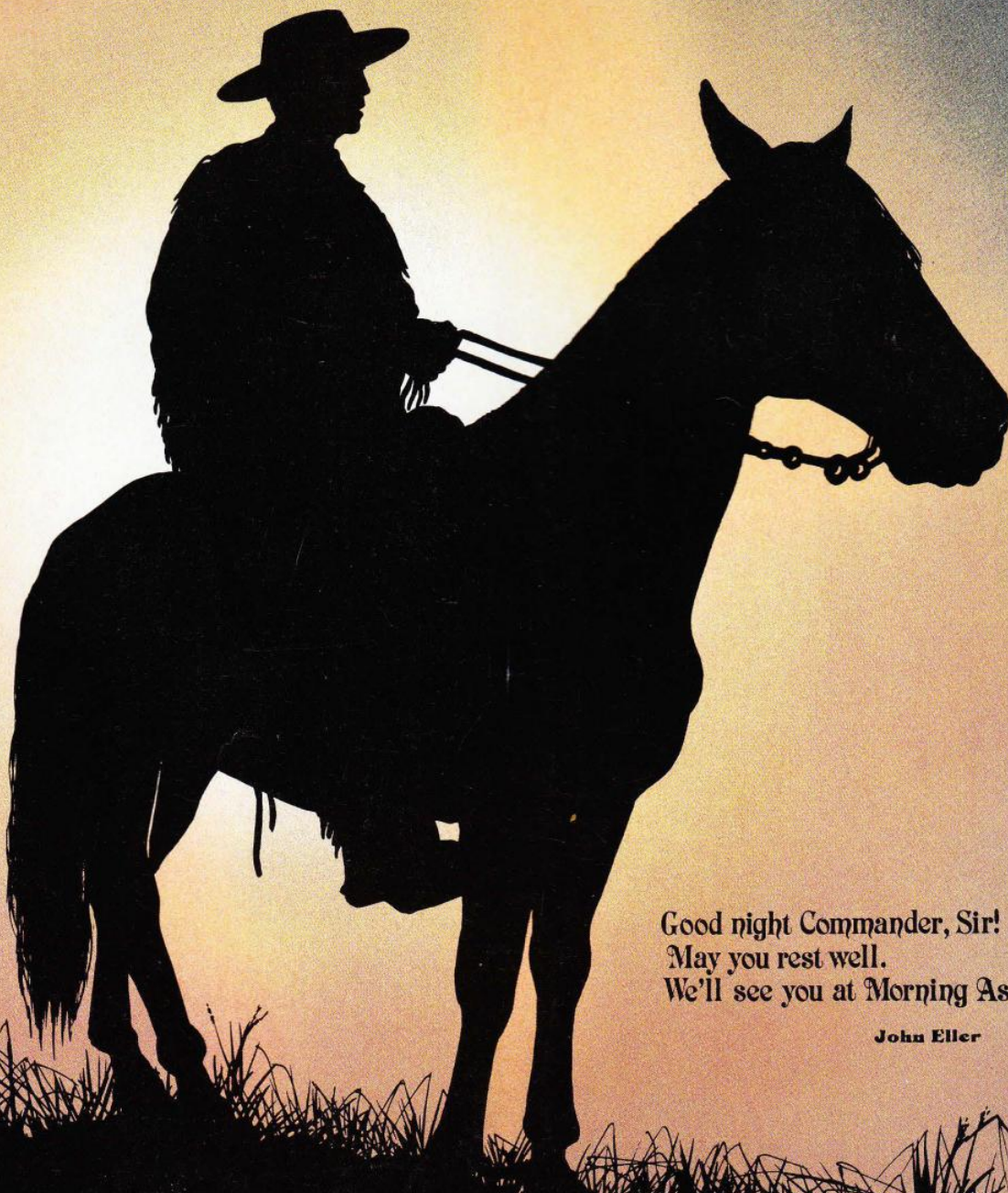


LEADERS EDITION

WINTER 1989-90

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS



Good night Commander, Sir!
May you rest well.
We'll see you at Morning Assembly.

John Eller

A Tribute to Johnnie Barnes...

HIGH ADVENTURE WINTER 1989-90

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HIGH ADVENTURE STAFF:

Ken Hunt, Editor; Larry Bangle, Art; Ron Day, Layout

NATIONAL COMMITTEE:

Silas Gaither, Ken Riemenschneider, Ken Hunt, Paul Stanek

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MEMBER  EVANGELICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

Cover Art by Larry Bangle

The National Royal Rangers Training Center was conceived and developed in the hearts and minds of those men such as Johnnie "The Barefoot Dreamer." Obviously the financial pressures of the center weighed heavily on Johnnie and are now continual concerns of the national office and administration.

Sense his vision; share his dream—help eliminate the last \$350,000 of indebtedness. Please honor Johnnie, today, with your giving.

Donations, in memory of Johnnie, can be mailed to: Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, Mo. 65802.

Commander Johnnie Barnes Lodge



How Do You Replace a Lifelong Friend?

by John Eller

The day of Johnnie's funeral, J.D. and I were invited to dinner following the services at the headquarters cafeteria. It was for family members and those participating. The meal was provided by the Division of Church Ministries, whose singular act of kindness will be long remembered.

Around 7 o'clock in the evening, those present were beginning to leave, and so, after a dozen or so good-byes, we departed and headed south.

Since daylight saving time still afforded us some sunshine, we decided to swing by Johnnie's grave before heading home. As we turned into the lone entrance off Grand Street into beautiful Maple Park Cemetery, the trees and monuments were casting long shadows onto the freshly mowed grass.

Johnnie would have been pleased to know this was his final resting place, I thought—reflecting on how

*I turned to say
good-bye to the old
gentleman . . . , but
he was gone!*

his loving family had carefully planned, on such short notice, such a dignified farewell and burial.

J.D. wanted to stop off at a rather ornate mausoleum some 30 or 40 yards from Johnnie's grave. So I let him out of the car and drove on to the lovely glade where Johnnie is buried.

The grave was neatly in order with flowers stacked across the surface. There was a single spot of dirt on the temporary marker; and, remembering how meticulous Johnnie always was, I brushed it off and smiled to myself.

After a long moment of silence—still trying to decide if this whole thing wasn't some dream after all—I stood, saluted the grave of my beloved commander, and turned quickly toward the car.

Suddenly, I heard a voice behind me.



"That's sure a lot of pretty flowers," someone said.

I turned to see an older gentleman, strange, yet vaguely familiar. I saw compassion on his face.

"Someone you know?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," I replied, somewhat startled to see someone in the park that late.

"Who is it?" the old man wanted to know.

"Sir," I began, "it is the grave of Johnnie Barnes, founder and national commander of Royal Rangers."

"Oh, yes," the man nodded, thoughtfully, as if memory had suddenly returned.

"Did you know him?" I asked. "Did you know our commander?"

"Sure, I did," the old man replied. "I knew him well."

And then, with a twinkle in his eye, he asked, "He was rather tall. Did he ever gain any weight?"

"No sir," I said half smiling, "he stayed real trim."

"Well, he is with the Lord now, you know that, don't you?"

I nodded acceptance, but this was not the reassurance I was needing.

"Sir!" I burst out, glad now to have an audience, "how do you replace a lifelong friend?"

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The SHINY RED WAGON

by Johnnie Barnes

I was 9 years old and living on a small ranch in north Texas during the latter part of the Depression. One of the highlights of the week for my brothers and me was the Saturday trip to the small town of Alvord with our father. I was walking down the sidewalk with my older brother, Billy, who was 15, and my younger brother, J.B., who had just turned 5.

Suddenly we became aware that J.B. was missing. Looking back down the street we saw him standing in front of a store window, his nose pressed against the glass, enraptured by a gleaming red wagon. Looking up at us with a dreamy, wistful expression, J.B. exclaimed, "That's what I want for Christmas!"

During the Depression there was only just enough money for the necessities of life. So we told our little brother jokingly, "You might as well ask for the moon."

But sometimes dreams are not so easily shattered. For days afterward, J.B. insisted he was going to get a big red wagon for Christmas.

Finally a fantastic plan began to form in my mind. I shared it with my older brother. "Let's get J.B. that red wagon for Christmas." The average wage for a day's work for a boy (if he could find it) was about 50 cents. This made our task almost impossible, but my brother and I became obsessed by a joyful madness. We were going to do it.

After school and on Saturdays, we

worked at anything we could find to do to make extra money. The sore backs and blistered hands were forgotten. *This was for the red wagon cause.* Never in my life had I worked so willingly and so eagerly. Any discouragement was quickly erased by simply looking into my little brother's face as he talked about his *red wagon*.

Christmas was fast approaching, and we still didn't have quite enough money to buy the wagon. On the day before Christmas Eve, my father asked how we were doing. We told him we still needed 50 cents. I remember Father reaching into his pocket and removing a battered coin purse. Fumbling around in an almost empty interior, he handed us an assortment of coins which met our goal. As I looked into my father's face, I saw an ache in his eyes which I didn't understand at the time; and as he turned away, his eyes were misty.

On Christmas Eve we triumphantly marched into the store, piled

*J.B. exclaimed,
"That's what I want
for Christmas!"*

an assortment of coins on the counter, and informed the proprietor that we had come to buy the red wagon. We took our prize home and carefully hid it until our little brother fell asleep that night. Then we placed it under our Christmas tree beside the old stone fireplace. The shiny wagon stood out in conspicuous contrast against the simple cedar tree with its popcorn streamers, paper chains, and other homemade decorations.

Our excitement was so intense, we could hardly sleep that night. We arose early the next morning to open our presents before our little brother

please turn to page 11



Dear Johnnie Barnes family,

Editors Note: The following letters, mostly unedited, are from Nashville Praise & Worship Center, Nashville, North Carolina; Kenneth L. Johnson, pastor; Bill Lewis, senior commander.

I know that since Johnny Barnes died you were very sad. I am just going to write a short paragraph about what Royal Rangers means to me.

When I came to Royal Rangers I didn't think it would be fun. But since I joined Royal Rangers it has been everything but boring. So I think the late Johnny Barnes did a lot before his time came. But now he is in heaven.

Sincerely,
Jason Wagner

I'm sorry that Jony Barnes died. Royal Rangers has helped me to grow in my spiritual life. If you had children I hope that they can get over it soon. I am glad that you made up the hole Royal Rangers program. You have given me something to do.

Adam Sander

I feel bad about Johnny dieing. I am from outpost 103. When I heard he died Thursday night I couldn't believe what I heard. I am praying for all of you. I love you all and will always remember Johnny Barnes.

With Love,
Luke Lewis

I am *very, very, very* sorry about your love lost! My name is Jeffrey Brantley—part of the Royal Rangers program. I am going to start praying for your family.

Love,
Jeffrey Brantley
P.S. Keep "Shiny" for "JESUS!!!"



I felt so sad when Commander Lewis told us that Mr. Barnes had passed away. The Royal Rangers means so much to me, and has changed my life alot. Just because Mr. Barnes has gone to be with Jesus that doesn't mean he left no memories behind. The Royal Rangers are his memories. Outpost 103 will be praying for you all through this hard time.

Brian

We love you. Johnny Barnes we mes you. I'm sorry Johnny died. I wish you where alive but we stile love you. We hope you all the best.

Love,
Joseph

I am sorry about Bro. Johnny Barnes. I am a member of outpost 103 North Carolina of Royal Rangers. I heard about his death in church this morning. I am 12 years old and in Trailblazers. I attend Nashville Praise & Worship Center in Nashville, N.C. We all will miss him. I love all of you! I will remember Bro. Johnny and his family in my prayers!

With Love always,
Trey Brantley
P.S. Just think he is now with the Lord!

As a member of outpost 103 I want to tell you how sorry I am to hear about Mr. Barnes tragedy. My father as sr. commander got the call from our district commander. Jonnie Barnes was a good influence on us. I hope you are proud of him as I am. Have a good future and carry on his dream.

Sincerely,
Eric Lewis

Dear Johnny Barnes. The Buck a Roos love you very much. And we all love you.
(Unsigned)



ARCTIC ADVENTURE

by Johnnie Barnes

The motor of the snowmobile roared as I squeezed all the way down on the throttle. Dick's instructions flashed through my mind: "When you cross the river, give it the gun. That way if the ice should break, your momentum will put you ahead of the crack." I fairly flew across the ice-covered river. As I neared the shoreline, I noticed that the trail veered sharply to the left. I instantly eased up on the throttle to make the curve. Nothing happened! I jiggled the throttle lever, still no change! I couldn't believe it: The throttle was stuck!

My body stiffened as I prepared to take the curve at full speed. I gripped the handle on the steering column and pulled left. No response; I tried again. Still no response. *This can't be real!* I thought. Here I was sailing across a frozen river in the arctic on a snowmobile with the throttle stuck

and the steering gone. Looming straight ahead and coming up fast was a steep embankment.

This interesting and unusual adventure had really begun several days before.

I was in Alaska for a tour of the district in behalf of Royal Rangers. What a reception? It was 37 degrees below zero the first night I was there.

During a rally at North Pole, Alaska, I remarked to Pastor Roland L. Peretti that one of my ambitions was to go dogsledding in the arctic. It just happened that one of his Ranger leaders had a dogsled, so they arranged for a

day of dogsledding. It was a tremendous experience.

That experience really whetted my appetite for a longer arctic-camping adventure. I expressed my ambition to Dick Copeland, the district commander who was with me, and he said he would make arrangements for such a trip. Our destination would be a wilderness area on the Savage River near Mount McKinley National Park, and our means of travel would be snowmobiles. Mick Hotrum, our Royal Rangers aide-de-camp for Alaska, would also accompany Dick and me.

We drove the truck to the end of the road and unloaded our snowmobiles and sled trailers. The rest of the way would be by trail only.

After I received a few short lessons about starting and maneuvering my machine, we were off.

I finally mastered the technique of snowmobiling enough to start enjoying the scenery. The world lay white and silent around us with a constant panorama of some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. The towering Alaskan range, contrasted with open tundra and spruce-covered valleys, was breathtaking. The color was white, except for the blue shadows, blue-black spruce, and the azure sky. Our colorful snowmobile suits stood out like bright banners against the landscape. However, the days were so short that much of the time was semi-twilight.

One scene I'll never forget was the Alaskan wilderness silhouetted against a flaming sunset at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

After about 30 miles of scenery, spills, and photo stops, we arrived at our destination, a spruce covered valley along the Savage River.

Next, we unloaded gear and erected the tent. For our firepit we dug a large hole down to the ground. Then we packed the outer ring of snow, making a natural rim of seats.

Because of the early darkness and the long night, we remained with the fire as long as possible. I'll long remember that night in the arctic cold enjoying the warm fire and the hot tea while sharing adventures and experiences. At the same time our ears were alert for the sound of wildlife around us.

The ritual of getting out of warm clothing into sleeping bags in sub-zero weather was almost comical, but once inside the bags it wasn't bad at all. I was sleeping in two down-filled bags—one inside the other. I actually had to unzip one of the bags because I was getting too warm. It's a funny sensation to have frost form around your mouth, yet at the same time be sweating inside the bag.

We continued to talk and listen to the sounds of animals visiting our camp. We were curious to know what kind they were, but it was just too cold to get out of our bags to investigate. We concluded that they were wolves.

We were awakened during the

night with our tent shaking. A high wind was blowing, and we could hear snow and sleet being driven against the tent. "We sure know how to pick 'em," growled Dick. "There's a blizzard blowing outside."

"Hey, I wanted an arctic adventure," I complained, "but this is ridiculous."

Later we learned that it snowed 18 inches that night.

The next morning—did I say morning—around 6 a.m. we crawled out of our bags into frozen clothing. At least they felt that way.

The wind had died down leaving huge drifts in its wake. We had pitched our tent well, because very little snow had drifted against it. However, our snowmobiles were completely covered.

As we looked at the drifts of new fallen snow, we realized we were going to have a rough day. Snowmobiles do not ride atop soft, new snow. It would be necessary to cut a trail through 18 inches of new snow.

Dick and Mick took turns breaking the trail, and I followed along behind.

As we neared the river, Dick stopped and explained, "Look, its going to be rough beyond the river, and since we've got to keep moving, we're going to go on ahead. When you cross the river, give it the gun. That way if the ice should break, your momentum will put you ahead of the crack."

I shot across the river at full speed. It was then that I discovered the throttle was stuck, and a few moments later, that the steering was gone.

What do you do when the throttle is stuck, the steering is gone, and you're approaching a steep embankment? That's the very question I asked myself. The machine had no off-on switch, only a choke to kill it. I could not reach the choke without losing my balance, so that was out. If I jumped off at high speed, I could seriously injure myself on the hard ice. If the snowmobile struck an immovable object, it could be even worse. So I breathed a prayer and hung on.

When I reached the steep bank, I shot up like a roller coaster. Then I was bouncing across a rough tundra of rugged boulders, bushes, and dips. I felt totally helpless. There aren't many options in such a situation.

The river made a large curve, so it was coming up again. As I went over the hump into the river, the machine threw me onto the snow-covered bank. I was momentarily stunned.

The snowmobile hit the river right-side-up and continued down the river a few yards, then veered into the bank where it was stopped by a large clump of grass. There it set still running at full throttle.

After checking myself to be sure I wasn't injured, I walked down the river and shut off the motor.

I sat down beside the snowmobile and surveyed my surroundings. I was still a bit shaken. The mountains and frozen white tundra now looked bleak and foreboding. I seemed engulfed in its lonely silence.

I thought, *What if you were out here alone and this happened? This raw-beautiful wilderness could become a killer.* I began to speculate on the steps I would take for survival. It was comforting to know that I had the gear and training to survive such a situation if it became necessary.

We had arranged checkpoints, so it was even more comforting to know it would be only a matter of minutes before the other fellows came back to check about me.

With a good toolbox and the mechanical know-how of Mick Hotrum, we soon had the throttle repaired and the steering column back in its sprocket.

I'll be honest. It took a lot of courage to climb back on that hastily repaired machine after what I'd been through. However, this was the only transportation back, so I climbed aboard.

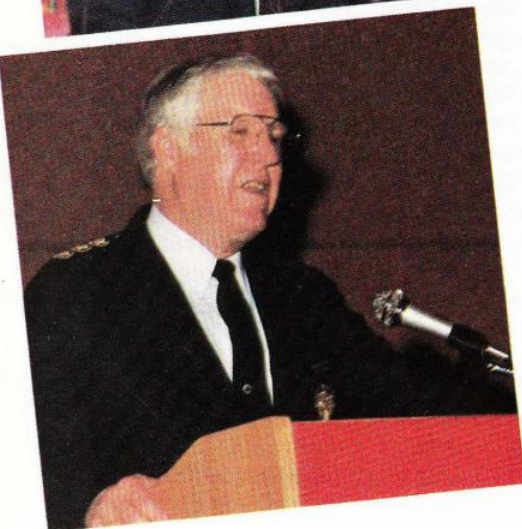
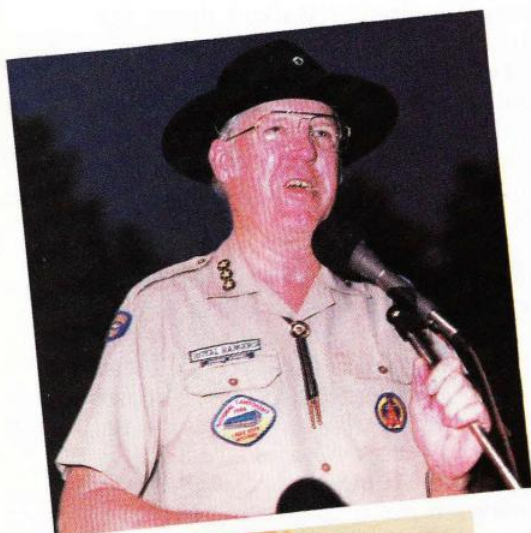
The remainder of the day included plowing through snowdrifts, struggling up hills, crossing streams, and digging out stalled machines. At one stream crossing, the ice broke and one of the skis on Dick's sled caught under the cracked ice. By the time we loosed the sled, a lot of gear was wet.

There were times when we wondered if we were going to make it out that same day. By the time we reached the truck that night, we were three very tired adventurers. However, as an arctic tenderfoot, I felt a real sense of achievement. As Dick put it, "You're a real sourdough now."

A few hours later after a warm meal and a hot bath, we were already planning another adventure.

THE LEGEND OF JOHNNIE BARNES

by John Eller, national aide-de-camp



Johnnie Barnes, founder and national commander of Royal Rangers since its inception in 1962, has been promoted to higher service. Our beloved commander was at home with his wife, Juanita, on the afternoon of 15 June 1989, when the summons came at 1800 hours.

Loved and revered by a literal army of Christian soldiers around the world, Johnnie made his mark for God both inside and outside our ranks. He was a great leader, preacher, storyteller, and diplomat.

His performance as national commander was world class. He was a legend in his own time. His outstanding leadership coupled with a magnetic personality, made him an unbeatable combination to "reach, teach, and keep boys for Jesus Christ," and inspire others to follow his example.

Johnnie Barnes was at once the epitome of dignity, discipline, and devotion. He was the true-blue role model. He was a man of integrity, truthfulness and commitment. He not only knew how to motivate, mature, and minister to the "total boy," he was the "total boy." As Chaucer once said, "*He was a verray parfit, genteel Knight.*"

Johnnie was adopted on different occasions as an honorary tribal chief of the Mohawk and Cherokee Indians—the latter of which called him

"Strongheart." He carried these and all other titles well.

Twice Johnnie was recognized by institutions of higher learning. Alabama Bible College conferred the honorary Doctor of Humanities degree in 1980, while Bethany Bible College at Dothan, Alabama, conferred the honorary Doctor of Divinity degree in 1982. Doctor or preacher, mentor or friend, he was always *Johnnie*, with a hearty laugh and a marvelous sense of humor.

Johnnie's chronological age was 61, but to all that knew him, he was forever young. He never grew old. He was wise enough to guide us; yet youthful enough to understand our maturing ways. He was everyone's "Big Brother." But it was not for Johnnie to endure the long and demeaning suffering sometimes associated with the later years. He just went home.

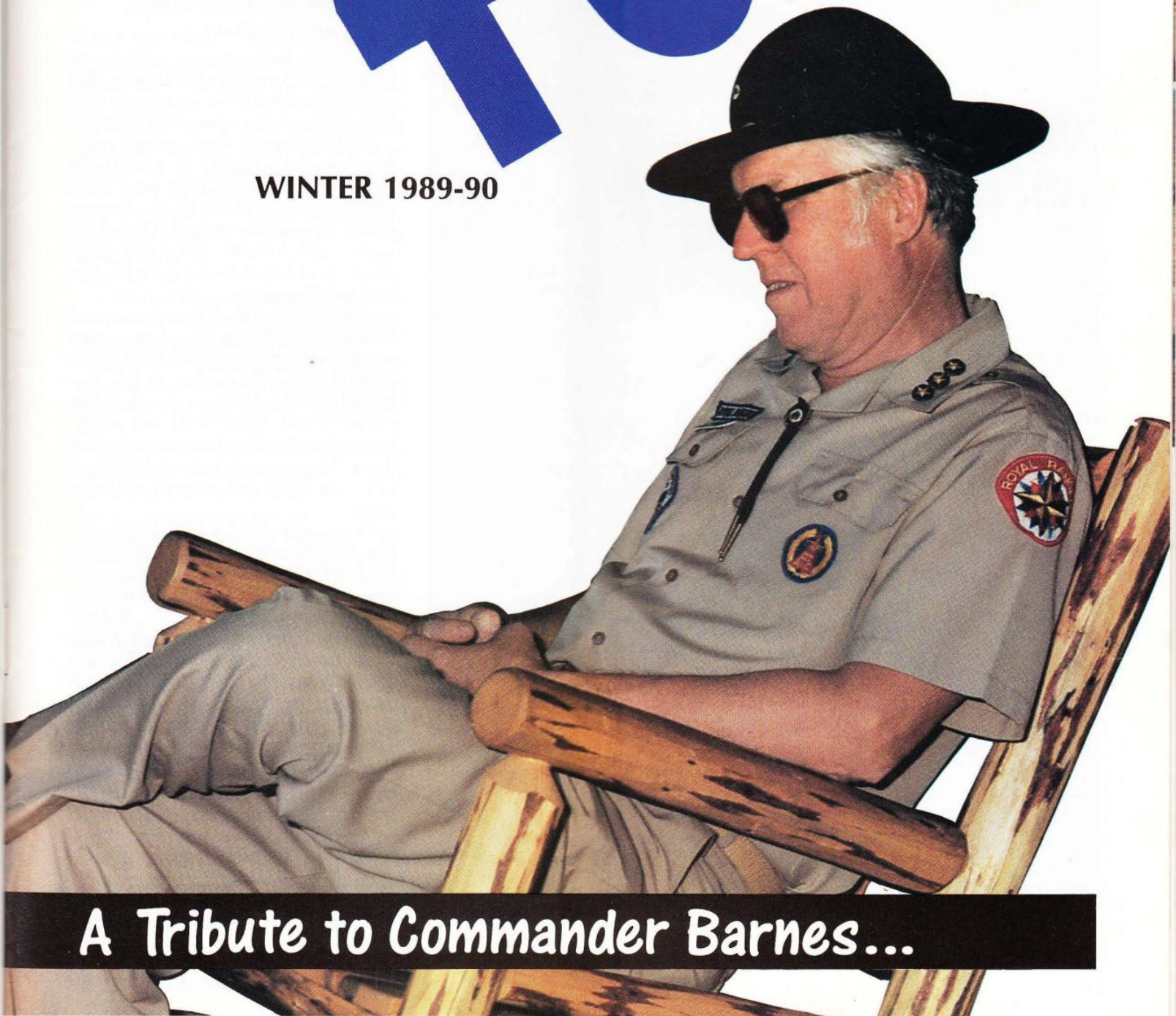
Reflecting on his battlefield promotion, we realize that God allowed our true friend and comrade to go out in a blaze of glory. Just one small step, and he caught up with our Master Ranger—to ride with him, side by side, to the New Jerusalem—there to encamp by the River of Life, joining that great cloud of witnesses from our ranks who have gone on before.

We are truly thankful for the life of this great man which was lived among us. Those who served with him feel

HARPER

L • E • A • D • E • R

WINTER 1989-90



A Tribute to Commander Barnes...

TRIBUTES TO JOHNNIE BARNES



Rev. G. Raymond Carlson

*General Superintendent
The General Council of
the Assemblies of God*

The Bible says, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." That was John the Baptist. We can also say that there was a man sent from God, whose name was Johnnie.

Johnnie Barnes was a man's man, but more importantly he was God's man. Johnnie was God's man for a very important place in the history of the Assemblies of God. Out of his vision and burden came the great program of Royal Rangers which has touched the world.

Johnnie loved God, loved men, and loved boys. Seldom have I seen men more emotionally moved than those who filed by the casket at his memorial service. All knew they had lost a great friend. Lost? Well, not really, for God had called him home before them. He was not lost, only absent from the body and present with the Lord.

Yes, a great leader took his departure from this life at the summons of his Lord. Now we must carry on. We miss him greatly. And even more so, do his dear wife and family. But we are grateful to God for giving Johnnie to us. Royal Rangers is a strong witness to Johnnie's love, devotion, and perseverance to found and to build this great arm of our Lord's Church.

There was a man sent from God. His name was Johnnie.

John Eller

National Aide-de-Camp

Words pale in the shadow of this

great man to describe the full impact he had upon our lives. Our loss is monumental, our grief is unfathomable; but the future of Royal Rangers is bright.

I am reminded of one of Johnnie's favorite stories. It's about some boys playing baseball on a sand-lot.

Someone passing by asked the left fielder, "Who's ahead?"

"They are," replied the boy, "42 to nothing."

"That means you're losing?" the man asked.

"No, sir," the boy replied, "our side ain't come to bat yet!"

Paul F. Feller

Former National Training Coordinator

Modern merchandising has influenced our response to the words "sold out." Suppose you are hot and thirsty. Spying a vending machine, you reach for your pocket change as you rush toward it. In eager anticipation you look for your favorite drink. Then you see the sign, "SOLD OUT." Disappointment, maybe a little anger—how could they do that to me—flows through you.

I am thinking of a different kind of "sold out," one of total commitment. Johnnie Barnes was "sold out" to God's call. He had to reach the boys around the world. His commitment and call was known as Royal Rangers.

God honored that commitment. He opened doors, gave inspiration, and intervened in many ways. I remember a unique way God intervened.

This incident was during a national training camp in the Adirondacks of upper New York. It rained almost the entire camp. Friday afternoon was a time of heavy rain with no letup in sight. What should we do?

The Friday night council fire is the most important part of NTC. It is a time of rededicating to God our services, such as reaching boys. When God moves, men are healed, filled with the Holy Spirit, and saved. Everyone meets God anew.

Johnnie and the staff spread out into the woods looking for dry wood. They dug into brush piles and under logs finding suitable pieces. They quickly placed these under ponchos

and carried them back to camp. Slowly a council fire took shape under a tarp.

What a picture! A half dozen men who looked like drowned rats laying up a council fire in the rain. It looked useless. Leaving it in God's hands everyone involved finally left to obtain dry clothing.

The hour for the council fire arrived. The rain stopped, and the stars came out. The fire burned while another fire burned in our hearts. Prayer and praise continued until midnight. The men went to their tents praising God. The rain started again and stayed with us the rest of the camp.

Johnnie was not only "sold out," he was also appreciative of those who helped in the Royal Rangers mission. I have in my study a painting from Guatemala, a machete from Central America, a handmade arrow from South America, and a boomerang from Australia. These were gifts of appreciation from Johnnie. In the early days of Royal Rangers I covered for him in the office so that he could plant the seed of Royal Rangers in foreign lands.

This kind of "sold out" brings different emotions. Tears of separation flow at the same time praises to God arises for the work He has done through His servant Johnnie Barnes.

Burton Pierce

Former National Secretary Men's Fellowship Department

It was so evident that the Holy Spirit was leading in what was to become the Royal Rangers. When Johnnie Barnes arrived, I gave him all the basics, already prepared, and said, "Johnnie, run with it." Then the time finally came when we felt it was sufficiently prepared for us to do our first fieldwork.

I vividly remember Johnnie and I going to New York and meeting with many of the men in that area. It was time for a break and for our evening meal. We were in full dress uniform. It was obvious for some reason or another, we were the center of much attention; but we did not know why. Sitting at our table with our New York brothers, we noticed people staring at us.

I said, "Johnnie, I wonder what this is all about?"

It was then we heard a comment at the next table, "It must be some British military outfit."

It dawned on Johnnie and me simultaneously, Royal Rangers in the eyes of the uninitiated might relate to an earthly monarchy. To us the royalty of our Commander in Chief was a message we felt must be conveyed to the boys. The word "ranger" originally was a government official in charge of the royal force in England. Before that, he was known as the gamekeeper. Of course, in America the primary responsibility of the rangers was the protection of our forests and those who visited our national parks.

After leaving the restaurant, we quietly informed those who were interested in the uniform that we were the leadership of a Christ-centered scouting program for boys.

When we returned to the conference room, there was a sense of awe and wonder that enveloped us. The concept of a Royal Ranger bore the strong imprint of the leadership of the Holy Spirit.

A short time ago, I was sitting in Johnnie's office reminiscing how the Rangers organization came about. Johnnie said, "After all these years, it is evident it could have never happened without the leadership of the Holy Spirit." Our national commander left less than 2 weeks later.

I salute the memory of Commander Johnnie Barnes, the founder of Royal Rangers, for the leadership of the Holy Spirit upon his life—right from the beginning. I know, for I was there.

Glen B. Bonds

Former national Secretary Men's Ministries Department

It was a privilege and joy to have the opportunity to work closely with Commander Barnes for over 10 years in the Men's Department.

I was convinced, and still am, that Johnnie was called and ordained by the Lord to be the founder and national commander of this Assemblies of God's boys' and men's ministry. His dedication to this calling was an obsession. To bring into operation the Royal Rangers ministry in the unbelievable short time it took under his

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Tributes to Johnnie Barnes

continued from page 3

leadership, was positive proof that God ordained it. I have never known of anyone with more determination and ability to fulfill a calling.

Johnnie was an effective member of the Men's Ministries Department—always working with other personnel—willing to cooperate and assist others.

It was wonderful to see and to hear the deserved tribute and honors given at the memorial service. We will miss Johnnie, but his dedication to leadership, and his artistic and writing ability, provided the training materials that will continue until Jesus comes.

Fred Deaver

National President Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity

Johnnie was a generous man. He would even give you the shirt off his back, and several times I've seen him give a trainee his own uniform.

Once Johnnie, myself, and a group of Rangers leaders were sitting at a stop sign. A man came walking up and proceeded to tell us how his car had broken down on the freeway and that he needed a new fanbelt for his car. Before we could do anything, Johnnie had his wallet out and gave the man the money for a new one.

Johnnie was not only generous with his material things, but he generously gave his life to the task of winning men and boys for Christ through the Royal Rangers ministry.

Johnnie had a great appreciation for God's creation. Many a time John and I would stop along a trail and admire God's beauty, a beauty only an artist's eyes would appreciate fully—the handiwork of God.

Johnnie had an unrelenting quest for adventure, always wanting to see what was on the other side of a mountain or hill—to explore, and in a sense, boldly go where no man had gone before.

A born romantic, dreamer, and adventurer, Johnnie was tough as leather, but as gentle and as kind as a cool breeze on a hot summer day.

But most of all Johnnie was my

friend, buddy, and brother in Christ.

We were a team, and he'll be sorely missed. But someday soon, we'll all be united again, in that great camporama in the sky.

Ollie Dalaba

Special Aide-de-Camp

Dear Johnnie—how we loved you! And now like the disciples who spent their lives telling others about their personal acquaintance with Jesus, we who knew you well, will continue to tell starry-eyed young boys and men, searching for places of service, about a man sent from God whose name was Johnnie.

I met you first as a fellow D-CAP at a meeting in Springfield before the Royal Rangers program was born. God called you. Our executive brethren affirmed that call; and you tooled out a ministry-oriented program "to reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ."

Since January of 1963, I have proudly worn the Royal Rangers uniform. You made it stand for something and wore it with dignity. I still have your original blue blazer, by the way, that you gave me that night we went to Galena, Kansas, to attend an LTC awards banquet.

A few special events flash through my memory when I pause to remember:

At that NTC in Newcomb, New York, it rained every day; and I was advisor to the "Wet Owl" patrol. Bears stole pies off one patrol's table, and we cleared trees to pitch an assembly tent and campsites.

And at that overnighter on the island in the Hudson River, the Holy Ghost fell in power and glory. How sick you were, lying in your tent between activities, but never giving up. You set a great example of determination and dedication.

And, remember that day at Siamese Pond on NTT when we made pancakes in the pouring rain. I still have visions of you standing there holding a poncho over the frying pan so the rain wouldn't thin the pancakes I was cooking.

I loved your stories, Johnnie. There was the one about the boy who stomped the mouse, and then God called him home. And then the one

about the Indian boy becoming a brave: He heard a cougar, but his father was watching all the time—great truth! Or how about the scared Texas boy overcoming his fears to go get help.

Don't worry, Johnnie, we'll still tell 'em. Somebody has to. There are still many boys out there who need somebody to care as you showed you did.

Ralph Glunt

Camp Coordinator National Training Center

I had the privilege of working with Johnnie for only 2½ years. He always impressed me as being a gentle man with vision. Johnnie knew what he wanted in scope as well as in detail. No task was too small to be done with enthusiasm and with attention to detail. When he performed any task, I believe he did it "as unto the Lord." He was dedicated to what the Lord had called him to do.

I was impressed with his love for the out-of-doors. He loved spending time here at the Training Center and often expressed how much he wished he could be here more. It was a treat for him to come.

He was a man of endurance and could probably outthike most of the men who were under him in the Royal Rangers ministry. I enjoyed being with him in the woods; and as we walked along, he would point out trees and plants, and give their names. He often mentioned how beautiful the view was from a given crest we topped while hiking.

One of Johnnie's assets was knowing how to make one feel important. You could feel safe with him since he would come to your defense if needed. But if you needed correcting, he could do that in a way that you would never forget.

Johnnie had a love for history and the way things were. This was reflected in the themes he chose for the program and for the future development at the Training Center. He was intrigued with frontier life which stood out in many of his paintings. He wasn't one who lived in the past but liked to think about what life was like way back when.

Johnnie's shoes will be hard to fill. We miss you Commander!



Paul Stanek

National Training Coordinator

The birth, the spirit, and the life of Royal Rangers derived from the vision of a long, lanky Texan named Johnnie Barnes. His enthusiasm, burden, and talent blossomed into a worldwide evangelistic thrust. His compassion, tenderness, and dreams have touched countless thousands of men and boys around the world. His total life's focus was reaching, teaching, and keeping boys for Christ. His untiring effort was to point the way.

He led the way in many ways:
Through timber woods and mountain trail,
Through bouncing canoes and wind-set sail,
Through laughter in an amusing skit,
Through a council fire full of wit.

He led the way in many ways:
Motivating men to do their best,
Challenging boys to stand the test.
By example he did lead
Blazing a trail that all could see.

"Christ is our goal," he did say,
"Follow me boys, I'll lead the way."
Dream and vision is still alive
Reaching boys still our prize.
We now can hear Johnnie say,
"March on boys! Lead the way!"

Thank you Johnnie for all you have done.

Paul McGarvey

Former national Secretary Men's Ministries Department

Like a magnet, man exerts power over others. Up or down, for good or for evil, man attracts or distracts—all according to the plain and motive on which he lives. This is what we call influence.

Johnnie Barnes was truly a servant. He had the art of influencing men and boys for Christ. He did it well.

Influence comes from the words *inflow* and *outflow*, meaning flowing out from one person to another—from one man to a boy, bringing about cause and effect as well as action and reaction.

Johnnie Barnes was an example in speech and behavior (1 Timothy 4:12) which caused effect, action, and reaction for the cause of Jesus.

I can still hear his stories and the words of the boy who, along with the Rangers leader, were climbing the mountain. "Hey, Commander, watch your step, I'm coming up right behind you."

Johnnie Barnes' gift of leadership to men and boys is immeasurable. Only time will tell of the great influence he was upon the Kingdom.

The final test of a leader is that he leaves behind him in other men the conviction and will to carry on.

The late Peter Marshall once said,

"The measure of a man is not his duration, but the donation he makes in the lives of others."

Johnnie Barnes made a great donation. This influence must not cease.

Jim Barger

Great Lakes Regional Coordinator

Whether role-playing "King John," king of a mythical realm, at ANTC, or chairing the national council, Johnnie was always *in control* and was the standard by which we measured ourselves. His uncompromising demand for excellence has served as the inspiration for countless numbers of us as we have battled Satan for the souls of boys.

God used Johnnie to inspire ordinary men into doing very extraordinary things: things like conducting district powwows where thousands of boys have given their hearts to Jesus and have been baptized with the Holy Spirit; things like organizing LTCs, NTCs, and other training programs that have resulted in a literal army of militant soul winners in place throughout the world; things like caring for the "unlovely."

The unique quality that I admired

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Tributes to Johnnie Barnes

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most was Johnnie's ability to see things through the eyes of a boy. He never lost that perspective no matter how complicated the situation.

But Johnnie had his human side as we all do. He had an overwhelming desire to please God in all he did. I was the silent observer to an event that tells what kind of man Johnnie Barnes really was.

A work team had arrived at the National Training Center to roof the lodge. Johnnie had worked many hours helping to place cedar siding on the dormers. It was necessary for the roofers to remove some siding in order to place flashing. Some of the siding was ruined in the process. I stood at Johnnie's side and heard as he commented to himself, "If I had only known, I would have waited to put that siding on. Now materials are ruined . . . I'm a better steward of God's resources than that." As I looked over at Johnnie I saw a tear coursing down his cheek.

"Johnnie! I'm certain that you have been assured that indeed you were a 'good and faithful steward.' "

Whenever a council fire is lit and boys gather to hear the commander tell the gospel in that special Royal Rangers way, our eyes will sting and a lump will arise in our throats as we remember you and the vision you have given us. You're home now, but neither you nor the vision will ever fade.

Jamie Eitson

Pastor Park Heights Assembly of God

Tyler, Texas

Johnnie Barnes, a legend of generosity, trust and respect, an inspiration of confidence in the performance of sheer impossibilities.

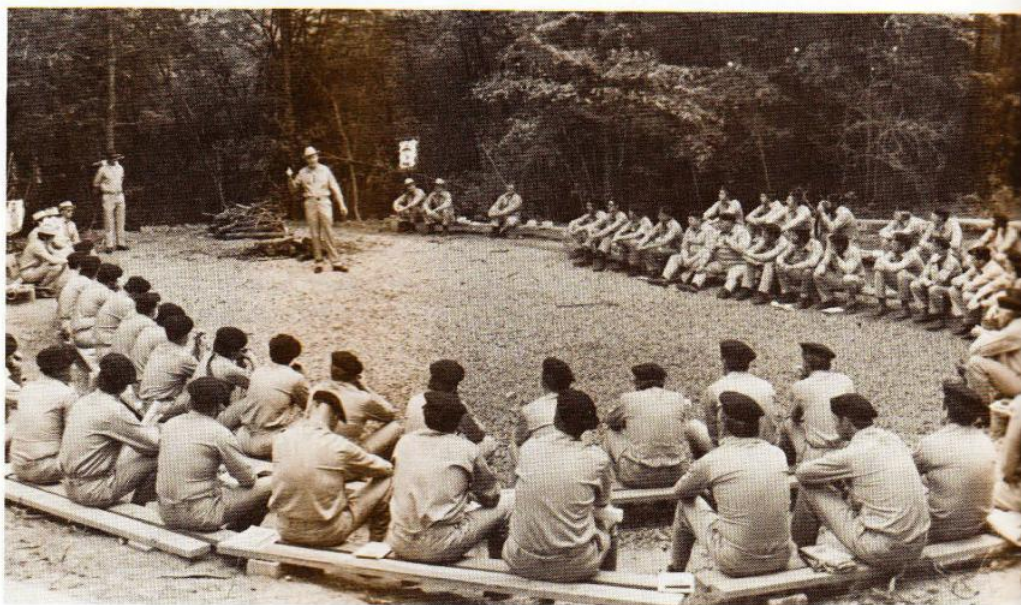
His ministry in Royal Rangers was filled with so much adventure, rousing drama, fascinating exploits, and tales of intrigue that good men would put on khaki uniforms and share the burdens of their hearts, presenting Christ as Savior to boys.

His leadership is well represented in the local outposts where Royal Rangers is part of that church's outreach.

The Pioneers represent the call and



Above: First Royal Rangers District Commanders Seminar, 1963
Below: Johnnie conducting a council fire.



challenge to pioneer a program to "reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ" in our Assemblies of God churches. It is a ministry now reaching into many foreign countries.

The Trailblazers reveal Johnnie Barnes' successful journey down the many trails and pathways necessary for accomplishing such a great vision.

The Trail Rangers portray the victories over hardships and disappointments, securing for boys around the world their very own program.

The Straight Arrows represent the character of Johnnie Barnes. He not only stood tall and straight as an arrow; his life bore the same witness.

The Buckaroos identify the toughness and enduring stamina desired of a national commander.

Johnnie Barnes blazed a trail for all of us. He went before us; plotting the

course, whether on horseback or hiking; searching out areas for NTC, ANTC, NTT; searching snow-packed mountains for WNTC; or maybe checking out rivers for a canoe expedition. He did, by all means, go before us. And now, to those of us who remain, he once more has gone before us.

We must wait to follow this glorious journey; but we shall continue on, remembering all that he taught us and how he loved us all.

Wilbur White

Kentucky District Commander

Johnnie Barnes was the most humble man I think I ever met. I could write until Jesus comes and still not express my love and respect for him.

I first met Johnnie at the Men's Ministries conference in Dayton, Ohio. Even though I was thirty-some years old at the time, I know how every boy feels who meets this man's man.

It was the little things that Johnnie did that impressed me, such as pushing his paintings. He traded me one of his prints for an old, beat-up mattock that I had in my truck. He said he needed it to do some work around the house. Ha!

Another time at an NTC in Indiana, Johnnie was giving the morning devotion, and three geese flew directly over us. Johnnie saw them first because he was facing them, so he stopped his devotion and had the men watch until the geese were out of sight, then continued his devotion.

Yes, we are going to miss Johnnie. But there's a song that says "Look for Me for I Will Be There Too"; so, Commander Barnes, look for me, for I may not be able to recognize you for the brightness of the stars in your crown.

Barry Roberts

Regional FCF Representative South Central Region

I often was asked what Johnnie was *really* like. My answer was always the same: "He was a man who never forgot the basics." To Johnnie, the boys *were* the basics. He never forgot the reason for Rangers—*boys*.

Johnnie was often referred to as a hero, and rightfully so. He was a hero in the sight of countless boys, my sons included. But he was never a hero in his own mind. He was only a willing vessel.

I trust we will all be the same.

Roger P. Gonzales

Special Aide-de-Camp

It was in 1963 when I first met Johnnie Barnes. I was introduced to him by Ron Halverson, Southern California District Commander, at an annual council meeting in Springfield. I had a lot of respect for him and soon found out what Johnnie was all about. I found him to be very strong, determined, and proud. He was a man who believed he could accomplish what-

ever was put before him. I can remember some of the council meetings where he would be challenged by some of the commanders. I saw him put his head down as if seeking God's guidance or knowledge before he continued. I was always amazed as to the anointing God placed on his life.

My observations of his dedication and faith of what he believed in became the guidelines for our growth in our Pacific Latin American District.

After being the district commander for 15 years God called me to take this ministry to Latin America. I shared with Johnnie my calling and asked him if we could translate Royal Rangers materials, and he consented. From that point on we became very close since he was very interested and burdened for the millions of boys in Latin America.

Our plans for October 1989 were for the two of us to attend an international meeting of CELAD in Panama where there are representatives of 14 Latin countries. He was to have a part in the main sessions, plus special workshops with all the Royal Rangers representatives. He was looking forward to this trip, and without a doubt, would have been blessed to see how the Royal Rangers ministry has grown in Latin America.

We shared together at the recent ANTC that was held in Catalina, California, his last week here. His dedication, his desire, his vision, and his burden for the Royal Rangers ministry was so heavy in his heart.

I thank God for the privilege of knowing this man that stood so tall, not only in size, but in his example, as he walked with his Lord. He also stood tall as a husband and father.

Russell Primrose

Special Aide-de-Camp

The rain was coming down in sheets. The clearing between our tents was a series of puddles. Breakfast was overdue; and wouldn't you know it, this morning we were supposed to serve pancakes.

The two of us assigned to "cook detail," labored valiantly. Only a few coals glowed in a small fire being nursed under an overhang out of the weather. We couldn't get the coals any hotter because of the wet wood

we were trying to use, and pancakes for 10 men takes a lot of fire. The night before we had been warned rain might come but we hadn't thought far enough ahead to protect some wood in our tent. To top it all off the roster at the NTC headquarters indicated that our guest this morning would be the national commander, Dr. Johnnie Barnes.

Half an hour after breakfast time, here came Johnnie and our advisor Fred Deaver. Now we were in for it. Things were about to pop. The atmosphere was a bit tense.

Johnnie walked in, looked around, then looked straight at me and asked, "Where is your fire?"

My ineptness was about to be uncovered. I guess I should have said most truthfully, "I don't know how to build a fire in the driving rain." But I didn't. I smarted off. I stood straight, trying to hide my discomfort, and with a smile on my face, said most pompously, "I have calculated that, in this rain it is scientifically impossible to build a fire."

Talk about a challenge! Ten minutes later we had a roaring fire. Johnnie used his poncho to protect a spot in the middle of our rain-pelted clearing and lectured us while Fred built the fire. Fred pulled down a handful of rosin-cedar shags that hung on the trunk of the cedar tree. He pulled "squaw wood" from the dead limbs in the oaks nearby. He split the wood open, and shaved and splintered the dry inside area. He put on an old pine knot and other tinder for good measure, then struck one match to the assembled material.

That day we all learned how to build a fire in the driving rain. But Johnnie... still loved to tell this story, "about the college professor who had calculated so incorrectly."

James McHaffie

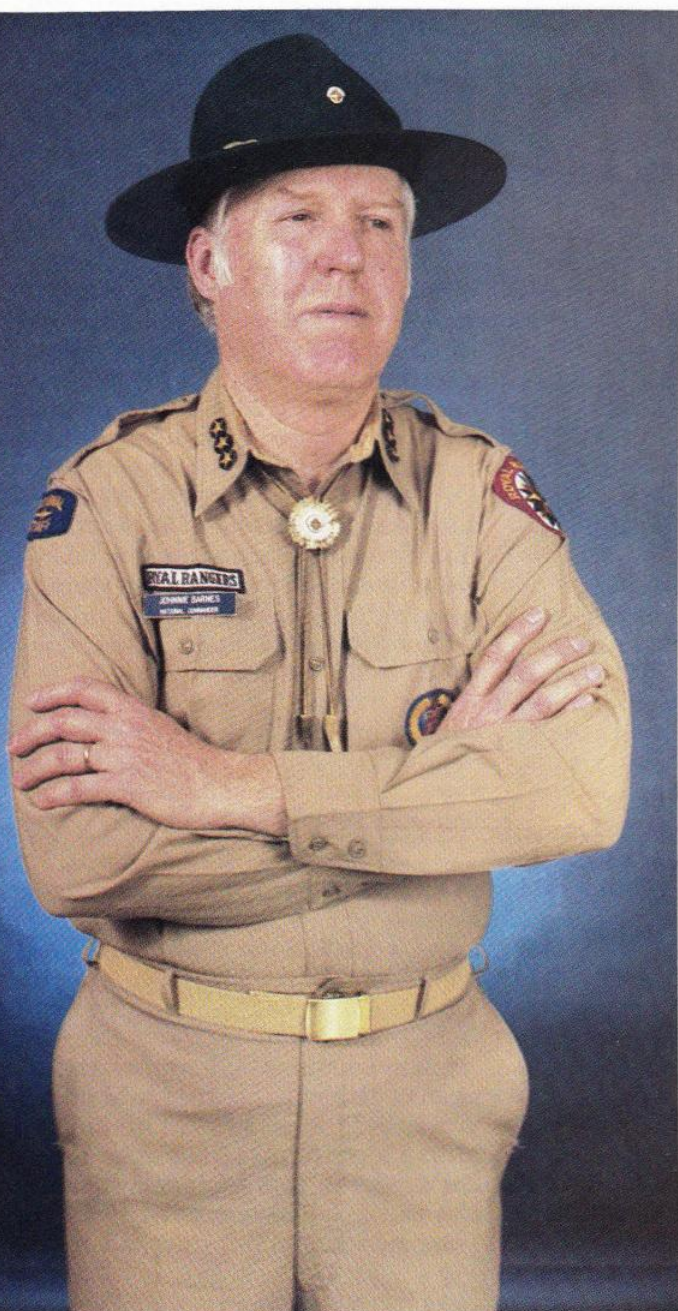
Regional Coordinator Gulf Region

Johnnie Barnes was a natural leader of men. He did not verbally command those who followed, to follow him. They followed because they knew he was every ounce a human and was totally committed to God. They also knew that God had used

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IN MEMORY OF COMMANDER BARNES

Founder and national commander of Royal Rangers, John Henry Barnes, died Thursday, June 15, 1989, in his home and after an apparent heart attack. He was 61.



With just one small step, he caught up with our Savior.

Johnnie founded the Royal Rangers ministry in 1962. "Under his leadership, Royal Rangers has grown to more than 5,300 groups in the United States, with more than 128,000 members involved weekly, and now is operating in 43 countries worldwide," reported Bro. Gaither. "He worked relentlessly with total commitment and dedication to make Royal Rangers available to every boy."

Others of our leaders, understanding God's sovereign plan for Johnnie's life, made the following remarks: "Johnnie has been a chosen vessel," exclaimed Bro. Flower at Johnnie's funeral. "Johnnie Barnes has been a legend in his own time." Then at graveside, Bro. Carlson reflected, "'There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.' We can also say that there was a man sent from God whose name was Johnnie."

That he was a man of many talents was observed by former National Men's Fellowship Secretary Burton Pierce. "Here was a man with a heart for boys, a writer, an artist, and an outdoorsman. I shared my impression with Bro. Bush. We sought God. We had found God's man."

How can you sum up his strengths? "Johnnie loved boys," pondered Ken Riemenschneider. "We have lost a gifted and respected leader, one that was dedicated and obedient to the call of God on his life." Fred Deaver, friend and wildlife artist, interjected, "He was a man who believed in nurturing champions."

"Johnnie once told me," continued Deaver, "'Someday you may have a commander better than I am, but never will you have a leader that loves boys more than I.'"

Johnnie Barnes was indeed a faithful soldier of the cross. His tireless efforts to "reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ," enabled him to minister Jesus' love to thousands of men and boys. He will be greatly missed, but because he lived by the Royal Rangers Code and Pledge, it is comforting to know that he indeed was *ready*.

"We salute you Commander!" concluded Bro. Gaither, "for a job well done."

And we Royal Rangers, echoing the graveside words of Aide-de-Camp John Eller, resound: "Good night, Commander, Sir! May you rest well. We'll see you at Morning Assembly."



NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP APPLICATION

PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE, ZIP _____
HOME PHONE () _____
OCCUPATION _____ AGE _____
DISTRICT _____ OUTPOST # _____

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, PLEASE NOTIFY

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE, ZIP _____
PHONE _____
RELATIONSHIP _____
RR POSITION _____

CAMP PREFERENCE

[]	FLORIDA	Lake Wales, FL	February 1-4	1990
[]	TENNESSEE	Goodlettsville, TN	April 19-22	1990
[]	TEXAS	Jacksonville, TX	May 3-6	1990
[]	CALIFORNIA	Sonora, CA	May 17-20	1990
[]	WISCONSIN	Wisconsin Rapids, WI	May 17-20	1990
[]	MISSOURI	Eagle Rock, MO	May 17-20	1990
[]	NEW YORK (Spanish Speaking)	Swan Lake, NY	May 30-June 2	1990
[]	HAWAII	Waimanalo, Ohau, HI	July 11-14	1990
[]	PENNSYLVANIA	Duncannon, PA	September 6-9	1990
[]	WASHINGTON	Cle Elum, WA	September 6-9	1990
[]	MISSOURI	Eagle Rock, MO	September 20-23	1990
[]	GEORGIA	Forsyth, GA	October 11-14	1990

You must be in good health in order to participate in the strenuous activities of the training camp. Therefore, it is required that you have a physical examination. After examination, please sign the following statement. "After consultation with my physician, I know of no physical reason that would restrict me from participating in the camp activities _____ (Signature)"

Any medical facts we should know _____

Because of the limited size and the advanced cost of setting up these camps, a \$40 preregistration fee must accompany this application. This will be applied toward the total camp fee, which will be approximately \$95. A \$10 DISCOUNT will be given at the camp for those who preregister **FOUR WEEKS** prior to the camp date. **NOTE: CANCELLATION POLICY--**Your preregistration fee will be refundable (minus a \$10 clerical fee) if you notify the national office at least **THREE WEEKS** prior to the beginning of the camp. **CANCELLATION after this date is nonrefundable!** Please send your application in as early as possible.

MAIL THIS FORM TO: **ROYAL RANGERS, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802**

CREDIT TO LEDGER: **001 01 031 4001 000**

NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT CHECK LIST

CLOTHING

- 1 Complete Class B Royal Rangers uniform (long sleeve khaki shirt, khaki trousers, khaki Royal Rangers belt--no dress coats or ties are worn.)
- 1 Royal Rangers jacket
- 1 Royal Rangers sweatshirt (for colder areas only)
- 1 Pair Army fatigue trousers, jeans, or other work-type trousers for casual wear
- 2 Royal Rangers T-shirts
- * * Extra uniforms or fatigues for fresh change, as desired
- 1 Pair heavy shoes or boots for camp activities and hiking
- 2 Pairs heavy socks (navy or black)
- 1 Poncho or raincoat with hood
- * * Underclothing and handkerchiefs
- * * Pajamas
- * Please note: No cap or hat is needed. A special beret will be issued. (Every item except emblem, nametab and district strip should be removed from uniform.)

PERSONAL ITEMS

Sleeping bag
Folding camp cot (optional)
Toilet kit and mirror (no outlet for electric razor)
Towels and washcloths
Mess kit (plate, bowl, and cup)
Silverware kit (knife, fork, and spoon)
Canteen
Pack and lightweight pack frame (for overnight hike)
Small lightweight tent (for overnight hike)
Ground cloth (waterproof)
Air mattress or foam pad
Flashlight with extra batteries
Personal first aid kit
Pocket knife and whetstone
Hand axe
8 inch mill file
Compass (Silva style preferred)
Waterproof match container with matches
"Adventures in Camping" handbook
"Leader's Manual"
Small Bible
Pen and pencil

OPTIONAL ITEMS

Ditty bag to carry small items	Compact sewing kit
Insect repellent	Survival kit
Folding plastic cup	Camera
Thermal underwear (for colder areas)	Sunburn lotion
Small package of facial tissues	Sunglasses
Nail clippers with fingernail file	Pillow

*As many as you will need for the camp

OUTPOST COMMANDER'S AWARD

The Outpost Commander's Award is a special achievement award for Outpost Commanders who have demonstrated outstanding service. All points must be earned for service rendered during the current calendar year. NATIONAL TRAINING EVENTS MAY BE COUNTED EACH YEAR. *

Name _____ Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ District _____ Outpost Number _____

FILL IN THE BLANKS WITH THE NUMBER OF POINTS EARNED:

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. <u>AN UP-TO-DATE CHARTERED GROUP:</u>
20 points _____ | 12. <u>WEARING PROPER UNIFORM:</u> 5 points _____ |
| 2. <u>COMPLETED LEADERSHIP TRAINING</u>
<u>COURSE I-V:</u> 20 points _____ | 13. <u>OUTPOST MEETINGS:</u> 1 point each
meeting conducted. _____ |
| 3. <u>ADVANCEMENT PARTICIPATION:</u>
25 points if at least 50% of boys
in your outpost received an ad-
vancement, and at least 4 Councils
of Achievement were conducted. _____ | 14. <u>OUTPOST USING THE PATROL METHOD</u>
<u>PROGRAM:</u> 5 points _____ |
| 4. <u>OUTPOST CAMPOUTS:</u> 2 points each. _____ | 15. <u>GOLD BAR MEETINGS:</u> 1 point each
meeting of boy/adult leadership
planning the outpost meetings and
activities. _____ |
| 5. <u>OUTPOST OUTINGS:</u> 2 points each
except for campouts. _____ | 16. <u>CURRENT RED CROSS CARD:</u>
2 points for each card. _____ |
| * 6. <u>ATTENDING A NATIONAL TRAINING</u>
<u>CAMP:</u> 5 points _____ | 17. <u>OUTPOST SERVICE PROJECT:</u>
2 points for each project. _____ |
| * 7. <u>ATTENDING OTHER NATIONAL TRAINING</u>
<u>EVENTS:</u> 5 points for each event. _____ | 18. <u>ACTIVE FCF MEMBER:</u> 2 points _____ |
| 8. <u>OUTPOST PARTICIPATION IN A</u>
<u>DISTRICT POW WOW:</u> 5 points _____ | 19. <u>LEADERSHIP MEETINGS:</u> 2 points
each for attending Area, Sectional
or District wide meetings. _____ |
| 9. <u>BOYS WON TO CHRIST:</u> 5 points each _____ | 20. <u>OUTPOST VISITATION PROGRAM:</u>
2 points for each home visited. _____ |
| 10. <u>NEW MEMBERS:</u> 2 points each _____ | |
| 11. <u>RANGER OF THE YEAR PROGRAM:</u>
5 points _____ | TOTAL POINTS _____ |

REQUIREMENTS FOR AWARD

1. The outpost must have an up-to-date charter.
2. The Commander must have completed the Leadership Training Course.
3. A minimum of 175 points are needed to qualify.

All Outpost Commanders who meet the above qualifications will be eligible to receive and wear the Outpost Commander's Award. Time period - JANUARY 1 of the current year through DECEMBER 31.

NOTE: Please complete your copy of the Outpost Commander's Award Evaluation Sheet and mail it to your District Commander, not the National Office. Your District Commander will supervise the awarding of the Outpost Commander's Award. Seven dollars should be attached to cover the cost of the medal. (Subject to change by GPH without notice.)

If all Outpost Commanders of one church earn this medal, the Senior Commander may wear an Outpost Commander's Award also.

TRAINING OPPORTUNITIES FOR ROYAL RANGERS

Royal Rangers National Training Events are designed to give you the very best of training for all phases of the Royal Rangers ministry, with major emphasis on camping!

NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP is designed to give leaders professional training in camping and leadership, plus the opportunity of outstanding fellowship and adventure in the out-of-doors. See attached application for locations and dates.



BUCKAROO/STRAIGHT ARROW TRAINING CONFERENCE is designed to give leaders training in various techniques and methods of leadership. Trainees will also receive training in various aspects of the Buckaroo and Straight Arrow ministries. **Locations and dates are: Alexandria, Louisiana, February 15-17, 1990; Carlisle, Pennsylvania May 24-26, 1990.**

NATIONAL TRAINING TRAILS allows leaders to participate in outstanding rugged outdoor activities surrounded by some of America's most beautiful scenery. Leaders will be on the trail for three exciting days, carrying all their gear and food in backpacks. **Locations and dates are: Kybers, California, June 7-10, 1990; Eagle Rock, Missouri, October 11-14, 1990.**



NATIONAL CANOE EXPEDITION is designed to give leaders specialized training on how to conduct canoe trips, and to provide outstanding adventure in some of the most beautiful canoe country in America. **Location and dates are: Eagle Rock, Missouri, May 3-6, 1990.**

The **WINTER NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP** will give leaders professional training in winter camping, campcraft and various winter-related activities. The camp will be conducted in an appropriate winter setting. This camp is designed to inspire leaders to provide more activities for their outpost during winter months. **The camp will be held at Nevada City, Nevada, January 18-21, 1990.**



STAFF SCHOOL is designed to give leaders opportunity for: training in camp skills, leadership development, ideas for teaching and administration, analyzing personal strengths and weaknesses--plus self-improvement tips, and seeing the program from a boy's viewpoint. **Locations and dates are: Eagle Rock, Missouri, September 15-16, 1990; Honea Path, South Carolina, November 2-3, 1990.**

FORGING AHEAD

In these, almost 28, years of Johnnie's leadership, the Royal Rangers program was born, nourished, and matured.

Listed below, in chronological fashion, are several Royal Rangers developments as they unfolded. You will agree! Johnnie's vision was providential; the results are awesome.

1962

In January Johnnie moved to Springfield, Missouri. Brother Charles W. H. Scott suggested the name of Royal Rangers.

This ministry was divided into three age divisions: Pioneers, Trailblazers, and Air or Sea Rangers.

Six handbooks were prepared.

The first outpost was organized under the leadership of Bob Reid at Springfield, Missouri.

1963

Bob Reid was appointed the first national training coordinator.

The *Leadership Training Course* was developed.

Dispatch magazine was published in the fall—Johnnie Barnes, editor.

1964

First districtwide powwows were conducted.

Gold Medal of Achievement and Medal of Valor awards were initiated.

1965

The Silver Eagle Award program for district commanders was launched.

Paul Feller became the second national training coordinator.

Each district superintendent was given the title of district chaplain.

1966

The Buckaroo program was initiated.

Handbooks for Buckaroos and leaders were prepared.

Royal Rangers started in Latin American countries—a handbook was translated and printed in the Spanish language.

Royal Rangers began in Australia. The group was located in Petersham, New South Wales, under the leadership of Commonwealth Commander Will Thorne.

Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity was developed.

Several district commanders were presented with the Silver Eagle Award.

Royal Rangers Week—to be commemorated each June (later changed to October)—was established by the Executive Presbytery.

1968

Trail Rangers program was established.

In March the first meeting of the National Aide-de-Camp Council was conducted in Springfield, Missouri.

Four National Training Camps were conducted in Missouri, Colorado, New York, and California.

1969

A new revised handbook for Air-Sea-Trail Rangers was published.

The first Advanced National Training Camp was held at Marshfield, Missouri.

1970

Four National Training Trails were conducted.

John Eller was appointed as the first national FCF president.

David Barnes was named the first national FCF Scout.

1971

High Adventure was born.

Don Franklin became the third national training coordinator.

1972

The first National FCF Rendezvous was conducted in Springfield, Missouri.

Junior Leaders Training Camp was introduced.

"Chi Omega Rho" was created for college students.

1973

National Canoe Expeditions were added along with another ANTC.

1974

Fred Deaver became the second national FCF president.

John Eller became the editor of *Dispatch*.

The first National Camporama made its debut at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

1976

The National Aquatic Camp originated.

Instructor/Trainer Seminars emanated from Springfield, Missouri.

Dogwood Valley, Missouri, was the site for the second National FCF Rendezvous.

1977

The genesis of the National Royal Rangers Council was in Springfield, Missouri.

The first Winter National Training Camp was conducted in the Colorado Rockies.

A new, enlarged *FCF Handbook* was printed.

The Straight Arrows program was launched.

David Barnes assumed the editorial duties of *Dispatch*.

1978

The second National Camporama came together at Farragut State Park, Idaho.

The Ranger of the Year selection originated.

1980

The third National Rendezvous was held in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee.

1981

A series of NTC Staff Schools were conducted.

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Tributes to Johnnie Barnes

continued from page 7

him to begin Royal Rangers. Johnnie's dreams were simply an extension of the Lord working through him—God's will and plan for Royal Rangers. These dreams and expectations of a ministry that could reach the boys of our generation ignited a fire of compassion and discipleship in men to do the task of reaching, teaching, and keeping boys for Christ.

Those men who followed the example of Johnnie Barnes are a great number. They come from all walks of life. They each share the same thrill of helping boys grow mentally, physically, socially, and spiritually. Many of these men have personally led boys to Christ. This is true discipleship—a leader duplicating his philosophy and ministry in his followers. Johnnie Barnes accomplished making disciples of many men during his lifetime.

His dream was having a great army of men trained as quality leaders in Royal Rangers and our churches. He wanted all Royal Rangers leaders to be spiritual leaders but also desired that they be skilled in all phases of camping, camping skills, first aid, water safety, story telling, council fires, administration, Bible doctrine, devotions, and general appearance. He felt the boys and our nation deserved the best leadership. NTC, ANTC, WNTC, NTT, and NCE are all a part of this process.

Johnnie's dream is far-reaching. His dream included the discipling process in even another dimension. Before his death he was planning a national District Leadership Training Seminar. He intended to provide the leadership of every district with personal "hands on" training and information that would help them excel in their Royal Rangers ministry.

Yes, I am just one of the many who accepted the challenge of training. This training has made me a better pastor, and, of course, a more qualified Royal Rangers leader. Johnnie has gone on to be with Jesus. Even in that I intend to follow his leadership.

Johnnie was bigger than life in almost everyone's eyes—even those close to him. When he showed us his "human side," it would surprise us.

When we were filming the movie, *The Royal Rangers Story*, Johnnie was extremely patient with the filming crew, the boys, and the other leaders. He moved when they said "move"; he repeated when they said "repeat"; he hurried when they said "hurry." But some things could really get under his skin—mostly the Texas chiggers.

Before we could even start filming, that morning, he insisted having several cans of insect repellent on hand. The director needed to film the scene—where Johnnie comes walking out at the first of the movie and begins talking. Johnnie wouldn't do it until he had his cans of spray with him.

Johnnie was devoted to his family. He brought his wife and his daughter to the 1976 FCF Powamu at the Alabama-Coushatta Indian Reservation. This was one of the few times his family had gone to an event with him. I enjoyed seeing him take the time to be with his family, not always having to be *in charge*.

Of course, he was the *star*—having to stop with Juanita and Anita and pose for pictures. It was there that several of us learned to *pose* ourselves when pictures were being taken. Once he turned to a group nearby and said, "Be sure to always point at something on the horizon and look at it while they take your picture. *It makes you look like you know what you're doing.*"

Look at the pictures you have of him; he always looks like he knew what he was doing.

Johnnie made everyone feel important when he was around them. If he was visiting a local outpost giving out awards, each boy receiving an award believed his was the most special one given that night. Likewise, he would hand out Silver Eagle Awards to district commanders, taking just those few extra seconds to make sure each leader was personally thanked by him.

Johnnie was all the Royal Rangers code implies. He was a man with a big heart and a lot of love for boys. His commitment and dedication was to provide the Royal Rangers opportunity to every boy. Men caught his vision and felt his heartbeat and joined in this noble endeavor.

The team he put together will continue to move forward and accomplish the maximum through Royal Rangers. Each facet of the ministry was brought into being with purpose and developed in strength.

Johnnie has left his footprints in the sands of 27 years of Royal Rangers ministry. Men and boys everywhere have been inspired to commit their lives to the Lord Jesus Christ for service. His life and ministry has resulted in thousands of boys finding Christ and redirecting their future. His heartbeat was to "reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ." No nobler purpose could have been chosen.

There are men on the mission field today who were among the first Royal Rangers in the '60s. There are pastors, deacons, and salt-of-the-earth Christian men, who head Christ-honoring families today, because someone led Royal Rangers programs in their local churches.

Johnnie set in motion plans for the first International Camporama in 1990, at the National Royal Rangers Training Center. These 1,533 acres of wooded mountain terrain, in the midst of the beautiful Mark Twain National Forest, make an ideal setting for such a gathering. This international meeting is very timely since Royal Rangers is now in 43 countries of the world with thousands of boys having accepted Christ. Thirty thousand men have enrolled in the training program, and it is estimated that over 1 million boys have participated in the program since its inception.

Much has been accomplished in these nearly three decades. To God be the glory! Four National Camporamas have brought thousands of Royal Rangers and their leaders together for competition, fellowship, and recognition. More than 150 Royal Rangers have earned the Medal of Valor, awarded for risking their lives to save others. The Gold Medal of Achievement, which is the highest award boys can earn in the Royal Rangers program, is worn proudly by more than 1,700 boys.

Such successes and accomplish-

Alan Gell

**Regional Coordinator
South Central Region**

Silas L. Gaither

**National Director
Division of Church Ministries**

ments have been possible due to the capable leadership and commitment of National Commander Johnnie Barnes, and the many leaders he inspired through these years. He gave distinguished leadership to the Royal Rangers ministry from its beginning. His practical and down-to-earth approach was very effective in winning boys to Christ. His vision kept the ministry in step with the times. The leadership training expanded to meet the ever-growing need. Such creative initiative was indicative of his unique abilities.

The commander was not so interested in being identified by the stars on his shoulder; rather, he wanted us to understand his leadership role in challenging men and lovingly guiding boys on a path of adventure. He saw to it that the challenge was always present for the leader to advance in training, and for the boy to achieve another goal in his ongoing development.

The commander would remind us that the task is not finished. We must rededicate our lives to this noble and worthwhile ministry.

Ollie Henley

District Commander North Texas District

While serving on the staff of the 1970 NTC at Fort Hood, Texas, it rained! The staff was staying in a big-old barracks with an open-rafter ceiling. One night, about midnight, as we were getting ready for bed, Johnnie was in one of his *good* moods. Being wet from the shoulders up, and from the knees down, he started singing. Little did he know that there was a nest of rats just over his cot. As he sang, the mamma rat picked up her babies and moved them across the rafters to the other side of the building—far, far away.

We told Johnnie that even the rats could not stand his singing. He got a big kick out of that . . . but did not stop singing!

Ken Riemenschneider

National Secretary Men's Ministries Department



It was my privilege to know Johnnie the last 4½ years of his life. He seemed eternally youthful.

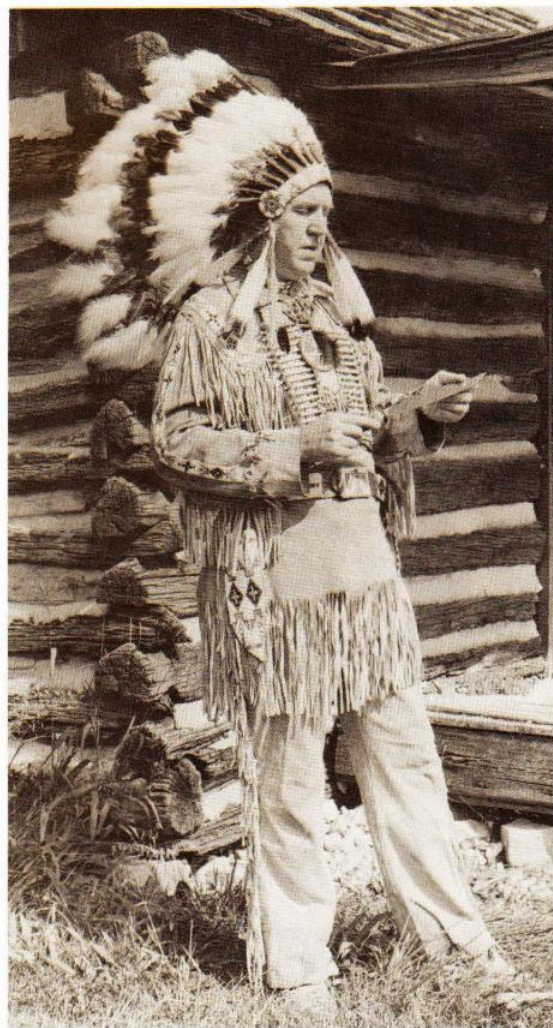
Johnnie was a visionary. I am certain had it not been for his driving pursuit to "reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ," Royal Rangers may not have known the growth it enjoys today.

He was relentless in keeping the focus of Royal Rangers on the boys. He always had time to stop and talk to a boy, giving 100 percent of his sincere attention.

Johnnie shined when the opportunity came to preach to boys. He could spin a story full of color—catching away his listeners where they actually felt the story. His brightest moments came when boys would fill the altars seeking salvation and Holy Ghost baptism.

Early in the ministry of Royal Rangers, Johnnie recognized the necessity of trained leaders. He invested thousands of hours in training men around the world. Often weary in body, he rarely turned down the opportunity to minister to boys or to train men.

His dream continued to be fulfilled with the acquisition of the National Royal Rangers Training Center near



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Tributes to Johnnie Barnes

continued from page 11

Eagle Rock, Missouri. Although not a skilled carpenter, Johnnie labored alongside scores of volunteers working many hours daily in preparation for the 1986 National Camporama. Johnnie invested many dollars in this dream as well.

His creative ability can be seen in the many patches he created, the oil paintings, and the posters. Whenever I was in need of a theme, I could count on Johnnie. In fact the 1990 National Men's theme was his idea, "Catch the Vision."

He was a superb chairman. The National Royal Rangers Council with its 300 plus members, could, at times, be an unwieldy group to chair. Johnnie masterfully dealt with conflicts and tangles only found on a convention floor.

Johnnie was esteemed among colleagues outside the Assemblies of God. They often sought, in their areas of service, his counsel on matters pertaining to youth. He also received many of their awards through the years.

Without a doubt, he was faithful to his call. He gave nearly 28 years of his ministerial life to our Fellowship, to his Lord, and to our young men.

V. Jerry Shepherd

Special Aide-de-Camp

I would apply to Johnnie some of his quotes and say that he was "one of the greatest men who ever walked on the topside of God's green earth and now is one of the greatest men to walk on the topside of heaven."

He also was truly a *man's man*. He was a great friend and will be greatly missed.

I would like to be present when he gets his crown in heaven—to see the thousands of young men who go up to him and say, "We are here because of you."

Floyd Larson

Regional Coordinator Northeast Region

"And then mom, I got that mouse over into the corner of the garage, and

hit him with a 2x4. After that, I kicked him out into the middle of the concrete floor, twisted my heel on him, and ground him into the floor.' Just then, the boy noticed through the corner of his eye, that his Pastor had stopped over for a visit. And not knowing what to say, he exclaimed, 'And then Jesus took him home.'"

This will always be an unforgettable story that Johnnie Barnes so often told during his speaking engagements.

Johnnie Barnes had an exciting talent that kept the attention of his audience, whether they were young or old. It also seemed as if he had an inexhaustible supply of such stories, to fit any occasion or meeting. Truly, this was a God-given gift that few people are given.

Our family was personally blessed by having Johnnie and his family stay with us at our home when they visited New England. These joyous occasions go back many years and will never be forgotten. Johnnie never ceased to amaze me, telling me of the many historical events that took place here, as we traveled the highways of New England. From one place to another, he recalled the early days of our nation in the Revolutionary era. Truly Johnnie was a walking history book.

Johnnie Barnes will never be forgotten and he stands to be a giant in his unselfish dedication to the work

of the Lord. Yes, he will be missed, but not for long. A mighty army of men and boys will join him . . . at that last spectacular camporama!

Thomas F. Zimmerman

General Superintendent 1959-1985

Commander Johnnie Barnes epitomized the very essence of a vision and heart-burden which God laid upon him as a ministry, to which he gave great faithfulness. This ministry to boys and men was a top priority in his schedule of activities and in his world-spanning ministry.

Not only was he a most effective writer and artist, but also one of the most effective teachers of boys we have ever had in the Assemblies of God. His life was lived with a single purpose and objective in focus. He was used of God to develop an entirely new program which prioritized the spiritual and gave attention to the minutest details of that which would build character and strength into the lives of young men.

There were many marks that set Johnnie Barnes apart in the field of his ministry. Not least among these was the fact that he had a unique ability to transfer his vision and burden for boys to a host of men. These he trained and prepared for positions of

In 1985, documents for the National Royal Rangers Training Center are signed.



leadership in the burgeoning Royal Rangers program. No boys program enjoys the measure of spiritual success and results more than Royal Rangers. Johnnie's vivid imagination in translating the traits of strong character, together with a healthy physique, has left a legacy to all the boys connected with the Assemblies of God—not only throughout the United States, but in many foreign countries where this program has adapted easily in meeting the needs of those cultures as well.

For me, the personal fellowship and opportunity to work together with Johnnie was one of the high points of my fulfilling ministry. He now has entered the realm where his earthly work has been completed, but surely his works do follow him.

Will Thorne

National Commander Australia

In 1971 Johnnie visited Australia for the first time. He ran our first ever NTC, sleeping in a tent in the midst of the Australian bush. We were all awakened one morning by a loud, raucous screaming noise. We sat up-right and Johnnie said, hair almost standing on end, "What's that!"

"Just a kookaburra," was the reply.

"Kockaburra?" Johnnie asked, "a kind of cockerel?"

"No," replied the Australian. "A kookaburra."

"Cuckooburra?" Johnnie asked again, "like a cuckoo bird?"

"No, a kookaburra," again was the reply.

Johnnie changed his attempt entirely to identify the sound, "A burro, like in Texas?"

"Getting closer," was the reply, "A bit like a burro, a bit like a cockerel."

Johnnie said, "My, I thought that we had the most splendiferous, tenacious, gamest, toughest, orneriest animals/birds in Texas. You must have a world-beater out there. He has yelled his heart out for this entire conversation!"

At that Johnnie stuck his head out of the tent door. There he saw two kookaburras (birds) sitting on a tree branch, right in front of our tent, crying out to let the world know that the sun had risen! "Why do you say they are like Texas burros? They are not burros," Johnnie asked.

"Their alternate name is "Laughing Donkey, which is almost a burro." came back the response.

Johnnie advised there was nothing like a "Laughing Donkey" in Texas!

* * *

At our 1977 Camporama, Johnnie was told repeatedly by Australians, some Queenslanders in particular, that Queensland was bigger than, had more cattle than, was tougher, etc., than Texas! Johnnie had a mite of a problem with that sort of story.

One night he was invited in front of all the campers and asked to partake of some soup, sight unseen, to demonstrate his Texan bravery! Johnnie courteously accepted the invite, sat down, put on his napkin, and proceeded to eat a bowl of the most fabulous, scrumptious, and tasteful soup. Those were his words.

All this time, behind him, where he could not see, some leaders paraded a sign that read "Witchetty Grub Soup." At this the younger children rolled over the grass in agony and made all the right sounds to describe such terrible food.

Johnnie had the last laugh, though. He asked for more! And he said, "That was great, mate . . . a commander trusts his Royal Rangers."

He and I knew that nobody would poison the U.S. national commander." What an object lesson taught to our leaders that night.

David Wharton

Regional Coordinator Gulf Region

At the North Texas Youth Convention, November 1961, in Bedford, Texas, Johnnie Barnes, D-CAP of the North Texas District, stood before the audience and bid them farewell. He was going to headquarters to develop a boys program for the Assemblies of God. I was privileged to be at that convention.

After the service, my wife said to me, "Why don't you meet Johnnie and ask him if he could use you in that program." I did meet Johnnie. That was the beginning of a long and rewarding relationship with him and his family. Little did I realize, that night, how involved I would become in the Rangers ministry as the years went by.

I have many memories of Johnnie. But one thing I remember so distinctly about him was his desire to project top quality and top performance to the men and boys when they attended camporamas, rendezvous, and so forth. In return Johnnie desired the best from the men and boys. Sometimes it seemed as if he would ask for the impossible to be done in their preparations, but it was always to have the very best for that function.

There are many things I will remember about Johnnie: his many costumes, special times around the Council Fire, walking the property of the Training Center and hearing him plan for the future, and our trip to England this past spring.

The vision and dream that Johnnie had for the Rangers ministry was catching. He was always sharing with us how he could see this and that. Before long we were seeing it, too. His vision has inspired us all. As a result, this ministry will go on; and we will continue to "reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ."

Bob Fox

Division Commander Southern Missouri District

I remember my thoughts the first time I saw Johnnie—*So that's the man.* I was mad at him. It was, after

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Tributes to Johnnie Barnes

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all, because of him that I had been forced into the new boys program at church and now caused me to be here at NTC (facing who knows what), trying to get some helpful training. Sixty-one of 62 trainees lunged to get in line to purchase a copy of *Johnnie the Barefoot Dreamer* personally signed by the author. I scowled in my mind, *I don't want your old book*. That was 1975. Royal Rangers was so new in our area that I had never seen another man or boy in a Rangers uniform, never heard of LTC, and just read about NTC.

In later years I confessed and apologized to Johnnie for mentally maligning him. I did acquire the book, signed by the author of *Johnnie the Barefoot Dreamer*.

As Johnnie taught in the class sessions and other activities, I was taken by storm with something, that in my 25 years of Christian experiences, I had never seen before—that is, the

degree of his love and concern for boys. I had personally *endured* the little troublemakers. Recently, in Royal Rangers, I spoke aloud: “God I’m here but I don’t like it. And boys we are going to have Rangers if it kills us. The church wants it, and they are going to get it.” I believe God somehow understood my misgivings and just gently led me to “the man” that I might understand God’s love for boys.

I have never heard anyone speak about boys with such loving tenderness. “That is what I want, God,” I cried. “That attitude, that spirit, whatever that man has, that is what I need.”

Upon returning home I found a new bunch of boys, better behaved and mannered, and less noisome. They could not make me angry. I didn’t yell at them. They did not need to be yelled at now. I looked forward to our meetings, planned more outings, campouts, and opportunities to be

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Forging Ahead

continued from page 9

1982

Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, became the home for the third National Camporama.

1984

West Glacier, Montana, was the site for the fourth National Rendezvous.

1985

The Assemblies of God purchased 1,445 acres near Eagle Rock, Missouri. The National Royal Rangers Training Center became reality.

Pat Brown was assigned as the first camp coordinator for the Training Center.

1986

Dispatch was replaced with the *High Adventure Leader*.

The fourth National Camporama was held at the all-new National Royal Rangers Training Center at Eagle Rock, Missouri.

The new Commander Johnnie Barnes Lodge was dedicated.

Mark Gentry was assigned as director of development for the Training Center.

1987

An additional 88 acres was purchased by the Training Center—total now 1,533 acres.

Ralph Glunt became the second camp coordinator for the Training Center.

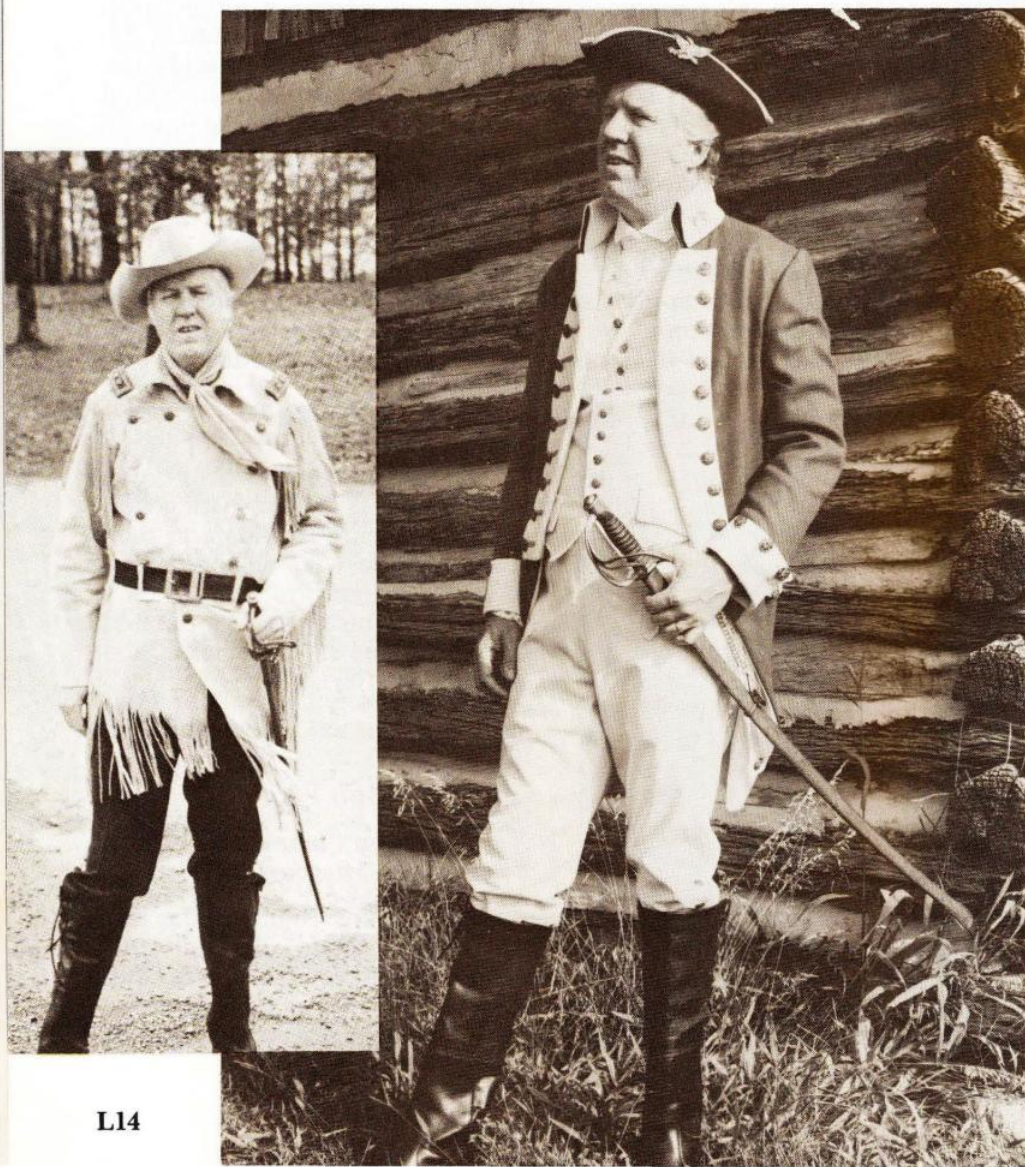
1988

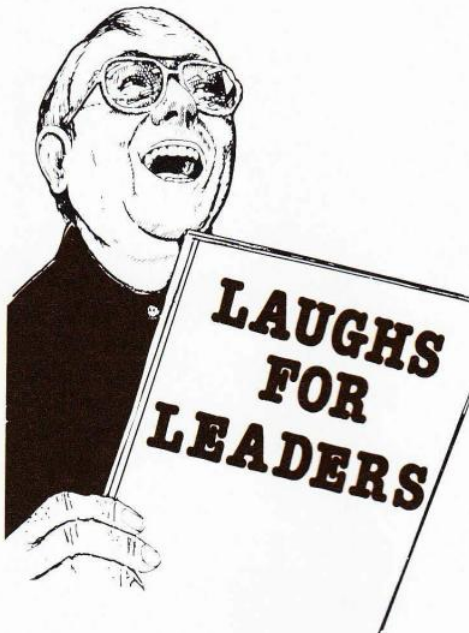
The National Royal Rangers Training Center hosted the fifth National Rendezvous.

Ken Hunt was appointed as editor/promotions coordinator.

It is evident, the history of Royal Rangers speaks for itself. It is estimated more than 1 million boys have, through these years, been involved in Royal Rangers. Thousands are saved and filled with the Spirit every year. Families are bonded together. Boys, from broken homes, are given male influences on their lives, and on and on.

But the real history of Royal Rangers lies ahead, yet to be written. As we catch Johnnie’s burden and vision, we linger but momentarily on the past, we smile at the present, and we forge into the future.





cally said: "Oh, you didn't miss much."

She surprised him by her reply: "So they all tell me."

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

My wife said to me the other day, "Dear, there's a man at the front door who wants to sell you something. Be careful. I think it's a plot."

I went to the front door and the lettering on the salesman's briefcase said, *Resthaven Cemetery*.

* * *

My teacher is presently trying to probe the world's last untouched frontier—the brains of her students.

* * *

Maybe I should lose a little weight! I sat in my lawn chair the other day and all four legs sank into the ground.

Allen Melton
Fort Collins, CO

The eye doctor tried patiently to please an elderly woman, trying lens after lens. Nothing seemed to be right for her.

"Now don't become discouraged," the doctor reassured her. "It's not easy to get just the right glasses, you know."

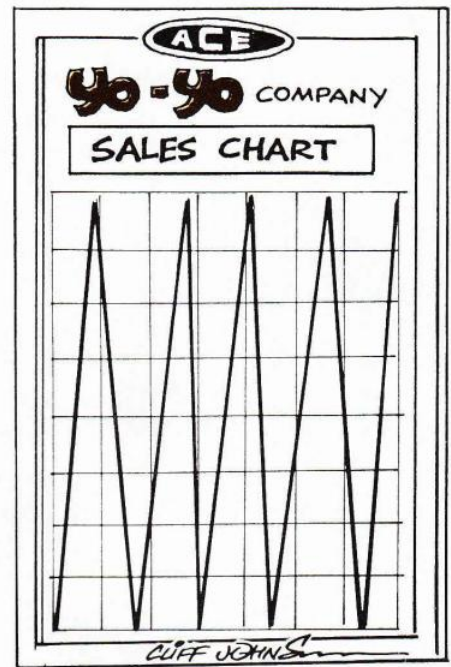
"It certainly isn't," the woman replied, "especially when you're shopping for a friend."

* * *

The minister called on one of his parishioners, an elderly woman who was quite deaf. When she expressed regret that she could not hear his sermons, he modestly and sympatheti-



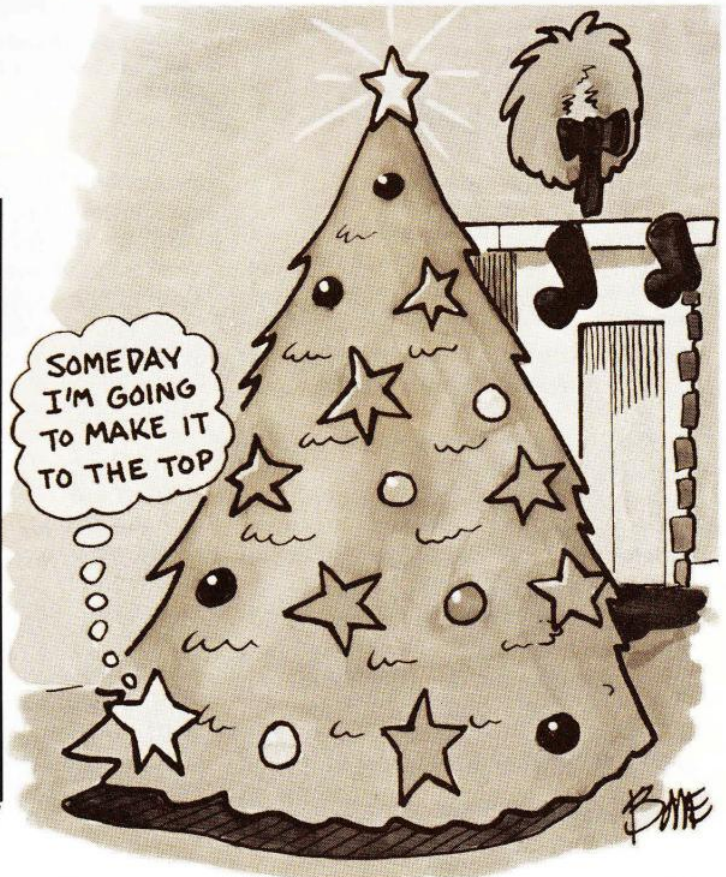
"THAT'S A VERY STRAIGHT LINE, SIMPKINS. HOWEVER..."



* * *

Once when our family put on its Sunday best, our daughter came downstairs in jeans. When I complained to her, she explained, "I am dressed up. These are my best jeans."

Michael T. Shoemaker
Alexandria, VA





Commander Barnes' last training event—ANTC at Catalina Island, California, June 7-11, 1989.

Tributes to Johnnie Barnes

continued from page 14

with them. Then it dawned on me: *It's not the boys who have changed . . . it's you. God has placed that love for boys in you that you first saw in National Commander Johnnie Barnes.*

Since then I have served on 10 or more NTC and ANTC staffs with Johnnie. He has never changed in his love for boys.

The last experience I remember with Johnnie was at the 1989 ANTC at Eagle Rock, Missouri. Johnnie had just finished with an evening-class presentation. During the break, we were standing alone. I said, "Johnnie, you still make me cry when you speak about boys." He just smiled and gave

me a pat on the back. That is the Johnnie Barnes I knew!

So, by the grace of God, I will be true to the vision of a boys' ministry, having been equipped by a loving Lord. He, who saw my needs, led me to His model commander.

Dwain Jones

**Former National Secretary
Men's Ministries Department**

[Johnnie preached his last service at this powwow on June 14, 1989.]

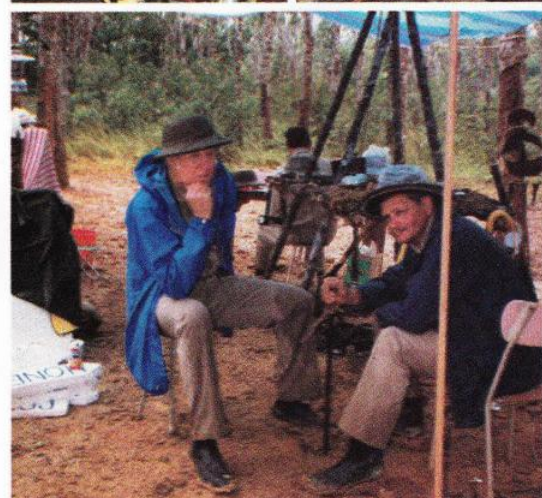
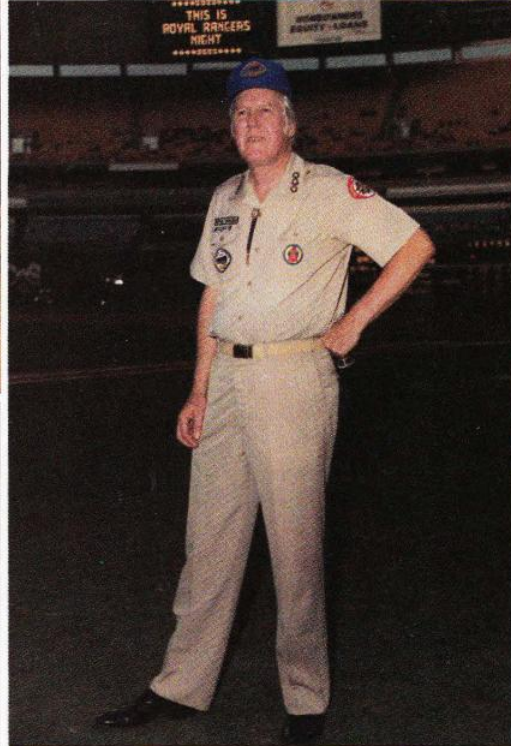
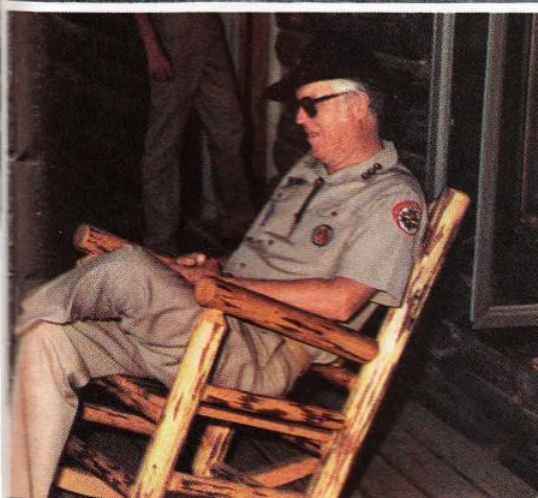
Johnnie was restless as he watched some 700 Royal Rangers singing around the campfire at the Oklahoma

District Landrun Days Powwow, June 14, 1989. This was to be different from the thousands of powwows Johnnie had preached. There was that expectation he had experienced before. But this powwow was different.

Johnnie had not been feeling well, but he was *ready* to deliver a message that was to be his last. There was a sound of applause as he was introduced, and then he walked in front of 700 boys. There was a sparkle in his eye and Holy Ghost joy as he began to preach. Johnnie never preached better! His voice thundered across the Oklahoma campground. The Royal Rangers boys sat motionless, drinking in every word as Johnnie told stories, capturing the minds and hearts of everyone present. There was a fresh anointing—his last powwow. Time was of an essence.

Thirty-seven boys responded to the invitation and received Christ as their Savior. The smile on Johnnie's face reflected the joy of heavenly angels. And again, Johnnie was the vessel of God used to fulfill the vision that began almost 30 years ago.

Thanks, Johnnie!



fortunate to have lived in his lifetime. His love for Christ, his godly influence, and his bright and shining example have blessed us in ways we did not fully realize before now.

In the late spring of 1984, Johnnie confided to me that he felt he had another 5 to 7 productive years left to serve the Lord in Royal Rangers. But as he left this world, we can be sure his final thoughts were of the Rangers, and the Rangers, and the Rangers. Others will fill his position, but no one will ever take his place.

In a saga of yesteryear, the Indian scout Tonto referred to the Lone Ranger as *Kemosabe*, "faithful friend." Johnnie was for each of us, our best friend. His concern was always for our happiness and well-being, more than his own. No sacrifice was too great, no problem was

too small. It just makes you proud to have been one of Johnnie's lieutenants.

My favorite photo of Johnnie is from the first national FCF Rendezvous in 1972. He is headed down the trail, looking over his shoulder to see if we are following. He won't return to us, but we can go to him.

As the "Barefoot Dreamer" rode into the sunrise, he was the noblest Ranger of them all. Had he lived in Bible times, he might easily have been an apostle or a prophet. He now will shine as the stars in the firmament. Let the legend grow!

Johnnie is, at last, honored in the way he should be honored: clothed in righteousness, girded with truth, and crowned with eternal life. Like Sam Houston, history will take care of Johnnie Barnes.

Some may say we have lost our national commander. But when you lose something, you don't know where it is. We haven't lost Johnnie, because we know where he is. And there he rests and waits until the only Ranger left is safely home.

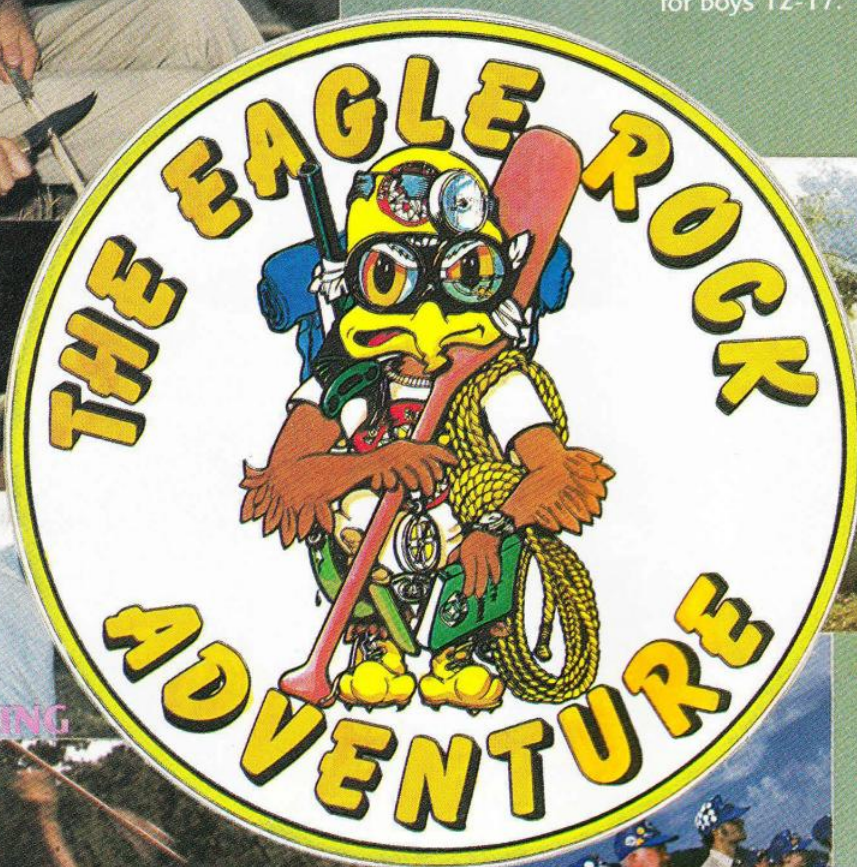
A Pony Express rider rode away from a way station into the sunset. Some onlookers observed his departure and said, "There he goes!"

But at another station in the distance, some onlookers there observed his arrival and said, "Here he comes!" It's all a matter of perspective.

And so, it is with confidence and full assurance that we can say, "All present and accounted for, Sir! Good night, Commander, Sir! May you rest well. We'll see you at Morning Assembly."

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WATER CARNIVAL
AND MORE . . .

How Do You Replace . . .

continued from page 3

My eyes begged him for an answer. He gave a long pause before he spoke. I knew his reply would be rich and meaningful.

"You don't," the man advised. "You just focus your attention upon the Lord who gave you that friend."

I nodded understanding, while glancing back toward the grave to hide my continual flow of tears. The old man was right, and I knew it. I had scarcely been able to stop crying since I heard Johnnie went away. But in that moment, what the old man said, ministered to me; and I found peace.

I turned quickly to say good-bye to the old gentleman, who had just helped me through the hardest day of my life, but he was gone! I looked around the area quite thoroughly but he was nowhere to be found. I was puzzled.

Just then, J.D. returned and began asking, "Hey, Dad, what in the world are you looking for?"

"Oh, I was just looking for that old man that was here," I managed, trying to hide the mystery I felt inside.

"Old man?" J.D. asked. "Uh, Dad, are you sure you're not seeing things?" His eyebrows were raised with the expected skepticism of the average 13-year-old.

"Uh, no, son, you see, this old man was just here talking to me, and he said, he said. . . ."

My voice broke off as I realized J.D. had not seen anyone. And the look he was giving me made me feel as though he thought his dad had gone off his rocker.

We got into the car in silence and drove toward the lone exit we had entered. All along, my eyes searched for the old man. He was simply not there. He had vanished!

As we turned onto Grand, the sun was just setting in the west. By now, J.D. had begun to realize that perhaps, just perhaps, ol' Dad had seen something significant after all.

"Dad," he said, with both question and apology in his changing voice, "you want to tell me about what you saw?"

By now I was lost in thought; there was just too much to think about and comprehend.

All I could manage was, "Some-day, Son, someday." ■

The Shiny Red Wagon

continued from page 4

awakened. My main gift was a dime store toy plus some homemade items from my brother and sisters. But I wouldn't have cared if I had not received anything at all. I was waiting for something else.

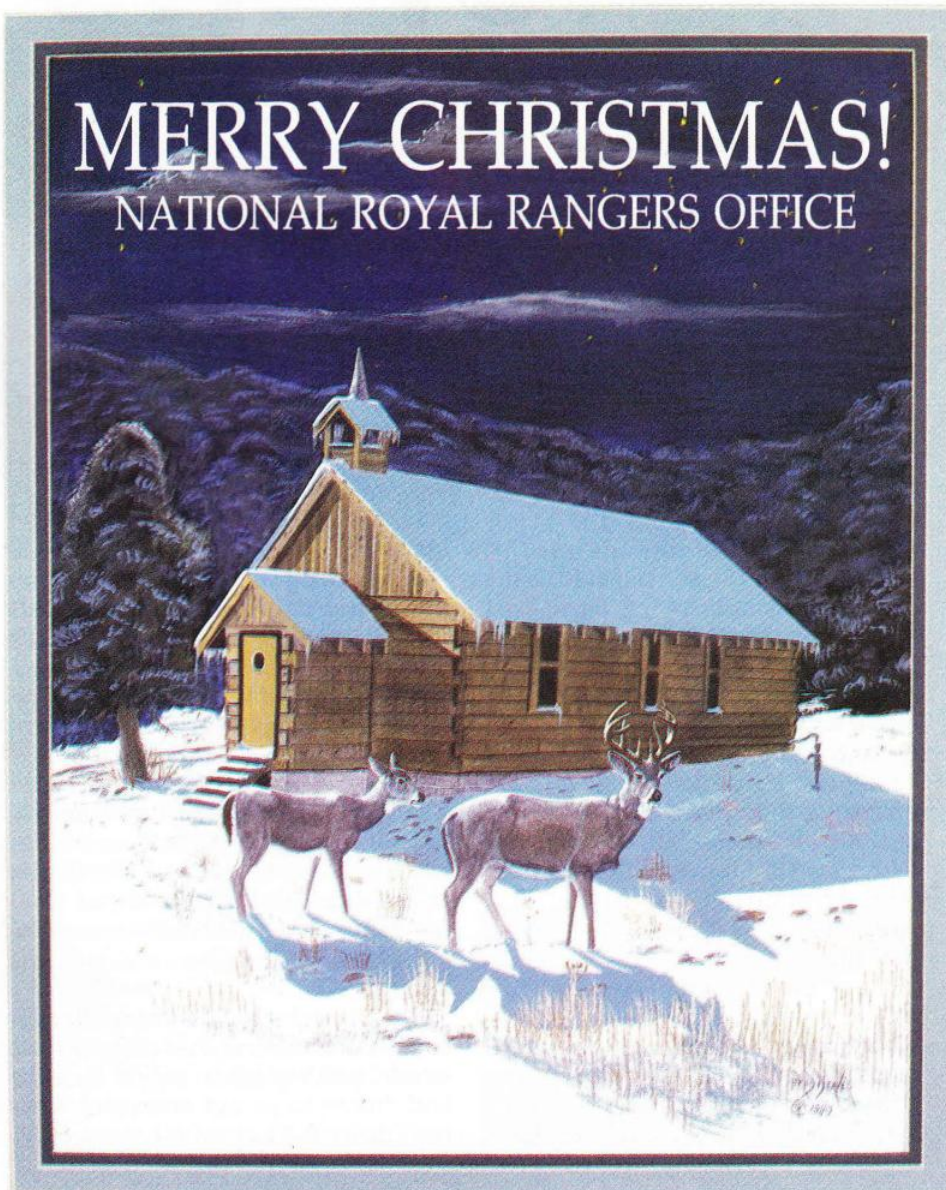
Then the big moment came! J.B. came out of the bedroom rubbing his sleepy eyes. We were all waiting. Suddenly he saw it! His eyes widened, and from his face exploded expressions and sounds of restrained joy. "I got it! I got it! I told you I'd get it!" he shouted.

As I watched my little brother dance around the wagon with joy, I couldn't restrain myself any longer. I bolted through the door out into our front yard. The frost-covered grass sparkled like diamonds. The first rays of sunlight looked like shafts of gold.

All nature seemed to shout with joy. I was so full of unexpressed happiness I felt I would burst. So, I did what any red-blooded American boy would do. I cried like a baby!

I was caught up in the spirit of unlimited joy because I had unselfishly and willingly given myself, my energy, and my means in behalf of someone else. In this expression of love, I believe I found the secret of the Christmas spirit: "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35).

On the first Christmas, God willingly gave His Son, Jesus, to the world. Jesus unselfishly gave himself to mankind that all might have the gift of salvation and access to heaven. The loving, sacrificial giving of God and His Son is what Christmas is all about. If you really want the Christmas spirit this holiday season, do something for someone else. ■



1989

ROYAL RANGER of the YEAR

*Below: Brad Newbolt, North Central Region
Royal Ranger of the Year, and National
Royal Ranger of the Year 1989.*



On Tuesday evening, July 18, 1989, the Royal Ranger of the Year banquet was held in Springfield, Missouri. The event, emceed by Ken Riemen-schneider, national secretary, Men's Ministries Department, climaxed as Brad Newbolt, 16, was selected as the 1989 Royal Ranger of the Year. Brad is from Ramsey, Minnesota, the North Central region.

Royal Rangers, is a boys program for the Assemblies of God and headed by the Men's Ministries Department.

As Royal Ranger of the Year, Brad represents more than 128,000 Royal Ranger boys in the U.S.

Andrew Cummings, 17, of Springfield, Missouri, Gulf region, was named as Royal Ranger of the Year, First Runner-up.

These honors were awarded following several days of testing, demonstrations, and personal interviews before the 1989 Royal Ranger of the Year Evaluation Board. The board was chaired by Rev. Silas L. Gaither,

national director, Division of Church Ministries. Brad and Andrew were chosen from the eight regional Royal Ranger of the Year finalists.

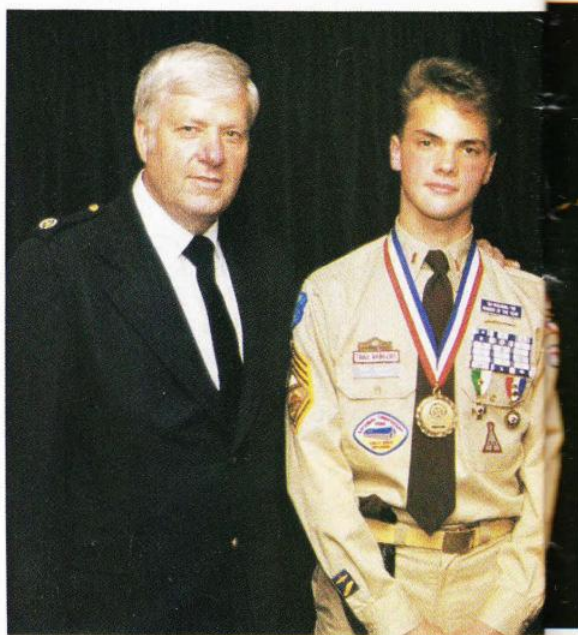
Brad Newbolt, as Royal Ranger of the Year, is eligible for a \$1,000 college scholarship, and Andrew Cummings, as First Runner-up, is eligible for a \$500 college scholarship. The money for these scholarships is provided equally by the national Education Department and the national Royal Rangers.

Brad is the son of John and Joan Newbolt. He has two sisters, Chelsea, 14, and Janessa, 3; and an older brother, Tim, 19. He and his family attend Elk River Assembly of God. Brad says about his family members, "They are all Christians and love one another."

Brad first became a Royal Ranger in 1978. He desires that more people would participate in Royal Rangers and "more to go out and reach boys for Christ." That which he enjoys

most about Rangers is "the spiritual uplifting and fellowship."

His hobbies include percussion drums, hockey, tennis, shell collect-



Below: Andrew Cummings, Gulf Region Royal Ranger of the Year, and National Royal Ranger of the Year 1989, First Runner-up.



ing, drama, and speech. During the banquet, Brad presented a dramatic reading of John's letter to the Church.

As a high school student, Brad has enjoyed Student Congress, Mock Trial, and Debate. After graduation, he plans to attend a religious college and plans a career in government and law.

Andrew Cummings, First Runner-up, is the son of Paul and Marianne Cummings. He has two older brothers, Michael and Matthew, and two older sisters, Monika and Angela. His younger brother, David, is 15. Andrew says, "The unity that God has given our family makes us all very thankful."

The Cummings family attends Central Assembly of God. Andrew enjoys participating in the Bell Choir and Royal Rangers. He especially en-

regions they represented in the final competition are:

Barry Averill, 16, Billings, Montana, from the Northwest region;

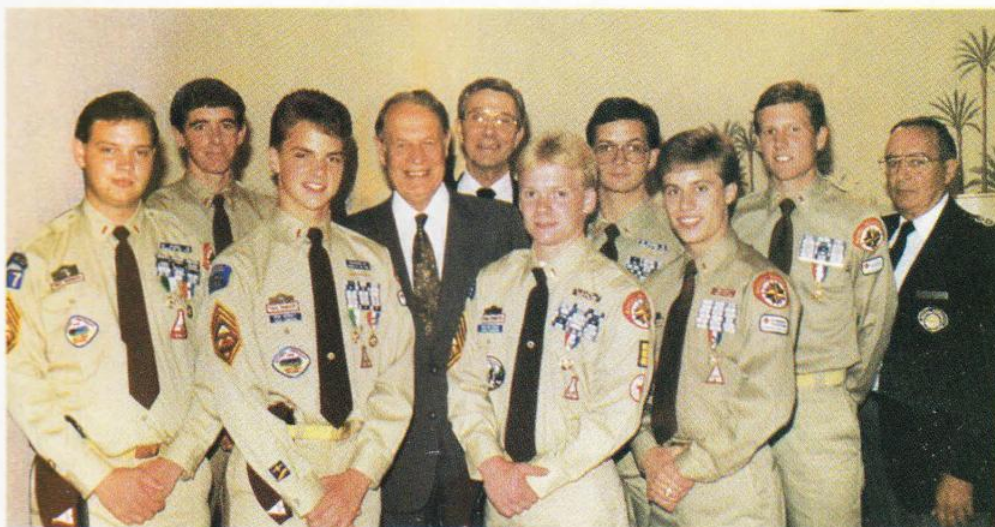
Robert Bonesteel, 18, Danville, Illinois, from the Great Lakes region;

Jeffrey Garrett, 17, McCalla, Alabama, from the Southeast region;

Gregory Hapke, 18, Los Alamos, New Mexico, from the South Central region;

William Hodge, 17, Belvidere, New Jersey, from the Northeast region; and

Right: Front row: Gregory Hapke, South Central; Brad Newbolt, North Central; William Hodge, Northeast; Jeffrey Garrett, Southeast. Back row: Paul Wilkey, Southwest; Gen. Superintendent G. Raymond Carlson; National Director, Div. of Church Ministries Silas Gaither; Robert Bonesteel, Great Lakes; Barry Averill, Northwest; RR National Council Pres. Ellis Stutzman.



Photos by John Stewart, Audiovisual Dept.

joys working with younger, underprivileged Royal Rangers because "they teach you almost as much as you teach them."

Andrew has been listed in Who's Who Among High School Students and has belonged to several organizations such as French Club and Student Council. As a sports enthusiast, he is fond of swimming and soccer. He is a member of the Teams USA National Junior Soccer Cup and the Gold Eighteen-and-Under Team.

After completing his college education, Andrew plans to enter the business world as an architectural engineer or the religious field as a music minister.

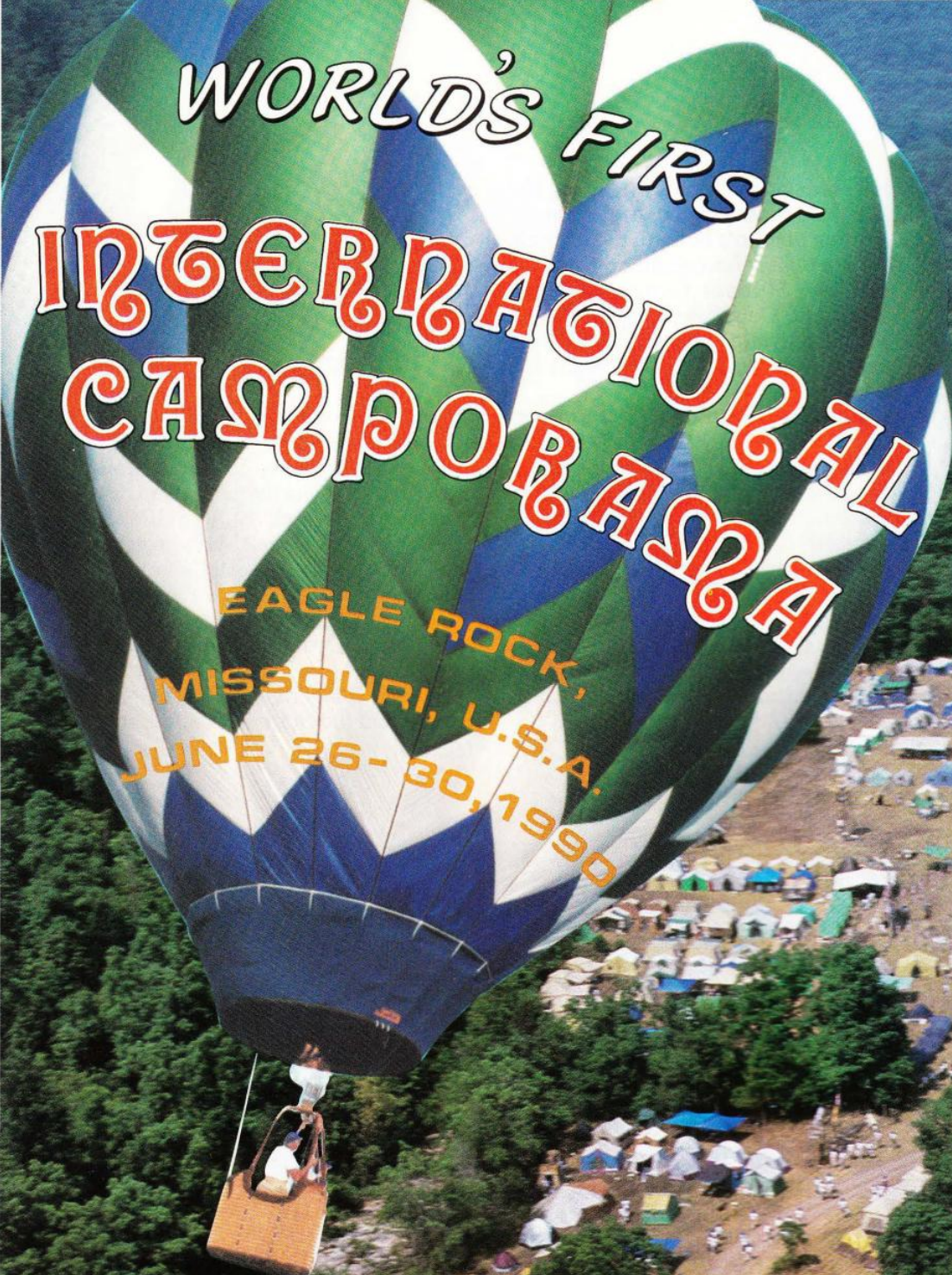
The other six young men and the

Paul Wilkey, 18, Barstow, California, from the Southwest region.

"One of the most difficult things faced by these men [the Evaluation Board] today," explained Bro. Gaither, "was having to choose *one* young man as Ranger of the Year." Bro. Gaither added that each finalist was certainly qualified to be the Ranger of the Year.

Left: RR North Central Regional Coordinator Don Brock and Secretary, Men's Ministries Department, Ken Riemenschneider pictured with Brad Newbolt, named Royal Ranger of the Year 1989, representing the North Central region.





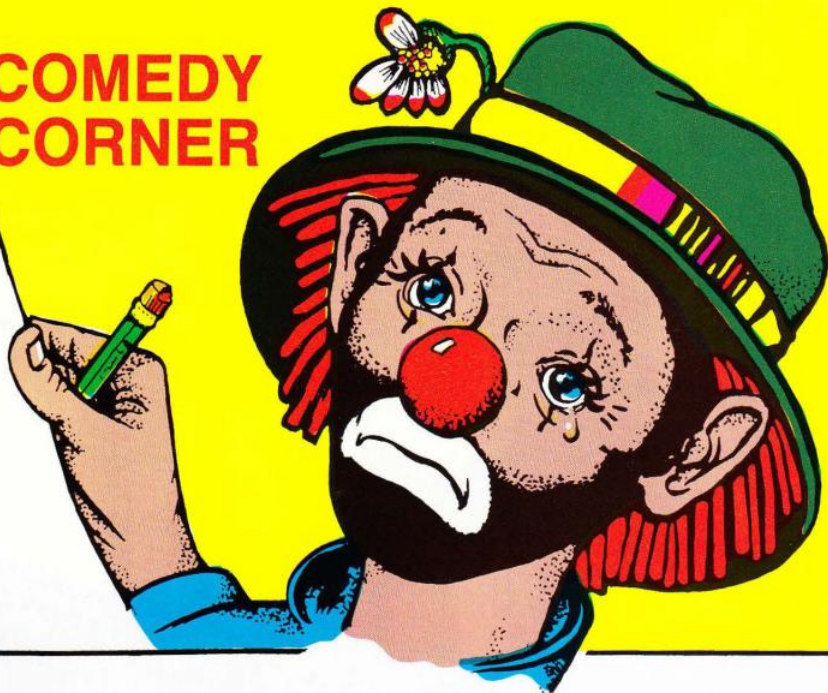
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COMEDY CORNER



A farming community was going through a drought which prompted a visiting pastor to pray for rain. The following day it rained so hard it ruined the crops.

"That's what happens," one of the farmers said wryly, "when you get a pastor who ain't familiar with agriculture."

* * *

The manager of a high-rise building was told that a man was trapped in an elevator between floors. He rushed to the scene and shouted

down to the prisoner. "Stay calm, Sir. We'll have you out in no time. I've called for the elevator mechanic."

There was a long pause before a resigned voice replied: "I am the elevator mechanic."

Thomas LaMance
Prewitt, NM

Ranger: "Then why didn't you keep him when you took his picture?"

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

Q. Why was the bowlegged cowboy fired from his job of rounding up cattle.

A. He couldn't keep his calves together.

M.M. Savoie
Brady, TX

Ranger visiting the FBI office in Washington: "Is that really the most wanted man in the USA?"

Agent: "Yes, sonny."



A Sunday school teacher was getting acquainted with some new students and wanted to see how much they knew about the Bible.

"Do you know who was thrown into the lions' den?" he asked.

"Abraham Lincoln?" one boy guessed.

"No," the teacher replied.

"George Washington?" another ventured.

"No," the teacher answered.

When it appeared that no one had the foggiest notion about Bible history, the teacher gave them the answer.

"It was Daniel," he stated.

"Oh, yeah!" one kid exclaimed, a light of recognition in his eyes. "Daniel Boone!"

Roberta L. Bonnici
Chesapeake, VA



The Bridge Builder

(found in Johnnie's desk)

*An old man going a lone highway
Came in the evening cold and gray
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fears for him,
But he stopped when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.*

*"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way,
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at evening tide?"*

*The builder lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm which has been as naught to me
To that fair-haired youth might a pitfall be,
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."*

—UNKNOWN