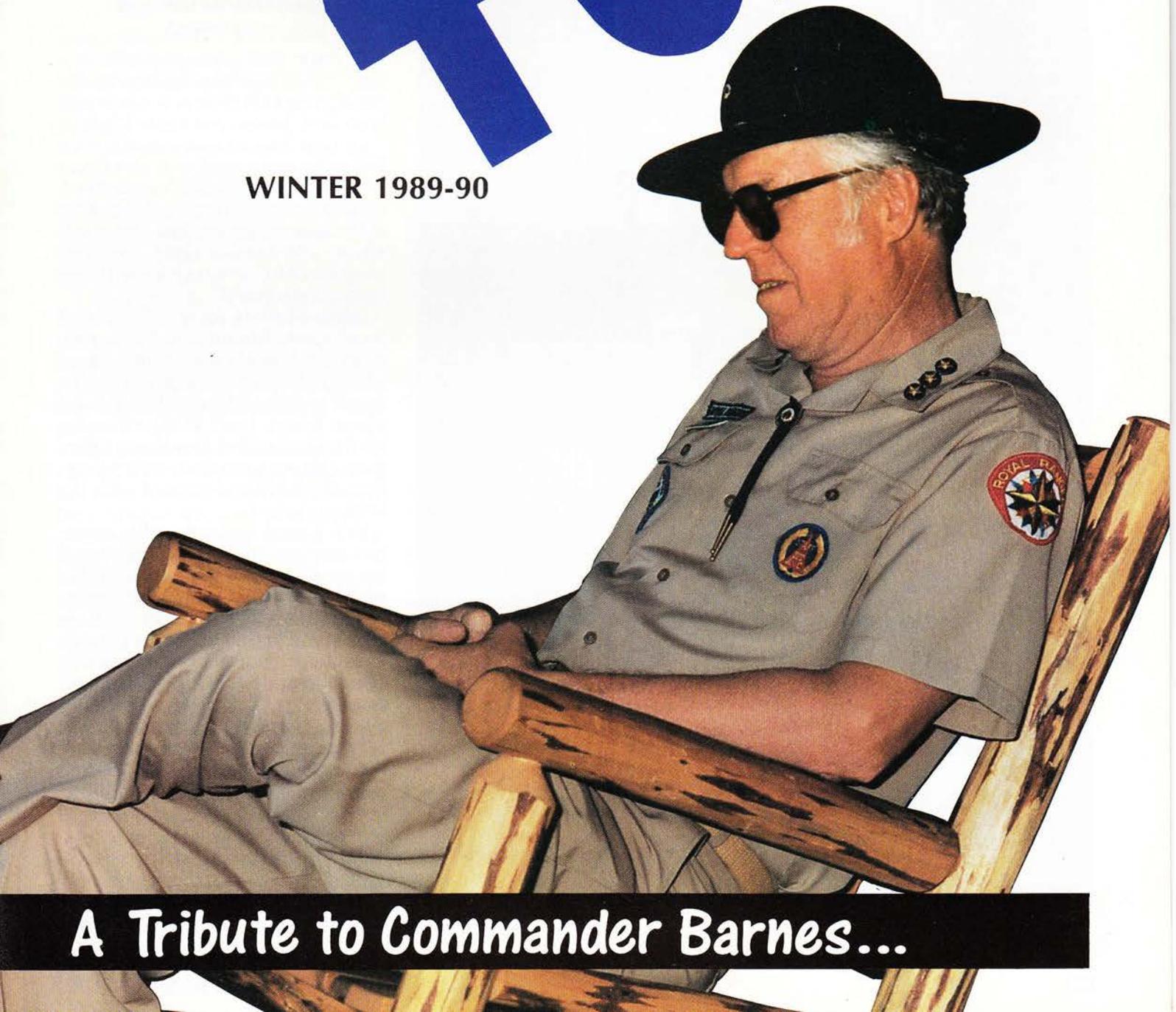


HIGH ADRIER

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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

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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.

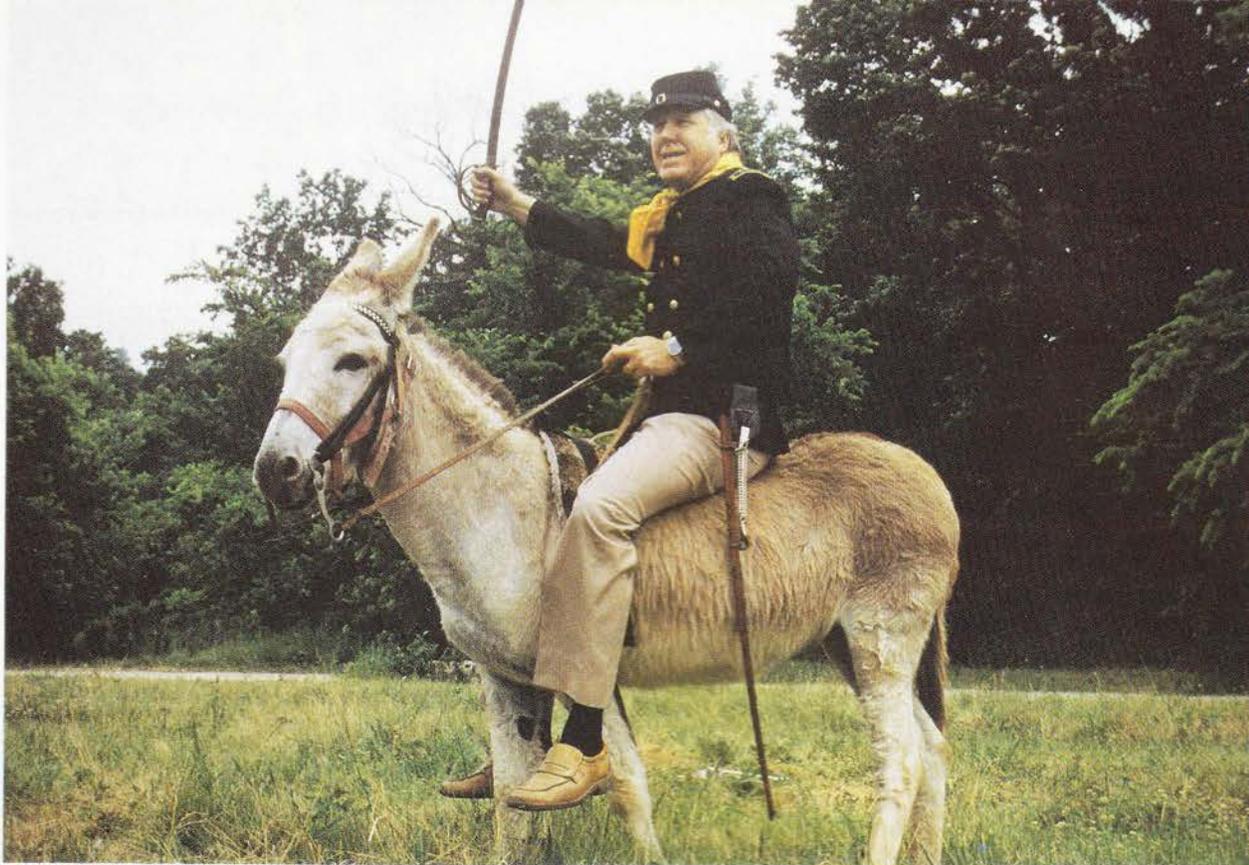
I was impressed with his love for the out-of-doors. He loved spending time here at the Training Center and often expressed how much he wished he could be here more. It was a treat for him to come.

He was a man of endurance and could probably out hike 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

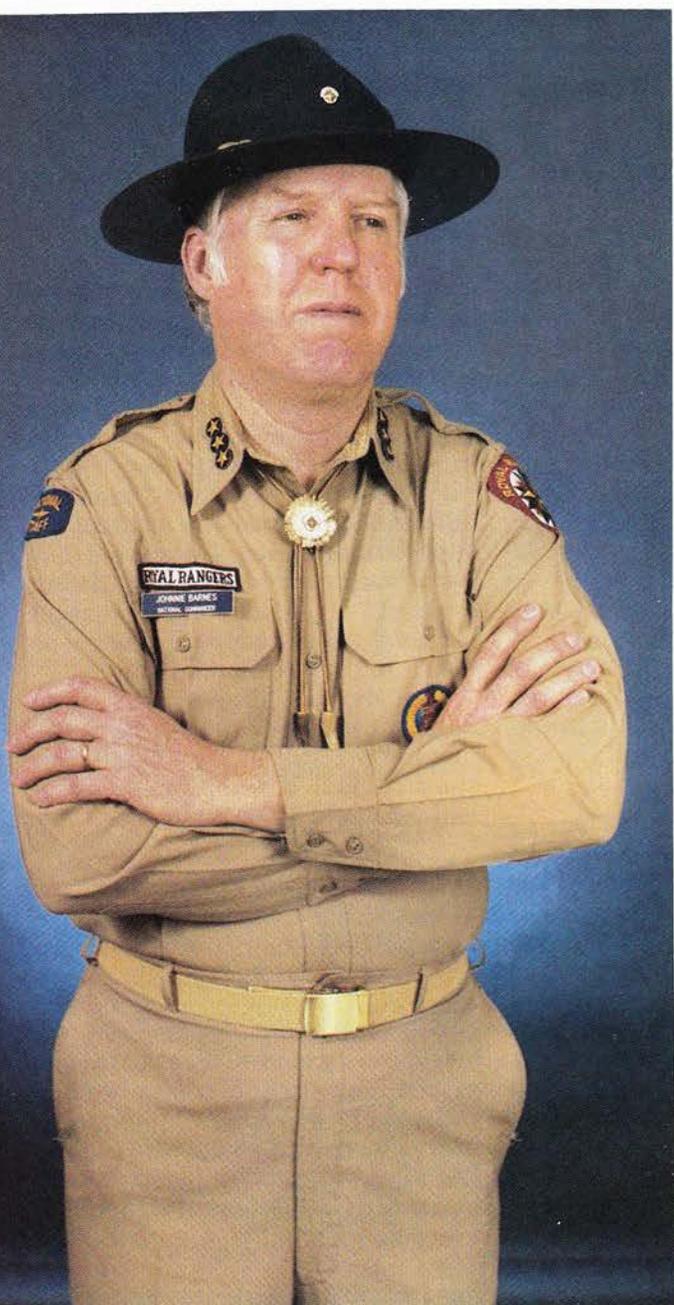
Regional Coordinator Gulf Region

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, "'Some-day 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."

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

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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.

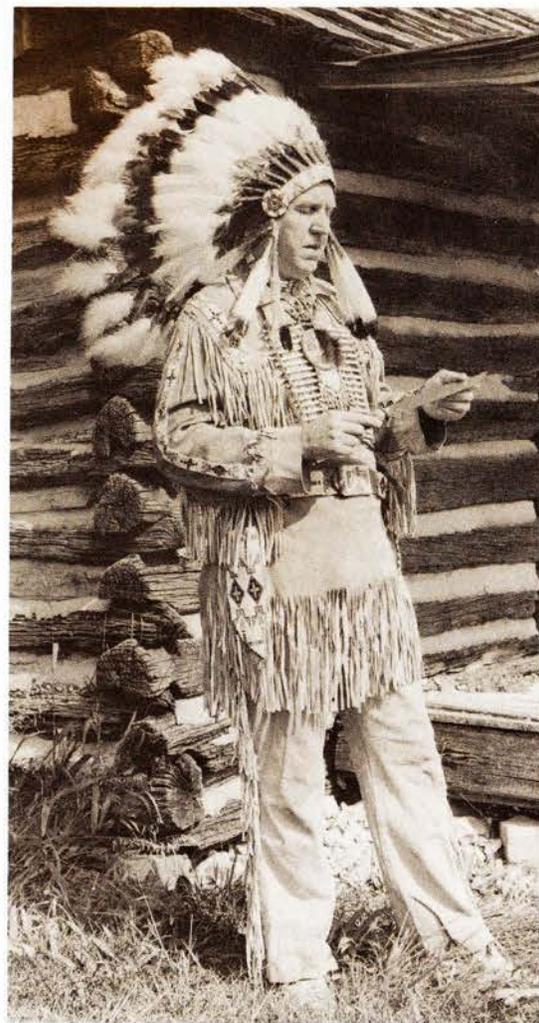
Johnnie was a visionary. I am certain had it not been for his driving pursuit to “reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ,” Royal Rangers may not have known the growth it enjoys today.

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

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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 upright 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 splendid, 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.

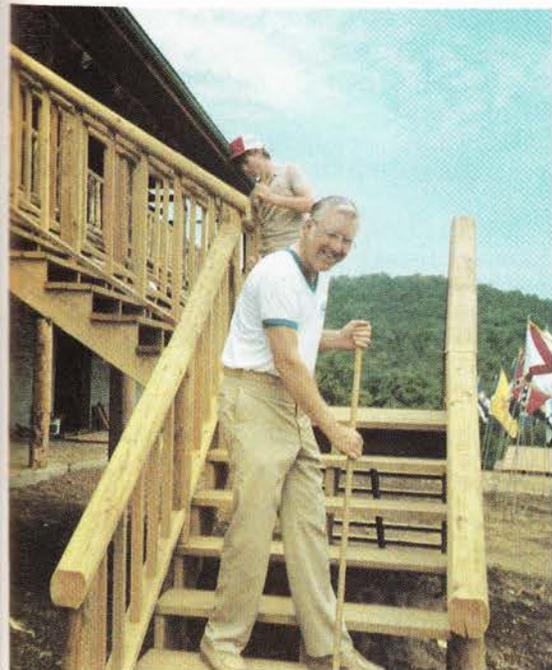
The vision and dream that Johnnie had for the Rangers ministry was catching. He was always sharing with us how he could see this and that. Before long we were seeing it, too. His vision has inspired us all. As a result, this ministry will go on; and we will continue to "reach, teach, and keep boys for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

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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.

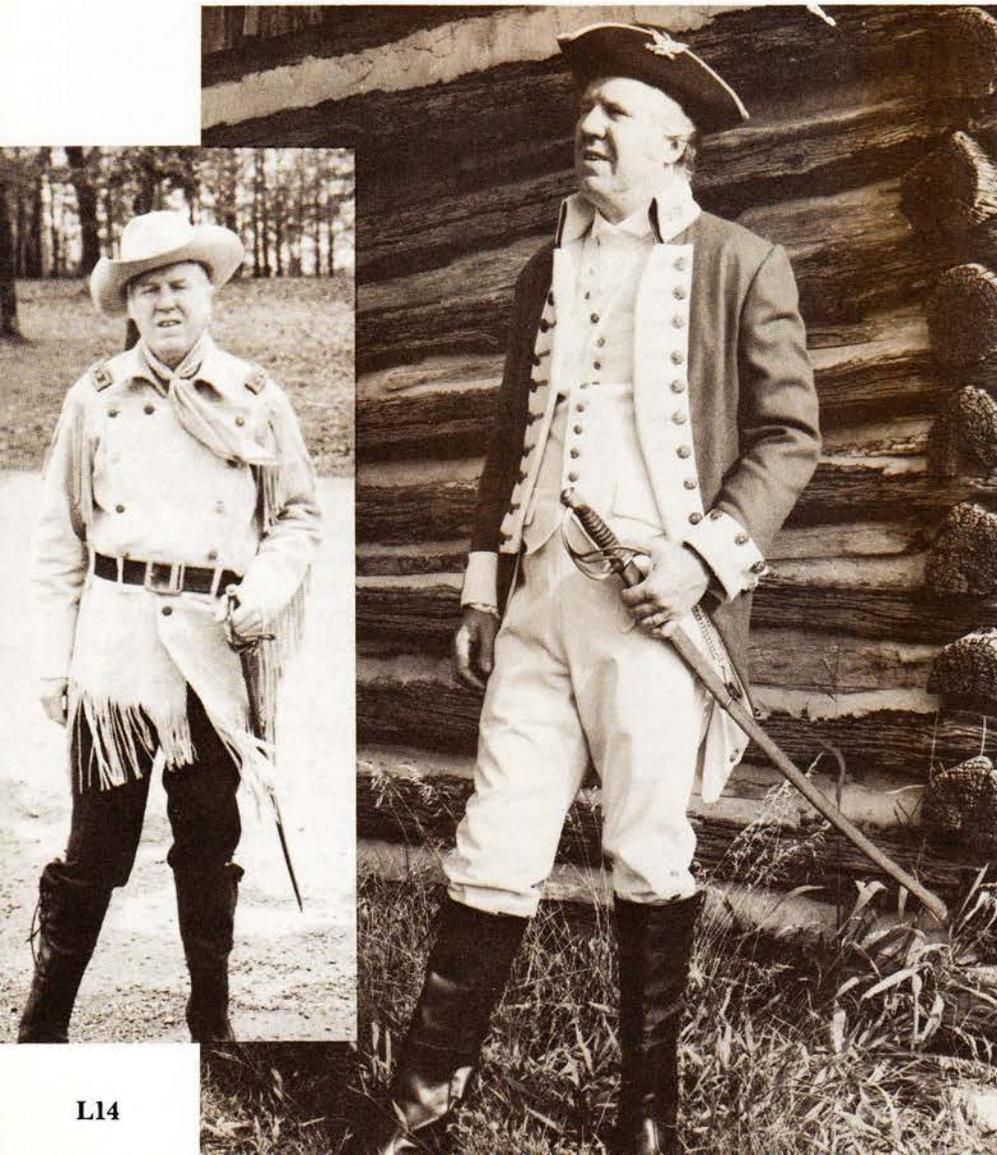
1988

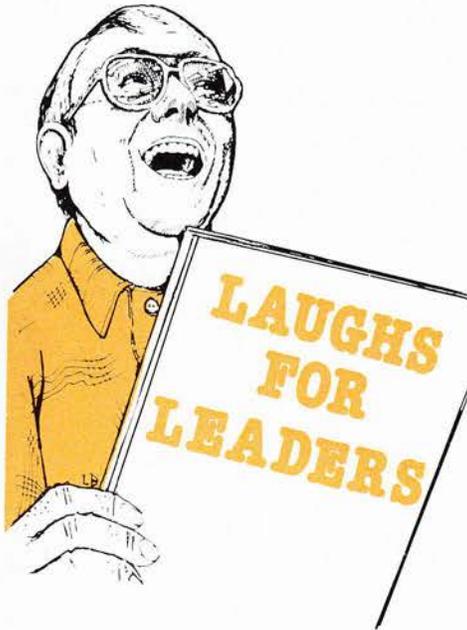
The National Royal Rangers Training Center hosted the fifth National Rendezvous.

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*.

* * *

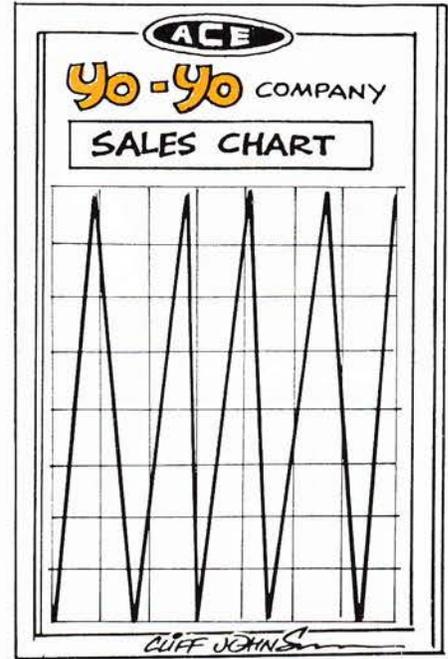
My teacher is presently trying to probe the world's last untouched frontier—the brains of her students.

* * *

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

I think it may be true that violence is on the rise. My neighbor has found a new way to clear snow from his driveway. He uses a flamethrower.



* * *

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

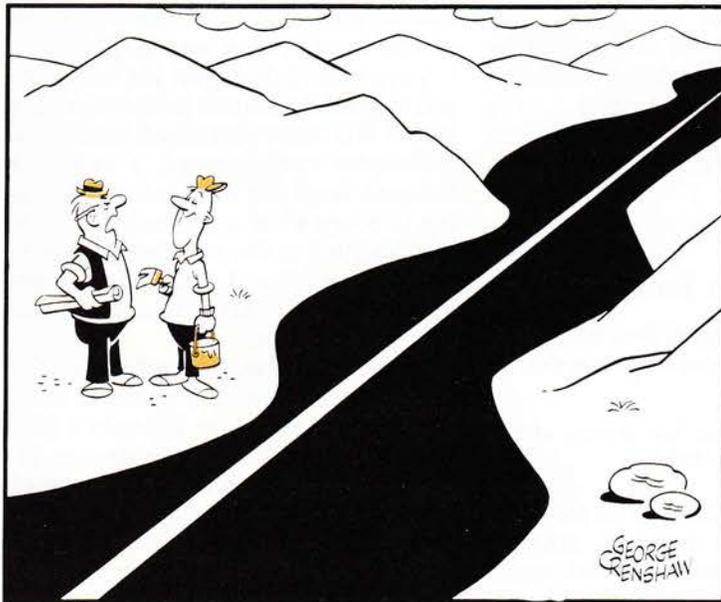
The eye doctor tried patiently to please an elderly woman, trying lens after lens. Nothing seemed to be right for her.

"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..."





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

Tributes to Johnnie Barnes

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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!